

PLEASE READ:

To create **some** sort of context around why these two would possibly hook up, this story takes place in a setting where Tsurai and Mint date shortly after Mint's interactions with Julius. And then Mint dumps Tsurai for some unforeseen and angsty reason.

None of this is, or will be, canon.

NSFW Content warning: humiliation, spanking, fingering, anal sex

Maybe his GPS was wrong? Or the address was typed incorrectly?

Tsurai remained in his car as it sputtered and struggled to idle. He puzzled over his phone screen, peering between instructions and the row of unmarked garage buildings before him. Delivering pizza to a business was standard fare. Delivering to a garage with no name, on the outskirts of a neighborhood late at night, was not. It was a recipe for getting jumped. His eyes scanned each building, and noted that one of the doors was slightly raised, allowing a soft glow to spill out to the cement driveway. Tsurai checked his phone again. At the bottom of the order was one sentence under the "leave instructions for the delivery person" tab:

'Just knock on the garage door.'

Guess that makes sense, then. This must be the place.

Tsurai put his car in park and slowly opened the door. The address confirmation didn't reduce his weariness. No one else was around, not even distant traffic noise to break up the eerie silence. That made sense of course, given the time of night. But no pedestrians or passing drivers meant no security. No witnesses. This wasn't the first time that something felt off while delivering pizzas. Many people have tried to steal, or trick, or even seduce Tsurai when he was on the job. Each time, he handled it with relative ease, keeping himself composed long enough to complete the transaction properly. But it still took a toll, and left his heart beating way too quickly. Every time he knocked on a new door, it was like rolling the dice. A one-in-six chance that he'd have an unpleasant experience.

Tsurai knocked on the garage door, wincing as it made a too-loud rattling sound against its track. Thirty seconds passed in silence. Tsurai didn't want to knock again. Whoever was in there would have clearly heard him. Just as the nerves were about to take over and urge Tsurai to bail, a hand gripped the bottom of the garage door and lurched it all the way open. Tsurai jumped out of his skin, gripping his pizza bag like he might brandish it as a weapon. He squinted at the man on the other side of the door, who was backlit and obscured. The details of the man's face became clearer as Tsurai's eyes adjusted. A bit taller, dark hair, tattoos... lip piercings.

Tsurai's stomach sank to the floor.

“Woah, hey! Aren’t you Mint’s little boyfriend or something?” Julius asked in surprise.

His question stung, too much. Tsurai deadpanned, “No.”

Julius squinted at the name tag on his uniform, “No it was definitely you! I remember your weird-ass name,” He smiled and held his hands up to placate, “I’m not mad or anything, I don’t care that you’re dating him.”

Tsurai shoved the pizza boxes toward Julius, “We’re not dating anymore.”

“Damn, did he dump you too?” Julius asked, perhaps too humorously. It made Tsurai’s face flush in anger.

“Can you just pay for your pizzas?” Tsurai demanded. He wanted to get out of here right now. The break up was still fresh, and Julius was just about the last person on earth he wanted to discuss this with.

Julius chuckled and fished his wallet from his pocket, “Fine. I guess I’m not the best person to talk to about this stuff anyway. Since we were like enemies or something.”

That line caught Tsurai off-guard. He had never considered Julius an enemy per se. He just wasn’t a huge fan of his attitude. All things considered, though, shouldn’t Julius be the one who’s angry with him? Tsurai hadn’t thought about it before, but he essentially stole Mint. He caused their break up, and didn’t care to wonder if Julius had been hurt by it.

Tsurai accepted the cash Julius offered him with a solemn expression, “I’m sorry I broke you and Mint up.”

Julius scoffed in response, “You didn’t break us up. Mint was just using me to feel better because he was too much of a pussy to ask you out.”

That got Tsurai’s attention, “He used you?”

Used Julius how? Like Mint manipulated him? Had Mint really been that awful this whole time? It didn’t seem right. Despite being rough around the edges, Mint really cared for the people he was close with. Or so it seemed.

Julius simply laughed, “Well, we were kind of using each other. It wasn’t serious.”

