There was only one bed because Han Yoojin said so

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There was only one bed because Han Yoojin said so

by FallLover

Summary

After Jellyfish is chased away by Sung Hyunje while Han Yoojin is under house arrest at the guild master's home, Han Yoojin's guest room is demolished, and Han Yoojin needs a new bed and a bed partner to ward off his nightmares. Sung Hyunje is happy to provide.

Set during novel Chapter 154: (4)/before the start of manhwa episode 141

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

A guide for reading the novel and the manhwa

See the end of the work for more notes

Han Yoojin thought that Sung Hyunje had a rather nice bedroom for a guild master. It was big, with a huge bed, and nice, large blackout curtains were drawn over the windows. When Han Yoojin touched the pale white bedspread, it was soft and comfortable. And the plump pillows looked rather appealing. He was feeling tired after everything that had happened, and the knowledge that he would have someone with him in the room to ward off his nightmares, even if it was Sung Hyunje, gave him hope.

Peep-Peep had escaped Sung Hyunje's hold and was already wandering the room, exploring all the nooks and crannies. Han Yoojin trusted that Sung Hyunje didn't keep much, if anything, that was dangerous in the room, since it *was* his bedroom. And Han Yoojin couldn't spot anything bad.

Sung Hyunje looked on thoughtfully. Although he was warm about letting Han Yoojin into the bedroom, he was clearly curious about what Han Yoojin would do and was allowing Han Yoojin to get his fill of exploring. He had his arms crossed and leaned against the doorframe, his short blonde hair looking like he'd just styled it rather than being still fine after he fought Jellyfish and destroyed one of his own rooms. Han Yoojin could feel the man's gaze on his back still. It made Han Yoojin feel the ghost of Sung Hyunje's fingers on his skin there.

Do I even need to even bother undressing when he does it with his eyes? Han Yoojin wondered as he turned down the bed and hopped under the covers, where he was nicely warm. Han Yoojin hadn't seen anyone around the residence, but he couldn't imagine Sung Hyunje let many people in here. *Does he clean it all himself?* Han Yoojin wondered. *He wouldn't find the time.* He tried to imagine the army of cleaners Sung Hyunje hired for the place. And then he imagined Sung Hyunje holding a vacuum or mopping a floor or scrubbing the bathtub. It was a strange sight for one of the most powerful Hunters in South Korea.

When Han Yoojin was settled, he looked over at Sung Hyunje, who was still standing over by the door. Han Yoojin frowned, not liking the idea of Sung Hyunje just *watching* him sleep. "Are you going to sleep or not?"

Sung Hyunje's eyebrows rose, like he was surprised Han Yoojin had remembered he was there or something. "I can set up a on the chair, though. To protect my princess' sensibilities." His voice was delicate and warm as ever.

Han Yoojin glared at Sung Hyunje and resisted the urge to strangle him. *Would it be okay if he was just in the room and not the bed?* He wondered. *Yoohyun-ie has to be closer than that, though...* Han Yoojin breathed in and glanced down at the floor. "I need you to be in the bed. I… I have nightmares when I'm alone."

Sung Hyunje was silent for a while. When Han Yoojin finally glanced up at him, Sung Hyunje had uncrossed his arms and reached up his left hand to the light switch. He paused and looked at Han Yoojin with those bright golden eyes. "Lights on or off?" There was no judgment in the look. Just curiosity.

Han Yoojin blinked in confusion. "Off." His cheeks burned more when he realized that Sung Hyunje probably thought he was scared of the dark or something. "That's not the problem."

Sung Hyunje nodded and flicked the lights off, leaving them in darkness but for a light from the hall, and then walked over, moving around so he could get up on the bed on the open right side.

