

Content Warning: Disgustingly cute and sweet fluff that makes you want to give up on love

NSFW Content: Handjob, Blowjob, Rimming, Fingering, First-Time Anal Sex, *light* overstimulation, Praise kink, Teasing

The palms of Tsurai's hands felt clammy as they cupped his own face. He stared at the marred image of himself, fog obscuring and blurring the bathroom mirror. His eyes didn't try to focus on the details of his reflection, instead staring beyond the image, into the recesses of his warring thoughts. The bathroom was still warm and full of steam, the fan whirring as a distant echo. It was just moments after exiting the shower, and yet Tsurai already felt like his body was coated in a thin sheen of sweat. The once-budding anxiety had fully blossomed in his gut the moment the water stopped running. Tsurai did everything he needed to. He was clean, recently shaved, and hadn't eaten in a few hours. For all intents and purposes, this should all go relatively smoothly. And yet, it felt almost certain that he would screw this up somehow.

He was the one who initiated this, Tsurai had to remind himself. He was up for the challenge, almost confident, this morning. It was sprung upon Mint that he wanted to try something new today. The look on Mint's face was one of surprise-- he didn't think Tsurai would be willing to try switching roles so soon. He asked, several times, if Tsurai was sure. They didn't have to rush things. Was he pressuring himself to take on this role? Did he actually want it, or did he feel strangely obligated to do it? Tsurai assured Mint that he was curious about the experience, and was willing to explore. After all, how could Tsurai *not* want to try? After witnessing Mint's reactions, how he always grew needy, and the way the pitch of his voice raised as he crashed through waves of pleasure, it was impossible not to wonder what it could feel like. Sex with Mint at this point was already great. The idea that it could somehow be even *better* was tantalizing. Tsurai just had to take a few calming breaths, leave the bathroom, and find out.

And yet, with all that resolve in his choice, Tsurai found it difficult to put his hand on the doorknob. He stood, embracing the cozy environment he was in, and prepared for the pin pricks of cold air to chill his skin. With a towel loosely secured around his waist, Tsurai opened the bathroom door to the hallway air and shivered. The apartment was empty and quiet, the only lights on emanating from Mint's bedroom. Mint assured that no unwanted roommate interruptions would happen today-- Malcolm was conveniently with his family. To his right, Mint's bedroom door remained cracked open, allowing a quiet series of key tapping to break the otherwise silent home. When Tsurai entered the room, sneaking through a space in the door just wide enough for him to enter, Mint looked up from his laptop. He was as calm as ever, and Tsurai wasn't sure if that helped him feel better or not. In classic fashion, Mint coolly scanned Tsurai up and down, and grinned.

"Your face is already super red," Mint said evenly.

Tsurai huffed and looked down at the floor, "Don't point it out, you ass."

Mint laughed, his light-hearted tone combating the tense energy Tsurai brought into the room. He stood from his desk, and shuffled over to give Tsurai a quick kiss and gentle pull, inviting him further inside. Tsurai moved with clunky steps, feeling the heat of nerves flush his cheeks and turn his limbs to cement. When the sound of the door clicking shut behind him echoed in his ears, Tsurai's heart rate quickened. Mint brushed his hands along his boyfriend's damp skin, tilting his head as he studied how Tsurai shivered and darted his eyes in any direction to avoid eye contact. Seeing him so nervous tugged at Mint's heartstrings. He held Tsurai's face in both hands, smiling gently and waiting until Tsurai finally strung up the nerve to look at him.

When their eyes met, Mint spoke quietly, "You sure you want to try this? There's no rush." In response, Tsurai took a deep breath and steeled himself. He nodded silently. Even with his blessing, it was going to take some time for Tsurai's body to relax. Luckily, Mint was prepared to put all the work into making his first experience the best.

"Okay, first you have to go lay down on the bed," Mint instructed, "Lay on your stomach and get comfy."

Tsurai stared at Mint with cautious curiosity, but obliged. He took a few steps toward the edge of the bed frame. Before crawling on to it, he looked down at the towel still wrapped around him and hesitated. A new wave of embarrassment took hold and made Tsurai look back, to see if he was being watched. Mint was giving him a moment of privacy, instead returning to his computer briefly to save his work and pick some music to play. Not being ogled in that moment was comforting, and Tsurai took off the towel to lay down as instructed. He listened as the first song came on, a relaxing low-tempo beat to ease him into a better mood. The sound of Mint leaving the room briefly to retrieve something from the bathroom perplexed him. Mint came back quickly, with an extra towel and a clear-liquid bottle in hand. As Tsurai watched over his shoulder, Mint placed the clean towel over his lower half, helping him to feel less exposed and a little warmer.

