

Content Warning: Dom/Sub themes, but very much surface-level. No intense kink.

NSFW Content: pinning, restraining, begging, orgasm denial, biting, spanking, punishment, overstimulation, non-visible public play, teasing, rimming, choking, anal sex

Tsurai blinked in a sleepy dreamy state as he basked in the afterglow. One arm wrapped around Mint's torso, still slick with sweat, and his cheek rested against the crook of his neck. Tsurai let out a long pleased sigh as Mint lazily played with his hair. The urge to nap was strong. Warmed by the sun glows from the window and soft blankets cradling their backs, they lulled to light dozing. Something, however, buzzed in the recesses of Tsurai's mind, and dragged him back from the tendrils of sleep. Despite his efforts to yawn and lay still, a burning question forced his eyes to peak open. He studied Mint's expression, the rarely-seen serenity painted on his face as he let out another contented hum. In all regards, Mint seemed pretty satisfied. And yet, Tsurai couldn't bury the air of anxiety that always seemed to plague his mind after sessions of intimacy. Tsurai had the sense that he was still reaping the lionshare of the benefits. Despite Mint's reassurance, over and over again, that he was more about giving than receiving anyway, Tsurai still couldn't shake the feeling he was being selfish.

Granted, he was still new to all of this. Between the two, Mint had far more experience. Intimidatingly so. Tsurai was picking up new techniques as quickly as he could, and he was nothing if not enthusiastic to please. But it was still a struggle to get Mint to the finish line without assistance. Again, Mint had reiterated that he didn't mind at all, but Tsurai wasn't satisfied with complacency.

"Mint?" he mumbled, unsure if his boyfriend actually had fallen asleep or not.

Mint stirred and kept his eyes shut, "Yeah?"

Tsurai exhaled slowly, finding it difficult to phrase the questions he wanted to ask. He didn't want to make Mint simply reassure him again. He wanted answers, "Is there something I could do..." he trailed off.

Mint squinted his eyes open and resumed petting Tsurai's hair, "You're doing fine, Tsurai."

"No. I mean— are there things that you're into that I don't know about?" He asked, voice starting to stutter.

"Like kinks?" Mint asked.

"Yeah!" Tsurai was thankful for the suggestion, "Like kinks or other sex acts we haven't tried yet."

Mint shifted his weight to turn toward Tsurai and studied his face, checking if he was asking this sudden question with concern, or anxiety, or genuine curiosity. He rubbed a hand along the length of Tsurai's arm while speaking, "I might, but I don't want you to push yourself to do things you're not comfortable with."

"What? Are you into some really weird shit that you don't wanna tell me?" Tsurai asked with a teasing grin.

Mint chuckled, "No, not really. But I know you enough to know that you'll pressure yourself to do something even if you don't like it."

Tsurai pouted, despite that observation being true, "You don't know that for sure. Maybe I'll be into it."

Mint sighed, weighing his options on just how much he could divulge. With consideration, Mint decided on something that would still give Tsurai the most control.

"Well..." He trailed off.

Mint was suddenly embarrassed at making the suggestion. He usually didn't have much of a problem admitting the things he was into with previous hookups, but that's because it didn't matter in the long run how they'd react. Not that Tsurai would judge him harshly, but if they both wind up being into drastically different things, it could cause a problem in the long run.

"What?" Tsurai asked eagerly.

Mint had to look away, "You could try... being more... dominant."

There was a long bout of silence between them. Mint could feel his pulse in his ears. Finally, Tsurai spoke up.

"What does that mean, exactly?" He asked.

The question drew an anxious laugh from Mint, but he tried to hold back, not wanting Tsurai to think he was laughing at his lack of knowledge. While trying to come up with an explanation, his face only grew brighter red, "Well, it's like, when you are aggressive and kind of bossy, I guess."

Judging by the look on his face, that explanation did not make a single thing clearer to Tsurai. He simply stared at Mint, waiting to hear more about it. Now thoroughly irritated and embarrassed that he even made the suggestion in the first place, Mint huffed and scooted away

from Tsurai. As his boyfriend waited in patient confusion, Mint stood from the bed and retrieved his briefs and slacks, pulling them back on before facing Tsurai once again.

With a sharp exhale, "Should I just show you?"

Tsurai wasn't exactly sure what Mint meant by that, but it sounded sexy, so he nodded. Mint was quick, moving back on the bed and picking Tsurai's legs up to wrap them around his hips. Tsurai suddenly felt very vulnerable, still naked from the recent escapades. Mint's expression and demeanor seemed to shift, with straight brows and a steely glare. He leaned forward, curling Tsurai's back and hips upward to accommodate, and pinning his shoulders back to the mattress. In this compromising position, Tsurai felt almost helpless, and it made his heart skip. With his face only a few inches from Tsurai, Mint reached one hand up, wrapping his fingers around Tsurai's neck and held it gently, just to get the point across. He could feel Tsurai's throat move under his palm with an involuntary swallow.

