

This is a continuation of an earlier written piece.
Here's a quick summary if you don't feel like re-reading the first one:

Malcolm is woefully unsuccessful with getting dates. After whining and complaining for so many weeks about his lackluster love life, Mint became fed up and offered to help Malcolm out. One thing led to another, and Mint ended up blowing Malcolm. There were many conflicted thoughts and feelings, but Malcolm couldn't help himself. He was just too dang horny.

Mint opened his bedroom door to greet the late morning. The usual percussion of pans and spoons in the kitchen woke him up. Malcolm was in the kitchen, already making breakfast. It was normal for Malcolm to be awake first, and his routine began with preparing some coffee for when Mint arose later. The smell of coffee wafted through the house, and Mint took a deep breath in and let out a long yawn that echoed in the hallway. The noises from the kitchen immediately stopped. Mint rubbed the sleep from his eyes and moved casually toward the living room. Upon turning the corner, he realized that Malcolm had frozen mid-task, still holding a frying pan in one hand. Like a meek animal being eyed by a hunter, the only thing that seemed to move was the heavy thrumming of his chest. Mint audibly sighed and took his usual seat at the dining table.

"Morning," Mint spoke first, trying to scrape some semblance of nonchalance to put Malcolm at ease. But Malcolm didn't respond. He swallowed and resumed making breakfast.

To say there wasn't a new, heavy, thick, tension in the air of the apartment now would be a lie. Malcolm could barely make eye contact with Mint, let alone speak to him. Mint could only extend empathy and patience. He knew what they did last night had shaken Malcolm's core. He was green to the world of casual sex. So it made sense that Malcolm would find it difficult to navigate his emotions now that lines have been crossed. Mint and Malcolm were best friends— platonic best friends. That was a fact. But they also had engaged in some deviance. That was also a fact. And most of all, Malcolm considered himself straight. What happened last night certainly rocked that boat too.

A coffee was already placed in Mint's spot, like any other day. So at least Malcolm still wanted to try to behave in his usual way. Mint sipped the coffee and savored it. Malcolm knew by heart how Mint liked it. With a gentle tone, Mint sighed again and said, "Let's talk about it, Mal. You don't have to overthink things."

Malcolm whirled around from the stove to face Mint, suddenly overwhelmed with exasperation, "How can I not overthink it?! Does this mean I'm gay now?!"

"Seriously?" Mint deadpanned, "Are my blowjob skills so good that you've sworn off women forever?"

Malcolm seemed to flinch at the word 'blowjob' as if it were a curse. It brought up imagery in his mind of Mint blushing red and choking on his cock. The memory zapped a slight tingle that vibrated to his fingertips. Malcolm turned his head back to making breakfast with embarrassment, "No. But what now, then?"

Mint shrugged, "Like I said, don't overthink it. If it's bugging you so much, then it was a one-time thing and we can just forget about it. Nothing wrong with trying something out and deciding you didn't like it."

Malcolm exhaled sharply through his nose. Such a neat little bow to wrap up the conflict with. Well, fine. He'll just have to do what Mint suggested. Malcolm switched the stove off and served the breakfast he made to the both of them. As he brought the plates to the table, Malcolm said, "Okay. Let's forget about it."

But of course, he couldn't. Mint watched Malcolm put on a rigid act. He tried to move and speak fluidly and stammered in the process. He stared down at his plate in silence. Mint chose to dismiss it. Time was all that was needed now. Feelings would pass, and the two would return back to normal.

Over the next few days, Mal struggled to interact with Mint. His shoulders remained taught and tense despite speaking normally. Mint gave Malcolm physical space. He would offer to hang out, play video games or watch movies. He didn't take it personally when Malcolm declined. Things got easier each morning. Mint maintained a solid presence, and encouraged Malcolm to resume his usual habits. Eventually, they settled back into their friendship.

As it turned out, with some luck, Malcolm got a date not long after. Perhaps there was some new-found confidence that Malcolm had discovered. Either way, he happily swiped through the photos of the pretty girl's tinder profile while bragging to Mint.

"She said she's majoring in math too, and we both joked about how we are probably gonna wind up being math teachers by the end of it," Malcolm continued, "I feel like I actually have a chance with this one!"

