

NSFW Content: Solo play, voyeurism, masturbation, dirty talk/sexting, dildos and sex toys
Note: If there are any discrepancies between this writing and how Only Fans actually operates, it's because I've never been on Only Fans. And I didn't want to pay money to do research.

Tsurai sat beside Mint in the library. A completely ordinary and banal activity that he has done hundreds of times now. And yet, Tsurai struggled with it. There was a magnetic draw between their shoulders. A new, ever-present consciousness plagued his mind. Tsurai was suddenly aware of his positioning around Mint at all times. His eyes wouldn't stop flickering to him. The hyperfocus distracted him from concentrating on anything else. Studies, conversations, his phone. Mint presided over it with every move of his hand, every adjustment to his hair. This really, really bothered Tsurai. He was no stranger to proximity. He was free with his physical affection. But that was before something in him had clicked. On that random bench, in the middle of campus, where Mint hugged him with such earnest care and affection. The sweetness in his embrace and in his smile sparked something in Tsurai. And now his mind couldn't be quieted. Mint invaded his thoughts near-constantly. It was driving him mad.

The rest of the group studied quietly; a rare moment of silence. Perhaps it was because midterms were closing in. They all focused and flipped through pages diligently. All except Mint, who scrolled on his phone. Tsurai curiously looked over to see what was so engrossing to him. He caught a glimpse of what looked like a comment section that Mint scrolled through. The layout of the site Mint was on was unfamiliar to Tsurai.

Mint felt the sense that he was being watched, and he looked out the corner of his eye. Tsurai jumped slightly and refocused to his own computer, but it was too late. Mint said nothing, but shifted defensively, hiding his phone screen from prying eyes. No one else noticed this slight change in posture, except Tsurai. There was a strange feeling of... *betrayal*? That shot through his heart at that moment. It truly wasn't any of his business what Mint did on his phone, but the way he went out of his way to keep it hidden hurt. Tsurai huffed through his nose, but didn't mean to. Mint heard it, and he shut his phone off and placed it face-down on the table. He turned his body back to study properly, and said nothing of it.

That was the first incident.

Tsurai noticed more and more as the days passed that Mint seemed obsessed with his phone. Way more than he usually was. Mint was a bit old-school. He didn't spend much time on his phone, unless it was to awkwardly stare at his screen in a social situation. Otherwise, he returned texts and calls at a snail's pace; too busy with other things to mind. Now, it was always

in Tsurai's peripherals whenever the two were near. He seemed to grin and type on his phone more often than he used to. It prickled at the back of his mind that Mint was hiding something. What could it be? Tsurai's thoughts immediately go to a new love interest, and his gut twisted.

No, stop that! Jealousy was for lovers. Tsurai had no reason to feel possessive over Mint.

Still, the secrecy drew out his anxiety like slow-melting ice. It seeped in his veins and made him paranoid. And when the opportunity came to sate his rising nerves, he struggled with his morals.

The two were at Mint and Malcolm's apartment for another movie night. The TV remained paused as Tsurai and Mint sat on opposite ends of the couch in silence. Mal and Lottie had left briefly to go pick up some takeout. Mint sat in bored silence, staring at his goddamn phone. He didn't even notice that Tsurai was glancing his way, refusing to put his attention to anything else. He almost felt irrationally angry about this. As if the lack of attention from Mint was insulting.

Mint's eyes finally glanced up to Tsurai, causing him to flinch and look elsewhere in a hurry with no subtlety. Mint watched with a crooked curious eyebrow, "You could put something on..." He jutted his chin to the TV.

Tsurai mumbled something unintelligible as he reached for the remote. He flicked the screen over to some youtube video to pretend to be occupied. Mint looked back down at the screen in his palm. Before long, his attention was brought to the video Tsurai put on. Some deep-dive about a subject that neither of them were particularly interested in, but were engrossed by regardless. Mint placed his phone face-down on the coffee table and watched with him. Several minutes of silence passed between them, and Tsurai felt some odd sense of relief that Mint was finally torn from his phone. Before long, Mint got up to go to the restroom, mumbling his intention to Tsurai before walking past him and to the hall.

Tsurai's eyes darted to the phone left on the coffee table. Temptation tickled at his mind. It was a privacy violation. It wasn't okay. If Tsurai was as moral as he thought he was, he would leave the phone be. But maybe if he just looked at the time...

He snatched the phone and turned it on. It had a lock code, of course. But that didn't stop the notifications on the lockscreen. Tsurai saw two of them. One from Malcolm about being on their way back, and one from Twitter. A comment.

Tsurai's brows furrowed. Maybe Mint had just been more online lately. Thinking more positively, maybe he was sharing his photography online and getting some interaction over it. That'd be nice to see. Tsurai began to set the phone back down, his curiosity seemingly satisfied. But his hand stopped just above the table. The screen hovered an inch from the wood surface. Conflict locked Tsurai's muscles. *Put the phone down and move on. Put it down!*

Tsurai brought the phone back to himself, turning the screen on with a tap and swiping the notification down to read the details. It was a comment from some person he never heard of:

[DrFuxworth: Green hair? Odd choice. But your hot so I can look past it.]