Han Yoojin's eyes adjusted to the dark, and he reminded himself this was *fine*, because Sung Hyunje was obsessed with him and wouldn't see him harmed. He felt the bed dip under the larger man, and his face warmed. There was something *different* about being in the same bed together, even when Sung Hyunje had held him earlier, and Sung Hyunje's hands had been tracing over Han Yoojin's skin earlier. Sung Hyunje wasn't just chasing him: now, Han Yoojin had run into his embrace. And it was odd. Han Yoojin flipped over onto his left side, so that his back was to Sung Hyunje, and so he wouldn't have to see the man's distractingly handsome face, even in the dark. Just feeling the warmth of another human being on the bed was enough.

After Sung Hyunje was settled, there was quiet for a while. Even Peep-Peep had stopped twittering, and possibly decided to settle somewhere else, rather than on Han Yoojin. After a time, Sung Hyunje asked, "What do you have nightmares about?"

Han Yoojin grimaced, knowing he should have expected that. He couldn't say, *My dead brother from my past life*, or something similar. Instead he said, "I'd rather not talk about it. It's just… bad. That's all." He had the feeling Sung Hyunje wouldn't be happy with such an answer, though.

Sung Hyunje moved, and before Han Yoojin could get away, the man was pressed up against Han Yoojin's back, pulling Han Yoojin flush against him.

Han Yoojin swallowed, glad he'd put his pajama shirt back on. He could feel the thick musculature of Sung Hyunje's body behind him, and the man's powerful thighs. Sung Hyunje's right arm was wrapped around Han Yoojin's chest, his right hand casually resting over Han Yoojin's belly. It was just… *more* than earlier, when they were in the guest room, and it made Han Yoojin's heart race a little.

"Talking might help," Sung Hyunje said practically into Han Yoojin's right ear.

"I can't," Han Yoojin said, squirming slightly. But Sung Hyunje didn't back off. Han Yoojin eventually gave up. It's not like it was all *that* different from any of the times Sung Hyunje had held him before. Or at least that was what he tried to convince himself of.

"Hmm," Sung Hyunje finally said as he pressed his left hand under Han Yoojin's side so it could move up and out over Han Yoojin's belly, too. "It makes me wonder how many other people's beds you'll hop into in future. I would be quite jealous. My item shouldn't wander hands."

Han Yoojin scoffed. "Again with the proprietary tone! It's just sleep, it's not like I'm literally yours!"

"Aren't you?" Sung Hyunje asked playfully as his hands drifted lower, down Han Yoojin's chest, towards his thighs. Han Yoojin's breath raced as Sung Hyunje's fingers slowly traced down Han Yoojin's lower stomach, then around, smoothing over his thighs. "You have my

mana in your body." His right hand moved slowly over Han Yoojin's right thigh, and then inward, pressing ever so lightly against Han Yoojin's crotch. "And my claim on your back." Sung Hyunje's fingers spread and traced Han Yoojin's inner thigh, lightly squeezing the skin there.

Han Yoojin was breathing heavily, curling into himself. No one had touched him like this before, making him so aware of their presence. It was like… some kind of marking thing, as if Sung Hyunje needed to control every bit of him. And Han Yoojin felt strung out, which was annoyed because Sung Hyunje wasn't even properly teasing Han Yoojin's cock, though the sides of his fingers teased it a little as his palms roamed Han Yoojin's thighs. It was hot and terrifying.

"Perhaps you need more convincing," Sung Hyunje mused, making Han Yoojin's eyes widen at the threat. Sung Hyunje's right hand moved up again, slowly, up to the waistband of Han Yoojin's pajama pants.

Han Yoojin's lips parted.

Sung Hyunje's fingers dipped under the waistband, and Han Yoojin's underwear under that, pushing them down as the hand moved along Han Yoojin's lower belly on his path downward.

"I don't need convincing," Han Yoojin half-hissed as Sung Hyunje's hand found his crotch. "I'm not… I…" But he couldn't think as Sung Hyunje's fingers moved over Han Yoojin's dick, each touch sending jolts of electricity through Han Yoojin.

"Do orgasms make you wake up more, or fall asleep?" Sung Hyunje asked, his fingers not letting up.

