Exhibits

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Exhibits

by FallLover

Summary

After Yoojin literally falls in on a naked Hyunje in Japan, Hyunje invites him to stay and have some fun.

Takes place after manhwa Episode 187.

Notes

This is sort of meant to be for My S-Class Kinkfest 2026, Day 2, Exhibitionism, but I'm not sure it works. I wanted to participate more this year, but sadly, time got in the way. Once my schedule clears up a bit, I hope to put more out, especially after Archive of Our Own comes back.

I've been meaning to put this up for a while, but I was traveling, "Avatar: Seven Havens" has taken over most everything, and "Toylight" was finishing, and then the Archive of Our Own shutdown happened, and well, life happens.

This is mildly spoilery for the novel, as well.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Why are you showing off like that?!?!” Yoojin demanded as Hyunje stood up from the hot spring, water dripping down from his skin.

The S-ranker was completely naked, standing in the pool, and completely visible from his thighs up. Thankfully, there weren’t any cameras around, because they would *definitely* take their fill of the sculpted S-rank god before them.

Yoojin didn’t want to imagine the commentary, which Hyunje would no doubt enjoy to some extent.

Hyunje raised an eyebrow and cocked his head. “Does my partner dislike what he sees?”

Yoojin’s face burned in embarrassment and he tried *not* to stare at Hyunje’s dick, which dripped water, too. “That’s beside the point,” Yoojin practically hissed. What mattered was that, *unlike a normal person*, Hyunje just *stood there*, letting Yoojin see *even more of him*, rather than grabbing a towel or getting mad or even attacking Yoojin?!

Not that Yoojin *wanted* Hyunje to attack him, but…

Peace was wary next to him, and Yoojin said, “Peace, go back to Yoohyun-ie, okay? I need to talk to this fool gallivanting around in the nude.”

Peace seemed skeptical, but eventually padded away.

“I was perfectly safe from other eyes in my room,” Hyunje said with a slight smile. “It’s Yoojin-gun who clearly dislikes the concept of *walls*.”

“You know I tripped!” Yoojin seethed, glancing back to the hole he’d created by tripping when Peace destroyed his geta. *Anyone* could walk through it, though thankfully no one else had shown up. “Ugh, now what…? Are the Japanese Hunters going to charge us for this?” He didn’t like the idea of Yoohyun footing the bill, let alone explaining *why* it had happened and the *result*.

Golden chains floated up from the ground and branched over the opening. They didn’t shut it entirely, but they created a barrier of sorts. “I can cover it if they do,” Hyunje said. “I’m sure they’re used to damages from their own Hunters.” Hyunje chuckled and then added, “Though I doubt they’re used to F-rankers causing such things.”

Yoojin’s face burned, especially knowing he was being lectured by a man with no clothes on, happily showing off his dick. “The walls aren’t S-rank and there wasn’t much to fall into!”

Hyunje stepped forward in the water, causing loud splashes, especially as he stepped out and up to Yoojin’s level, dripping onto the stone path.

Yoojin’s heart raced as he looked up at Hyunje, who was still smiling. *Nothing phases him. Does he really even want me here? …Or maybe he’s expecting his nudity to scare me off?*

Yoojin frowned. The *last* thing to make him flee in fear would be a naked hot man.

…Maybe I’m more alarmed than I thought.

“Are you hurt?” Hyunje asked, glancing over him. “The fall didn’t look pleasant.”

“I’ve dealt with worse,” Yoojin said with a shrug. He wasn’t even skinned anywhere that he noticed. Though his judgment was a bit off with Hyunje butt naked in front of him and practically *glowing*.

Wait, is he actually glowing?! Yoojin wondered. He couldn’t tell if it was moonlight or his panic-fueled imagination.

“I’m aware,” Hyunje said. “That doesn’t mean I want you to experience it *now*.” He reached out and then paused. “Are you okay with me touching you, since I’m wet?”

“Why do you want to touch me?” Yoojin asked, confused.