Mint couldn't help but laugh in his usual smugness, "Crazy what happens when you learn how to just talk to a woman."

Malcolm returned the remark with a smile and a playful shove, "Shut up."

Their proximity and physical contact wasn't forced through an air of strain. They spoke to each other like the long-time friends they were. The relief was palpable for both of them in each casual exchange.

While Malcolm went on his date that evening, Mint relaxed alone at the apartment. In the quiet boredom of the night, he reflected. If Mint was honest with himself, he acted too brash. It was

incredibly risky to come on to Malcolm like that. Even though Mint had framed it like he was doing a casual favor for Malcolm at the time, it was something that could have truly ruined their friendship. With an edge of worry, Mint began to question his motives in the first place. He couldn't say he harbored feelings for Malcolm or anything. But casting Malcolm as someone he'd just have casual sex with felt a bit too heartless, too. This was his best friend of many years, after all. The whole situation was messy. Mint had to remind himself that he was oftentimes way more detached from his emotions than the average person. Expecting Malcolm to be just as unbothered wasn't fair. Thank god things worked out. Mint resolved to never cross that line again.

And then, the deadbolt unlocked with a thunk, and Malcolm dramatically bursted through the front door with loud bemoaning, "Mint! I totally fumbled!"

"What do you mean? Did you say something gross?" Mint asked.

Malcolm tossed his keys to the counter and sat down with a huff on the couch, "No. The opposite. We were having a good time and she asked me if I wanted to come back to her dorm. And I literally couldn't speak."

"Literally?" Mint echoed, trying not to laugh.

Malcolm gripped his head in agony, "Literally! Full-on mute! I couldn't say a fucking word! And then after like ten seconds of silence, I garbled a bunch of sounds that weren't even close to words!"

Mint snorted, "Then what?"

Malcolm paused and looked down at his palms in shame, "Then I said 'good night' and left. Totally bout-faced and just fucking walked away."

Mint couldn't resist. He bursted out in laughter and pitiful 'awws' while Malcolm's face burned with embarrassment. After Mint had his moment to reign-in his laughter, he patted Malcolm on the shoulder and said, "It's okay Mal. I'm sure things will work out. Maybe she thought it was cute that you were so shy that you'd leave in the middle of the date." The suggestion made Malcolm groan with dismay. Mint laughed once more and suggested, "How about we just watch a movie, eh?"

Malcolm stood from the couch with a pout, "Fine. I'm gonna get some snacks."

While at first he seemed disheartened, Malcolm relaxed as the movie carried on. Mint picked a stupid comedy they both could make jokes and commentary about. It lightened the mood and cheered Mal up. And to sweeten the deal, Mint suggested that Malcolm play some games after while he hung out on his phone. They were both able to enjoy each other's company again. Malcolm was grateful for Mint's unwavering support.

As the night drew late, Mint finally stood and stretched, "Alright, I'm going to bed," he began his trek down the hall, waving over his shoulder and wishing Malcolm a good night.

"Wait, Mint," Malcolm called.

Mint turned with a casual hum. He anticipated Malcolm asking for a small favor. Something a person would ask to do if they didn't want to get up from the couch. Grab a drink, or pass the remote.

Instead, Malcolm had an alarming blush on his face. He cast his gaze down to the ground and stuttered a half-request, "Do you think... you could—," he didn't finish the sentence, hoping that his tone was enough to carry the meaning.

Mint blinked in silence, processing. He registered what Malcolm was asking and his eyes bugged out with shock, "Wait, are you really asking me to blow you again?!"

Malcolm only grew more tense in his shoulders, "I mean, if you want to."

He said it like it was Mint's idea to begin with. Mint shook his head in utter disbelief, "I thought we were just going to forget about it. What, are you suddenly over your big sexual existential crisis now? Are you—" Mint suddenly became irate, "Wait, are you seriously asking me to do that because you completely ruined your chance to get laid with that girl?!"