Han Yoojin's face burned, and he recalled Sung Hyunje's response that he hadn't brought people to sleep here before. *Is this his version of hosting?* Han Yoojin wondered. When Sung Hyunje didn't relent, Han Yoojin swallowed and replied, "I uh… sleep, they make me sleepy."

Sung Hyunje chuckled. "Good." He cupped his hand around Han Yoojin's cock, gently pumping it. "Then maybe I can help some more with those nightmares."

Han Yoojin wanted to sink into the bed and disappear out of embarrassment, though he had to admit Sung Hyunje's hand felt nice. "I just… I just needed someone in the bed with me, I didn't need…" He gasped on one *very* nice pull. He hadn't had anyone else do this for him in a long time. And the last person hadn't been as skilled.

"I believe you," Sung Hyunje said, his voice seemingly not at all affected by what he was doing. "But maybe it's what you've been missing."

Han Yoojin groaned as Sung Hyunje's fingers moved. He realized he was involuntarily moving his hips into Sung Hyunje's hand. "You're awful. Why do you need to claim me so much?"

“You throw yourself so casually into danger,” Sung Hyunje replied, keeping on with his hand, pushing Han Yoojin to the edge of pleasure, but not over it. “I think I must do this in order to avoid your being injured in some other way.”

“Even if this tears me apart?” Han Yoojin asked with a half-suppressed groan. He felt like he was falling to pieces under Sung Hyunje’s ministrations.

“Is it so unpleasant?” Sung Hyunje half-purred at him, pushing his face against the top of Han Yoojin’s head. The closeness meant that Han Yoojin could feel the older man’s own dick pressing against Han Yoojin’s ass. “You’re responding so well to it.”

“Of course you’re amazing at it, jerk!” Han Yoojin growled. “Don’t pretend like anyone would say otherwise.” He was still losing his ability to think straight. And when Sung Hyunje moved his lips over the shell of Han Yoojin’s ear, something in Han Yoojin’s lower stomach *twisted,* and he came hard in Sung Hyunje’s hand, gasping as his back pressed backward.

Sung Hyunje gentled his hand motions and moved his lips over the right side of Han Yoojin’s face. “My item is so perfect.” There was appreciation and happiness in his voice.

Something in Han Yoojin’s chest warmed at the praise, though he didn’t know what to say in reply as he shook through his orgasm. He *did* feel a lot looser than he had, which was nice. *I’ll probably be able to sleep,* he thought, *even in a bed with him in it…* He could feel how hard Sung Hyunje was behind him. *I may be overestimating my own abilities, though.* He wasn’t sure he could handle an S-Rank Hunter using that on him. He’d only ever slept with unawakened people before.

Eventually, Sung Hyunje withdrew his hand, and started to move back. The bulge by Han Yoojin’s ass moved away.

Han Yoojin was surprised at things already being over, almost like it was incomplete, somehow. He also worried: after all, Han Yoojin wasn’t the only one meant to get something out of it, was he? “Wait. Aren’t you…?” He hesitated, as he wasn’t sure what to say, exactly.

Sung Hyunje stopped moving, but stayed close. “Aren’t I what?”

Han Yoojin swallowed. “You’re still… How are you going to take care of it? Your uh… your hard-on?” Saying the words out loud felt so ridiculous, and his face burned.

Sung Hyunje eventually chuckled. “I’ll manage in the bathroom.”

Han Yoojin realized the man was probably pulling away to clean off, given Han Yoojin’s release was all over his fingers. Han Yoojin imagined the guild leader jerking off alone in the bathroom, maybe to Han Yoojin, and the idea was bizarre in itself. He was never the object of anyone’s fantasy. But then he realized that maybe that wasn’t what Sung Hyunje would be doing… Maybe he needed to get away to come up with something better. *Just because he doesn’t bring people back here,* Han Yoojin thought, *doesn’t mean he’s never been with anyone before. And with a body like his, there’s no way there’s never been anyone else.*

It was strangely disappointing, and brought him back to Earth, properly.