"What are you doing?" Tsurai asked. He didn't understand why Mint would cover him up, considering what they were about to do.

"Are you comfortable? Want me to turn the heater on?" Mint asked in return.

"I'm fine," Tsurai replied, "Just confused."

"Don't worry too much," Mint responded, "We're going to take things slow." He reached for a small remote on his nightstand, clicking a button to dim the LED lights to a soft purple glow. The low light and music created a calming ambience that Tsurai wasn't expecting. He took another deep breath, and hugged a pillow under his chest to be more comfortable.

With everything set up, Mint rolled up his sleeves and moved to straddle Tsurai. Mint sat at the back of Tsurai's thighs, and opened the bottle he brought in earlier. A simple oil dripped to his palms, and Mint smoothed it along his fingers to warm them up. Tsurai held his breath as he waited for Mint to start doing something, unsure of what was to come. With warm slick hands, Mint started at the base of Tsurai's spine, spreading oil along the full length of his back. The first glides of Mint's hands along his tense muscles gave Tsurai realization, and he sighed pleasantly. A massage wasn't something he expected to be happening at this moment, but he sure as hell wasn't going to complain about it. Once his back and shoulders were slippery, Mint began working in sections. Thumb pads kneaded into tense shoulder muscles, and Tsurai hummed in relief. His upper back and shoulders were where Tsurai carried most of his stress, and Mint was surprisingly tactful at unwinding the knots.

"Feel good?" Mint asked.

"Yeah," Tsurai sighed. His eyelids fell heavily, and he shifted his head to a better resting position.

"Good," Mint responded. He continued pressing his thumbs in small circles, gently working the muscle under his touch. With methodical rhythm and movement, he worked down and away from Tsurai's spine, focusing on spots that made him hitch his breathing. While Tsurai was lulled into a relaxed sleepiness, Mint was drifting off into his own mind. He studied the contours of muscle, and marveled at the way they moved and shifted with every deep breath. He counted the starbursts of freckles and moles and birthmarks. The dim bedroom light reflected off his skin, and seemed to glow. The view was hypnotizing.

Just as soon as Tsurai felt like he could melt into the mattress, Mint moved to sliding his hands along each arm. Another involuntary contented sigh escaped Tsurai. A new song began to play, and Mint hummed along quietly as he worked from the palm to each finger tip. He took the time to appreciate the veins and calluses that decorated Tsurai's hands; something that Mint touched all the time, almost every day, but never memorized. Tsurai's thoughts began to blur together and grow fuzzy, the first signs of dozing off. It was hard to fight the meditative drowsiness. Once each arm had a turn at his attention, Mint returned to the center, starting a new round of massages over Tsurai's back again. The once rigid skin at the top of Tsurai's shoulders began to loosen, becoming pliant putty under firm grips. The background music faded further and further away. Tsurai couldn't be too sure how much time had passed, fading in and out of the first level of unconsciousness, but it easily could have been an hour. The fact that Mint was willing to go through all this effort made him feel flooded with love. The small smile frozen to his face was clear evidence. The tendrils of sleep pulled at the edges of his mind, and Tsurai nodded off.

Mint could feel the way his breathing slowed to a steady pace, and heard the soft snores that escaped. Tsurai was fully asleep. Mint had half a mind to finish up, drape a blanket over him, and let Tsurai be. It's a shame to wake his boyfriend from such a relaxed state. But, he had to press on. This was a perfect opportunity to transition Tsurai slowly into their true intentions.

Mint's hands explored lower and lower, subtly working from the base of Tsurai's spine, to the top of the muscles of his ass. He shifted backward, and carefully lifted the towel that covered Tsurai. There he massaged again, at the top of the thighs, and working inward. He ran his hands gently along the contours of Tsurai's butt, taking great joy in watching the soft muscle move under his grip. Tsurai stirred from the new contact point, but remained blissfully asleep.

