

Content Warning: Lots of conflicted emotions and confusion
Sexual Content: Hanjob / blowjob, prolonged eyecontact

On a good day, Mint had a short fuse. His depth for patience and tolerance for incessant whining was shallow. And Malcolm had just run that well dry in less than twenty minutes. With a shady glance casted to the other side of the couch, Mint observed Malcolm absent-mindedly swiping through tinder. Profile after profile of fellow college-going women flashed along his screen, and he swiped right on every one of them. For every four or five swipes, Malcolm would get a new match. A respectable ratio, but getting matches wasn't the problem.

"I don't get it," Malcolm sighed, backing out of another match and continuing his habitual swiping, "I get plenty of matches, but it never goes anywhere."

"It's because you suck at talking to women," Mint retorted in his mind. Thus far, he had tried to be empathetic to Mal's plight. But what started with encouragement and advice quickly devolved into curt responses and tired shrugs. Instead of saying anything, Mint turned the volume up on the movie they were supposed to be watching, hoping that could queue Malcolm to stop talking.

"It's been like three days, and this one hasn't responded. I thought we were hitting it off," Malcolm mumbled.

God, he won't shut the fuck up. It's like he was a broken record at this point, stuttering and stuck on one track. A never-ending loop of complaining about one particular issue. Since the beginnings of their college experience, Malcolm had fallen down a rabbit hole of online dating and the college hookup scene. It was initially a bit surprising that he would be so gung-ho about it, given how intimidated he's been by any sort of romantic interest. Even asking his highschool girlfriend to senior prom seemed like a herculean task.

Mint couldn't judge exactly, given that he's brought plenty of experimental frat bros back to his dorm in the past. But that was the glaring difference between him and Mal; Mint was actually good at seduction. When it came to smooth comments and well-timed touches, Mint mastered the skill of flirtation quickly. Not that other men were difficult to impress, anyways. Malcolm, however, seemed to never grasp charm nor finesse when it came to women. He wasn't repugnant or rude, he was simply incapable of speaking. While stuttering and failing to form a sentence, taking hours to respond to texts, the women he was failing to reach found interest elsewhere. While Mint's voyage in sexual exploration was a small grassy hill, Malcolm's was an insurmountable mountain.

"I just thought I'd be going on more dates and stuff when we got into college, you know?" Malcolm carried on. He was talking over the volume on the TV, which only added to how

annoying it all was. While he drove on about his plight, Mint reflected on all the times he had tried to help Malcolm. Wingmanning at bars, writing texts for him, coaching him through failed first dates. All for nothing. And now Mint wouldn't hear the end of it.

Gritting his teeth and holding back from saying anything too harsh, Mint responded, "You just need to be patient." He pointed the remote at the TV and clicked the volume up button yet again, the movie almost too loud now. He leaned further on his end of the couch to hammer home his disinterest in the conversation.

Malcolm sighed, "Shit's not fair. You have men basically on call any time you want."

Mint groaned and raised the remote up again. He flipped through the channel menu, rapidly scrolling to the top. Since Malcolm wasn't going to let him enjoy a quiet evening with mindless television, he might as well put it to another use. Scrolling further and further up the numbers, Mint arrived at the late night movie channels. He'd never thought to pick anything like this out himself, but desperate times call for desperate measures. Malcolm hadn't even realized what Mint switched the TV to until he heard the first moan. His eyes darted up to the screen, and then shot to Mint.

"What the-" Malcolm began, rather incredulous. Mint threw the TV remote at him and Malcolm flinched to block it.

"All you've been doing is bitching the last few days. Just masturbate and get the fuck over it. Girls aren't going to want you if you're all desperate and horny." Mint was trying so hard at this point to not be insulting. At least what he said was sort of constructive.

Malcolm's face reddened as the woman on screen continued to moan dramatically. He huffed and turned away from Mint before speaking, "Easy for you to say. Jerking off isn't nearly the same as doing it with someone else."

His eyes glanced back up to the screen, distracted by a familiar pornstar giving some eye contact to the camera. Alright, maybe if Malcolm was alone in the living room he'd wind up just taking care of himself quickly and move on. Hook ups weren't everything to him, but it'd been far too long since he'd been with someone else. Malcolm was simply pent up and frustrated right now.