Tsurai cringed as he read the comment. *What the hell is this?*

The bathroom door clicked. Tsurai shut the phone off and set it back down in a hurry. He pulled his own phone from his pocket and stared at a message on it while Mint walked back to his spot on the couch, none the wiser.

“Mal and Lottie are on their way back,” Tsurai said as calmly as possible, in spite of his running pulse and the sweat gathered on his palms.

Mint picked up his own phone, “Finally. I’m starving.”

Tsurai watched from the corner of his eye as Mint’s brow furrowed at his screen. He read the same comment that Tsurai saw earlier. He rolled his eyes with a grimace and put his phone back down on his leg. Tsurai pretended not to notice, but it was all he could think about now. Was that just some random person commenting on a selfie Mint posted? It couldn’t be more than that, right?

In the late hours of the night, back at his dorm, Tsurai opened his laptop. William was on the other side of the room, focusing on some project for his classes. Tsurai respectfully put headphones on, as he usually does. He opened his laptop to work on an assignment and play some music. But of course, social media got in the way first. Tsurai found himself opening twitter... and then remembering what he read on Mint’s phone earlier.

The tempting curiosity seized his mind again. And that guilt clenched his heart. Looking up the name of a commenter on a post Mint made— that was some stalker-level snooping. But he did it anyway. Tsurai attempted to search for the name he barely remembered, and it came up empty. He struggled to remember the odd spelling of that username. So instead, he tried to search the words of the comment the anonymous person left.

And then, after scrolling a bit, Mint’s photo appeared.

Heat rushed to Tsurai’s face from the initial shock of finding what he was looking for. And then doubly so, when he saw the nature of the photo Mint had posted. He had no shirt on, with cutoff denim shorts and high waisted briefs, tugging at the band of them. Half-turned from the camera, looking back to show his ass. The caption read, *‘excited to try some new gifts out. ty for the tips so I could buy them.’*

Tsurai hadn’t even noticed the ‘gifts’ in question hiding in the background. He reflexively swallowed at the site of them. Some large and some ribbed, some human and some... not. Odd shapes and colors, varying sizes. He scrolled to see a smattering of comments, most sharing their enthusiasm to watch Mint use those toys.

Tsurai couldn't believe what he was seeing. His eyes peeked up at William out of paranoia, worried that the reddening of his cheeks or the intensity of his staring at the computer screen would give something away. But William was faced away from him and busy with his work. Tsurai might as well be alone in the dorm. He swallowed reflexively and slowly scrolled his mouse over to click on Mint's profile. He was bombarded with more lewd photos of Mint, on the header and in additional posts. All of them were to advertise his Only Fans. Mint appeared to have a little over a few hundred followers. Tsurai wasn't sure how impressive that was for an account that just pedals an Only Fans subscription. He'd never been on the site, and didn't really know how it operated. A link to it sat in his bio, inviting and terrifying. The curiosity within Tsurai was like a tidal wave, unstoppable and destructive. It guided his hand. He clicked the link.

Tsurai darted his eyes from the screen initially once he followed the link, worried that he'd suddenly find naked photos and sexual videos of Mint. But that wasn't the case. He had to log in first. Tsurai let out a sigh of relief and debated making an account. How far was he going to go on this? Mint was within his right to make this sort of content online. And why wouldn't he? He's a handsome guy, and it's probably fun for him. He gets to make some side-money out of it, sure. But he didn't really need the money. So it must be some kind of hobby.

Still... Tsurai couldn't deny the heat in his neck, and the sweat gathered on his skin. His heart stammered and beat harshly. This was a secret he discovered, through unethical means. Tsurai would deny it in his mind, but it was because he wanted to see what Mint was posting. He wanted to see Mint in this context. He wanted Mint.

Tsurai made that login, using a pseudonym to remain anonymous. It took him a bit to think of something for a name. He felt silly for trying to pick one. Should it be... sex related? Some sort of pun? Something that reflected himself? His username could be something pretty generic, but he'd need a nickname as well. After mulling it over, he went with bigman5, and then wrote his first and last name as 'Spicy Boi'. Tsurai shrugged as he finished making his account.

On Mint's page were several posts, but they were all locked behind a paywall. Of course, that made sense. And now was yet another threshold of Tsurai's wavering morality. Making a login page was one thing, just to see. But *paying money* to see Mint's content was on a new level. It was an investment. It meant that he really did want to see sexual imagery of Mint. Tsurai hummed quietly in uneasy conflict. Perhaps he was getting in over his head.

In a sudden move, he shut his laptop. This was just getting too intense for him. Tsurai had satisfied his curiosity. He had already invaded Mint's privacy enough. Time to let it rest.