Finally, Mint worked carefully along the inside of Tsurai's legs, until he was rubbing slick fingers over his hole. Mint touched, then paused for a reaction. Tsurai remained still. Mint did it again, rub, touch, and pause. Tsurai wriggled slightly on the second round, but resumed snoring after a few seconds. Mint took a moment to rub more oil on his right fingers before paying more attention to Tsurai's entrance. He rubbed circles around the area, smiling with satisfaction when Tsurai let out a sleep-muffled hum from the sensation. With his right hand still rubbing the area, Mint gripped Tsurai's ass with his left hand, kneading the skin with his thumb. He was already way too into this, his pants too tight. He continued this combination of rubbing and massaging until Tsurai finally stirred awake.

"What-" Tsurai asked in sleepy confusion, before he cut off his own words with a breathy "oh."

"Doing alright?" Mint asked. He continued his task with nonchalance.

Tsurai let out a low hum, "You woke me up."

Mint chuckled, "I was trying to," and shifted to climb off the bed for a moment. With the only barrier between Tsurai and the cold air removed, a shiver forced its way up his back, and raised his skin in bumps. Tsurai turned slightly to look back at what Mint was doing. He stared up with heavy eyelids to watch as Mint removed his shirt and positioned himself at the foot of the bed.

"Scoot yourself up just a bit," Mint instructed. Tsurai did as he was told, no longer held back by anxious nerves. Whatever sensations he was getting a second ago was a sneak-peak of what was to come, and he was excited to let Mint work his magic. With some more space on the bed, Mint laid his upper body behind Tsurai, legs hanging off the edge behind him. He nestled between Tsurai's thighs, propping his elbows forward and holding Tsurai's ass in both hands.

"Tell me if you don't like it," Mint instructed, and angled his head forward to lick at Tsurai's entrance. Tsurai squeezed his eyes shut and gasped. The sensation was odd to him, but not unwelcome. As Mint moved his tongue in lazy circles, Tsurai began to understand the feeling, enjoying it more. He gripped the sheets beneath him. After about thirty seconds, Mint pulled back and asked again, "Feel good?"

"Yeah," Tsurai struggled to answer, "Keep going."

Mint simply chuckled and went back to it. He shut his eyes and enjoyed the sounds of Tsurai's halted moans and muffled gasps as they accompanied the music. He could feel Tsurai's hips rolling forward and back, just slightly, to feel some friction between him and the mattress. Mint moved with him, starting to add more pressure with his tongue and humming in satisfaction. The growing pent of frustration started to take over, and Tsurai had the urge to touch himself. He slowly brought his right knee up, giving him just a few inches of leverage to snake his hand down. Just as soon as Tsurai wrapped needy fingers around himself, Mint paused. He lifted his head and caught Tsurai in the act.

"Not yet," Mint laughed, and gently gripped Tsurai's forearm to urge him to let go. Tsurai hesitated, but obeyed with a sigh. Mint stood from his spot and tapped Tsurai on the leg, "Roll over on your back."

Admittedly, it was a little tough to move. Tsurai's muscles were like jelly since the massage. They protested as he flipped over with drowsy arms. His cock stood at attention and was leaking precum. Tsurai lifted his hands upward, showing that he wouldn't give in to the temptation to touch himself again. Mint moved to the bed, sidling up beside Tsurai and giving him a deep kiss. Tsurai reciprocated with need. He allowed Mint's tongue to take the lead, distracted by the stray hand that traced along his chest and abs. Lower and lower, the hand went, until it teased and smoothed along his dick. Tsurai moaned into Mint's mouth, hoping to urge him further and find some release. Mint didn't take the bait, keeping his touch light and breaking their kiss apart to suck at Tsurai's neck.

Breathy curses escaped his lips as Mint kissed and nipped all around his collarbones. He kept his motions languid as he pumped Tsurai, only building up his frustration further. Mint continued kissing trails passed his collarbones, to his chest, and down, along his abs, his hips, his thighs. He moved his body lower, until he was resting back between Tsurai's legs once more, still toying with his dick. Tsurai gripped the sheets again, his hips jutting forward in time with Mint's motions to maximize the friction. Mint kissed on the insides of Tsurai's legs to urge them open, and placed his left forefinger in his mouth. Slowly, while Tsurai was focused on the strokes of his cock, Mint placed the tip of his finger at his ass, and gently pushed to the first knuckle. Tsurai stuttered, feeling strange at the intrusion, but not necessarily unpleasant. He continued his soft string of moans, a signal for Mint to keep going. His finger pushed forward, slowly, and easily slipped all the way in. Mint hadn't stopped stroking Tsurai, and studied his face to see if there were any signs of discomfort. Tsurai was squirming and needy.

