# A useful partner

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1406.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Slash (M/M) |
| Fandom: | My S-Class Hunters \| The S-Classes That I Raised |
| Relationship: | Han Yoojin/Sung Hyunje |
| Characters: | Han Yoojin, Sung Hyunje |
| Additional Tags: | Mid-Canon, POV Han Yoojin, Aquariums, Anxiety, Boys Kissing, Cuddling, Angst with a Happy Ending, Betaed, Jealousy, Mutual Pining, Fluff, Spoilers through SCTIR Side Story Episode 97 |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2024-04-28 Words: 2,844 Chapters: 1/1 |

# A useful partner

by FallLover

Summary

Han Yoojin has to keep time fragment Sung Hyunje busy from noon to midnight, so he randomly suggests they go on an aquarium date.

Set during novel Side Story Episode 83: (2).

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

Guide on reading the novel and manhwa.

See the end of the work for more notes

Han Yoojin was pretty sure he'd never felt this tense staring into a tank full of jellyfish, even when he'd been *fighting* one. The jellyfish were small, colorful, and neat looking, and seemed to glow in the dark tank. They were also very harmless: this aquarium kept the dungeon-found animals in other tanks, which meant the area was relatively quiet as visitors focused more on the dungeon animals than the normal Earth animals.

Which meant that Han Yoojin and Sung Hyunje had the area virtually to themselves, even though Sung Hyunje had been recognized a few times on their way into the aquarium. As a result, there were probably slightly more visitors here than on a normal day, out of curiosity about Sung Hyunje, but his S-rank aura still intimidated most of them away.

"You seem tense," Sung Hyunje said, gazing into the tank without looking at Han Yoojin. This pre-regression Sung Hyunje was so much more guarded than the one Han Yoojin knew. Even when he smiled pleasantly, as he was now, he was clearly watching Han Yoojin for weaknesses, waiting to pounce.

Han Yoojin sighed and said, "You're an S-rank Hunter. It'd be strange if I wasn't tense." Mostly he was distracted thinking about which exhibit to go to next. He didn't want to be gawked at, or worse, completely ignored while people basked in Sung Hyunje's presence.

"That's odd," Sung Hyunje replied as he glanced over the educational plaque on the tank. "Given you broke into my office with bombs and dared me to take you here."

"I meant it half as a *joke,*" Han Yoojin muttered. "I didn't expect you to actually drive us here." It had been one of the more tense car rides of his life, too. The first time he'd been in a car with Sung Hyunje, the man had put his hand on Han Yoojin's neck and made Han Yoojin realize how *close* he was to dying. Of course the post-regression Sung Hyunje that Han Yoojin knew best had done that and far, far more since, but this was virtually a fresh Sung Hyunje, one Han Yoojin had a complicated relationship with. Lunch had only gotten them so far in the day, and he was scrounging for ideas when Sung Hyunje said, "Let's go to an aquarium then," while Han Yoojin had been muttering half-incoherently to himself.

"You have a marvelous sense of humor, as always, Han Yoojin-gun," Sung Hyunje said with a smile, seemingly fully entertained by Han Yoojin's distraction.

Han Yoojin felt that he really should have used *more* bombs to break into Sung Hyunje's office, given how insufferable the S-rank Hunter was being. But the trip hadn't been too bad, and without kids to watch over, he'd been able to enjoy the exhibits they'd seen, including dolphins swimming in circles, sting rays, eels, and a variety of different fish. Even with Sung Hyunje looming at his side, things had been all right. It was only in the relative quiet of the jellyfish tank that Han Yoojin had felt so weirdly publicly alone with the other man.

Han Yoojin also still kept himself wary in case Sung Hyunje tried to steal his memory again or knock him unconscious, or perhaps escape to go die in the dungeon at the hands of Crescent Moon, or badly deal with Song Taewon. But Sung Hyunje had made no move to do so yet, which was a hopeful sign.