"For fuck's sake," Mint groaned. Before Malcolm could register what was happening, a hand slipped across the couch and ran over the front of his pants.

Malcolm's face blossomed with shock and his stomach jumped. He flinched away from Mint's touch and grabbed his wrist, "What are you doing?!"

Unfazed, Mint simply rolled his eyes, "Just watch the screen. You said it was better with someone else, right?"

Malcolm's grip faltered, "Well, yeah, but not with-"

"Whatever," Mint shrugged, and retracted his hand. He stood from the couch, about to leave the living room so he could give Malcolm privacy to solve his pathetic problem.

"Wait-" Malcolm blurted before he could think. When Mint turned to look back down at him, eyebrow raised in mild curiosity, Malcolm had to cast his gaze to the side in shame. That instinct to stop Mint caught him by surprise, and now Malcolm was struggling to grapple with what he meant by it. He couldn't say anything. He could barely make eye contact. And yet, with shaky fingers, Malcolm wordlessly undid the button of his pants and waited. There was no way in hell he could ask for it out loud. It was beyond him why he was even going this far.

Mint understood regardless, and slowly sat back down on his side of the couch. He leaned over, agonizingly slow, to pull at Malcolm's zipper. His hand moved carefully, taking the time to allow Malcolm to change his mind at any moment. The relief of his pants opening was enough to spur Malcolm on. His dick twitched under his boxers, enjoying the relief from his stuffy jeans, but not yet fully free. The fact that he was already hard was mortifying.

It was the porn! Watching the porn got him hard, dammit! Fingertips hooked under his boxers and tugged. Oh my god, what the hell was he doing right now? This was so wrong. Mint's hand wrapped gently around his cock and Malcolm had to stifle a shudder. It's just a hand. It's just a hand. The hand moved, tugging slightly upward and back down, and Malcolm glued his eyes to the screen. Focus, just focus. Focus on the girl on the screen. The hand moved a little faster, a little more firmly. Fuck. It felt good. Malcolm stopped a sigh in his throat.

Admittedly, Mint had always been curious. He had a vague idea that Malcolm was well-endowed, given how tall he is, but Mint didn't expect this much. His hand glided up and down the length, feeling it twitch under the pressure. Malcolm was gripping the couch, clearly trying to hold any sounds of gratification back. He was so red, so embarrassed. Mint was too, he could feel the flush in his cheeks. Despite how nonchalant he was when initiating this, the realization of what Mint was doing slowly crept up his neck. Stay calm, it's just a hand job. It's no big deal. He's just helping a friend out. Mint moved his hand faster, gripped just a touch tighter, and Malcolm bucked up into it.

"Shit," Malcolm cursed through a clenched jaw. His eyes didn't break from the screen. His breathing pressed out in huffs as the feeling of the familiar coil wound in his gut. The fight to remain still was a losing battle. Malcolm's hips rutted and squirmed in clunky halted movements.

Mint looked up at his face, seeing his jaw slack and lids heavy. He never thought about how Malcolm might look while turned on, but now it was causing an avalanche of confused thoughts in Mint's mind. Damn, why did he look up? Mint glared back down at his work, adding a twist to his wrist and eliciting more choked noises from Malcolm. He tried not to think about the meaning behind those sounds. How they echoed in his ears and stammered his racing heart. Instead, he

contemplated the length of Malcolm's dick, absently trying to estimate its size. Was Malcolm's dick the biggest he had touched at this point? The feeling of having to move his hand so far up and down only served to make Mint's mind wander more. He had only ever been on the receiving end of a handful of people. None that were remotely the same size. Would it even feel good at that point?

A new thought sprung forward, and Mint winced. That voice of curiosity, unshackled by the chains of shame, whispered the words: *Could I fit my mouth around it?* Mint's face burned but he couldn't help wanting to rise to the challenge. Mint weighed his decisions, knowing what he wanted to do next but conflicted with the ramifications. He bent forward, lowering his mouth around the tip of Malcolm's cock and swirled his tongue.

"Oh fuck- Mint- Oh my god," Malcolm's voice flipped between moaning and abject horror. He did nothing to stop Mint as his head lowered, taking Malcolm into the back of his throat. His jaw strained from the stretch. It would be too easy to choke on it. But that wasn't exactly a bad thing. Unsatisfied with how shallow his first attempt was, Mint pulled off and licked his lips. He wanted to keep going. All at once he got up, leaving Malcolm to heave and catch his breath.