“You’ve been so distant since we landed in Japan,” Hyunje said with an overly dramatic sad expression. “I missed holding you.”

Yoojin’s face burned even hotter. “I’m just being normal!” They had eyes on them everywhere, and the Japanese were nearly as intent as the Koreans in using cameras and uncovering dirt on people.

“Are you?” Hyunje asked. “What’s normal for us?” Hyunje moved closer, so Yoojin *had* to keep his gaze upward. “Especially since we’ve already shared a bed.”

Yoojin’s face heated.

“You seem distracted, Yoojin-gun. Is there something you want to see?”

Yoojin shook his head, making sure he did *not* look down. Yep. *Crap, looking at his abs is bad too… But if I’m not careful, I’ll fall again!*

“Do you want to touch it?” Hyunje asked.

“Touch what?” Yoojin demanded, playing the fool. It wasn’t hard, especially in the moment. “I have no idea what you’re talking about!”

Hyunje grinned and reached out to grab Yoojin’s left hand, before pulling it out and forward to Hyunje. “Since I’ve known you, you’ve never seen anything you coveted and didn’t take. Like this dungeon. Like me. You can enjoy the fruits of your labor.” He pressed their hands to his large cock.

Fuck, it feels big, too, Yoojin thought. His fingers itched to explore, and Hyunje didn’t stop him. “That’s just not fair… They build you S-rankers so differently…”

“So you like it?” Hyunje asked, clearly wanting compliments.

“Ugh, you know you’re disgustingly handsome,” Yoojin said. He wondered what happened if two S-ranks could ever tolerate each other to sleep together. He imagined the world might

explode.

“I’m not sure if there would be explosions,” Hyunje said.

Yoojin grimaced, not realizing he’d spoken aloud.

“Though if you’re curious,” Hyunje began, “why not give it a shot?”

Yoojin blinked up at him. “What?”

Hyunje smiled at him, in a way that probably sent normal people swooning. Yoojin could only remember how Hyunje had embraced him when he’d been upset. And it had been embarrassing and they hadn’t talked about it, thankfully, but Hyunje didn’t seem so intimidating in that light. He was Yoojin’s partner, not some untouchable *god*, much as he felt like one in Yoojin’s hand.

“You know what I mean, Yoojin-gun,” Hyunje said as he leaned forward. “You and me. If you wanted. The moment feels almost ordained.”

“That’s…” Yoojin wasn’t sure how to finish the sentence.

“Is that not why you came walking out?” Hyunje’s grin widened. “Wanting to chat alone about everything? I know I’ve been thinking about setting a meeting.”

“For what?!” Yoojin demanded, pulling his hand away at last.

Hyunje let him.

Yoojin had truly just gone walking to explore. He needed the freedom and was curious. He’d thought of speaking to Hyunje, but that hadn’t been the sole goal. *But he wanted to meet for something?* He glanced down and then up again. *Surely not that? He could probably call up half the country of Japan, bare minimum, if he needed someone to warm his bed. Or his bath. Or whatever.*

“I wanted to talk about what I can offer you,” Hyunje said, not moving back, or grabbing Yoojin’s hand again. “Now that we’re partners, there’s a lot more I can give you, to support you and ensure things are better for you. Not just money, of course. My full support.” He smiled. “Really, anything you please.”

Yoojin blinked in confusion. “You weren’t doing that before?”

“In the past,” Hyunje said, “I tried to help Hunters with their growth and future, though it didn’t always end well. Your brother was one such candidate.”

“For…? *You didn’t offer to sleep with him, did you?!”*

“Of course not,” Hyunje replied with a slight frown, as if the idea was offensive. “Do you really think I would? Your brother is attractive, Yoojin-gun, but he’s far too young.”

Not that *much younger than* me, Yoojin thought. Though he was glad to have the reassurance. He couldn't imagine Hyunje being interested in Yoohyun, given how often they didn't get along, but he also couldn't imagine anyone *not* taking *some* interest in Yoohyun, as he was so handsome and kind.