Tsurai set his laptop aside. There was no point in attempting to work on schoolwork tonight. He'd be too distracted. He settled on scrolling on his phone instead to kill a couple hours before bed. William remained quietly in his seat, continuing his work. The doom-scrolling took over quickly, serving as an excellent distraction to Tsurai and killing an hour in what felt like minutes. He suddenly was nudged on the shoulder and snapped back from his fog.

"I'll be back late," William said, "I'll have my key though."

"Okay," Tsurai replied quietly. This wasn't an unusual occurrence for William, he tended to wander at the late hours of the night. To where, Tsurai had no clue. He never elaborated.

William left the dorm, and locked the door behind himself with a quiet *thunk*. Tsurai was now alone. He resumed scrolling on his phone, wanting to maintain the distraction until he became tired. But the app he was on wasn't holding his interest much. His mind began to wander back to his laptop. He was alone now. It would be a lot more acceptable for him to be looking at... *unsightly* things without William five feet away. Tsurai rolled to retrieve his laptop again. Not allowing himself to think long enough to talk himself out of it. He opened his wallet and began punching in his card information. Enter. Subscribe. Open the page.

Mint was now on full display to him. Pictures and videos that were once blurred were now at Tsurai's fingertips. His heart hammered in his chest, and heat waves of blush filled his cheeks as he scrolled from post to post. Mint seemed to have a preference for certain types of content: Riding various dildos and boyfriend content. It seemed he liked to play a fantasy of being his subscriber's lover. Maybe he got better tips that way.

Tsurai placed a hand over his mouth, his eyebrow pinched in focus as he played a video of Mint riding a particularly large dildo. He recognized Mint's bedroom. The color of the wood floors he used to suction the dildo to. Tsurai fast-forward to the middle of the video, and Mint's moans rang from his laptop. Tsurai flinched and looked around the room in reflex; he had forgotten to put headphones in again. But he was alone. He turned the volume down a little just in case.

Mint's moans were a bit overdone, perhaps. He probably only shot these videos when Malcolm wasn't in the house. But what really sold his performance was the eye contact and just how easily he took the dildos into himself. His body leaned back as he grinded down on one with a wide base. A 'knot', he called it. Tsurai bit his lip as he watched Mint sink all the way down on it, having to work himself up to that point. Mint's eyes fluttered and he gasped. Tsurai could feel himself getting hard.

A little red message notification popped up on the side of the screen. It made Tsurai panic, as if whoever messaged him knew what he was looking at. He clicked on the message and found that it was directly from Mint.

[Mint: Hey Spicy! Thanks for subbing ;) I'm about to do a stream rn. Wanna watch?]

Tsurai held his breath. His mind reeled with wild fearful thoughts. Does Mint know? Is he caught? Should he reply? Should he watch the stream?

Mint's icon suddenly got a ring around it, with a little red dot. That must mean he went live. Tsurai hesitated, but clicked to open the video. His heart lurched when it just appeared to be

Mint setting up and looking at his screen. He sat on the edge of his bed and watched as subscribers signed on. The number of people watching hovered around forty-five. Tsurai wasn't sure if that was impressive by Only Fans metrics, but he personally found it impressive. Forty-five people in the world were attracted to Mint and paid to watch him. And now Tsurai was one of them. As people signed on, they wrote their own hello messages in the chat, and Mint greeted each of them by name.

"Spicy! Welcome!" Mint seemed enthusiastic to his new subscriber in particular. It made Tsurai's neck warm with the special attention, "Thanks again for subscribing. Glad to have you here. You're in for a fun time."

Tsurai's fingers hesitated over his keyboard. He typed his response in the chat.

[Spicy Boi: Thank you! You look very handsome :)]

Mint read the message and smiled. It made Tsurai's heart flutter, "Aww, thanks. That's sweet of you to say."

Tsurai couldn't help the smile on his face. He's called Mint handsome once or twice in the duration of their friendship, but this was different. This was anonymous and sincere. This was about Mint's attractiveness, and Tsurai didn't have to be scared of saying so.

Mint began his stream with casual conversation, talking about how his classes in an unnamed college were going, and his interest in photography. As he spoke though, he began to move back on his bed and strip. It seemed as though Mint was getting into a role. Gentle smiles and close conversation, eye-contact and compliments, all the while flirting and getting undressed. Tsurai remembered that he advertised a "boyfriend experience". It made sense to him then. Tsurai couldn't help but be a bit impressed at the way Mint fit the role so easily. He was able to manage streaming to multiple people, yet make each person feel like they were receiving special attention. He remembered their names and details about them. Asked about their lives and how things were going for them. Tsurai was enthralled by Mint's charisma; this side of him that was kept completely secret.

"Spicy, are you still watching? I love newbies. I'm excited to get to know you on a deeper level," Mint purred as he kneeled on his bed, and undid his belt.

Tsurai blushed intensely. The glow of his laptop surrounded him and pulled him in. Mint calling him out personally was like an injected dose of dopamine. He couldn't bring himself to respond, though. He felt like he had already pushed his luck.