Oh. It was a casual thing. Huh. Tsurai wondered what that must have felt like. He hadn’t ever just randomly hooked up with someone before. It didn’t seem all that appealing, really. Sex was fun, sure, but it had only ever really been fun when he was with Mint. And that thought alone reopened the wound, twisting his gut in a remorseful knot. He had only really felt a connection

with Mint. He thought it was serious. Did Mint just use him like he did Julius?

“Hey,” Julius said, snapping Tsurai from his trance, “Do you want some pizza?”

“I- uh,” Tsurai stuttered. Admittedly, he was about to go on a break after this delivery. But sharing a meal with Julius felt like it would probably be as fun as a dental exam.

Julius simply shrugged, “You look like a sad, kicked puppy right now. I thought I would offer a slice.”

Tsurai huffed with embarrassment. He wasn't trying to give away how upset he was, but he was never the secretive type. People were always quick to point out the knit in his brow before he realized he had it. While he mulled over an answer, Julius waited, seemingly unbothered on whether Tsurai will decline or not. Geez, how did this sketchy pizza delivery suddenly turn into a therapy session with his ex's ex? What kind of cruel irony was happening right now to make *Julius* the therapist of all people?

His stomach growled. Tsurai sighed, “Okay fine.”

Julius gave a toothy smile that put Tsurai on edge. Even when he seemed to be well-meaning, it felt like Julius had some sinister plot in his mind. He turned his body to allow Tsurai inside. Once ducked under the garage door, Julius lowered it and flicked on some more bright ceiling lights.

Oh. So this *is* a garage.

“This is a cool space. Is that your car that you're working on?” Tsurai asked. He gestured to the cheap four-door sedan parked below the loft, hood open and tools scattered around.

Julius scoffed, “I wouldn't be caught dead driving that piece of shit. I'm fixing it for cash.” He moved ahead, past the car and pulled out a rickety, dented stool to offer to Tsurai. He then took his own seat, at an open spot on his messy workbench. With a hand already digging into the box to grab a slice of pizza, Julius tried to make small talk, “You into cars?”

Tsurai took his seat and followed suit, retrieving his own slice. He answered honestly, “No, I don't really know anything about cars.”

“Ah.” Julius responded lamely, his tone dropping all conversation. No other words were exchanged. Just quiet chewing. This is excruciating. They both ate their first slice without speaking another word, and Tsurai regretted accepting this invitation. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat and cleared his throat. As guessed, Julius wasn't a gracious host. He simply ate while staring off into space, thinking about god-knows-what.

Moving in for second slices, Julius finally asked something else, “So, how long have you two been broken up?”

This wasn't much better than the silence. Tsurai sighed, "A couple weeks."

Julius sucked air through his teeth and feigned a wince, "Still fresh huh?"

"Yes." Tsurai responded with harsh finality, hoping that Julius might take the hint that he didn't really want to talk about this. He retrieved a second slice and took a bite, trying to punctuate his refusal to talk with a mouth full of food.

Julius didn't get the hint, "Had a rebound yet?"

Tsurai choked on his bite and coughed, "A what?"

Julius shrugged, "You know, a rebound. Fucking someone to get over your break up? Seems to work for most guys."

Okay, now Tsurai *really* didn't want to be here. God, this was so awkward. Instead of answering, he stuffed his face with the remains of his slice to buy himself some time. Glancing up at Julius, he seemed completely nonchalant about what he asked. Like this was some every-day conversation to be having. What the hell is up with this guy?!

Tsurai swallowed and spoke, "I don't think I'm the type to do that kind of thing."

Julius looked down at Tsurai, a grin on his lips with a mischievous gaze. Tsurai hadn't noticed how strikingly icy blue Julius's eyes were. They seemed to glow through his stare. His voice purred, and it made the hairs on Tsurai's neck stand on end, "Are you sure?"

Despite the blood running cold in his veins, Tsurai answered with an unwavering voice, "Pretty sure."

Julius broke the stare and chuckled to himself, "That's a shame."

Alright, that was it. Time to be going. Tsurai stood from his seat, satisfied with what he ate and gearing to leave as quickly as possible. He brushed his greasy fingers along his uniform and rolled his shoulders. Julius stood from the table top and shut the pizza box.

"Well," Tsurai began, "Thanks for the pizza. And the... weird conversation I guess. But I need to get going."