Though they're both S-ranks, Yoojin thought. *So that creates some friction. Perhaps it's harder to for them to date than I thought…*

"You're the first person I've ever gotten close like this with," Hyunje continued, "And I've enjoyed our increased closeness lately. But unlike before, when I just wanted to help Hunters I thought were worthwhile… now I think I could do more, if asked." His expression softened a bit. "With the *right* person."

How could I be the right person for Sung Hyunje? Yoojin thought. He'd promised himself to think better, to try for what he wanted. That he would work to be an equal. But it was another thing for Hyunje to think he was already there, at least to some degree.

Maybe I'm just convenient in the moment, Yoojin thought. *He went to have his bath and I'm available…*

"Yoojin-ah?" Hyunje asked.

Yoojin's ears felt hot. "And if Taewon had shown up? Or Hyuna?"

"The former is unlikely, given Taewon is back home," Hyunje noted, "and Hyuna likely would have demanded we just fight."

Yoojin supposed that was all true.

Hyunje studied him for a time before asking, "Do you think I'd offer this to *anyone* who just walked in?"

"I… well…" *Yes. Yes, I do.* An attractive, powerful man who could have anyone or anything he wanted? Of course he would.

A wet hand reached down to pull Yoojin's chin up, so they were facing each other. "Well, then I suppose I need to work on that." Then Hyunje leaned down and pressed their lips together. He had to lean down far, since Yoojin was a lot shorter than him, especially when he abandoned his geta after the first broke.

Yoojin's hands went to Hyunje's sides for stability.

Hyunje was actually a pretty decent kisser, or at least Yoojin thought so, since he didn't know much of what he was doing. It wasn't like that one time they'd shared a bed had given him much experience. There also hadn't really been moments like this before his regression: he'd always been too busy with his own life and Yoohyun, putting off any kinds of relationships in the rare moment they had the chance to occur. After Yoohyun left, Yoojin was in the military, and while plenty of soldiers fooled around in the barracks in boredom, Yoojin had been too worried about Yoohyun to think about it, and too bothered by bullying to be a subject of any

interest other than the curiosity one might lend a zoo animal, once Yoohyun made a name for himself. And then after the military, Yoojin was pressed to find money how he could. Preparing for dungeons, dealing with the fallout of so many failures, his own depression and frustration… It hadn't afforded time to meet people who might be interested, and no one ever was into a little F-ranker of no value.

But Hyunje wasn't treating him that way. In fact, Hyunje moved his hands down to pluck at Yoojin's yukata. It wasn't the first time Hyunje had pulled his clothes off, anyway, though it was a lot more peaceful than the last time Hyunje had done so, which Yoojin supposed was an improvement. Plus, Hyunje seemed to know how to pull the clothes apart better than Yoojin, who'd needed help to get the outfit on in the first place.

Hopefully he helps me figure it out again when I have to leave, he thought as Hyunje pulled the clothes fully aside, baring Yoojin's rather unimpressive body to the warm air, and letting the cloth drop to the floor.

But rather than espousing disinterest, Hyunje tugged him towards the water, where they could sit together on the bench hidden under the water's surface. The steam was rather relaxing, though Yoojin didn't think the water's heat had anything to do with his warm face or his burning lips, or how his skin seemed to almost itch wherever Hyunje touched him. Especially when Hyunje pulled him close, so that Yoojin leaned against Hyunje's chest, feeling the hard lines of the man's muscles. Hyunje's skin wasn't exactly hard as a rock, but rather warm and squishy in the normal way of human skin, and rather comfortable to lean against.

A part of Yoojin was glad he'd left Grace on because whatever they were doing, he'd probably need her. He hadn't really thought what it would be like to keep her on while being physically intimate with someone, but he assumed she'd kick up a fuss like Peace if things went too far. He imagined she was asleep, if anything, right now.

Hyunje, for his part, didn't grab much and seemed at ease sitting and soaking in the water. His left hand rested on Yoojin's left hip, with his thumb gently caressing the skin there under the water. His breath was warm in Yoojin's right ear.