"How does it feel?" Mint asked, pausing his motions altogether and letting Tsurai whimper in the absence.

"It's..." Tsurai tried his best to concentrate, "It's weird. But it doesn't hurt."

"That's good," Mint nodded, "You're doing really well Tsurai." He went back to gripping his cock, just a bit tighter, and sliding his slicked hand along the length. Tsurai moaned with renewed friction and worked his self-control to remain still. Mint began curling his finger along

the inside of Tsurai, moving gently in and out and looking for the right spot. Tsurai's eyebrows knitted together, unsure of the feeling but trying to relax with it and focus. Mint quickly found what he was looking for, and pressed at a particular spot, forcing Tsurai to let out a surprised gasp. His eyes snapped open and he looked down at Mint.

Mint laughed, "Found it!"

"Oh fuck," Tsurai groaned, laying his head back down. Mint resumed his movements, this time pumping Tsurai's dick in time with the strokes of his finger. It was a small, strange feeling that began to build. It was a foreign pressure, sending pulses of pleasure that felt somehow fulfilling. Tsurai was having a hard time making sense of it all. After a few minutes of rubbing gently at the spot, Mint felt confident to add another finger. He pulled his pointer finger out and stood up. Tsurai took that moment to try to catch his breath.

"I'm going to try two fingers," Mint informed. He retrieved a bottle of lube from his nightstand, "I'll move slowly. Say stop if it starts to feel painful."

Tsurai nodded and did his best to swallow his nerves. Mint returned to his spot, slicking lube on his middle and ring fingers. He held himself higher, angling himself to place his mouth on Tsurai this time. Tsurai hummed as Mint lowered his lips over his cock, licking and teasing the tip. With a light touch, he drew small circles at Tsurai's entrance again, and began to push in slowly. Tsurai hissed at the initial intrusion, but melted into another drawn out moan as Mint lowered his head and took his dick all the way in his mouth. With fingers stopped short just at the first knuckles, Mint focused on sucking Tsurai to help him relax. The distraction was a welcome one, getting Tsurai closer to the edges of orgasm. It wasn't long before Mint started moving forward again, carefully listening for cues.

"Stop," Tsurai said at some point. The sting got just a bit too much, and he tried to take a deep breath to relax. Mint hummed and returned to prioritize giving head. He was already impressed, since he was told to stop just as his fingers went all the way in. After a couple minutes, Tsurai gave him the okay, and Mint curled his fingers.

"Oh shit," Tsurai moaned. Mint ramped up his movements, bobbing his head and stroking with his hand at the same time. His fingers rubbed at the spot again, with more pressure, and Tsurai was overwhelmed. He couldn't fathom the new feelings, but they were driving him crazy. He started to buck his hips upward, further into Mint's mouth and along the motions of his fingertips. His orgasm was fast approaching, threatening to slam through him. He mumbled some incoherent noises, trying his best to warn Mint that he was about to cum. Mint only moved faster.

Tsurai felt his gut twist and cramp. He came, his voice high and whining, and his back arching. Mint continued his motions, raising Tsurai's orgasm to nearly painful heights. Mint swallowed as much as he could, but some leaked past his lips and dripped between his fingers. Tsurai had never come this much before. He felt his head get lighter, his vision blurred, like he

was going to pass out. Mint finally held still, letting Tsurai come back and take a needed breath in. He panted, head tilted back and hands clasped over his face. His legs trembled, and only made Tsurai even more aware that Mint hadn't fully removed himself yet. When he could manage to peek past his palms to look down at Mint, he was met with a wide cocky grin.

"You came so hard," Mint was practically beaming.

Tsurai groaned with embarrassment. He hid his face behind hands again and tried to steady his pounding heart. Those two lingering fingers started moving inside, and all focus quickly flew out the window. Tsurai sucked air through his teeth.

"Sensitive," He protested.

"You're doing so good," Mint cooed. He took a moment to wipe his hand clean on the earlier discarded towel. He then immediately returned to teasing Tsurai's still-hard cock, "You're not ready yet, so let's make you cum one more time."