But the time passed quickly, and Han Yoojin's worries eased a bit. For an early dinner, they ended up at a restaurant nearby that Sung Hyunje picked, and he ended up covering the bill, too, despite his cheapness earlier. Although his mood was often thoughtful, the custodian skill was still working well, and he soon relaxed and asked about his self that Han Yoojin knew as they sat at a quiet booth in the back of the restaurant.

"He's good," Han Yoojin said after he chewed more of his food. It was all excellent, of course, because Sung Hyunje only picked the best, even if he didn't make it himself. "He still grabs me with his chain all the time, just like you do."

Sung Hyunje smiled deviously at that, though Han Yoojin wondered if there was an ever so slight hint of jealousy in that gaze.

*All of you are so territorial,* Han Yoojin thought as he chewed. After he swallowed again, he said, "He and Song Taewon are closer, though. They're more relaxed with each other."

Sung Hyunje considered this and said, "Song Taewon and I have a good relationship. It can be difficult at times because he's… complicated, but it's all right."

*Complicated?!* Han Yoojin thought with a frown. *Everything with you is complicated because you're overwhelming!*

Sung Hyunje seemed to hear his thoughts, because the guild leader grinned. "You're such an advocate for him. I'm sure he appreciates it."

Han Yoojin snorted, but kept eating his food.

They ended up heading back to Sung Hyunje's home, with Sung Hyunje now the owner of a large whale shark plushie that Han Yoojin insisted he get, as a memory of their date. Han Yoojin also got a pack of cards for them to play together, because he realized that, given Sung Hyunje's rather lonely life, he'd never played card games before. Or at least not much.

"We're going to have fun," Han Yoojin said as they sat together on a big couch in the living room. "Just the two of us."

"Is it because we're engaged now?" Sung Hyunje mused as he watched Han Yoojin's hand movements as he shuffled and set up the cards. "This is foreplay?"

Han Yoojin scowled and ignored him.

Sung Hyunje pouted. "Such a dreadful wedding night."

"Wedding night?!" Han Yoojin bristled. "Are we engaged or married already?!"

Sung Hyunje grinned, cat-like. "It depends on what you want, really."

"…Just play the game."

"What if we played something special?" Sung Hyunje asked. "For fun?" His golden eyes gleamed in the artificial room lights.

“Like what?” Han Yoojin asked, suspiciously.

“Have you ever heard of Strip Poker?” Sung Hyunje asked. “I’ve been told it’s fun.”

Han Yoojin’s face heated. “That’s… You want us to take our clothes off?!”

Sung Hyunje chuckled. “It just adds a level of danger to it. But we don’t have to if you’re uncomfortable. I’m sure things will be complicated enough with some other game.”

“…Fine,” Han Yoojin said. He needed to keep Sung Hyunje’s interest, and if Sung Hyunje was playing along and joining in the fun, then Han Yoojin was going to do so as well. “We’ll do it.” He wasn’t the *best* at poker, but he figured he might be better than Sung Hyunje. Han Yoojin used to play a lot with Han Yoohyun and Park Yerim, and he was pretty skilled at this point.

Sung Hyunje grinned brightly. “Excellent.”

*This should be easy,* Han Yoojin thought.

---

It wasn’t easy.

It started okay, with Han Yoojin winning the first two hands, and Sung Hyunje sorrowfully removing first his coat, and then his shirt. He looked as attractive as ever, and Han Yoojin tried to not let it be distracting. Han Yoojin wasn’t sure what he’d do if Sung Hyunje stripped entirely… He considered ending the game and maybe opting for a movie in that case…

But then Sung Hyunje started winning.

At first, it wasn’t *that* big a deal. Win or lose, Sung Hyunje kept playing, which meant Sung Hyunje was staying focused and not leaving, and Han Yoojin was wearing a lot of layers. Han Yoojin took of his jacket. Then his shirt. (And he tried to not be *too* embarrassed about it; it wasn’t *his* fault he wasn’t an S-rank Hunter like Sung Hyunje and wasn’t as buff or good-looking, but obviously still good-looking enough to feel the intense and somewhat hungry gaze of Sung Hyunje). Then he took off his shoes, and then his socks.

