Crabs on a train

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1569.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint - SingNsong
Relationships:	Kim Dokja/Yu Junghyeok, Yoo Joonghyuk & Yoo Mia
Characters:	Kim Dokja, Yoo Joonghyuk, Yoo Mia (Omnicient Reader)
Additional Tags:	Setting Change - No Scenarios, Modified Canon - Different First Meeting, Subways, Cooking, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Anxiety, Angst with a Happy Ending, Fluff and Humor, Pre-Slash, Beta Read, POV Kim Dokja
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-07-05 Words: 4,831 Chapters: 1/1

Crabs on a train

by FallLover

Summary

While commuting home from work, Dokja ends up helping a handsome stranger whose bag of live crabs tears open on the subway.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own. It's inspired by a video of the New York subwayfrom September 2024. I looked up what the rules are for the Seoul Metropolitan Subway, but I'm going to assume if Gilyeong can bring a container of live insects on a trip, a bag of live crabs is also feasible.

I use the novel and manhwa official English translation spellings.

See the end of the work for more notes

After another long, grueling day working at Minosoft, Dokja had been sitting on the crowded subway home, in his work suit, using his cellphone to read through the latest chapter of *Three Ways To Survive the Apocalypse*, his favorite webnovel, as he often did while commuting home. It was still early afternoon, so sunlight was shining through the glass windows, and the car he was in wasn't *too* crowded with the after-work rush. He even had room to spread his legs a bit on the bench, and no one was bothering him.

What was unusual, however, was the live flower crab sitting belly-up in his right hand, where he held its hard cephalothorax with three fingers, keeping the small claws from attacking him.

He imagined the crab was nearly as if not more confused than Dokja, given it was not in water, or even in the partially ripped paper sack of other kkotge sitting on the subway floor.

There was a small commotion around them still, as the owner of the bag of crabs – a tall man in a black and green tracksuit of some kind – had not noticed the tear until one of the crabs popped out, fell onto the floor of the car, and crawled a short distance away, towards Dokja, who'd been staring downward at his phone in his left hand, and seen the bizarre sight.

A brief stint working at a seafood restaurant had made Dokja automatically reach down and pick the crab up. And then he'd been unsure about what to do, especially when the people near him made alarmed noises at his *holding a live crab in his fingers*, which admittedly was a little unusual for even a subway trip. He had the bizarre desire to clear up the fact it was not *his* crab. In fact, he didn't want to be seen as some sort of crab *thief*, which, given his shitty luck, was highly likely. And given his life, he supposed that being attacked for stealing crabs might be the weirdest thing he was harassed about.

He looked up to see the man with the bag looking at him, and of course the man had to be one of the most attractive people Dokja had ever seen, with short, dark hair that slightly curled, intense, pretty eyes, and fine lips. Such a man was the kind who felt like a slap in the face to anyone who was even remotely normal. And he was *frowning* at Dokja, but more particularly, the crab in Dokja's hand. Handsome Crab Man's hands were also full of the brown paper bag, so it wasn't like he could *take* the crab back from Dokja, or attack without losing control of the bag.

"There's a tear!" the woman next to Dokja pointed out while literally pointing at the Handsome Crab Man's bag, which was clearly full of other live crabs. This was how Dokja realized he had been sitting next to one of his coworkers, Yu Sangah, who worked in HR. She was beautiful and popular, and not really someone he found himself ever talking to.

He hadn't even noticed her getting on the train, and she'd left him alone. He wasn't surprised, but he felt a bit embarrassed, and wasn't sure what to say to her now, especially given the focus was on Handsome Crab Man's dilemma.

Handsome Crab Man looked down at his bag, spotted the tear, and then carefully lowered it to the floor, seemingly to try and figure out if he could somehow cover the tear up.

Dokja felt a bit bad for him, though he wasn't sure what else to do other than hold the single escapee.

"I don't have a spare bag…" Handsome Crab Man said, quietly. Even his voice had some irritating allure.

Dokja was glad *someone* was problem-solving, because he didn't have a spare bag, either. He certainly wasn't planning to sacrifice his suit jacket or stick the crab in his backpack. He wasn't *that* magnanimous.

Perhaps due to the bizarre nature of the situation, suddenly three people stepped forward with different spare bags, including Sangah. Hers was a large, recycled bag you could buy at a grocery store, with the shop logo on the front, and seemed the more likely to be useful, considering the size of the bag.