Mint continued his casual conversation as he fully undressed himself. Once again, Tsurai had the instinctual urge to click off. The videos were one thing, but this was live. Tsurai knew exactly what his best friend was doing right now, where he was, and he had no idea. Of all the invasions of privacy Tsurai committed, this would be the most egregious. But his hands did not move. Mint

shifted the camera a little to get a good angle, and then laid back on his bed to play with himself. Apparently this was a more relaxed stream, where Mint pretended to be a sleepy boyfriend before bed. His cock in his hand grew hard quickly, and Mint spat in his palm to start stroking himself at a languid pace.

“Mmm-” Mint hummed and looked at the camera. At Tsurai. He let out a lovely little sigh and said, “I wish you were here right now. I want you so badly.” The air left Tsurai’s lungs. His dick twitched in his pants. He couldn’t touch himself. It felt wrong.

Mint continued to talk to him, “I want you to fuck me again,” He purred. His other hand rose up to his lips. Mint sucked two fingers as he stared at the camera. The chat spun by quickly as people replied to his request, but Tsurai didn’t read them. His eyes were trained on Mint, and on his mouth. Tsurai’s own hand moved to his lap, but he bit his lip and moved it back to grip the blanket beside him instead.

Mint pushed his fingers deep into his throat and hummed around them. He removed them with a gasp, sticking his tongue out. With spit-slick fingers, his hand snuck down to his entrance, prodding slowly, and speaking with a low, husky voice, “It’s hard for me to fall asleep when I miss you like this. I miss how your cock feels inside me.”

Tsurai set his laptop beside him and laid down more comfortably. But he still refused to touch himself. This was the least he could do. He could have *some* self-control.

“You’re touching yourself too, right?” Mint asked in that sweet voice of his, as if reading Tsurai’s mind. It broke his conviction instantly. As if he’d disappoint Mint if he wasn’t. Tsurai’s hand snaked below the waistband of his clothes and stroked himself, sighing with relief.

Mint’s fingers dipped inside himself, and his back rose off the bed in a beautiful arch. His hand seemed to quicken, “Fuck— I can feel it. Your dick inside me and fucking me so deep—” his voice hissed between teeth. Tsurai pictured it too. Above Mint, his cock buried inside. He watched Mint bounce on him with each thrust. Needing him. Begging for him.

Mint continued his charade. His words delivered deliciously from his lips. His hands worked in tandem to get himself closer. Tsurai’s too. His pants pushed down to stay out of the way, he panted and hummed quietly as he watched Mint. The way his eyes grew heavy and his cheeks dusted with pink. The dew that gathered on his skin and seemed to glow. And the eye contact. His piercing eyes as they watched Tsurai and begged for more.

“I’m close baby, will you come with me?” Mint announced between gritted teeth. Tsurai hummed in assent, as if Mint could hear him respond. He had been close for most of this intimate moment, but was trying to restrain himself to come at the same time.

“I’m coming—” Mint announced.

“Fuck– Mint,” Tsurai responded.

Tsurai was finally able to let himself go to the sounds of Mint gasping and moaning. Cum shot from Mint as he did his best to hold still. He tilted his hips up as he came, creating the illusion that his cum shot out farther, to his chest. Tsurai’s own laced between his jerking fingers, and onto his belly. Small whispered groans escaped his lips as his body spasmed in his bed. He repeated Mint’s name on his tongue, and imagined coming inside of his best friend.

Tsurai blinked through blurry eyes, refocusing on the screen. The chat was cluttered with comments. Mint was too busy licking his fingers to read them, but Tsurai saw. The other people in the chat wrote in how much they came, how much they adored Mint. Their own fantasies painted on him. They were feral at the sight of Mint cleaning himself up. His eyes trained on the camera as always as he scooped the cum from his chest to his lips.

Mint said his goodbyes slowly, wishing everyone a good night. The chat didn’t want him to sign off, demanding that he stay on and talk to them more, or even go another round. Mint simply laughed and applauded their enthusiasm. At last, he said his final goodbye, and the stream was over.

Tsurai sat in his darkened room. The screen now a dim blank black. The orgasm afterglow died with the stream, and Tsurai was left to fret over what he had done. He cleaned himself slowly, and pulled his pants up to hide his shame. He got up from his bed with a new heaviness to his body. The weight of his guilt slumped on his shoulders. What had he done? Tsurai made his way out of his dorm and to a nearby restroom to wash up. He tried not to stare at himself in the mirror. *What had he done?*

When Tsurai returned to his room, he fell to his bed and leaned over to shut his laptop. But another red message icon caught his eye. He clicked it and saw that Mint had reached out once again:

[Mint: Thanks for watching my stream. Hope it was as good for you as it was for me.
Dream about me tonight, okay? ;)]

Tsurai heaved a frustrated sigh and closed the laptop.

Days passed and Tsurai did his best to put everything out of his mind. He couldn’t help but be even more awkward around Mint, though. Try as he might, every time Tsurai caught a glimpse of his face, a flash of memory would shove its way to the forefront, and Tsurai would have to avert his gaze to any other direction. Mint probably noticed it, but didn’t bring it up. He was being dodgy too, afterall. Hiding this secret from everyone.