When he was down to his pants being next, he hesitated about asking to end the game. Something had clearly happened, and he knew that Sung Hyunje was a lot better at all this than he thought. Han Yoojin frowned at Sung Hyunje, who was smiling at him and watching Han Yoojin’s fingers closely. “You actually know how to play cards well, don’t you?” Han Yoojin asked.

Sung Hyunje chuckled. “I *have* played a few times with some associates here and there. It can help break the ice in difficult situations.”

“You play strip poker a lot, then?” Han Yoojin asked with a scowl. *How many people have you screwed with like this?!*

“No, actually,” Sung Hyunje said with a cheeky grin. “I’ve heard of it and seen it, but never participated. But you said earlier you were tired, and I assumed stripping down might help

relax you."

"How is that relaxing?!" Han Yoojin demanded, throwing down his cards on the table. "Stripping naked like this when it's not even bedtime?!"

Sung Hyunje bowed his head in mock repentance. "I suppose it wasn't the *best* plan. But it *was* fun." There was a wistful look in his gaze.

Han Yoojin thought about how this version of Sung Hyunje must have felt so beaten down by all his failures. How hard things were. How Sung Hyunje noted he'd never had anyone in his room and had no friends. Even the people he played cards with were *acquaintances* rather than friends. He'd suggested the game, after all. Even if it was ridiculous and pushy, he was having fun rather than throwing himself to his own death. *And I suppose that's better,* Han Yoojin thought begrudgingly. *It's not that big of a deal for me to do this much.*

Finally, Han Yoojin said, "It's fine. I went along with it, didn't I?" Plus, after running around all day, he *was* a bit tired. He even yawned unexpectedly.

Sung Hyunje perked up and stood, walking over to scoop Han Yoojin up.

Han Yoojin squawked and wiggled, but stopped when he realized he'd fall onto the floor if he escaped. "What are you doing?!"

"Taking you to a bed," Sung Hyunje said as he easily walked along, holding Han Yoojin without apparent issue.

Han Yoojin glared up at the man and his attractive, unbothered face. "You said you never had anyone in your room before!" He knew he was playing with fire with the stripping, but this was a *definite* escalation…

"I don't mind making an exception for my fiancé," Sung Hyunje said with curved eyes. "We've gone out to eat together, had a whole day together, and we've played strip poker together. Plus, you demanded I spend time with you. It seems only fair." He chuckled. "Though I wasn't intending to take you to *my* room, but as you're *insisting*…"

Han Yoojin's face reddened as he thought, *I'm not insisting, though!* But he also realized it meant he could keep an eye on Sung Hyunje longer, so he didn't protest as the S-rank Hunter walked down to the room. It was as big and nice as Han Yoojin remembered from the last time Han Yoojin had stayed there, and Sung Hyunje gently plopped Han Yoojin down on the comfortable bed spread, which the Refined Seeker's Chain moved around to accommodate Han Yoojin. Then Sung Hyunje pulled the covers over him, covering Han Yoojin's bare chest.

But when Sung Hyunje then moved to leave, Han Yoojin grabbed his right elbow, making the man turn.

Han Yoojin tried to make his expression look begging. "Stay with me? I… like having you around." His face heated as he said it. He *did* miss having Sung Hyunje around, but this wasn't *precisely* him. But it also was. He groaned internally about the weirdness of it all, but knew that it was more important he keep Sung Hyunje nearby.

Sung Hyunje's expression grew soft. "Okay." He walked around and settled on the bed by Han Yoojin's side. He lay there looking ridiculously handsome as usual, with his chest and his face and his arms and long legs, and Han Yoojin was incredibly not bitter about any of it.

Han Yoojin breathed in a bit easier, glad at least Sung Hyunje was still *here*, at least.

"You haven't talked about your brother much today," Sung Hyunje said as he gazed at Han Yoojin, with his left arm propping up his head. "Mostly you've listened to me talk or talked about other news."

Han Yoojin grimaced, annoyed the man just noticed so much. "Well… Yoohyun-ie is doing well. Things are complicated with him, but we're better."