Handsome Crab Man took the bags and said, "Thank you," to all of the offerees, leading to soft titters as people stepped back to make room. And when Handsome Crab Man opened up the large bag, he was presented with a new problem: transferring the torn bag.

A tall, muscular man in jeans and a t-shirt, with a military-cut hairstyle, stepped forward and said, "I can help." He leaned down to grasp the large paper bag, and lifted it up towards the grocery bag Handsome Crab Man was holding open. He was moving a bit fast, but obviously the concern was more escapees, so it was a race against time.

Unfortunately, the jostling had clearly worsened the tear, and more crabs fell out onto the floor, along with a spillage of water. The crabs were clearly startled and confused from everything: being squished together in the bag, being dropped, and trapped in a large, new space with many humans, and while some crawled a little, they mostly stayed in one area.

"Oh, sorry!" the muscular man said before kneeling down to help grab the straggling crabs. For his trouble, and clear inexperience grabbing live crabs, he nearly got his fingers pinched by angry giant claws, but kept trying to pick the creatures up.

Dokja moved to place his rescued crab in the new bag, bringing him face-to-face with Handsome Crab Man, who glanced at him, and gave him a slight nod of thanks. Then Dokja reached down to help grab the other crabs, quickly snatching them up and tossing them in the new bag, far faster than the clearly out of his depth muscular man was. He was grateful his skills hadn't abandoned him, though he found it amusing that *this* was a skill he was making use of.

He hadn't exactly hated his time at the restaurant – the staff hadn't been entirely awful to him, and he'd largely worked back in the kitchen rather than dealing with customers – but it'd been a long time since then.

There was amusement in the air, when Dokja had room enough in his mind to think about how ridiculous it all was: people were laughing and calling on them to slow down and be careful. Someone else – a tall woman with her hair pinned up in a bun – even got one of the crabs into the bag, too. A small boy even grabbed a loose crab claw and handed it over to Dokja, who smiled at him in thanks.

Eventually, all the crabs were accounted for, there was a small cheer in the car, making Dokja's face heat in embarrassment. Handsome Crab Man thanked everyone profusely and bowed repeatedly to them all. There was even applause.

"Here," Sangah said to Dokja as she held out a Wet Wipe for him. "For your hand."

Dokja took the wipe and thanked her, feeling like this was a silly way to finally interact with his coworker, and then realized he was *still* holding his phone. He quickly pocketed it and wiped off his hands, embarrassed, and then noticed that Sangah handed out wipes to the Handsome Crab Man and other folks who'd helped.

Dokja of course happened to meet eyes with Handsome Crab Man again, and wasn't sure what to do: he realized they hadn't even spoken to each other throughout the entire affair, despite the nod. Dokja hadn't even asked if he was okay. He'd just crabbed the crabs.

Am I supposed to apologize for grabbing his crabs? Dokja wondered, absurdly. No one else was.

Thankfully, his stop was near, and the awkward tension could be ended.

Unfortunately, Handsome Crab Man's stop was the same, and he ended up walking just in front of Dokja towards the station exit.

Dokja felt nervous, wondering if the man thought he was being stalked. Dokja was unsure if he should explain things or just pull out his phone to pretend he wasn't painfully aware of the identity of the person he was unintentionally following. Even when they got on the street outside the station, they seemed to both be going in the same direction.

Dokja wondered if he should slow his walk speed, since the man was going at a decent clip and for Dokja to outpace and get in front of him, he'd have to *run*. But that would also annoy anyone behind Dokja and maybe be more noticeable to Handsome Crab Man. So he stayed as he was.

It felt like the longest walk of Dokja's life, and there had been a lot of those: in school, with bruises, nervous about going home, worried about going back to school, and in the army, in drills, or on the front lines, or on days where it was raining as he walked home from work. At least it was sunny. His hands were clean from the wiping. Sangah had been kind to him. The atmosphere on the train was positive. And he could read more of his webnovels when he got home.

He planned to stop by a convenience store, at least, which would get him dinner for the evening, and also get him away from the Handsome Crab Man. And when he finally got to the store, with its bright signage, he instantly went inside, hoping he didn't look too obvious.

