

Content Warning: Mint and William dislike each other. They get into a fight (shoving match), and then bone. It is consensual, but not without surprised and confused feelings.

NSFW Content: Pinning, hair-pulling, light choking, grinding, and copious amounts of glaring.

There was peace in the dark room. The eerie, dim red light glowed with a quiet din, tracing Mint's silhouette against a nearby wall. It was just enough to illuminate Mint as he worked with an absent mind on developing the photos for his next project. This was among his favorite pastimes, as the dark room was still and quiet. A handful of people could fill this room, and it quickly became stuffy during class periods. That's why Mint chose weekends to be here. It was a sacred moment of solitude, to allow him to work through his tangled thoughts with busied hands.

Here is where memories, worries, and anxieties filled the silence. All were allowed a chance in the forefront of Mint's mind. Without anyone else to talk to, Mint found himself usually mumbling through whole conversations to himself. Arguments and apologies he couldn't speak beyond a whisper accompanied the quiet drips of the water baths.

And then, a click of the outer door. Mint's ears perked, and he sighed. Sometimes another person would come in, breaking the hypnosis. He'd politely allow the disruption of his consciousness as they quietly checked their own photos.

The inner door opened, the person entering was shrouded in shadows. They recognized Mint before he could see them.

"Ugh. You." William sneered. He squinted at Mint. Maybe to see him in the dark, or just in disdain. Probably both.

"Great," Mint rolled his eyes, already prepared for the unsolicited onslaught of monologuing.

"Late again to develop your photos, hm?" William accused. He proceeded to the opposite side of the now-cramped room to check on his own photos. They hung along a length of twine, held by clothespins. He plucked one from its spot and peered down at the result of his work.

"Have you ever heard of this cool new trend called minding your own business?" Mint retorted.

William chuckled, "I don't bend to the will of the masses. So, what contrived concentration did you choose for this project?"

Mint sighed, "William. With as much disrespect as possible to you, fuck off."

William tutted and turned to Mint, "Uncouth. Are you afraid I will point out how shoddy your work is again? And with the deadline so close too," His voice took on that usual sing-song tone to jeer.

Mint gritted his teeth. He'd never admit it, but it's true that this project went poorly. Mint has struggled with inspiration lately. Even his drive to be creative has wilted in the face of his welling anger and self-loathing. William didn't need to point out the obvious; this was not his best work.

The frustration within Mint compounded. He could hear William's footsteps approaching from behind. Probably to invade his space. To peer over Mint's shoulder and pass judgment on the blotchy images in his hands. Mint pivoted on his feet and faced William, stopping the shorter man in his tracks.

"Leave me the fuck alone," Mint glowered.

His words didn't phase William. A corner of his lips tugged upward in a smug grin, and he crossed his arms, "So it's true. I had caught word that you were being more unpleasant than usual lately."

Mint wasn't expecting that. His guard lowered and he asked before he could regret the question, "What?"

"Seems as though you've been on a downward spiral, no? What could be causing your self-sabotage, I wonder?" William bemused. Mint stood still, unsure of what William had heard about him. William continued, "I'm sure it's nothing significant. Afterall, how much turmoil could a sniveling rich kid really be going through?"

That struck a nerve. "You don't know a fucking thing about me," Mint hissed.

"Enough to know you have no room to act like some brooding ingrate!" William declared.

Mint snapped. His nerves severed, his patience depleted. It was enough that he was so disappointed in himself, it was too much to hear someone else express their distaste. Especially someone like William, who was already so unbearable. Mint suddenly shoved William backward, pushing into him toward the opposite wall. William yelped and let out a huff as his back collided with the painted cement behind him. He clawed at Mint's forearm pressed against his collarbones. Mint's face was a steely glare, with quiet burning fury bubbling just beneath the emotionless surface.

William squirmed under him, glaring back. "What are you-"

Mint pushed harder, pressing more of his weight against William. William wedged his hands between them, pushing back against Mint's abdomen in a failed attempt to force him away.

"You little shit-"

They shoved and pushed and struggled, knocking pictures that hung from the wall. Mint grabbed Williams' wrists and pinned them above his head to claim control. Mint leaned hard against him with all his weight, pushing from his toes. They paused there, both panting. William stared up into Mint's eyes, silent and seething. Mint wasn't exactly sure anymore what he was doing. His oozing anger was driving him. The pot had boiled over, and this felt long overdue. William was going to listen. He was going to understand how inferior he was. And then he would never utter Mint's name again.