"Sure," Julius answered coolly, he moved past Tsurai, turning to go up the stairs to his loft, "Just let yourself out and shut the door behind you."

Tsurai didn't waste any time to follow those orders, moving to the door and reaching down to pull up at the handle. When he lifted, and the cool night air rushed in to greet him,

Tsurai glanced back one more time. He caught Julius at the base of the steps, merely standing at them as he stared. He was watching Tsurai leave with an expression he recognized at a glance. The same one he'd get from Mint. That unabashed, lusty glower. It was possessive, proud, hungry. Every time Tsurai caught that look, it gripped his chest and rose the blood to his cheeks. It had been a long time since he received this look. It forced the air from his lungs.

Julius's eyes scanned up, met Tsurai's and he chuckled, "What? Why are you still here?"

Tsurai was left on pause, the garage door handle still half-lifted and in his hand. He stared at Julius and felt... something. That feeling was keeping him in place, as his mind screamed to turn around and get the hell out.

"Want to come back inside?" Julius asked, low and smoothly.

"No," Tsurai was barely audible.

Julius laughed in his throat again, shrugged, and turned to walk up the stairs. As he climbed the steps he spoke, "Afraid of what might happen if you do?"

Once at the top of the steps, Julius turned and leaned over the railing with a cocky smile. He placed his head in one hand and watched as Tsurai floundered below him. It was pathetic how obvious this guy was. Since Tsurai was stuck, one foot out the door and conflicted, Julius made the first move.

"If you've stared at me this long, might as well come in and get your ass in my bed."

Tsurai swallowed his pounding heart. *What the fuck was happening right now?* Despite every piece of his conscious mind screaming at him to leave, Tsurai slowly lowered the door again. Despite how absolutely regretful his choices would probably be, the feeling of closing himself in and choosing to follow Julius's demand sent heat rushing through his core. It was thrilling. It was an adrenaline rush. It was something he felt other than pure misery and sadness in the past two weeks. It was a gasp of air.

Julius never broke his stare down as Tsurai shuffled slowly back inside, and up the metal steps to the loft. The moment he made it to the top step, with a stern face and a red flush that betrayed him, Julius was in his space. Towering over Tsurai, Julius gripped him by his uniform collar, ripping the dorky visor off him and tossing it to the floor. Tsurai gasped in surprise as he was tugged into a harsh kiss, and a groan dragged from his throat when Julius palmed the front of his pants. Julius's tongue invaded his mouth, taking everything and forcing Tsurai to scramble to keep up. The piercings on his lips felt strange. He tasted like cigarettes. Tsurai didn't expect Julius to be so aggressive-- didn't expect to be manhandled. Mint had always been so gentle, so sweet while they were together. The jarring change lit fireworks in his nerves.

Julius turned him around, shoved him down to the creaky queen-sized bed. Tsurai was already panting, flustered, and hard. His eyes traced along Julius's body, studying the silhouette of broad shoulders and built physique hidden under a gray shirt. Vision wandered from chest, to strong arms and veined hands etched with tattoo ink. He was a bit shorter than Mint, but somehow felt entirely bigger. Like an evergreen tree versus a mountain peak. Julius was sturdy and unmovable and looming. He joined Tsurai, straddling his waist and pinning him to the bed. Julius slipped his hand under Tsurai's shirt and lifted it up, revealing his toned chest and abs. He whistled at the sight.

"Damn, you looked fit, but I didn't know you looked like *this*."

Tsurai had only a moment to feel flustered at the compliment before Julius stooped over, reaching both hands up under Tsurai's shirt and grasping his chest. He kneaded the muscle under his fingers, and leaned down to bite at the tender skin. Tsurai groaned and squirmed under Julius, hips pressing upward to try to rub against him. There was no luck for relief. Julius got up, swinging his legs off Tsurai and moving to grab something from a nearby dresser.

"Take off your clothes," Julius ordered as he fished out a bottle of lube and a condom.

Quick to obey, Tsurai pulled his shirt the rest of the way off, and slid his shoes and shorts off as well. By the time Julius turned back, Tsurai had his thumbs hooked under the waistband of his briefs. He hesitated to be completely undressed, feeling too exposed.

"Embarrassed?" Julius asked with a tease.

"Well... a little. You still have all your clothes on," Tsurai responded with sheepish amusement.