He breathed a sigh of relief, though, at the quiet. He was long past the days of bullies following him home, and he was used to busy commutes after years of it. But the fracas on the train had been rather odd in the sense that he'd been *involved* in it. He was a background character, at best, and it was true that he hadn't been the main character like Handsome Crab Man, but he'd *involved himself* in a way that was… well… weirdly central.

The last time he'd been central to anything, it involved things with his mother, and had been more nightmarish than anything else. This hadn't been bad, exactly, but it was still awkward.

And he'd been thanked, too. He'd never had someone that attractive thank him for anything before. It made him think of Yu Junghyeok, the handsome protagonist from TWSA, thanking someone… but he'd never thank someone like Dokja. Or lose his crabs on a crowded subway.

Why did he even need so many crabs? Dokja wondered as he paid for his cheap meal. *Is he preparing them for a party?*

The question stayed with him as he walked out the door, and nearly *into* Handsome Crab Man, who was on the phone in front of the store and gazing into the distance. He held Sangah's grocery bag of crabs in his right arm.

"You sure you don't need anything?" Handsome Crab Man asked. "I'm by the store." His back was to Dokja, at least.

But there wasn't enough room to sneak behind him. And going back into the store until the man went away was a ridiculous idea, so Dokja had to awkwardly walk *around* the man and keep heading to his apartment.

He didn't *run*. He ignored the gaze of Handsome Crab Man as Dokja passed in front of him. And he kept walking. He felt goosebumps all along his arms. He didn't think he'd get beaten up, exactly: the man had been polite enough.

But Dokja had been around plenty of people who acted nice in public, and weren't so nice out of it. At least the more overt bullies had been obvious. And Handsome Crab Man was taller than him, and more muscular. Though he had to admit he wasn't *that* worried about a guy who broke his bag of live crabs on a subway.

Dokja tried to focus on the fact that soon he'd be home. Soon, he'd eat his dinner, be reading his webnovel, and… and Handsome Crab Man was following him.

Dokja swallowed, having recognized the steps of someone walking behind him, and snuck a glance in a mirror on a streetlight, showing Handsome Crab Man there.

Dokja cursed his shitty luck, but was at least grateful when he got to the apartment building relatively quickly. He didn't like anyone knowing where he lived – old instincts based on years of avoiding reporters hounding him for stories about his parents, on top of more typical bullies.

He reminded himself the guy hadn't been rude yet.

"You live here?" Handsome Crab Man asked behind him.

Dokja hoped Handsome Crab Man was talking to *someone else*, but with a quick glance discovered there was no one else for the other man to be talking to, and he was also *staring* at Dokja. With that stupid handsome face.

Dokja put on a smile and said, “Uh, yes! I do…” He supposed he probably should have lied or something, but that might have been worse.

Handsome Crab Man glanced down at the bag in Dokja’s hand. “Is that your dinner?”

“…Yes?” Dokja asked, confused at the question.

Handsome Crab Man frowned and said, “I can make you some dinner, if you like. As a thank you for your help.”

Dokja blinked in surprise. He’d never been invited over to someone’s home before – the family he’d lived with temporarily over the years of his mother’s imprisonment had never actually wanted him there, and so didn’t count. He’d never had friends, and his peers ignored or harassed him.

He wasn’t certain what to do with the invitation, especially from a complete stranger.

His eyes naturally went to the crabs, assuming that was what Handsome Crab Man meant by “dinner”.

Handsome Crab Man saw what he was looking at and sighed in exasperation as he said, “They were a gift from a coworker. I haven’t really handled this many before, but I know how to cook them. I was thinking of making kkotgetang.”

“Oh,” Dokja said, as if that covered everything. He wondered where Handsome Crab Man worked that he accepted bags of live crabs from coworkers.

The idea of eating kkotgetang was heady, though: he hadn’t had that fresh in years. Not since his mother made it when he was young. The restaurant he worked at rarely let him eat any of the food, and it was usually the cheaper stuff when it happened.

“You’d be doing me a favor again, honestly,” Handsome Crab Man said as the silence persisted. “There’s a lot here and my sister and I can’t eat it all by ourselves.”

Dokja felt a bit bad then, realizing Handsome Crab Man likely had a long day, too, and yet he was standing out here, being polite to Dokja. So Dokja smiled awkwardly as he said, “Okay… Um… Let me put my stuff away, then.”

“Sure. We’re in 2B.”