Malcolm shrugged harder and raised his hands incredulously, "No! Okay, yes! You don't have to! I was just wondering—"

Audacity. Pure audacity. Mint couldn't help but feel insulted. He wasn't some sex-doll. Some cheap toy to relieve Malcolm's sexual frustration with. Ridiculous. His own best friend—suggesting that Mint suck his dick just to get off. Needing Mint to gratify him. Being desperate enough to ask because he was too pathetic to get it himself. Mal's probably all pent-up and horny now, that's why he's so desperate. Or, he's been thinking about this for awhile now. Secretly wanting Mint to make him feel good, but too nervous to ask. He'd probably moan pathetically and beg Mint to make him come. Soo ridiculous...

Mint sighed and approached Malcolm, kneeling at the couch. Malcolm opened his legs to allow Mint into his space, but darted his eyes up to the tv. He retrieved the remote to search up some visual aid.

"Seriously? You're gonna put porn on?" Mint asked while loosening the zipper of Malcolm's pants.

"You wanna be here forever? I'm gonna need *something* to focus on," Malcolm responded with a bristly edge to his voice he didn't intend. His self-consciousness hadn't quite

waned. Malcolm wanted this, sure, but the desire was stained with nerves and confusion. Watching straight porn felt at least somewhat necessary to dam up the well of reservations.

Mint simply rolled his eyes, but carried on. He waited a moment for Malcolm to settle on something to watch, then took a cursory grasp at the top of his boxers. Malcolm lifted his hips to aid Mint in rolling his clothes down his thighs, revealing his dick at half-mast. It slumped toward his left hip and twitched with signs of life, but needed more coaxing. Mint smoothed his palm and thumb along the length, making Malcolm tense at the cold touch. Mint lowered his head to slick his tongue along the length, and looked up out of habit. His tendency was to always put on a show, but Malcolm's eyes remained glued to the screen in defiance. It irked Mint, and introduced a new level of motivation. Mint would make Malcolm look down.

Malcolm sighed and relaxed into the couch as Mint slipped his mouth over the tip of his dick. He gave a few practice bobs, trying to relax and acclimate his throat. Malcolm's dick swelled and lengthened more and more, reminding Mint of its size and the difficulty to take it. He continued to stroke and lick Malcolm to spread his spit along the shaft, and Malcolm responded with jerky motions and bit-back grunts. He was still shy about making noises in front of Mint, despite everything. But Mint wanted to hear it.

Upping the ante, Mint positioned himself taller and moved Malcolm's clothes lower, enough to expose everything. With one hand, Mint held Malcolm's cock steady to ease his mouth lower and lower, while his other hand cupped and fondled Malcolm's balls. Tears began to push through Mint's eyes as his nose touched Malcolm's stomach. Malcolm's hips thrust in small motions and he bit his lower lip with a quiet whine. Mint pulled back off with a gag and went back down again. And again. His eyes were glassy but looked up whenever he had the chance. Malcolm's eyebrow knitted and he bared his teeth as his breath hissed in and out. His eyes remained glued to the TV. Stubborn. But not stubborn enough to win.

Malcolm breathed out quietly, "I'm gonna come." And in response, Mint pulled his mouth away. Malcolm finally looked down, perplexed, "Why'd you stop?"

Mint sat back on his heels, "Because I want you to jerk off and cum on my face."

Malcolm's eyes widened and flashed between Mint and the screen. Artificial moaning filled the silence between them as Malcolm's foggy mind raced to make a decision. His dick ached for a release that was snatched from him. Mint didn't break his stare, and stuck his tongue out to double down on his request. With a curse under his breath, Malcolm stood up from the couch and stroked himself over Mint's open mouth. His eyes remained on the TV at first, but the hot breath on his dick as Mint moaned forced his gaze back down. Malcolm's face blossomed in a new blush once he realized Mint was touching himself too. Mint's pants were shoved just enough out of the way to free his own dick. His left hand slid with finesse along the length as Mint continued to stare and pant. Malcolm bit his lip. His right hand jerked in clunky motions and his left hand cupped Mint's chin. His cum pooled on Mint's tongue and shot up along his cheek

and eyebrow. Malcolm let out a string of low moans and hums as he finally looked back. Mint smiled in triumph and swallowed.

