The work won't do itself, so why don't we?

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1452.

Rating:	Explicit
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:	Setting Change - Teachers, Top Sung Hyunje, Bottom Han Yoojin, Desk Sex, Established Relationship(s), Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, Anal Sex, Cuddling, Happy Ending, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-05-08 Words: 1,602 Chapters: 1/1

The work won't do itself, so why don't we?

by FallLover

Summary

After the school day ends, Principal Han Yoojin and Vice Principal Sung Hyunje go into Han Yoojin's office to deal with the faulty air conditioning. They take their time.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own to celebrate the conclusion of the novel on May 8, 2025.

Guide on reading the novel and manhwa.

See the end of the work for more notes

“I think you might need more time to work on these files,” Vice Principal Sung Hyunje mused in the relative quiet of Principal Han Yoojin’s office. “I don’t think you’ll get it all done tonight.”

Although it was getting later in the evening, the blinds were all tightly shut, and there was only one small, thin lamp turned on behind Han Yoojin’s desk, a lot of whose light was blocked out by the tall, muscular body of Sung Hyunje.

“And whose fault is that?” Han Yoojin muttered as he clung to his husband’s neck while his back was squished to the thankfully cleared desk. He was breathing quickly and his eyes were shut. He wondered, vaguely, where his suit pants had ended up after Sung Hyunje pulled them off.

The sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the air.

“If you’d told me there was a problem with the air conditioning earlier,” Sung Hyunje said, almost sweetly, as he rolled his hips forward, fucking his cock deeper into his husband’s ass, “maybe things would be a bit different.” The desk creaked dangerously under Sung Hyunje’s movements. Sung Hyunje’s long, blonde bangs fluttered over Han Yoojin’s short, dark hair.

“You’d have scandalized Taewon!” Han Yoojin grumbled around a hard thrust of Sung Hyunje’s cock to Han Yoojin’s core that made his legs shake. He wrapped his calves tighter around Sung Hyunje’s middle, mostly to keep from falling over. Sung Hyunje was only holding Han Yoojin’s hips, after all. “At least waiting until he’s *gone* probably saved his blood pressure…”

Sung Hyunje chuckled and kissed Han Yoojin’s forehead. “My thoughtful husband. Our beloved secretary has seen worse, though. But I wasn’t planning to just fuck you on *his* desk.”

Han Yoojin cringed and said, “You’re the *worst*. Mmm… *Harder,* fuck!” He nearly bit his lip, wanting Sung Hyunje deeper inside of him.

Sung Hyunje obliged, increasing his pace and working harder to fuck his husband even deeper. The wooden desk creaked even more dangerously under him. It had survived a number of their trysts thus far, and Sung Hyunje had bought it for his husband specifically when the school year started, so it should be all right.

Though he didn’t mind breaking it to ensure his husband was fucked properly. Han Yoojin never brought students back here, preferring to talk outside, where students had more air, or in classrooms. It was a nice, comfortable place for Han Yoojin to work and Sung Hyunje to torment his husband.

Sung Hyunje’s left hand drifted up under Han Yoojin’s unbuttoned suit shirt, teasing the soft skin there. Then he trapped Han Yoojin’s right nipple in his fingers.

Han Yoojin hissed before turning his mouth against Sung Hyunje's neck, biting a bit, but not hard enough to draw blood.

Sung Hyunje pulled at the nipple, before letting go so he could lightly flick it.

Han Yoojin bit a little harder.

Sung Hyunje's left hand took hold of Han Yoojin's back so his right could move to Han Yoojin's cock, gently pumping it.

Han Yoojin's bare ankles – his shoes were kicked off as Sung Hyunje pulled him over to the desk earlier – dug into Sung Hyunje's back, probably messing up Sung Hyunje's suit shirt . Han Yoojin groaned in response to Sung Hyunje's movements, panting against Sung Hyunje's neck. He could feel Sung Hyunje's large cock shoving through his insides, pounding a part of him that sent sparks through his body.

The day had been pretty normal. The school ran well, and complaints were few. Song Taewon had a stack of forms for Han Yoojin to deal with, and Han Yoojin had promised to deal with them, sending Song Taewon off on his planned vacation – which Han Yoojin had to *bully* him into. Three hours after school was out, the only two main staff left were Han Yoojin and Sung Hyunje, who'd joined his husband to check on progress.

Han Yoojin had sat back in his desk and said, "It'd go faster if it wasn't so cold in here… I keep shivering." He'd made good work through the work, though. There were forms for new teachers, questions from parents, regular maintenance, field trips, visiting instructors, purchase requests from the library… All kinds of things he had to handle.

He liked the job. It was just a lot.