Things were easier in class, at least. Tsurai wasn’t near Mint, and he wasn’t alone and tempted in his dorm. Tsurai sighed as he took his seat in his usual corner. He brought his laptop out from his bag and opened it up. Upon waking up, the first thing he saw was the message page on Only Fans. Tsurai’s breath caught in his throat and his eyes darted around the room, scared

he'd be noticed. But his screen pointed toward a wall. Still, he tilted it closer to himself and reduced the brightness on his screen.

There was an unread message from Mint sent the day prior:

[Mint: How are you doing today? Haven't heard from you. Feel free to reach out! I want to get to know you.]

Tsurai hadn't really spoken to Mint in the last few days. He can barely bring himself to utter a word to his best friend. The sound of Mint's moans echoed in his ears whenever he tried. It'd be kind of nice to chat here, uninhibited.

[Spicy Boi: I'm good. Haven't been sleeping too great, but not bad. How are you?]

Tsurai sent the message, and immediately felt regret. This was silly. He could easily have the same conversation with Mint right now, without tempting fate. Without this weird anonymous persona. Mint probably didn't even message much on here, he's not going to get a response any time soon...

Three dots appeared. Tsurai's heart stopped. The lecture in class had started, but he couldn't bring himself to listen or care.

[Mint: Doing well, just kinda bored in class rn. Sorry you haven't slept well. Want me to send a pic to help wake you up? ;)]

No.

[Spicy Boi: Sure.]

Why the hell was he doing this?!

Tsurai's heart pounded in his chest as those three dots appeared again. Tsurai triple-checked that no one else would have the opportunity to see his screen. No one was walking by. No one could see at this angle. Maybe he should still close the page. He shouldn't chance it if Mint sent something particularly raunchy.

The photo appeared. Tsurai held his breath and his eyes poured over it. His cheeks heated and pooled red to match his hair.

[Spicy Boi: That... wow. You... I don't know what to say. Thank you?]

[Mint: LOL you're welcome.]

Tsurai hummed with anxiety and hovered his mouse over the little red X to close the page. This was too much for him to deal with while in class. All of it was too much. He should just delete his profile. Then never speak a word of this to anyone. Take it to the grave.

[Mint: Tell me about yourself.]

[Spicy Boi: What do you want to know?]

[Mint: What do you do? What do you look like?]

Tsurai hesitated. How much was he supposed to be honest about here? Well, he could keep it somewhat vague. No specific details to lead Mint to any conclusions.

[Spicy Boi: I'm in college too. It's weird to describe myself though. Kinda muscly, I guess? I work out a lot.]

[Mint: Mmm, my favorite ;)]

[Mint: How much can you lift?]

[Spicy Boi: Depends on the exercise. I can deadlift 350ish.]

[Mint: Oh so you could easily lift me up, yeah? Hold me up against a wall or in the air while we fuck. So hot.]

Tsurai's face heated again. The image inserted in his mind by Mint made him squeeze his eyes shut. He looked at his screen in bewilderment. Mint was trying to sext him right now! In class?! Was he really just on his phone in class right now sending these texts? How many times was Mint sexting while they were all hanging out?

[Mint: Would you want that? Fuck me against a wall? Throw me around and do what you want with me?]

Tsurai couldn't respond. He's never written stuff like this before. What would he type back? '*Yeah, sounds fun.*' Or something stupid like that? Tsurai closed out the tab. He shook his head and tried his best to clear his mind and listen to the lecture instead.

The day rolled on. And Tsurai found himself face-to-face with Mint. Well, not exactly face-to-face. They sat across from each other in the library, along with Malcolm and Lottie. Mint had his laptop open, but he glanced at his phone every few seconds. Tsurai also had his own laptop open, and he also constantly glanced up at Mint every few seconds. Neither of them were getting any work done. Every time Mint stopped to look down at his screen, Tsurai felt a flare of frustration.

He knew exactly what Mint was up to. Who else was he messaging? What was he writing? It drove Tsurai mad. He'd never once felt a tinge of possessiveness before. It was the mystery of it all— Mint keeping this double-life a secret. He played a role, and did it well, and Tsurai was a testament to that. He fell for it too. But seeing Mint just across the table from him, doing the same routine with other strangers... It bothered Tsurai.

Tsurai rotated his laptop just a bit to make sure Lottie beside him wouldn't be able to see his screen. He turned the brightness down. And then he messaged Mint back.

[Spicy Boi: I would do all of that and more.]

He was not exactly used to writing such things. Trying to think of specific details to send to Mint made him struggle to type it out. How do people write this kind of stuff with a straight face? Mint's eyes glanced at his phone again. He picked it up and a small grin appeared briefly before hiding with his palm over his chin. Tsurai's heart dropped to his stomach, and he cursed at the heat rising up his neck.

[Mint: Oh? And More? Like what?]