Malcolm shuddered with relief and tucked himself back into his pants, then sat with a heavy sigh back on the couch. With a few dribbles still decorating his face, Mint smiled and asked, "Feel better?"

"Yeah," Malcolm sighed. Then, his face suddenly grew serious, "You wanted me to look at you, didn't you?"

Mint shrugged and licked some cum from his finger, "Maybe."

"Why?" Malcolm asked.

Mint rolled his eyes. What a dumb question, "Because it's hot? Who doesn't like eye contact when they're getting head?"

Malcolm didn't want to answer the rhetorical question. He supposed it was only normal for Mint to want that, then. But eye contact felt too intimate to Malcolm. It crossed some sort of imaginary and arbitrary line. He wouldn't admit it, though.

Mint stood and stretched, "Alright, I'm gonna clean up and go to bed. 'Night."

Casual as always. Malcolm couldn't comprehend how Mint could always be so nonchalant in situations like this. He had to roll with it. Malcolm responded with a simple, "Good night."

Mint walked down the hall, trying not to seem too eager to leave. Malcolm couldn't know how horny Mint was at this point. The bit of stroking he did as Malcolm came was not nearly enough relief. His cock ached within his pants. His underwear was pooled with precum. Mint made it to the bathroom, flicking on the lights and fan to muffle his sounds. He started the shower and touched himself, sighing with relief. He stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, admiring the remaining cum on his face as his hand struggled to move in the confines of his pants. Mint disrobed and climbed into the shower, immediately resuming his pleasure with a quick hand. He leaned against the shower wall and jerked himself off to the memory of what just happened. There was something so delicious about drawing out the heat and need of his straight best friend. It felt good to be used for cheap pleasure. It felt good to make Malcolm look. Mint came against the wall of the shower as he closed his free hand over his mouth to remain quiet.

And the following day, Mint and Malcolm resumed their friendship as if nothing was different. Malcolm seemed to steel his resolve. Or, maybe, he just wasn't as shy or confused about this situation anymore. It wasn't long before he was requesting Mint's services again. Each time was similar. There would be a few days in between. Malcolm would get frustrated from his serial failings in the dating realm. Or he'd want to relieve stress after class. Either way, Malcolm

always asked Mint more respectfully than before. As if it were more of a business exchange than a request for a blowjob. And each time, Mint obliged. But he upped the stakes more and more. He moaned and touched himself more often. Malcolm's attention strayed from the TV with increasing frequency. His hands began to stroke and grip into Mint's hair. On one occasion, in a bold move, Malcolm took control and fucked himself into Mint's throat. His moans were louder and unrestrained. And Mint felt rewarded with each climax delivered to his mouth.

But, well... novelty always fades.

Once Mint had the taste of satisfaction a few times, the reality of being Malcolm's cum dump started to feel a little lackluster. Malcolm still predominantly watched porn during. There was very little fanfare before and after. And without the high of feeling like Mint conquered the straight best friend, there was little difference now between Malcolm and whoever else wanted a quick hookup. Actually, sex with a stranger would at least be a little more reciprocal. Malcolm was getting all the relief and pleasure, but what was left for Mint?

On one rainy afternoon, Mint made his decision. No more services to Malcolm. Whatever weird deal they had struck was now over. As Mint boiled some water for tea, Malcolm returned to the apartment, soaked to the bone from the freezing rain.

"Man, this weather makes everything so much worse," Malcolm whined as he tracked raindrops through the door. Mint merely hummed in bored response as Malcolm continued, "The clouds make me achy and I get too tired to pay attention in class."

"Yeah, me too. Glad I was able to stay in bed today," Mint responded politely. He poured the heated water into a waiting mug with a bag of herbal tea.

Malcolm made his way to join Mint in the kitchen, dropping his backpack in an empty dining room chair. He spoke with an edge of envy, "Lucky you. You look cozy."

Mint glanced down at his clothing. A baggy cropped sweater that revealed just a hint of his stomach. His loose sweatpants hung heavily off his hip bones. Mint looked back up at Malcolm with mild scrutiny. There was something in Malcolm's tone and the way his eyes quickly scanned up and down that raised a flag. It was a familiar energy he got from a lot of men coming onto him. Pointing out his attire with a hint of sarcasm. It was textbook. Has Malcolm gotten better at flirting over these last few weeks thanks to Mint?