"From day one you've been an asshole-" Mint spat the word as if it tasted bitter, "and you shit-talk me with so much confidence-" his words cut short with a grunt.

William had tried to knee him, squirming and bucking. "You oaf!"

"Stop moving!"

Mint pressed in with his waist and legs, restraining William further. Both were still again. Mint let out an exasperated huff, trying to remember what he was saying. He mustered an intimidating stare, taking in the pink flush on William's face and how his tousled hair clung around his forehead.

"You think you can intimidate me like this?"

Mint scoffed. "I think it's working."

William bucked again, Mint pushed back with a hiss escaping his teeth. At this point, he didn't really have a reason to keep William pressed against the wall. Mint had made it clear he was stronger, able to physically put William in his place. But there was something else driving him to remain in their entanglement. A perplexing feeling of power that heated his face and quickened his heart.

"Would you-" William tried again, bucking against him. Except, he wasn't pushing from his shoulders anymore, he was pushing with his hips.

Is he...?

Mint groaned shortly at the unexpected pressure. His instincts set off a flicker of alarm in his brain. Mint leaned back from William, keeping his wrists up against the wall at arms-length. His eyes were now wide with disbelief.

“You-”

William flushed deeper. “Shut up! You’re- you’re imagining-”

Aggravation flickered back into his eyes. Mint glared at him. “Don’t tell me what to do.”

“Shut up, you-”

Mint rushed in on him, pushing him flat on the wall again. Their bodies pressed tightly, and Mint spoke low, sharp words into William’s ear, “ Don’t. Tell me. What to do. ”

William snarled at him again, “Then stop talking- gnnh-”

Mint raised his leg up between Williams, hitting his groin harshly, “then don’t fucking tell me what-” He cut himself off with a shallow inhale when William rutted against his thigh.

Something clicked. A familiar drive that was quietly urging Mint’s hips closer to Williams. He was surprised at the tightness in his pants, and the slip of William’s hip along his dick. Mint found himself rutting forward against William, increasing the friction, and he failed to pinch back the groan in his throat.

They panted as their pace picked up, William grinding against Mint, hips barely able to hitch forward from where he’s pinned to the wall. At some point, William slipped a hand from Mint’s hold and it fell to grip Mint’s lower back, urging him to grind harder.

“I-” William clawed at the hem of Mint’s shirt, then slipped his fingers along the waistband of Mint’s pants.

“Yeah, yeah-” Mint gasped as William popped the button loose, tugging everything down to allow Mint’s dick to spring free. Cloudy white pearled at his tip. Mint reached down to roughly pull at Williams pants.

William stopped Mint with a grip to his fingers, getting them both to pause long enough to huff out a single word, “condom?”

Mint was lost in the question. The pendulum swung so quickly from anger to lust that it left him dizzy. His mind reeled, grasping to catch up on the change of events. Was this what he wanted to happen? His body reacted before his mind could think things through.

“Well?” William demanded, in that usual condescending, infuriating tone.

Mint clenched his jaw, the irritation reigniting his resolve. He wrestled his wallet from the back pocket of his pants, still hung loosely around his thighs. When he produced a condom from the slot of his wallet, William scoffed.

“Classy.”

“God, do you ever shut the fuck up?” Mint spoke between his teeth as he bit the wrapper open.

“Only when I’m made to.”

The snide look on his face was enough reason for Mint to take the bait. He spun William and pressed him to the wall. William’s palms and cheek touched the smooth surface as Mint gripped the hair at the base of his skull. With his other hand, Mint rolled the condom over the tip of his dick, and tugged William’s pants free. He spat into his palm, slicked his length, and began to guide his dick toward William’s ass.

“Know where you’re aiming?” William asked.

Mint wasn’t sure what that meant, “huh?”

“I’m not a sodomite. Make sure to put it in the right place.”

William wasn’t making any sense. Mint glanced down at where he was pointing himself and finally understood. It was fairly easy to miss in the dim light.

“Oh- I didn’t realize,” Mint fumbled through his words.

“Don’t sound too concerned,” William retorted with dripping sarcasm.

This was all very new territory to him. Of course Mint was going to sound a little unsure.