Tsurai decided to type for some time in an empty word document. Not anything in particular. He couldn't focus enough to write an assignment. But he had to make sure it didn't seem like he was typing a message back to Mint. It'd be too obvious. After a few minutes, Tsurai switched back to the tab and struggled to elaborate. He chewed his inner cheek as he thought of how to respond. What would he want to do to Mint? His eyes glanced to him. Something deep within his mind erupted forth. The things he had been suppressing for weeks now.

[Spicy Boi: I could be rough. But I'd also want to kiss you. All over your body.]

It wasn't the sexiest, he supposed. But it was honest. Tsurai stole a glance from Mint again. He was already looking at his phone with an expression of... sentimentality? He smiled as if looking at a photo of an adorable little puppy. Tsurai's cheeks burned. Maybe what he said was too sincere.

[Mint: You're a romantic. That's refreshing. Did you like yesterday's stream then? Laying on my back and fantasizing about you fucking me? Telling you how much I missed you?]

Tsurai took less time to respond. His eyes glued to the screen.

[Spicy Boi: Yeah. I liked that a lot. I wanted to be able to hold you while I fucked you.]

Mint remained on his phone. He looked at the screen, read the message. He huffed through his nose and shook his head slightly with a smile. He then put his phone down on the table to focus on school work.

Tsurai silently stared at Mint, then glanced his eyes down to his keyboard. What was that look? That little chuff Mint did? Was what Tsurai sent bad? Embarrassing? Inappropriate? His face burned bright, he could feel it. This singular embarrassment that only he could know about. It was soul-crushing. He couldn't stand it.

"I... think I need to leave a bit early," Tsurai spoke. He shut his laptop.

"Really? You okay?" Lottie was the first to ask, but the other two looked at him with similar questions in their eyes.

Tsurai placed his laptop in his bag, unable to look at anyone for fear of being caught with the shade of red that plagued his face, "I'm fine, I'm just kinda tired."

"I think I'll be heading back to the apartment too," Mint announced.

"Damn I didn't realize it'd be cut short today," Malcolm remarked, and then turned to Lottie, "Well, we can either keep studying, or we can go do something fun instead." His eyebrows wiggle at Lottie, goading her into shirking her responsibilities.

Lottie smiled and rolled her eyes, "Study first. Fun after. Midterms are coming up."

Malcolm seemed to pout at her response, "Alright, alright," He looked to Mint and Tsurai, "See you guys later, then."

Lottie also smiled at them, "Have a good night!"

Mint replied to them both while Tsurai got up in a hurry. It was strikingly odd how Tsurai was behaving, so Mint moved to catch up with him. On their way out of the library, Mint tried to speak to Tsurai, some concern in his tone, "You sure you're okay?"

Tsurai was trying everything to avoid looking in Mint's direction, afraid Mint would somehow read his mind and find out what he'd been doing. Instead, Tsurai put on his usual mask of jovialness to get Mint to drop it, "Totally! Just didn't sleep great last night, so I can't really focus on my studies anyway," He quickly changed the subject, "What are you going to do?"

Mint hummed with doubt, but decided to take Tsurai at his word, "I don't know. Probably just hang out and watch TV or something."

Lies. Total lies. Mint didn't watch TV unless someone was watching it with him. Otherwise, he said it was a waste of time. Tsurai knew what he'd be up to. With Malcolm out of the apartment, he'd be able to do a video or stream for the evening. The thought of it made Tsurai's face flush all over again. He couldn't take it anymore. His pace quickened out the door of the library, and he was eager to go separate ways from Mint with a curt goodnight. Mint was left on the sidewalk

to watch Tsurai walk away. It was clear he was bothered by the abruptness, but Tsurai had to do it.

Frustrated with himself, Tsurai returned to his dorm. William was out again. Convenient. Tsurai locked the door behind himself and set his bag on the ground. He flopped on to his bed with a huff and slung his arm over his face.

What was that look Mint made?

Tsurai thought about what it would be like if he tried to flirt with Mint in person. To try to talk about sex with him. Compared to Mint, Tsurai was basically a virgin. He'd say all the wrong things. Mint would smirk at him and shake his head, as if Tsurai told a stupid joke. Tsurai rubbed his face harshly to banish the embarrassment. He was in too deep. He really needed to just delete his account and forget any of this ever happened.

Tsurai slowly adjusted his posture on his bed, taking a reclined seat against the pillows. He slowly retrieved his laptop and opened it. The site had to reload. On the Only Fans main page again, there were no new messages, but an announcement post from Mint.

I will be going live again tonight! And I'll be hosting a competition. Whoever donates the most during tonight's live stream will get to be in my very first PRIVATE stream! A gift for my biggest supporter! ;)

A private stream. Mint's first. Whoever would win, they would probably be some rich asshole who's way older than him. The thought of it made Tsurai's stomach twist. The stream was planned to start in about thirty minutes. Maybe, Tsurai thought, he could be the winner. Maybe he could be the one to donate and get the private stream with Mint. There wouldn't be *that* many people he needed to compete with.