Sung Hyunje had made a considering noise and then locked the door before he shut the blinds, as well. "I can warm you up."

That led to kissing, a divestment of mostly Han Yoojin's clothes (and Sung Hyunje's red jacket), cleaning off the desk to make sure any papers and other things were out of the way, and a continuation of where they'd left off before getting ready for school in the morning in their apartment.

Han Yoojin groaned, moving his hips to meet Sung Hyunje's thrusts. His red earrings glinted in the light from the lamp. The golden ring on his left hand glittered against his skin.

Thunder rumbled outside, but they didn't stop.

"Now we're going to get wet going home," Han Yoojin groaned, even as he squeezed Sung Hyunje's neck even harder. He grunted over every squeeze of Sung Hyunje's hand on his cock. He felt like a wound spring, ready to go off at any moment.

"I'll clean you off when we get back," Sung Hyunje half-purred. "And then we can have dinner." He leaned over to press their lips together, swallowing Han Yoojin's moans.

Han Yoojin stiffened when he felt Sung Hyunje come inside him, and the feeling sent a whole-body shudder through him, making *him* spill in Sung Hyunje's hand. He groaned through his release.

"So good," Sung Hyunje murmured against Han Yoojin's lips.

Han Yoojin breathed in and out rapidly, squeezing Sung Hyunje so he didn't fall and hit his back.

Sung Hyunje pulled him up and off the desk, and then moved so he could sit back in the large plush orange chair in a corner of the room., holding Han Yoojin in his lap, still speared on Sung Hyunje's cock.

Han Yoojin gasped as he was moved, clinging tightly to Sung Hyunje, but was glad he could just lean on the man's chest while they sat, even though he cringed as the position made Sung Hyunje's cock press up into him even more. He tucked his chin into Sung Hyunje's neck, near the taller man's right shoulder.

Sung Hyunje pressed his left hand up under Han Yoojin's shirt over the shorter man's back, rubbing reassuring patterns on the man's skin. His right hand gently squeezed Han Yoojin's ass, making Han Yoojin grumble.

"Hardly a way to treat your boss," Han Yoojin said, petulantly.

"And will you punish me for it?" Sung Hyunje teased, increasing the stretch of skin he rubbed over on Han Yoojin's back.

"…Maybe. Just watch yourself." He considered not cutting off the crusts of Sung Hyunje's lunch sandwich the next day.

Sung Hyunje chuckled and said, "I look forward to it."

Han Yoojin sighed, and for a while they listened to the rain hitting the windows.

After a while, Han Yoojin said, "It's coming down hard."

"We'll be here for a while," Sung Hyunje replied. He reached his left hand back to press his thumb over Han Yoojin's left nipple. "I guess my punishment will have to wait."

Han Yoojin breathed in shakily, and then shivered as Sung Hyunje kept toying with his nipple. He knew what he was getting into when Sung Hyunje started working here with him. On the one hand, it meant the school had plenty of support, given Sung Hyunje's wealth and connections. It also meant that when Han Yoojin was bored, his husband was never far away.

On the other hand, his husband was an awful tease, and delighted in tormenting him, even if that included the bonus of some of the best homemade food Han Yoojin had ever eaten. And someone warm to snuggle into at night when he had nightmares.

Sung Hyunje was handsome, capable, and helped keep Han Yoojin sane in a busy job that had too many problems. Even *this* was seemingly to help offset the added workload of Song

Taewon going on vacation. They'd both known it would be more work for them. But Han Yoojin had been taking on more than he expected.

He's always looking out for me, Han Yoojin thought as he trembled beneath Sung Hyunje's onslaught. *He's just too good.*

Han Yoojin pulled his right hand back to gently rest it on Sung Hyunje's chin, feeling the strong jaw, the soft skin. So much of their life didn't seem real. Han Yoojin himself was so unremarkable, but someone like Sung Hyunje liked him.

Sung Hyunje turned his face to kiss Han Yoojin's fingers, pulling them into his mouth to suck on them. His golden eyes met Han Yoojin's, glowing in the darkness.

Han Yoojin pulled his fingers from Sung Hyunje's mouth so he could press forward for another kiss, first against the corner of Sung Hyunje's mouth, and then the man's lips.

They'd go home. They'd clean up. They'd eat together. And then likely have more fun in the bed they shared together. And then they'd go to work the next day and start it all over again. It was a good life, one they'd both fought for.

But in the moment, it was just them, trapped by the rain, keeping each other warm. Han Yoojin almost hoped the rain didn't end, so they could sit like this forever.

Sung Hyunje made a contented noise and pulled Han Yoojin closer.

Han Yoojin smiled against Sung Hyunje's lips, pleased.

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!