"Yup. And I'm not taking them off." Julius resolved.

"Huh? Why?"

"Because-" Julius began as he slowly hooked his own fingers in Tsurai's waistband, tugging his briefs down himself, "You being all stripped and in my bed when I've barely taken anything off is hot." Tsurai's skin raised in heated goosebumps, and he swallowed in embarrassment. Julius had brought him straight back to reality. The sheer mortifying reality that he was reduced to being a desperate slut, sleeping with someone mere minutes after meeting. Tsurai was truly exposed, body and mind. His briefs tugged off his legs, removing his last piece of modesty, and Julius kept all of his clothes on.

"Humiliating, isn't it?" Julius cooed. Tsurai couldn't look at him.

"You like taking dick, right?" he asked. Once again, without a damn concern about what he was asking. This guy had no shame.

Tsurai's face couldn't be more red. He nodded, unable to voice his answer.

"Good," Julius smiled. He rejoined Tsurai on the bed, pausing to simply stare down at him and drink in the view. Julius loved the way he squirmed on the bed, wanting to hide himself but not willing to back down. His chest and abs breathed in and out rapidly, flexing the muscles and practically inviting Julius in. He leaned down, smoothing his hands from Tsurai's shoulders, along his arms, and gripped his hands. He pulled each hand above Tsurai's head, urging him to grip the headboard bar. Tsurai looked at him with wide eyes and Julius couldn't contain his usual evil grin. He simply whispered, "Don't let go."

Stifled gasps and halted groans filled the air as Julius worked methodically at Tsurai. His left hand held Tsurai's jaw, holding it to the side to expose his neck. Julius spent his time slowly biting and kissing at the tight skin, sucking along his pulse and relishing every twitch and heave. With his right hand below him, Julius slowly fucked two lubed fingers inside Tsurai, scissoring and stroking to get him riled up and ready. His neck was slowly starting to be enveloped in blooms of purple and red. Tsurai couldn't contain his movements, writhing and thrusting into nothing. Yet, his hands never left the headboard. White knuckles gripped the top in the same spot they were placed in.

"Hmm," Julius hummed, and bit Tsurai's ear, "So obedient."

With a *pop*, Julius retracted his fingers. Tsurai whimpered in response. His pathetic little mewlings hit Julius's ear deliciously. It gave him a high to have this much control over someone so needy. He *liked* willful attitudes and snippy compliance. He *loved* desperation. The way Tsurai was already putty in his hands, eager to please, was a rare treasure. While Julius stood up again from the bed, moving to retrieve a nearby towel to wipe his fingers, Tsurai waited in the same spot. He didn't even need to be told to stay. His hands were glued to that headboard. He heaved air in and out of his lungs, and his cock danced with every breath. Julius got a good look at Tsurai, at how heavy his eyelids were, at the sheen of sweat on his body, and the way his cock dripped precum onto his abdomen. He was just so easy. Julius wanted to tease him more.

"Flip to your stomach," Julius instructed. Tsurai was slower to oblige this time. His arms had lost some circulation from being elevated for so long. They protested as he lowered them, and struggled to help him shift his weight. Once flipped over, Julius had a look at Tsurai's ass. Goddam, he was packing there too. How in the fuck Mint managed to dump a guy who was built like a greek god was beyond Julius. But hey, now he could have a turn. He unbuckled his belt, lowering his pants and boxers just enough to let his cock finally have some space. He spread Tsurai's legs apart, kneeling between them and jerking himself off as he drank in the view.

Julius wanted to watch that ass move. He gripped at Tsurai's hips and wrenched them upward, until he was propped up on his knees and face buried in the pillows. Julius tapped his dick at Tsurai's entrance, and Tsurai held his breath in response.

"Rub your ass against my dick," Julius grinned through his demand.

Tsurai visibly tensed under him, and he gripped the bedding. That ever-present red flush spread to the back of his neck. He shook his head no. Shocking, really, that this was the moment he decided to have a little dignity. A loud smack reverberated off the concrete walls as Julius slapped Tsurai's ass. Tsurai gasped, tears pricking his eyes from the sting. Bastard was still wearing his rings.

"I have no problem slapping your ass as many times as I need to," Julius laughed.