Dokja laughed awkwardly and said, “You’re kidding… I’m in 2C.”

Handsome Crab Man’s eyebrows rose in surprise, and then he smiled, which of course made him handsomer. “Well, that’s lucky, I guess.”

Dokja gestured to the stairs, letting Handsome Crab Man go up first, and got a bemused look as a reward.

“I’m Yu Junghyeok,” the man said.

Dokja blinked, wondering if he'd misheard. "Sorry?"

"My name," the man said. "It's Yu Junghyeok."

Dokja processed that, and immediately said, "Oh, well, I'm Kim Dokja."

And that was how he ended up knocking on the door of a guy somehow named after his sort of favorite book character.

Yu Junghyeok appeared, still in the same clothes, and he invited Dokja inside. The apartment was clean and bright, with a nice couch, a big TV, and what looked like a nice kitchen. There were potted plants in corners, and framed photographs on the walls. It was somewhat similar in design to Dokja's place, if larger, and actually decorated.

"Oppa!" A little girl said from the couch. "Who's that?" She was small and had long, dark pigtails. She studied Dokja with an intense gaze similar to Junghyeok.

"He's one of the people who helped me on the train," Junghyeok explained as he ushered Dokja towards the couch. "Dokja, this is my sister, Yu Mia."

Dokja bowed to Mia, and she giggled.

"You can relax here while I get the kkotgetang ready," Junghyeok said to him. "Sorry I don't have much to do, I don't usually bring people over." He actually seemed a bit flustered.

That makes two of us, Dokja thought. He smiled instead and asked, "Do you want any help? I worked at a seafood restaurant before." He wasn't exactly a head chef or anything, but he'd learned a bit.

Junghyeok raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Oh? Well… you don't have to put yourself out…"

"I don't mind," Dokja said. "You're giving me free food, after all." He ducked his head, "Though I can't say I'm the best cook. But I can help with prep work."

"The faster they're cooked, the faster we eat," Junghyeok said. "Come on." He led Dokja to the kitchen.

It was little different than Dokja's time working in a restaurant, albeit in less professional circumstances. Junghyeok was sharp with orders, and very particular in evaluating Dokja's results. Still, Dokja hadn't forgotten everything he learned, and the crabs were quickly cleaned and boiling.

Junghyeok let Dokja come over and help cut some of the vegetables. Dokja tried to be careful, but mostly Junghyeok was *fast*, and Dokja barely did anything, though they were doing double the regular recipe given the amount of crab. Junghyeok had seemingly enough spare ingredients to cover it all.

"How are the crabs?" Junghyeok asked.

Dokja had been so distracted watching Junghyeok work on the garlic that he'd almost forgotten what he was doing, and he turned to check on them. "Ah they're close."

Junghyeok dropped the radish, doenjang, and gochujang in the pot of water he'd used to clean the rice, and set it to boil. Then he turned to help cut more green onion up.

"You sure I'm not in the way?" Dokja asked as he watched Junghyeok cook.

"I mean you sort of are," Junghyeok said. "But I think you're helping."

Dokja wasn't sure what to think of that. He eventually paused cutting cucumber to check on the crabs again, which were finished. He cleaned them off and then moved to a cleared part of the somewhat crowded counter. He took the kitchen scissors and began cutting the crabs up, the soft shells easily parting under the shears. After he was done getting the good parts clipped down, he cleaned them again.

Junghyeok opened the pot with the radish and spices, which was boiling, and then added all the vegetables and the garlic. "Okay," he said. "The crabs can go in." His face seemed more relaxed now than it had before.

I guess he enjoys cooking, Dokja thought. He came over and carefully poured the cut crabs into the pot, watching them cover up the steaming orange-red sauce. It smelled delicious, and Dokja realized he was even hungrier than he thought.

Junghyeok covered the pot and set another timer, and then finishing an eggplant side dish he'd been working on, while Dokja got to cleaning things up a bit.

There was something extra weirdly nostalgic about all of this, even outside Dokja's brief stints at working in a restaurant kitchen: Dokja used to help with food prep in some of the homes he'd stayed in, albeit rarely, since they didn't like him being around, and he'd helped his mother sometimes with meals. Of course it was all steeped in bitter memories: his extended family disliking his presence and criticizing his abilities or mocking his parents, while, when he was even younger, there was always the danger of his father interrupting Dokja and his mother with vitriol and beatings.