“Feel free to back out now, if you’re too much of a coward. I figure you’re about as mediocre at fucking as you are taking photos anyw-” William’s words were cut short with a hiss as Mint pressed inside him. The pain and stretch brought pin pricks of tears to his eyes and a haggard grin to his face.

The remaining length of his dick pushed inside, and Mint breathed out a long groan. The sensations around his dick were different from what he was used to. There was more grip, more distributed pressure around his dick that felt way too good. When the skin of his hips met William’s, he paused to stifle a shudder.

Composure, control. Mint needed to regain it. As William was on the verge of uttering yet another taunt, Mint yanked his head back with a fist-full of hair. William looked up, straining his neck against the tug, and swallowed.

“Shut. Up.”

Mint started fucking William at a tempo that was harsh and fast. William groaned, spreading his fingers along the wall and bracing his legs to the floor to keep stable. With one hand clutched in his hair and another digging into his skin, he was rocked back and forward. The fighting and struggling left them both already overheated. Their clothes seemed to melt off them, shrugged off and dripped down along with their sweat. In the dark red room, with no windows and open tubs of water, it felt like a sauna. Wet fingers slipped along the wall and gripped hip bones. Only the sounds of light buzzing were available to cover their grunts. Mint tried not to think about the unlocked door. William was thrilled by the chance of it opening.

Between punched-out breaths, William tried to taunt Mint more, “This is it? Just jabbing in-”

His words were cut off again, this time with Mint releasing his hand from the tangle of hair and placing his palm over William’s mouth. The change in angle drew out a series of moans from William’s lips, muffled and reverberating against Mint’s palm. William shifted his weight, standing on his toes and supporting himself along the wall with one braced forearm. His other hand wedged itself under his loosened pants, eager to rub himself and chase an orgasm.

Finally with enough silence, Mint was allowed to focus on the sensation. He felt the ring of muscles around his dick pulse and squeeze, as if beckoning him to cum. His breath began to hitch as his pace became sloppy.

And then William bit the inside of his hand.

“Fuck! Ah! What the hell?” Mint yelped. He released William and backed away, his orgasm dieing.

“Unsurprisingly, you’re hasty to rush to the finish line,” William chided. He peeled himself from the wall and made two paces to a nearby counter. As Mint watched, William disrobed entirely, cooling himself to the air. Not breaking eye contact, William lifted himself onto the counter, leaning back and opening his legs. Despite himself, Mint’s dick twitched.

“Try again, and this time, use common courtesy and let me cum first.”

God, he’s so annoying. Mint was beyond disbelief at how he could be so infuriated and horny at the same time. His face was red hot, his skin crawled, and his jaw clenched. The only thing keeping him from zipping his pants back up at this point was the tight wind in his gut, and the

animalistic urge to use William like a toy. He didn't particularly give a shit whether William got off before him.

Mint approached William again, sinking his cock back in and watching with satisfaction as William's pompous air faltered at the feeling of being filled. Before he started his pace again, Mint knelt forward and said, "If you want to get off, hurry the fuck up." Before William could say anything, Mint placed each hand around his neck, just tight enough to stop the words in his throat, and plunged forward. He picked up a brutal pace, burying his dick as far in as he could. It stretched William deliciously, brushed inside him in all the right places. And with their new position, Mint was able to thrust deeper, pushing up the tight skin of William's abdomen. Mint told him to hurry, but there wasn't much need for rushing. William rubbed himself and his orgasm slammed through him.

Mint cursed, biting his lip as William moaned and came around him. The pulsing muscles massaged around his aching cock, and Mint couldn't hold back. He came too, mixing his moans with Williams and squeezing his fingers tightly in reflex. William's eyes rolled back, his tongue lolled. His breathing cut out for a few glorious seconds.

A few more broken thrusts, a long sigh or relief.

"Fuck," Mint finally spoke, his word falling flat in the now silent room. His hands loosened, and William sucked in new air.

Mint backed up just enough to pull out of William, looking down and wondering what exactly he just accomplished. Did he really put William in his place? Seems as though he was the one being ordered around the whole time. Mint clicked his tongue and moved away to button his pants up.

William's legs shook as he brought his knees back together. He slid from the countertop, huffing and fumbling to retrieve his clothing.

The moment he caught his breath again, William spoke to say, "Well, that was a pretty average experience-."

Mint was already out the door. It closed shut with a click.