"Mint-" Tsurai whined. His eyes fluttered when Mint went back down again, licking at his tip to clean it up. His hand shot to Mint's head, gripping a fist-full of hair at the root. He had the instinct to push Mint away and spare himself from the overstimulation.

"Be a good boy for me," Mint murmured between licks. Tsurai's cock twitched in his hand and he moaned in response. Tsurai was panting harder than before, trying to grapple with the overwhelming pleasure that blurred to the edges of pain. Halted gasps and groans escaped his lips as he continued to squirm under Mint's touch. Noticing how much Tsurai was struggling, Mint released his dick from his grip and rubbed his free hand along Tsurai's abdomen instead. He whispered a series of praises as he continued to stretch Tsurai.

Given some reprieve, Tsurai was able to get his breathing under control. The words of encouragement and loving touches along his skin urged Tsurai to try to relax more. He started to find a rhythm, feeling Mint's strokes inside him and moving his hips with it. When he finally tilted his head back again and let out an airy sigh, Mint returned to sucking him off. He licked up and down Tsurai's shaft, trying to avoid overstimulating him too much. A shaky hand came to gently grip on the back of his head. Mint looked up, and Tsurai met him with a needy look. He pushed his hips up once in a silent demand. Mint chuckled and re-angled himself to a better position.

"You wanna come down my throat again?" He teased. Tsurai could only nod his head in response, as the feeling of Mint's fingers inside him was still a blinding distraction. The knot in his gut was wound tight once again, and Tsurai just desperately wanted release. Now positioned higher, Mint lowered his mouth to the tip of Tsurai's dick, and he used his free hand to feel him up again. Tsurai thrust upward, slow enough to ensure he didn't hurt Mint. The feeling of Mint's throat closing around him was ecstasy. Mint adjusted one more time, then hummed to signal he was ready. Tsurai started a sloppy rhythm, trying to time the feeling of Mint's hand with

his thrusts. His voice rose, louder and louder. He gripped the back of Mint's head tighter, just hoping at this point that he wasn't being too much. Mint relaxed and allowed Tsurai to chase his own release. He focused instead on touching that sweet spot inside him over and over.

Tsurai gritted his teeth and could barely make a warning noise before he came, cock all the way in and spilling down Mint's throat. His back arched, forcing Mint to shift his hand upward to accommodate. He swallowed around Tsurai and reveled in the series of loud curses and groans filling the room. Tsurai finally crashed back to the mattress, pulling out of Mint and landing with a huff. Mint wiped a bit of drool from his mouth with his wrist and swallowed one last time. The two made eye contact, and Mint held his tongue out to show Tsurai that he swallowed it all. Tsurai cursed again, and laid back to catch his breath. While he carefully removed his fingers, Mint stared down at Tsurai, watching as his ab muscles heaved in and out to pull in new oxygen. A sheen of sweat coated his body and stuck his hair to his temple, and his face and shoulders were decorated with a bright flush. The sight of Tsurai in such a state, desperately trying to return from bliss, threatened to drown Mint in need. Giving him a moment to recover, Mint saw to his own belt. He undid it quickly, unzipping his pants and pulling everything low enough to let his cock spring free. The lack of restraint against him was sweet relief.

He knelt back to the bed, laying by Tsurai's side. With another long sigh, Tsurai turned himself and captured Mint in a soft kiss. Mint wrapped his arms around Tsurai's waist, pulling him close, and scraped fingernails along his spine, making Tsurai twitch. They kissed, gently and slowly, allowing Tsurai to drink in the afterglow. His eyes remained closed, vision too spotted to see much anyway. His skin magnified every touch and broke out in waves of goosebumps. When they pulled apart, Mint peppered more soft kisses along his cheeks and neck.

"How was it? Feel okay still?" Mint asked between each kiss.

Tsurai laughed once, still bewildered, "It felt great."

Mint hummed in thought, "Do you want to call it a day? We could cuddle and fall asleep."

Tsurai pulled back, looking Mint in the eyes with a quizzical expression. He glanced down, saw how hard Mint was, and then laughed, "Something tells me that's not what you want."

Mint shrugged, "It's not about what I want."

Tsurai cupped his face in both hands and gave him another deep kiss. He flicked his tongue along Mint's and drew out his buried longing. Mint pulled Tsurai ever closer, his neediness taking hold, and he rutted against Tsurai's hip. He was caught off guard at the moan that escaped his lips. Sometimes when he was too focused on making Tsurai feel good, Mint would forget just how much he needed to be touched too. When Tsurai's hand wandered down, and stroked along his length, Mint gasped into their kiss. Nails scraped and left red inscriptions in his back,

and their air between them grew hot. Tsurai let out his own desperate sounds, hoping to push Mint past the point of no return.