The red ring appeared around Mint's profile image. He went live. Tsurai didn't hesitate to click in. The moment the stream opened, he saw the tips pouring in. Mint thanked each of them with growing enthusiasm. Tsurai bit his lip with dread. This was going to be more costly than he thought. He decided to hold off. To see how high these prices go before making the commitment.

"Hey everyone. Welcome back. I'm going to keep this stream relatively short this time. So if you want to see more of me, better start tipping!" Mint declared. He was clad in the same clothes he wore earlier. His fingers deftly loosen the familiar button-down, and he shrugged his shirt off. He unbuckled his belt and watched the camera. His eyes flitted to the donations and a smile crept across his face.

"Daddycash, you're so generous," Mint thanked, "Looks like you really want that private time with me." *Daddy.. cash*. Tsurai already hated that name. It's cringey as hell. He looked to see how much the guy had donated.

“250 dollars?!” Tsurai said to the empty room.

A comment from the guy in question scrolled by:

[Daddycash: there's plenty more where that came from baby. Can't wait to have you all to myself.]

Tsurai grit his teeth and checked his bank account. Alright. Fine. He would play ball.

Mint had loosened his pants and lowered them just enough to let his half-hard cock peak from his waistband. He had a toy in his hand, a small glass dildo he used to warm himself up. Mint licked and sucked at it on camera while he studied the comments and donations. Mint smiled and responded to the comment Tsurai read earlier, “I look forward to it, daddy. Unless someone can outdo you.”

As if on cue, Mint's eyes widened at his screen and he let out an incredulous laugh, “Shit, looks like someone did! Spicy Boi, I thought you were a college student! Where'd you get that money?”

A triumphant huff escaped Tsurai's nose. Any immediate regret that came from throwing \$300 at Mint faded away at his acknowledgement. Take that, Daddycash!

Mint sat back on the bed and lowered his clothes, splaying his legs to let the viewers see. He began to push the toy in, sighing and relaxing around it. His wrists moved gently and fluidly to work himself open. His cock began to twitch to life.

“I'll just sit back here and play with myself while you two duke it out for my affections.”

Tsurai bit his lip as he watched Mint tease him. The comments surged about his sudden lead on donations. It made him smile with satisfaction. But merely a few minutes later, that annoying bastard Daddycash donated again. \$350.

Tsurai clicked his tongue and checked the time on his laptop. This guy probably does have more money than Tsurai can compete with, so strategy and a little bit of luck would be necessary. The minutes ticked by. Mint continued to play with himself, graduating from the small toy to a proper-sized dildo. He mounted it to the floor and slowly sat down on it with a long moan. His words stuttered and his cock twitched heavily as he sat forward to read comments and talk to his audience.

“I- gotta let it- sit inside a minute,” Mint's difficulty speaking lit a fire in Tsurai that rushed through his skin. Mint continued, “L-looks like daddy- is in the lead. Only a few minutes left.”

Mint's eyes lost focus from the camera as he began to slowly rise and fall on the dildo. His eyelids fluttered and he let out an airy sigh as he sunk further and further down. Then, slowly back up. Once fully seated, he began to touch himself.

He did his best to speak as he rode the dildo, trying to spur on the audience in the final minutes of the timer, "I have a special surprise for the winner. I got this new toy. You'll be able to control its vibration and movement. You'll be able to manipulate me however you want."

Tsurai's cock twitched beneath his pants. He wanted that. He wants to be able to make Mint moan by his control. No one else can have this.

The chat courses by in rapid comments about how unfair it is that only one person gets this privilege. Most viewers are too poor to compete for the opportunity. Glimpses of that DaddyCash guy's comments appear in the mix, bragging about the futility of being beaten. One other person tried competing with him. The top donation bid was now at \$450. Tsurai counted the remaining seconds. In the last moment, he hit enter. One final bid.

The alarm Mint had set goes off. He leaned in to see who won, and a surprised smile flashes on his face, "Congrats, Spicy Boi! Thank you for the \$500 tip." He leaned back and stroked himself, looking at the camera to speak to Tsurai directly, "Excited to be your toy."

Comments erupt, dunking on DaddyCash and congratulating Tsurai instead. The adrenaline of throwing so much money around and winning pulse in his ears. Mint concluded the stream in a hurry, eager to try out his new toy instead. The screen went dark, and Tsurai was left to wait for Mint to message him.

Several minutes passed. The notification appeared. Tsurai opened it, and it simply carries a link that Mint sent. Tsurai clicked it to find himself in a new stream, just him and Mint. It felt oddly quiet in comparison to the chaos of the stream prior.

"Hey, Spicy," Mint greeted him. Mint was still naked, but sat in a more relaxed position on the edge of the bed, "Don't tell anyone, but I'm glad you won. That DaddyCash guy is kind of a douche."

Tsurai chuckled and typed in return:

[Spicy Boi: I got that vibe. Didn't want him to have you.]

Mint smiled and moved toward the camera to adjust the positioning as he spoke "My hero. Excited to fuck me with my new toy?"

[Spicy Boi: Yes please.]