Junghyeok, for all he wasn't exactly complimentary, wasn't rude, and helped when Dokja needed it. He was generally quiet, easy-going, and shouldered much of the work, and didn't seem bothered by Dokja's presence outside the brief comment.

Mia watched TV and didn't bother them. If they had parents, neither of them brought it up, and the way Junghyeok had framed his offer earlier, it sounded like they didn't.

Dokja couldn't imagine raising such a young child on his own. But it seemed like Junghyeok was handling it well. He wondered what it was like, living a life like this day-to-day, peacefully getting along with your relatives. He'd been jealous of other families for much of his life, of course, but he'd learned to put it behind him. There was no sense in wanting what he couldn't have, after all.

"Something wrong?" Junghyeok asked as he moved to the fridge to get a drink.

Dokja blinked at him in surprise. “Sorry?” He realized he’d been zoning out a little in the middle of the kitchen.

“You look a little… off,” Junghyeok said, frowning slightly at him.

“Oh, it’s nothing…” Dokja said with a smile. “Just a long day at work. Thanks for this.”

Junghyeok didn’t seem to quite believe him, based on the continued frown, but thankfully didn’t push. He held out a can of peach juice, which Dokja took with thanks. “Where do you work? If you don’t mind my asking.”

“Minosoft,” Dokja replied. “It’s—”

“Oh, I know them,” Junghyeok interrupted. “They’ve offered me sponsorships before.” When Dokja just stared at him in confusion, Junghyeok explained, “I’m a professional gamer.”

Dokja’s eyebrows rose in surprise. “Really?” He was so busy and never really followed the scene. In QA Testing, he was so busy looking for issues and just staying awake through the day that he didn’t have time for much else. And when he got home, he just wanted to relax and read, or eat and go to bed. “Sorry, I… That’s amazing! ”

Junghyeok grinned at him, still looking far too handsome.

“I’m just on the QA team,” Dokja said, awkwardly. “I guess I’m a bit out of touch on a lot of things…” He knew some of his coworkers cared about that sort of thing, but he never got involved in those conversations.

“Minosoft makes a lot of sponsorship deals,” Junghyeok said with a shrug. “Other members of my team got offers, too. I can’t imagine keeping track of it all.”

“Who gave you the crabs?” Dokja asked, not wanting to talk about work much.

“One of the administrative staff who works with us has a family who runs a seafood business,” Junghyeok said. “Or at least that’s what it sounded like she said when she handed the bag over.”

“Wow,” Dokja said. “That was pretty nice of her.”

Junghyeok nodded and looked away. “I think she wanted me to go out with her, actually.” His expression was unreadable.

“…Huh?!” Dokja hadn’t thought of *that*. “And… so she gave you kkotge?!” It was certainly… *unique*.

“It’s actually not the weirdest gift I’ve gotten,” Junghyeok said, a little jokingly.

That managed to make Dokja curious and concerned. But instead he asked, “So are you going to go out with her?”

Junghyeok shook his head. “No. Not because of the kkotge. But I don’t know her well. I don’t just befriend people because they give me stuff. A lot of people do that and it’s… frustrating.” He frowned.

Dokja imagined it must be difficult finding genuine friends when you were famous, even if it wasn’t for something bad. People mostly just wanted clout. He knew well enough from experience what reporters would do to get even a little bit of story.

“What were you reading so closely on the train?” Junghyeok asked, surprising Dokja again. “If you don’t mind me asking?”

Dokja’s face reddened a little, used to bad responses whenever he brought up his hobby. “Oh, um… Just a webnovel. It’s a serial.”

“I’ve never read those,” Junghyeok said. “Must have been interesting considering how focused you were.”

Dokja remembered how he’d kept holding the phone through the attempted crab escape. He laughed awkwardly and said, “Well… I’ve been reading it for a long time, so I like to see where it’s going.” So much of his life was wrapped around TWSA.

“What’s the title?” Junghyeok asked. “I might look it up.”

“Ahh…” Dokja hedged, not sure. So many people didn’t care or even mocked him for it when he brought it up. He didn’t want to ruin things with Junghyeok before they’d barely started.

Even if he didn’t really know what they were doing. Just being nice neighbors, Dokja supposed.

“It smells good, oppa!” Mia called.