“What’s wrong?” Sung Hyunje asked.

Han Yoojin swallowed, embarrassed over his own thoughts. “It’s fine. Whatever. If I can’t do anything, then… I get it.” He sounded whiny.

After a while, Sung Hyunje asked, “You want to do something for me?”

Han Yoojin grimaced. “You need to get off, too, right? I mean… But if you can’t use me, then… I get it.” He wasn’t going to *force* the man, after all, particularly just to sate Han Yoojin’s ego.

Sung Hyunje was almost instantly back behind Han Yoojin again, his lips by Han Yoojin’s ear. “Use you, Han Yoojin-gun?”

“Isn’t that what I said?” Han Yoojin replied, snippily. “Or go take care of yourself in the bathroom, whatever. I don’t care…” He really didn’t. The older man was exasperating. Han Yoojin could wait to sleep until Sung Hyunje got back.

Sung Hyunje chuckled and moved his left hand to yank down Han Yoojin’s pajama pants even more. Sticky fingers pressed to Han Yoojin’s ass, and Han Yoojin pressed his knees together, as those fingers probed between his ass cheeks. “My item is so generous tonight…”

“I’m always generous,” Han Yoojin muttered, annoyed. He really was, after everything Sung Hyunje did, especially with going along with Han Yoohyun’s whole kidnapping/house arrest nonsense. And he was secretly pleased that Sung Hyunje stayed.

There was an odd clattering noise, and Sung Hyunje’s hand left for a bit, before returning wetter than it was. The man pressed a finger inside Han Yoojin, making Han Yoojin shiver at the slight chill and strangeness.

“Perhaps you’ve been a good boy for part of this evening,” Sung Hyunje said as he probed deeper with that finger. It was thick and felt out of place down there, but Han Yoojin adjusted. “And you do tend to give too much of yourself to others, don’t you? Like when you put yourself in my hands to fight Bhabar, all for Kim Sunghan’s sake.” Sung Hyunje breathed deeply. “Far too much. Far too generous.”

Han Yoojin squirmed a bit when a second finger joined the first. He shut his eyes, even as his ass moved back on its own. “I just did what was best, that’s all. Making Kim Sunghan stronger is good for everyone.” It helped Han Yoohyun, it helped Park Yerim, and it would help the world against what was coming.

“It nearly killed *you*, though,” Sung Hyunje said, increasing the pace of his thrusts. “And Jellyfish… You really were going to bargain with her.” There was sharpness in his tone.

“You’re still annoyed about that?” Han Yoojin muttered angrily. “I thought we were past it.”

“*You* were past it,” Sung Hyunje said as he pulled out his fingers, leaving Han Yoojin feeling cold. “You have a strange habit of walking past difficult topics, particularly concerning yourself, and assuming everyone else will just follow along.” His wet cockhead brushed

against Han Yoojin's ass. "But you're *my* item, so I own *all* of you. Even the parts you don't want to share."

Han Yoojin swallowed, and then winced as Sung Hyunje's cock pressed into him. It was big and a bit surprising, but Sung Hyunje had eased the way a bit before, so it wasn't painful. "You don't have the right to all of me."

Sung Hyunje hummed and slowly thrust in and out, making the bed shake, and working his way deeper and deeper into Han Yoojin. "Then who *do* you trust yourself to? Or do you think crawling into someone else's bed to stave off the nightmares a little will work forever?"

Han Yoojin grimaced, and then he gasped on a particular deep thrust. "It's not like you share anything, either. You're always secretive. Why should I trust you?" The guild master was one of the biggest mysteries in Han Yoojin's life. He seemed to only want Han Yoojin for his use with dungeons, but then there was *this*, and where had it all come from? What was so special about Han Yoojin besides his Hunter abilities? After all, that's why Sung Hyunje had tried to kidnap him before…

Sung Hyunje wrapped his hands around Han Yoojin's hips and pulled them back and forward to match his thrusts, burying himself deep inside Han Yoojin with each movement. "I let you into my bedroom, didn't I? When I've never let *anyone* in here, before."