"I don't think we should-" Malcolm began, the coherent and logical side of his brain having a chance to think things over again. The sight of Mint kneeling in front of him made Malcolm's voice of concern trail off. Was he seriously going to do this? Mint brought his face close to Malcolm again, watching up carefully for any more hesitation. His hot breath hit Malcolm's dick and it twitched in response. This was absolutely not okay. Should not be happening. But fuck, Malcolm was just so horny. He couldn't bring himself to stop it all.

"Just keep watching the TV," Mint said, doing his best to sound unbothered. He gripped at the top of Malcolm's pants again, urging him to shift his weight to get them lower. Malcolm hummed with anxiety and a whirlwind of conflicted emotions, but adjusted his position and opened his legs wider.

Mint lowered his head once again, spitting and licking to slick the length of Malcolm's shaft. He made quick work of the prep and sunk his lips back over the tip, moving slowly lower and lower. Malcolm was back to gripping at the armrest of the couch and daring to not look down. He couldn't even watch the screen anymore, instead choosing to clamp his eyes shut entirely and bite back the noises Mint dragged out of him. The obscene sounds of licking and gasping as Mint bobbed and opened his throat were enough to send Malcolm's mind in a tailspin. His free hand instinctively moved to grip Mint's hair, but the implication behind it had Malcolm placing his hand over his eyes instead. Even with the sounds of shrill moaning from the TV, all focus and attention were zeroed in on what was happening in his lap. Every twitch of Mint's tongue, vibration of his throat, stroke of his fingers, sent electric pulses up Malcolm's spine. He didn't know where to begin processing the information. The only thing that kept replaying in his head was just how good it felt. It felt so fucking good. Mint was too fucking good.

Malcolm peeked one eye open, and saw Mint staring back up at him. Staring him in the eye while he sucked down the last length of Malcolm's dick and came back up with a gasp. The sight of it shouldn't turn him on so much.

"Mint, I—" Malcolm panted, "Fuck."

He didn't want to admit it. He didn't want to tell Mint that he was about to come. He just prayed that Mint would understand the slight warning and pull off.

But of course he fucking didn't. Mint *moaned*. He moaned and went back down, all the way down, and stayed there. And Malcolm lost it. His hands flew to either side of Mint's head, tangling fingers in soft hair. He faltered, caught between wanting to force Mint's head away from himself, and instinct telling him to come deep down Mint's pulsing throat. He wasn't ready when his orgasm hit him like a train. Malcolm grunted, cursed, his cock twitching in Mint's straining mouth. When Mint gagged around him, struggling to swallow, Malcolm snapped to awareness. He suddenly pushed on Mint's face to pull out, and Mint's mouth came off with a sloppy *pop*. But Malcolm wasn't finished, continuing to cum as Mint dutifully held his tongue out and waited. Malcolm hadn't noticed, far-too caught up in the bliss of his release. He moaned with relief as his orgasm finished, and fell heavily back against the couch.

Malcolm's vision blurred, his head felt light. He remained still, hands hovering awkwardly in front of himself and panting for air. When his brain cleared enough to have a coherent thought, the first words that screamed in his mind were: *What the hell just happened?* He came way too hard, way too much. The image of Mint below him, panting and decorated in Malcolm's cum burned into his retinas. He simply sat there, frozen in a broken afterglow laced with shock and disbelief.

The only thing to get Malcolm to peek his eyes back open was the vague sensation of a tongue lapping at his sensitive dick. Malcolm blinked past the spots in his vision to see that Mint was cleaning him up, prioritizing the cum left on Malcolm and ignoring what's coated his face. He was still looking up, staring steadily at Malcolm with tear-pricked eyes. This guy had no fucking shame.

"Hmm," Mint observed with newfound ease, "Guess you were pretty pent up."

Malcolm groaned and pushed Mint away from him with his leg, "Please shut the hell up."

Mint finally stood after doing his best to wipe his face clean. With dirtied hands held in front of him, Mint spared one last glance to his friend on the couch and chuckled. Despite all the tricky conflict and humiliating red blush on both their faces, it was easy to see that Malcolm was flooded with relief. He sat back on the couch, heaving and practically boneless.

With a snide grin, Mint simply said, "You're welcome."