Yoojin tried to relax, unsure what else he was meant to do. The water temperature was nice and the scenery, ignoring the hole in the wall, was quite pleasant. For all this visit was complicated, particularly with their very odd guides, this wasn't so bad, was it?

But his mind kept going back to holding Hyunje's dick, seeing the man offering himself to Yoojin, and the powerful chest breathing easily behind Yoojin's back. And that they were both very naked and Hyunje had offered to go *farther*.

"Your neck is red," Hyunje teased, quietly, and Yoojin stiffened. Hyunje leaned down and pressed a kiss to it.

Yoojin's lips parted and he breathed in heavily. He didn't know what to do with his hands, especially as Hyunje took hold of Yoojin's chest and pulled him closer for more kisses down Yoojin's spine. When Yoojin's right arm went flailing, he reached back to grab the nearest firm object… which ended up being Hyun's right knee.

“Are you all right, Yoojin-ah?” Hyunje asked. He sounded amused.

“If you’re going to kiss me,” Yoojin said, feeling his face burn, “then do it in a way where I’m not falling over!”

Hyunje made an agreeing noise and then raised Yoojin up before pulling him between Hyunje’s legs. “Is this better?”

Yoojin’s face still burned. Now he wasn’t leaning as much, but he could also feel Hyunje’s hard cock pressing against his back.

“Mmm?” Hyunje asked against Yoojin’s neck. “No answer?”

“…Yes, it’s better,” Yoojin said, quietly. Though he was still a bit nervous.

“If you told me what was troubling you,” Hyunje began, “I could try solving it.”

“I don’t have much experience with this!” Yoojin hissed. “I don’t know what the right thing to do is!” His face was burning hot in shame.

“That’s nothing to worry about,” Hyunje said with warmth. “It’s okay to try new things and learn.”

“But I can’t do anything for you,” Yoojin insisted, ashamed.

“Just being here is enough for me,” Hyunje noted. He placed another kiss on Yoojin’s neck. “You’re safe, excited, and in my arms. That’s enough.”

“That’s nothing, though,” Yoojin insisted. *There’s no way he’s happy with that.* “I can feel your… well.” He moved his butt back to rub against Hyunje’s cock. “What am I supposed to do with that?”

“Hmm…” Hyunje said. “Yoojin-ah wants to be of use, then?”

Yoojin nodded.

“Then I supposed we can work on that,” Hyunje said. Then he reached down in the water and pressed his hand to Yoojin’s ass, cupping Yoojin’s skin.

Yoojin looked away, as if he could hide. They were naked and Hyunje had already seen him. It didn’t matter anyway. He still squirmed a little when he felt two fingers enter him.

“Do you ever finger yourself, Yoojin-ah?” Hyunje said against Yoojin’s neck. “You seem a bit loose here.”

“…Maybe,” Yoojin said, nervously. “I just… I’m around *you* all the time, what am I supposed to do?” Hyunje was relentlessly attractive, and it meant that Yoojin had some pent-up stress at times. He stole what time he could in the bathroom.

“I hate to cause such distress,” Hyunje said, pressing his fingers deeper. “At least when I’m not there to see it and devour it.” Water pressed in around his fingers. It was warm.

Yoojin tightened his grip on Hyunje’s thigh. “You don’t have to go easy on me. I have Grace. I can manage.”

Hyunje chuckled. “I’d still rather make it enjoyable for both of us.” He kept thrusting his fingers in and out, refusing to go faster when Yoojin demanded him.

Yoojin thought of Hyunje protecting him when he was distressed and didn’t want to face the others. *He cares about me enjoying myself… And not just what value I bring him…* Yoojin didn’t know what to make of it, but the mix of feelings and sensation meant Yoojin was a twitchy, panting mess when Hyunje finally withdrew his fingers.

“I’m glad you came to visit,” Hyunje said. “I would have been sad if we didn’t have this.”