“Shit,” Mint cursed. He panted a few more times before breaking down, “I wanna fuck you Tsurai. Can I fuck you? Do you want to make me feel good?”

“Yeah,” Tsurai breathed, “Fuck me. Please.”

Mint leaned his weight up, eager to reposition, and urged Tsurai to lay on his back again. Mint retrieved the bottle of lube once more to spread it generously on himself, and slicked some along Tsurai’s hole for good measure. Before going ahead, Mint took a deep breath, trying to center himself and regain some composure. This was still about making Tsurai comfortable. He had to control himself and go slow.

“Deep breath in,” Mint instructed. He tucked Tsurai’s legs over his own and rubbed the head of his cock against Tsurai’s entrance. Tsurai did as he was told, dragging in a long breath and breathing out with a sigh. Mint reached down with his free hand to smooth his fingers along Tsurai’s arm.

“Good boy,” Mint praised. He noted the small wriggle Tsurai tried to contain in response. “Do it again.”

Tsurai breathed in again, trying to focus on the way Mint’s thumb dragged along the inside of his forearm until their fingers interlocked, and breathed out. As he breathed out, Mint pushed forward gently, just enough to get the tip in, and Tsurai gasped.

“Doing okay?” Mint asked. He squeezed Tsurai’s hand.

“Yeah, I’m alright,” Tsurai panted. That familiar sting of stretch returned, but it wasn’t anything intolerable.

“You’re doing great,” Mint praised again, “Just tell me at any point if you want me to pause.” Once Tsurai nodded, Mint pressed forward again, slowly, and watched carefully for any signs of displeasure. He saw a bitten lip, hooded eyes, a furrowed brow. Tsurai’s breath hitched, and Mint prompted him to exhale again.

In one slow fluid motion, Mint seated himself fully inside. He let go of the breath he was holding and bent forward carefully to give Tsurai a much needed reward. He felt the way Tsurai breathed quickly under him, his ribcage expanding and contracting. Mint remained motionless, but decorated Tsurai’s face with careful kisses. He stroked a hand through Tsurai’s hair, smoothing it back and away from his eyes.

“I’m all the way in, you took me so well Tsurai,” Mint murmured. He was grinning ear-to-ear.

Tsurai's face flushed more at the words of praise. He caught a look at Mint's expression and felt his heart flutter. The sheer embarrassment and overwhelming feelings forced his hand back over his eyes, trying to block out the world and control his thrumming heart. Mint chuckled and continued to kiss him in sprinkled spots around his face and neck. His hands raked up and down along the sides of Tsurai's ribs, and felt up his chest. Slowly, eventually, Tsurai's breathing grew heavy again. His legs twitched and he instinctively started to move his hips. Mint paused, propping himself more upright and stared down at Tsurai.

It took a moment to realize he was being watched. Tsurai peeked his gaze through his fingers toward Mint, and somehow developed an even deeper blush. He finally stuttered out, "Why are you staring?"

Drinking in the view with a smile of adoration, Mint sighed, "You're just... breathtaking."

Was Mint trying to kill him?! How could Tsurai be the breathtaking one, when those words stole the air right from his lungs? Tsurai's instinct to hide overrode his senses, and his palm slapped over Mint's eyes. He felt the warm breaths of laughter puff against his hand.

"Dammit Mint, don't say things like that with your dick in me!" Tsurai protested.

Mint laughed harder. He held Tsurai's hand gently and kissed his open palm, "Sorry."

Now thoroughly unable to make eye contact, Tsurai resolved to turn his head to the nearby wall, staring until the burning in his ears subsided. He knew Mint was still there, sitting above him and watching down with amusement painted on his face. After a few beats of silence, Mint wriggled himself and reminded Tsurai exactly what they were in the middle of. Tsurai sucked in a sudden breath. Thanks to that morbidly embarrassing distraction, he had forgotten the echoes of stinging he once felt. Mint shifted again, and Tsurai moved with him, now enjoying the friction.

"Look at me, Tsurai," Mint whispered. Tsurai hesitated, then slowly faced him. He stared at Mint with unspoken pleas. Mint cupped his cheek to hold his gaze in place. "Can I start moving?"