“It’s almost ready,” Junghyeok replied, looking up and letting Dokja have a respite. “How’s your homework?”

“I finished already!”

“Let me see, then,” Junghyeok said as he walked over. He paused and said to Dokja, “Sorry, do you need to use the bathroom or anything before we eat?”

“I’d appreciate it, thanks.” Dokja followed Junghyeok’s directions down the hall to the small bathroom there, and then shut the door behind him. Then he leaned on the small sink and splashed water on his face. Then he breathed in deeply.

He didn’t know what was happening with this afternoon. It should have been an ordinary day. But here he was, meeting his neighbors he could never remember seeing – probably due to his own busy schedule, which got him up early and home relatively late – preparing kkotgetang, a dish he hadn’t had in years. And there was a towel next to him with tiny dogs printed on it.

The apartment felt homey, in a way that clashed with everything Dokja was. And he felt like he stood out like a sore thumb. Talking with Junghyeok had been weirdly easy until it wasn't. But if they talked more and it got worse…?

It's temporary, he reminded himself. A polite thank you for the oddness on the subway. He was overthinking it. Yeah, a really hot guy was cooking him dinner, but that didn't mean anything. At all. He admittedly had no romantic experience, but he certainly knew that attractive people were not into someone like Dokja, even if he wasn't half-bad to look at.

He finally dried off his face and got back out to see Mia setting the table with her brother.

"Oh, sorry," Dokja said as he walked over. "I can help…"

"You're a guest, sit," Junghyeok ordered as he set their drinks down and gestured Dokja to the chair next to his.

Mia was bouncing as she got into her seat across from him. The side dishes and rice were set around the middle space where the pot of kkotgetang would presumably rest, and Mia had her own cup to drink from. She also encouraged Dokja to get some rice for himself.

She's really polite, he thought. There were no other places prepared, and he again wondered why their parents weren't around. "Do you live alone?"

Mia nodded at him. "Oppa takes care of everything. He never really cooks with anyone either. What about you, ahjussi?"

"Eh heh," Dokja said, awkwardly. "Yeah, I live alone as well." He wasn't planning to explain the mess that was dead father, his imprisoned mother, or his train of annoyed extended family members who wanted nothing to do with him.

Junghyeok carried the pot of stew over and set it in the middle of the table.

Dokja shut his eyes as the delicious smell wafted over him. "That's so good."

"It turned out well," Junghyeok said, clearly pleased, based on his smile. "Thank you for your help."

Dokja felt his cheeks heat a bit in embarrassment at that. He really wasn't used to thanks.

"We can't eat all this, oppa!" Mia said, staring at the large pot in shock.

"We're not going to," Junghyeok said. "We'll eat what we can and store the rest. And Dokja can take some home."

Before Dokja could reply, Mia said, "Or he could come over and eat with us again! Oppa never brings friends home."

When Dokja just blinked in surprise, realizing Mia didn't understand that he and Junghyeok were still basically strangers, Junghyeok said, "If he wants to."

Dokja looked at Junghyeok, who took a ladle and started scooping out steaming red crab, vegetables, and broth into bowls, starting with Dokja's, then Mia's.

Over Mia's shoulder, Dokja could see across the room and out the window, with the blinds drawn, to the city, as the sun set slowly, covering the world in a golden glow. Mia and Junghyeok smiled and Mia laughed. It was… too good.

Dokja gave his thanks again and quickly dug into his food, glad the spiciness could cover any of his other visual reactions, like watery eyes. He didn't know how he'd have the face to come over asking for leftovers.

But as he was surrounded by warmth, both physical and emotional, he thought he might consider it, too.

End Notes

I'm no crab expert, but it's unlikely the crabs in the video are kkotge, but here they are. The recipe is based on this one by Maangchi. All the recipes I looked at used frozen kkotge, but I wanted them to be boiled for writing, which is seemingly fine (I think). Look to Maangchi for cooking advice, not the fanfic.

Thank you so much for reading <3 <3 Kudos and comments are love! If you'd like to read more of my work, you can subscribe to the fanfic and/or my author page! My Archive of Our Own page, when it is back up, has my completed archive of work, and will be the first to be updated with new works (usually), so that is the best place to subscribe to me.

Rebloggable on tumblr * Retweetable on twitter * Blue Sky Social

My Omniscient Reader fanfics

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!