Let's table that discussion

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Let's table that discussion

by FallLover

Summary

Dungeon!Sung Hyunje and Han Yoojin sort of continue their table discussion after original!Han Yoojin and company depart to hunt monsters.

Set during novel Side Story Episode 148: (2).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The other Han Yoojin left with his entourage of followers and Sanri, leaving that cursed dragon Sung Hyunje alone with his caregiver in the dining room. Pieces of broken plates and thrown food were scattered around the room still. Sung Hyunje knew he'd have to clean it later.

Han Yoojin glared up at Sung Hyunje over his right shoulder. He was still on his stomach on the breakfast table, in an open area where all the dishes had been knocked aside. His left hand was held against his back by Sung Hyunje – currently standing over and behind him – while his right hand rested freely on the table, albeit far from anything he might grab. His dark eyes were furious.

"And you made such a fine breakfast for us," Sung Hyunje purred, reaching out to rest his right hand over his dear contractor's. "I only wanted to enjoy it." He'd been a bit touched by the cut bread crusts.

"Punk," Han Yoojin said with a scoff. He kicked Sung Hyunje's right leg again. "Words are useless. You just say nonsense anyway."

"If you attack me if I let you go, I can't write the contract," Sung Hyunje said. He lowered his nose to nuzzle Han Yoojin's neck. "And then you'll just stay mad."

Han Yoojin huffed and said, "I'm *letting* you do this, aren't I? I'll let you write the contract, too."

"Because I'm hiding behind your back already?" Sung Hyunje asked as he let go of Han Yoojin's right hand to sneak his fingers under the man's shirt and ruck the fabric up a bit, revealing Han Yoojin's back. He leaned down and mouthed his way along Han Yoojin's spine.

Han Yoojin reached back to grab Sung Hyunje's hair. He could make that grip pretty painful if he wanted, though he didn't, *yet*.

Sung Hyunje kept moving down Han Yoojin's back, tugging at the waistline of his pants. When Sung Hyunje managed to drag the offending garment down, revealing the cleft of Han Yoojin's ass, Sung Hyunje leaned down to kiss the spot.

Han Yoojin hissed and clutched at Sung Hyunje's hair harder. "You think I'll forget your promise to write that contract?"

"Mmm… my dear contractor is putting stress on his arm." Sung Hyunje sat back – easily breaking Han Yoojin's hold on his hair – and tugged Han Yoojin's pants and underwear down and off entirely, and then turned Han Yoojin over onto his back without bumping the flat table. He also popped Han Yoojin's legs over his own head.

The table creaked and clattered beneath them.

Sung Hyunje lowered his head near Han Yoojin's hand so the shorter man could snatch his blonde hair again. Only then did Sung Hyunje lower his head further to Han Yoojin's bared

cock and lick the glans.

Han Yoojin squeezed his grip on Sung Hyunje's hair tighter. "You're not going to touch Han Yoohyun. Not ever."

Sung Hyunje made an agreeing noise and opened his mouth to wrap his lips around Han Yoojin's cock, licking and sucking as he went, and making Han Yoojin arch against the table.

More plates – of the few that remained – fell on the floor.

Han Yoojin's left hand reached back behind him to grab the table edge there, making his chest arch even more. He shut his eyes.

Sung Hyunje held Han Yoojin's hips and swallowed more of his cock down, bobbing his head lightly as he moved, pleased to feel the shuddering and occasional moans that Han Yoojin couldn't suppress.

"I can't believe you brought this up right when I was being nice to you," Han Yoojin muttered. "You're the *worst*."

Sung Hyunje chuckled.

Han Yoojin tightened the hand in Sung Hyunje's hair, making it hurt a little. "What if you were bald? Would you be so annoying if you were bald?"

Sung Hyunje made a soothing noise and swallowed more of Han Yoojin's cock, finally pressing his nose against Han Yoojin's skin. Han Yoojin lessened the pressure on Sung Hyunje's hair a little, allowing him to bob up and down, sliding his tongue along the shaft.

Han Yoojin grunted and made half-aborted moans. He began thrusting his hips, pressing his cock deep into Sung Hyunje's throat.

Sung Hyunje was pleased his contractor was still his usual self. He'd truly been worried for a moment. He had no interest in Han Yoohyun or what Han Yoojin did with Han Yoohyun. The S-rank Hunter was a non-entity.

Han Yoojin's heels pressed into Sung Hyunje's back. "Fucking hate you…"

Sung Hyunje grinned around Han Yoojin's cock and then hummed.

Han Yoojin jolted around that, jerking his pelvis against Sung Hyunje's face. But it wasn't hard enough to cause any injury to someone like Sung Hyunje.

Sung Hyunje moved his hands around and down Han Yoojin's ass, kneading the globes of soft skin under his dexterous fingers. The fingers of his left hand brushed over Han Yoojin's hole. When Han Yoojin dug his heels tighter into Sung Hyunje's back, Sung Hyunje pressed his left middle finger into the tight muscle there.

Han Yoojin bit his lip as he came down Sung Hyunje's throat, and his ankles momentarily rose over Sung Hyunje's back.

Sung Hyunje pressed his mouth down to capture it all, drinking Han Yoojin dry. He knew he was still a center of Han Yoojin's universe. Still an important piece of the man's life. Just because Han Yoohyun was here didn't mean everything they'd built would be demolished entirely. And as Han Yoojin sagged beneath him, Sung Hyunje knew they could handle things more diplomatically. No throwing items or tantrums, cute as they were.

When Sung Hyunje popped off Han Yoojin's cock at last, Han Yoojin's grip on his hair was weak, and Sung Hyunje moved out of it easily. He helped Han Yoojin sit up.

Han Yoojin leaned against Sung Hyunje's body, breathing quickly. His hands lightly clasped Sung Hyunje's shirt, and the right side of his face rested against Sung Hyunje's collarbone.

Sung Hyunje wrapped an arm around Han Yoojin's back to steady him. He put his right hand behind Han Yoojin's head. He could feel Han Yoojin's thighs pressing up against his own.

Han Yoojin looked up at Sung Hyunje, still angry. But Sung Hyunje could see some of the fight was bled out of him. "You're going to write it all down. Now."

"Now?" Sung Hyunje said with a smile. "But we have the place to ourselves while the others are off hunting monsters." He pouted. "Are you really going to make me clean this room, too, when we've barely done anything?" He pointedly pressed himself against Han Yoojin's crotch.

Han Yoojin grabbed a fistful of Sung Hyunje's shirt and ordered, "Write the contract terms. Then clean the room."

Sung Hyunje made a loud, mournful noise. "Okay. If it'll make you happy."

"…Afterward, you can fuck me properly."

Sung Hyunje perked up and gazed down at Han Yoojin with bright eyes.

Han Yoojin was still glaring. "You think I'll settle for *that?* That was pathetic."

Sung Hyunje grinned and reached into his inventory.

End Notes

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