Yoojin’s lips parted in surprise.

Hyunje used the moment to push his cock inside Yoojin’s entrance. And it wasn’t as small as his fingers.

Yoojin grunted and pressed down with his hands on Hyunje’s legs. He knew he couldn’t injure Hyunje, and the man would heal quickly even if he managed. He also tried to push back on Hyunje’s cock, though Hyunje was doing quite well tugging Yoojin’s hips down so that they were quickly flush with each other.

Yoojin felt overly full, but he at least wasn’t electrified, and Hyunje hadn’t dismissed him or said he was bored yet.

Hyunje’s right hand snaked around Yoojin’s chest, and he used one finger under the water to gently trace Yoojin’s cock, which hardened under the touch.

Yoojin’s face burned, especially when Hyunje pulled back his hand without doing anything else and instead pressed it to Yoojin’s bare chest.

Yoojin grunted at the odd feeling. His eyes widened when he realized, *Is he trying to find his dick inside me?! He’s not that big!*

Or at least he didn’t think so.

“You feel good around me, Yoojin-ah,” Hyunje practically purred. “Are you happy?”

“I… It’s fine,” Yoojin said, not sure how else to describe it. He wanted more, though. Hyunje was right about him seeing and taking what he could. If Hyunje was offering, well, Yoojin would have it!

“We can do better than fine,” Hyunje said. And then he used his hand on Yoojin’s left hip to pull him away from Hyunje and slightly off Hyunje’s cock, and then yank him back.

Yoojin gasped on the thrust, and then the next, and the next. Sparks seemed to go through his body as Hyunje moved inside him. And Yoojin's cock felt like it might spill any second.

"I admit when I focus on you," Hyunje said, "I can't keep full awareness if anyone's close by."

Yoojin stiffened, and then groaned when Hyunje kept fucking him.

"Even if they can't get through my chain," Hyunje said, not even out of breath, "they might be able to hear us."

Yoojin's face burned again. He didn't imagine photographers would be loose here, but he could only imagine any Japanese Hunters getting recordings to use against them. "And you're not… worried?" It could be bad for Hyunje to get caught fucking a measly F-ranker, too.

"It might mean you can't put on lovely shows like you did to get us here," Hyunje said with a sad voice. "But I don't mind people knowing about our relationship." He lowered his voice. "We could even put out the word ourselves, if you wish." His right hand moved to Yoojin's dick, gently stroking it as he kept thrusting. "The water isn't the best place for a recording, but you've been to my home. There's even more we could do there."

Yoojin was amazed his ears didn't burn off. "Just… fuck me, please. I don't want to think about that…"

Hyunje chuckled and then replied, "As you wish."

The water around them churned and Yoojin struggled to restrain his groans and squirming legs. He couldn't escape Hyunje's grip, and felt his core twisting, bent to the pleasure Hyunje seemed focused on yanking out of him.

Please, please, please, Yoojin thought, not sure what he was begging for. He wanted release. He wanted this to be good for Hyunje. He wasn't sure which one he cared about more.

Wish I'd asked for this before, Yoojin thought, which was one of the last cogent thoughts he had before he came. He cried out , spilling into the water, and barely creating a ripple.

Hyunje gentled his touches, and finally let go just as it became too much. He paused to let Yoojin breathe. "Beautiful," he said. "But that's not enough, is it?"

Yoojin blinked. "What?"

"That alone wouldn't be satisfying for you," Hyunje said as he nuzzled Yoojin's neck. "This is only the start."

Yoojin stared ahead, letting his orgasm flow through him. "You… want to do more? You haven't even come yet."

"I like watching you enjoy yourself," Hyunje said. "It pleases me."

Yoojin’s face burned again. “O-Okay. Then yeah. Yeah, it’s not enough. Do it more.” *Do it until neither of us can move. Though I’m not sure I’d survive that, even with Grace.*

Hyunje was so close that Yoojin could feel him smiling. “Your wish is my command.”

End Notes

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