“Please? You're cute for begging. But you've earned this.” Mint lays back on the bed and sets the camera in that same view as the first time Tsurai watched him. From this angle he could get a good visual of Mint's body as he writhed on the toy.

Mint revealed the toy and held it up for Tsurai to see. It had a familiar dildo shape, teal green and stiff. Mint held down a button, and the dildo began to whirl to life. It vibrated in his hand. Each time Mint clicked a button, the pattern of the vibrations would change. He pushed a different button, and the end-length of the dildo began to move upward in a rhythmic pattern.

Mint hummed with excitement, “This is gonna feel so good inside me. You'll be able to do certain inputs to change the speed and movement. I sent you a guide in your DMs. Try it out.”

Tsurai took a moment to write one of the inputs in the chat. A few seconds of delay passed, and then the dildo's pattern of movement changed. Mint laughed with enthusiasm, “Great! I'm glad it works.”

Tsurai lowered his own pants and briefs, allowing his cock to spring free. He needed to situate himself to better type with his left hand while his right was occupied. He layed comfortably on his bed and set his laptop on a pillow beside himself.

Mint manually powered the dildo off and spoke with that sultry performance voice, “Need to get this prepped first. It's pretty big. You'll fill me up so nicely.”

Placing the dildo to his lips, Mint swirled his tongue around the tip of it as he hummed. He tipped himself back, laying on the bed and displaying himself for Tsurai to watch. He pushed the dildo further and further to his throat, while his other hand gently played at his entrance. In response, Tsurai started his own languid pace, enjoying the view. Mint's glassy eyes made contact with his as he slid the dildo all the way down his throat, then removed it with a gasp. Then pushed it back in, further down his throat, again and again. He hummed and gagged around it. Drool gathered on his lips. Tsurai can't help but to think about how good it would feel for Mint to take him to the back of his throat like that. Mint's eyes trained on him while he gagged on his length. Tsurai spat in his hand and stroked himself faster.

Mint finally removed the dildo from his mouth and moved it down to hold it at his entrance, “I'm going to turn it on, but give me a fighting chance, okay? I need to warm up a bit with it,” he said with a chuckle to his voice.

Tsurai chuffed quietly and does as he's requested. Mint took a moment to relax with a long sigh, then slowly began to sink the dildo inside himself with a moan. Tsurai bit his own lip and watched with a hitched breath, imagining what it'd be like to slip into Mint, catching that first soft moan on his lips. The dildo disappeared further and further. Mint's other hand stroked his cock gently. His eyes moved from the camera to down at what he was doing.

The dildo was a little over halfway inside when Tsurai typed in the first command.

Mint let out a surprised yelp that transformed into a hissed groan. He looked at the camera with a snide grin, "Couldn't wait, huh?"

The vibrations pulse and the end of it curled upward over and over. Mint angled it deeper to hit his favorite spot. He cursed his head shot back on the pillow. Tsurai's hand sped up. He did this. He made Mint moan on his cock.

"F-fuck you feel so good," Mint sighed through the feeling. His hands moved, one to fuck the dildo into himself, the other to stroke himself. Tsurai typed in a new command, intensifying the movements of the toy. Mint responded with more unabashed groans.

[Spicy Boi: I love being inside you.]

Mint read the comment and smiled. He played into the fantasy with ease, "Your cock fills me up so well. God, I want you to come inside me. Will you? Will you come for me?"

Tsurai could barely type the word yes in response. His dick fucked into his hand quickly as Mint writhed on the bed and poured adoring words from his lips, "Fuck me good, baby. I'm gonna come on your cock. Fuck- fuck!"

Mint's breath gave out and his hands stopped moving. His body squirmed and his eyes fluttered as his orgasm rushed through him. The dildo continued to move inside him, forcing Mint's come out in broken spurts. His mouth locked open and moaned without inhibition. This wasn't a performance, it was sincere. The sight pushed Tsurai over the edge. He came between his fingers with a choked groan. He forced his eyes to stay open, to watch every second of Mint coming around him.

The two panted in their own rooms, coming down from the warm buzz of their high. Mint giggled as he realized he lost his persona for a moment. He got a little too into his toy.

"Fuck. That was good. Did you enjoy the show?" He moaned with a rasp as he turned the toy off and slowly pulled it out of himself.

Tsurai typed with clunky fingers to respond.

[Spicy Boi: It felt so good, Mint.]

Mint smiled, his face relaxed in the afterglow, "Hope your day is better now. It's probably late where you are. Get some sleep."

Tsurai smiled in return, and typed without thinking.

[Spicy Boi: Nah it's barely 8pm! Still gotta study for midterms.]

Mint read the message and stared at it for much longer than he should, his mouth a hard line. His mind was putting all the details together. Spicy, works out, in college. Same time zone. Midterms.

A deep, uncharacteristic blush formed from the bridge of Mint's nose to the tips of his ears. His eyes darted to the camera, and he asked with disbelief, "...Tsurai?"

Tsurai's heart stopped. He slammed the laptop shut.