"Mhm," Mint responded simply, not trying to play into Malcolm's whims. He took a sip of his scalding tea and leaned against the kitchen counter.

"If you're up for it," Malcolm began. The same phrasing each time. Mint knew how the sentence was going to end, "Do you wanna give me a blowjob? It'll probably wake me up a bit."

Mint let out a short exhale, "Nope. I don't want to do that anymore."

Malcolm blinked, surprised at the answer, "Oh."

That was all he could think to respond with. Malcolm was left dumbfounded. Mint was pretty enthusiastic each time he had asked. So Malcolm figured this little arrangement would probably carry on for a while. But, suddenly, Mint had turned cold.

"Is something wrong?" Malcolm asked.

Mint shrugged, "Nah. Just don't want to do it. There's not much in it for me, so..."

Malcolm swallowed. He was struck with an odd and insidious feeling of... disappointment? Ineptitude? He suddenly felt like he had been a shitty partner. Bad at sex. But this wasn't exactly sex, was it? But if it wasn't, then it was more like Malcolm just using Mint to get off. It didn't feel good to think of it that way, but there wasn't much else to it. This arrangement was always more in favor of Malcolm. There wasn't really a plan to ever reciprocate. He still didn't really consider himself attracted to men, so there was a lot of hesitation to do anything that involved Mint more mutually. Still, it stung that Mint was ready for this to be over.

Malcolm cleared his throat, "I see. I get it," He then chuckled, trying his best to lighten the mood and clear any feelings of awkwardness with some humor, "Well, can't say I won't miss it."

Mint turned to face the kitchen counter and set his mug down. He looked at Malcolm from the corner of his eye as he spoke, "If you still want to get off, I guess I could help you out one last time. But we'd need to change it up a little."

Malcolm perked up, maybe more than he should have, "Yeah? How?"

Mint bent over the counter, resting his elbows along the cold ceramic and pushed his ass out behind him, "You have to fuck me."

The hairs on the back of Malcolm's neck stood and goosebumps rushed through his skin. His cheeks felt hot. He could only stutter a series of incomprehensible syllables in response. It made Mint laugh and return to a normal stance.

"No way," Malcolm finally spoke, shaking his head.

Mint shrugged again, impartial to the outcome, "Alright, guess it's over then."

"I just can't— I'm not into—" Malcolm stammered.

Mint waved in dismissal and made his way to the living room, "You don't need to explain yourself, Mal. I get it. Figured I'd ask, but a no is a no."

Mint sat casually on the couch with his drink. His energy was languid and casual, finding the resolution in their conversation comforting. The gray area they both danced around in for the past few weeks returned to black and white. They were both friends, and Malcolm is straight. Mint had his curiosity satisfied, and they could move on. Malcolm, on the other hand, was frustrated. He wasn't prepared to speak on it, still caught in the confusing web of his own doubts. Malcolm slinked to the couch and sat with a huff. He caught the stifled chuckle in Mint's throat and felt a new wave of heat in his cheeks.

"You're laughing at me," Malcolm pouted.

"Can't help it, you're making the biggest sourpuss face right now," Mint pointed out.

Malcolm's arms crossed in defense. He then sighed and said, "I feel bad that I was basically using you. I didn't really realize it until you said something, but I should have noticed it sooner. Feels kinda scummy."

Mint shrugged, "Don't feel bad. I know my limits. I still had fun."

Malcolm rolled his eyes, "I don't know what kinda fun you were having. I wasn't helping you out with anything."

Mint looked Malcolm in the eyes with a smug grin. He glanced down to Malcolm's lap, then back up, "I'm gonna be honest, Mal. I just like how big your dick is. Felt good in my throat."

Malcolm stood quickly from his seat to escape the shivering wave racing through his skin, "Okay! Got it. I'm gonna go to my room now," He began a quick pace down the hall, "See ya!"

Mint laughed and asked, "Gonna go jerk off?"

"No!" Malcolm yelled back, shutting his bedroom door.