Tsurai slowly arched his back, moving backward to find Julius's cock and grind against it slowly. His face remained buried in the blankets in humiliation. His ass burned from the heat of Julius's palm, and he knew there was going to be a handprint. Tsurai hated that it turned him on more. Julius hummed in approval, and reached down to grasp Tsurai's cock. He spread the leaking precum along the length, and Tsurai couldn't help but to move against it. He panted as he grinded up and down against Julius and fucked his hand. The grip tightened around him, and Tsurai bit back a moan. He moved faster, listening as Julius sighed in relief.

When Tsurai was starting to get close, lost in the feeling and relief, his voice rose. He was so close. So close. *So close.* He was going to come.

Julius's grip suddenly left him, and he backed away. Tsurai whined, audibly. The orgasm he was denied hurt, and it clenched his abdomen muscles. Julius merely smirked at the sounds of desperation. He unrolled a condom on his own dick and tapped it on Tsurai's ass.

"Ask for it," Julius demanded.

Tsurai peaked back at Julius with defiance, and he waited.

Julius's hand came down again, hitting the other side of Tsurai's ass, making him flinch and moan. His weeping cock hung between his legs and he wanted to touch himself so badly.

"Beg," Julius demanded with a growl.

Tsurai spoke the words through clenched teeth, "Please Julius. Please fuck me. Make me feel good, please."

Julius slid his cock inside with one motion. *Oh god, finally.* It filled him, stretched him in such a satisfying way that Tsurai drooled on the sheets as he moaned. Julius didn't skip a beat, gripping Tsurai's hips with bruising fingers and pulling him back on his cock over and over. Tsurai was finally free to jerk himself off, and he gripped around his dick and tugged in time with Julius's thrusts.

"God look at the way your ass bounces," Julius spoke between grunts. Tsurai's hand pumped faster. "You're taking it like a good little slut. It feels too good."

Tsurai moaned loudly, so loud that it caught Julius off guard. Tsurai rubbed himself with clunky motions as he tried to keep his orgasm going. His cum shot out on the blankets below and slicked between his fingers. The fucking stopped abruptly, with Julius gritting his teeth and trying not to cum as he felt Tsurai tighten around him.

“You fucking came already?” Julius asked, bewildered.

“Keep going,” Tsurai gasped, pushing himself back on Julius and eliciting a groan from him. Julius cursed, sunk his nails into Tsurai’s skin, and picked back up his pace. Tsurai was a mess of moans again, still pumping his dick and rocking against Julius to get him as deep as possible.

“Greedy fucker,” Julius gasped. He forced his head back and eyes upward to the ceiling, trying to focus on anything other than Tsurai coming undone under him. He can’t come yet. It’s too soon. Tsurai came a second time, within minutes, and Julius bit his lip so hard he almost drew blood. The damn sounds Tsurai was making, his whiny breathy sighs of relief as he practically used Julius’s dick to get off became too much. He pulled out, and heard the whimper of protest from Tsurai.

Julius had him flipped immediately. Tsurai was on his back, still pumping his dick with glazed eyes and a slack jaw. Both of them had to come. Julius moved up hastily, cursing and hot. He kneeled at Tsurai’s chest, cock in his face.

With a harsh grip on Tsurai’s chin, Julius spoke with a deep rasp, “Keep your mouth open.”

Tsurai merely responded by sticking his tongue out and moaning. With a few pumps of his own, Julius pressed the tip of his cock down onto Tsurai’s tongue and came, filling his mouth with cum and watching as some shot past and onto his face. Tsurai took it with pleasure, hand still working his own dick to come a third time. He looked up at Julius, who was spent and locked in bliss. Tsurai whined, tongue still out and dripping, asking for Julius to help him one last time.

Julius looked down at him, and couldn’t help himself. He smeared the cum that was on Tsurai’s cheek with his thumb and placed it in his mouth. Tsurai sucked at it happily and swallowed.

“God,” Julius groaned, “You’re hot as fuck.”

Tsurai came again, eyes rolling closed as he hummed around Julius’s thumb. That final peak of relief had him crashing back down, suddenly exhausted. It’s been awhile since Tsurai had been able to let go for a minute. The euphoria and afterglow made him feel lighter. His head was pleasantly fuzzy. He could get addicted to this.