Sung Hyunje raised his eyebrows. "Really? He's been busy in the news, but I never see you together. It's good you're keeping it out of the public eye."

Han Yoojin sighed. "Reporters are the worst." A necessary evil at times, particularly for his "revival", but still the worst. He didn't hate them as much as he used to, given how much he'd had to be involved with the press since his regression, out of necessity, but he still hated the necessity itself.

"They haven't been very kind to you," Sung Hyunje noted, with a sympathetic tone.

Han Yoojin thought back to his life before he'd regressed, how he'd been suspicious of everyone, particularly some random person running up to offer him encouragement. How alone he'd been. And how the media had been part of that loneliness, weighing him down, making his struggles more difficult. But with the help of all the people around Han Yoojin during his regression, he'd clawed his way back up. "They haven't. But… I managed around them." If someone had given him the kind words Han Yoojin had given his past self here, maybe things would have been different.

"With *your* Sung Hyunje," Sung Hyunje said. He didn't seem mad or upset. Just thoughtful.

"Yes," Han Yoojin said with a snort, thinking of better things. "Despite everything. Though he's currently occupied with something." He sighed. "I just want us all to be together again with everything easy. Celebrating holidays and protecting people from dungeons and watching our kids grow up. Is that so terrible?"

"…It sounds nice," Sung Hyunje said, quietly.

"And I want *him* there with us," Han Yoojin said, wistfully, feeling a painful ache in his chest at the thought. "I want him by my side and—"

Sung Hyunje pulled Han Yoojin into a kiss, blocking off the words. His right hand held Han Yoojin's head firmly, but not painfully.

Han Yoojin's left hand was half-raised to push him away, but he lowered it. The kiss was nice, really. When Sung Hyunje broke the kiss to let them have air, Han Yoojin stared him with a frown. "What was that for?"

“I’m him in a way, aren’t I?” Sung Hyunje asked. He rubbed his fingers over Han Yoojin’s cheek, and his golden eyes sparkled. “I can give you that, if you miss it, at least a little.”

Han Yoojin’s frown deepened, thinking about how Sung Hyunje was again trying to sacrifice himself for others. “You’re part of him, but you’re yourself, too. And you’re not just a replacement.” He rested his right hand on Sung Hyunje’s left shoulder. “You have your own life and wants. And you’re in pain. Pain the Sung Hyunje I know has been able to recover from a little.” He gazed deeply into Sung Hyunje’s eyes. “Don’t devalue yourself for what I want. I like the you of now, too.”

Sung Hyunje’s eyes widened a bit. Then he smiled, and it made Han Yoojin’s heart flutter a bit. “You truly are a precious item, hmm?”

“Don’t you start with that nonsense again,” Han Yoojin muttered, thinking this definitely *was* the Sung Hyunje he knew, in a way. He pulled Sung Hyunje close for another kiss. He’d do it properly, even if he wasn’t as good at it as Sung Hyunje, who’d never had anyone in his room before. Because *this* Sung Hyunje was worth kissing too, while they had the time.

The kissing went on for a while, but they were seemingly both tired, because they eventually ended up with Sung Hyunje on his back and Han Yoojin half on top of him, chest to chest, with his left arm resting over Sung Hyunje’s ridiculously broad body so that they could clasp their hands together. Han Yoojin’s head was pillowed against Sung Hyunje’s collarbones and neck, and he just felt sleepy. Sung Hyunje was making Han Yoojin even sleepier by gently rubbing the shorter man’s back.

“Was it a good day?” Han Yoojin asked with his eyes shut, wondering if he was being more of a hypocrite than he thought with all this, missing the Sung Hyunje of his time too much. “I don’t want you to feel frustrated with it.”

“It was a good day,” Sung Hyunje said. He kissed Han Yoojin’s brow. “A very good day. Thank you for dragging me out for it.”

Han Yoojin smiled. “You should ask more often, then. I’d like that.”

Sung Hyunje chuckled. “I will.”

End Notes

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 other S-Class fanfics

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