The response made Han Yoojin feel like a whiny child, though he was distracted by the pleasant waves of pleasure coursing through him on each of Sung Hyunje's thrusts. His body really *was* weary from everything, but he couldn't spiral into himself with Sung Hyunje there, pressing deeper and deeper into him. The man was already buried in Han Yoojin's chest, and now he was trying to coat himself over everywhere else. *Will any part of me be left unmarked when this is over?* Han Yoojin wondered as he grunted and pressed back into the older man, chasing his own pleasure.

The bed shook harder and harder under them, making Han Yoojin worry that the S-Rank Hunter would break it. It wouldn't be the first time he'd seen them break furniture. It also made him rethink his idea to let Sung Hyunje do this. After all, An F-Rank was breakable, too. But Sung Hyunje, for all he kept moving back and forth with determination, didn't make it painful. Every movement felt like it was so much and yet no more than Han Yoojin could handle.

"This is better," Sung Hyunje said, his voice just the slightest bit breathless, which Han Yoojin almost gloated over, that *he* could do that to the S-Rank guild master. "Because in case we get other late-night visitors, I can tear them apart before they get near you."

Han Yoojin laughed a bit at the idea, even as his head bounced with Sung Hyunje's movements. "You sound like you want to do this more than tonight."

"Why not?" Sung Hyunje asked. He reached his right hand down Han Yoojin's hip and grasped Han Yoojin's right thigh, before pulling it up a bit into the air, and letting Sung Hyunje change the angle of his cock and thrust even harder.

Han Yoojin moaned on each movement, unable to restrain himself. He wasn't sure if *he'd* break before the bed.

"I don't think I'll be able to resist after tonight," Sung Hyunje said as he squeezed Han Yoojin's thigh.

The bed made an ominous creaking noise.

Just when Han Yoojin was worried that they might *really* destroy the bed, Sung Hyunje gasped and pressed deep into Han Yoojin's ass, emptying himself out inside.

Sung Hyunje leaned over Han Yoojin's shoulder, his left arm wrapped around Han Yoojin's stomach to keep them nearly flush with each other. Han Yoojin could feel the man's powerful lungs moving behind him.

Han Yoojin grunted slightly as Sung Hyunje carefully lowered Han Yoojin's leg. He was surprised when Sung Hyunje patted the blankets properly over them, readjusted Han Yoojin's body a bit, and then pressed his head back into the pillows.

Sung Hyunje's breathing grew more relaxed, but he didn't withdraw.

"…What are you doing?" Han Yoojin asked, confused. The man was still *right* behind him after all, and Han Yoojin's ass was full of Sung Hyunje's cock and come.

"If you're going to be generous," Sung Hyunje said, with hints of that teasing tone, "then I'll make myself comfortable, too. I've found a warm place for my cock for the night, so just bear with it for me."

Han Yoojin's face burned. It wasn't the most *uncomfortable,* and almost felt like it fit there, with how close they were. But it was strange, being so close to Sung Hyunje, when sex wasn't exactly on the line. The man was really more playful than honest, wasn't he?

Sung Hyunje let his right hand rest over Han Yoojin's belly. "If you're not asleep soon, we'll go clean off. I'll show you how fun a good shower is."

Han Yoojin swallowed at the ominous thought, but also wondered about it, too. He finally said, "Okay." He felt like he wouldn't be okay at the closeness, but with Sung Hyunje's breathing behind him, and exhaustion finally being allowed to take over, Han Yoojin felt his eyelids flutter shut. *Maybe it wasn't such a strange idea after all,* he thought. He was comfortable enough, and he felt protected and wanted, which he planned to soak up like a sponge.

"Goodnight, Han Yoojin-gun," Sung Hyunje said as Han Yoojin drifted into sleep.

End Notes

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