Tsurai nodded. Not enough.

"I want to hear your voice."

Tsurai reached up then, wrapping his arms around the back of Mint's neck and pulling him down into an embrace. Mint dug his arms between Tsurai's back and the mattress, holding him tightly. Tsurai finally spoke, "Okay."

Mint dragged his hips back, painfully slow. Tsurai kept his voice low, a quiet gasp echoing in Mint's ear. He pressed forward again, at the same creeping pace. Mint was finding it difficult to not to hide his burning relief with just the small motions. He cursed under his breath, and could

feel Tsurai's grip tighten on his back, the edges of his fingernails leaving crescent indents. A few more long, painfully long, strokes and Mint could feel Tsurai was ready for more. He leaned up just slightly, to capture Tsurai in another kiss as he changed to a languid pace, rocking forward and back like ocean waves. Tsurai kissed him back, panting through his nose and holding the sounds in his throat. It wasn't enough to hold back now. Mint broke the kiss to encourage Tsurai more.

"Let go," Mint said, "Don't hold anything back." Tsurai responded by letting a moan rumble from his chest. Mint poured more praises from his mouth, telling Tsurai how good he felt and how much he wanted to do this. How happy he was. How much he loved Tsurai. Each word drew out Tsurai's voice, unabashed and wanting to please Mint more. Despite the slower pace, Mint could feel himself getting close already. He tried to calm himself and draw his mind elsewhere, in an effort to last longer. But now Tsurai was reduced to a chorus of gasps and mewls, and it was too much. Mint groaned.

"Fuck, Tsurai. I'm gonna cum," Mint admitted, "I'll pull out."

Tsurai gripped Mint tighter, locking his legs behind him, "Don't."

Mint gasped out, his hips stuttering and taking a quicker pace unexpectedly. Tsurai accepted it with ease, responding with his own movements to push back against Mint as much as he could. The sudden change without warning set an alarm off in Mint, that he could have done something to hurt Tsurai. He couldn't help it, he was so close. Mint clung to Tsurai, burying his face in the crook of his neck and muffling his cries as he came. Tsurai's loud moans filled the room, overshadowing the music and likely echoing through neighboring walls. Mint sank in the sounds, pushing his hips forward a few more times in broken thrusts as he tried to remember to breathe.

When he was finally spent, Mint seemed to snap back to attention. He propped himself on his hands and studied Tsurai's face with concern. All he saw was his boyfriend in a haze of sweat and lust and blush, smiling back up to him. But Mint placed a hand along his cheek anyway, eyebrows fixed in worry.

"I'm so sorry! I got carried away and went faster, did I hurt you?" Mint apologized.

Tsurai laughed and held the hand to his cheek, "It's okay. It felt good."

Mint sighed with relief and knelt down again to kiss him. He felt Tsurai giggle under his lips and leaned up with a grin of his own, "What?"

"Looks like I'm not the only two-pump chump anymore," Tsurai teased.

Mint groaned in exasperation, "I know. It's embarrassing how fast I came." He sat back on his legs, looking down at Tsurai and drinking in the view of his boyfriend, "You don't know how long I've been wanting to come in this ass."

Tsurai clasped his hands over his face, "Oh my god, stop saying shit like that, it's mortifying."

"Or what?" Mint demanded with a mischievous grin. In a bold move, he gripped Tsurai's thighs and rolled his hips forward, eliciting an involuntary moan.

Tsurai held his breath, hesitating to admit what he was thinking. He finally wrestled his pride away and uncovered his face. Mint waited with the same cocky smile he always wore. Tsurai swallowed, his face bright red once again, and mumbled, "Can we... go again?"

Mint's dick twitched inside him, a resounding yes, but he held firm, "Beg me to fuck you again."

"God, Mint!" Tsurai groaned and gripped his arms.

Mint let out an evil laugh and grabbed Tsurai's wrists, pinning them back to the bed, "Do it."

Tsurai stubbornly kept his mouth shut, resorting instead to wiggling his ass and trying to tempt Mint. In a small triumph, Mint cursed and shut his eyes. His hips twitched forward as his resolve crumbled. Tsurai made a show of moving with more vigor, humming and staring Mint in the eyes. Mint sighed as he finally started again, fucking Tsurai back and listening to him laugh in triumph.