In the days that passed, Mint assumed their friendship returned to how it was. Malcolm seemed to be a bit more brisk with his interactions at the apartment, but did his best to behave normally. But deep down, Malcolm was struggling. His luck hadn't improved with dates. Malcolm thought his confidence improved since his time spent with Mint. But their last conversation left a mark on his psyche. He wasn't winning Mint over, there wasn't any seduction or flirting. Mint was basically just doing Malcolm little more than a favor. The bravado he built up existed on a false foundation, and came crumbling back down.

And on top of it all, Malcolm couldn't stop thinking of Mint. They were intrusive thoughts at first. Flashes of imagery of Mint looking up at him. Licking him. Moaning. Each time these thoughts sprang to the forefront of Malcolm's mind, he winced physically. His eyes squeezed shut and his

head shook to banish the memories. But his body tingled. There was a craving. As if he was going through withdrawal. Slowly, over the week, Malcolm's defenses against these thoughts weakened. He allowed them to linger behind his eyes. Fantasies began to mix in with the memories. It agitated Malcolm. His behaviors toward Mint began to creak with anxiety and frustration.

Malcolm sat on the couch in silence, the TV remained on a selection menu. Down the hall, the bathroom shower was running, and it felt like a deafening roar. The intrusive thoughts kicked in when Mint declared he was going to go shower after their last movie concluded. Leading up to that point, Malcolm was already feeling agitated. Mint's proximity to him had that effect. And now that Mint was preoccupied in the bathroom, Malcolm debated if he wanted to sneak off to his room to masturbate. The urge was incredibly tempting, but also infuriating. Malcolm couldn't help but to feel pathetic. Just the act of sitting next to Mint was getting under his skin. They were no longer physically involved, it didn't feel right to be fantasizing about his friend. Malcolm should have better self control than that.

The shower shut off. Malcolm scrambled to put something on the TV. He fast-forwarded to a few minutes in to seem like he'd been occupied with the show. Mint stepped out into the hallway and toward the living room.

"Shower's open now. I tried to not take up all the hot water," Mint said.

Malcolm glanced up to Mint and regretted it immediately. Mint's wet hair glistened in the low light and dripped water to his glowing slick skin. His towel wrapped loosely around his hips. Malcolm's face heated and he forced his eyes back to the screen. But he spoke before he could manage his attitude, "Christ, put some clothes on. You're dripping water everywhere."

There was a silence between them that stretched. Mint was caught off-guard by Malcolm's overly tense response. The gears turned in his mind, and a wide grin cracked on his face, "Are you bothered by my wet, naked body, Mal?"

Malcolm refused to look at Mint again. He responded with a loud, indignant groan and said, "Fuck off, dude. Just go get dressed."

Mint laughed and turned, not wanting to push Malcolm to the point of real anger. But he couldn't help himself, wanting to have the last word. He said over his shoulder, "You know, offer is still on the table."

Malcolm rubbed his clammy palms on his pants. The familiar heat rushed to his ears, and he felt the instinctual twist of his gut. The deep craving made his body throb with need. He was too pent-up. He just needed some release.

"Okay," Malcolm said quietly.

Mint was about to open his bedroom door. He thought he misheard at first, "Wait what?"

Malcolm stood from the couch and walked toward the end of the hall. He wasn't brave enough to bring himself closer. His hands gripped tightly into fists and Malcolm forced the words out of his chest, "Can we?"

Mint stifled his giddiness. Instead, he took on his usual suave persona. The one that was always in charge and ready to milk all of the embarrassment, "No way. You really want to fuck me?"

Malcolm gritted his teeth and looked to the side, "...yes."

Mint slinked closer, not daring to touch Malcolm just yet, "You're just so horny, aren't you? Can't even resist anymore, huh? That desperate?"

Malcolm's frustration rose, "Can I fuck you or not?"

"Of course you can. I've always wanted to know how it feels to have your dick in me," Mint cooed. Malcolm's breath pressed out in a quick exhale. Mint turned to the bathroom, looking to retrieve a stash of lube kept in one of the drawers. His towel was threatening to fall, but he made no effort to fix it. His voice kept the sultry persona going, "Let me get some lube. It's going to be pretty tight trying to fit you all the way inside me."

Malcolm appeared behind Mint, clasping his hands on Mint's hips and grinding himself. Caught off-guard, Mint grabbed the bathroom counter to steady himself. He let out a pleasant gasp and looked back, "In a rush?"

Malcolm mumbled in a daze, "I'm just so fucking horny."

The desperation in his voice made Mint's stomach flip. He hurried to retrieve the lube while Malcolm loosened his pants. Mint's towel finally fell from the movement, leaving him exposed. Malcolm freed his aching cock and continued to rub it along the seam of Mint's ass. It wasn't anything remotely close to relieving, but Malcolm's mind was locked in on finding any semblance of friction. His cock hung heavily and slid back and forth along Mint's swelling dick. Mint hummed at the feeling. Malcolm desperately humping him like this made his heart pound with excitement. He finally got the lube in his palm and slicked it along Malcolm's leaking cock. Malcolm tensed and pressed out a sigh. He was already extremely sensitive.

"You have to go slow, okay? Just stand still while I do the work," Mint instructed once Malcolm was sufficiently lubed.

Malcolm bit his lower lip and gripped Mint's hips tighter to anchor himself. He nodded obediently. Mint lined himself up and prodded at his opening with the tip of Malcolm's dick. Slowly and carefully, Mint pushed himself back and sucked the air through his teeth. The stretch was intense. He let out his breath slowly, willing his body to relax, sliding further and further back in a

painstaking slow motion. Malcolm groaned long and low, willing himself to remain still. His body twitched, and Mint felt every microscopic motion as he struggled to accommodate. After several minutes, Mint finally fully accepted Malcolm. He wiggled his hips gently to get his muscles to settle. The fullness was painful and delectable. Malcolm's fingers dug into flesh as he tried to maintain his composure. He knew Mint was trying to make sure he was prepared enough, but the movement was sending heat shooting through his veins. Mint was so tight around him. Malcolm prayed he wouldn't come too quickly.

Finally adjusted, Mint gave the go-ahead, "Okay, you can move. Just start slow."

Malcolm pulled out slowly, painfully. He pressed forward and his eyes fluttered. Mint did too. They both moaned together, and Malcolm's body threatened to spill right then. Through pure resistance, Malcolm continued his snail's pace, slowly picking up the speed with each thrust. It only reached a languid speed before Mint was a mess. He bent himself in half and rested his chin and shoulders on the counter. His tongue lolled and his eyes rolled back. It couldn't possibly feel this good. The fullness made his brain fuzzy with carnal satisfaction.

Malcolm and Mint made eye contact in the mirror. Mint's pupils were blown wide, his face flushed. Malcolm hadn't seen him lose his composure like this. It sent electricity through his spine. Malcolm struggled to maintain his pace. His hips stuttered and his eyes squeezed shut.

Mint knew he was about to come. He pressed himself backward to get Malcolm as deep as he could. With a desperate moan Mint demanded, "Come inside me. I wanna feel it."

Malcolm stood still as his body clenched. His dick pressed into Mint and twitched as his cum poured out in heavy spasms. He moaned and whined. Mint gasped at the feeling inside him. He felt every twitch as Malcolm came more and more. Mint's hand moved quickly to heighten his own pleasure. Malcolm remained in place even after he had finished. His breath pressed out in heavy pants and his dick continued to twitch. He thrust in small motions to milk as much relief as he could. Mint came with a halted cry into his own hand. Malcolm cursed as he felt Mint's muscles squeeze in pulses around him. It was overwhelming.

After what felt like an eternity of panting and quiet moans, the two were ready to separate. Malcolm pulled out slowly, and Mint let out one final broken cry when Malcolm exited. The two panted and stood still, trying to catch up to their own spinning minds. Mint stood up, supporting his weight on shaky arms. His skin broke in goosebumps, suddenly cold. He looked at Malcolm in the reflection of the foggy mirror. Malcolm couldn't focus his eyes. His body stood as if held up by strings.

Mint cleared his throat, "I'm gonna need to use the shower again."

Malcolm let out a dazed laugh, "That's okay. I think I'm just gonna go crash on my bed now."