With a low demanding voice, Mint spoke, "Beg me to fuck you."

Tsurai was wordless, wide eyes staring back up at Mint. It was his turn to blush. His dick started to twitch back to life despite everything that happened just a few minutes ago. Mint chuckled and let go of Tsurai, backing away from him entirely and sitting at the end of the bed on his legs.

"Something like that," He said.

Tsurai pulled a blanket up over his waist sheepishly, "I think I get it."

Mint couldn't help but laugh at his reaction. He knew stuff like that always worked on Tsurai. But the ultimate question would be if he could return that energy.

Mint moved back to laying on his spot beside Tsurai, "Wanna try?"

Tsurai nodded and got up from the bed, "Yeah. Let me put on some pants first."

He stood, following along the same steps as Mint. Once his own shorts were back on, Tsurai sat on the bed and brought Mint's legs around his hips. He did his best to reflect the facial expression Mint had earlier, looking stern and serious. Tsurai leaned forward, slowly, and darted his eyes between Mint's face and his neck. With a hand above his throat, Tsurai paused there, nervous to tighten the grip in his fingers. After a few seconds of hesitation, Mint couldn't hold back any longer, and burst into laughter. Tsurai's face was immediately flooded with a blush again.

"I'm sorry," Mint gasped between laughs, "You just looked so scary! Your face was super intense."

Tsurai groaned in frustration and pulled back, sitting again and looking out the window to hide his shame. Mint tried to reign in his laughter to small giggles. He sat up, giving Tsurai's forehead a quick kiss.

"It's okay, sometimes people just aren't into being super dominant," he consoled.

Tsurai's eyebrows furrowed, "No! I'm going to do it."

Mint looked at him with doubt painted on his face and he snickered again.

"I'm serious!" Tsurai protested, "I just need time to figure it out."

Mint shrugged, "Alright, if you want to try, I won't stop you."

And try he would. Once Tsurai had some time to consider the challenge, he actually became more invested in getting it right. He was tired of being the naive and innocent one that Mint always treated so delicately. It was important for Mint to be mindful, of course, but it also compounded Tsurai's feelings of incompetence. Now he could flip the script and take confident control. If he could pull this off, being assertive in bed would be a huge catharsis.

Luckily, the first class of his day required little of his attention. After some initial lecture time, Tsurai was free to tuck himself in the far corner of the room where no one had a chance to see his laptop screen. There, he conducted some research on google, and quickly realized that there were many, many ways to act like what Mint had described. Following the rabbit hole, Tsurai read forums and blogs about simple teasing, making demands, dealing punishments, intricate knot-tying and complicated machinery. He felt like he was enrolled in a new class, "the world of BDSM 101". It was way overwhelming.

Clicking his laptop off with a huff, Tsurai decided it would be best to start small, and build his way up. He could start by practicing the confidence and bravado he was desperately lacking. Armed with some basic knowledge, the first opportunity for Tsurai to flex a more dominant attitude presented itself.

Between classes, the two often met up to grab a drink or snack from one of the few food carts in the center of campus. For a typical warm-weather day, the option was usually boba tea.

The two quickly met up at the stand, putting in the orders and taking a seat at a bench nearby. Mint carried on in his usual fashion, as if the conversation they had earlier that morning never happened. His relaxed attitude about it annoyed Tsurai just a bit. Mint was always so confident and self-assured. Although those were highly admirable features, it wasn't exactly reassuring on Tsurai's end. While Mint carried on about something trivial, showing a video on his phone, Tsurai was practically vibrating in his seat from the anticipation. When the server at the food cart called out their order, Tsurai sprang up from his seat and stuttered out an offer to retrieve them. He

thanked the server, and turned back toward the bench with two drinks in hand. With a deep breath, Tsurai tried to put on a cool exterior.

Walking back, Tsurai plastered a mischievous grin on his face. He took a sip of his tea, savoring the sweet taste, and approached Mint. In turn, Mint looked up and wordlessly reached forward to be handed his own drink. Tsurai extended his arm to offer it, but pulled back just outside of Mint's grasp. Mint looked up at him with puzzlement, and watched as Tsurai stooped down to put his face by Mint's ear.

"Say please," Tsurai whispered.

Mint snorted. His immediate reaction was mild irritation. He had the urge to pinch at Tsurai's hip to tickle him and force the drink from his hand. But, Mint held back. Playing into his antics would probably boost Tsurai's confidence right now. He tilted his head to give Tsurai's cheek a quick kiss and said, "Please give me my drink."

Tsurai stood back up with a smile of accomplishment. He handed the beverage down to Mint with pride, and Mint was laughing at the ridiculousness of it all.

"Someone's doing their homework," Mint bemused, taking a sip of his tea.

"Yeah," Tsurai laughed, taking his seat again, "I was worried someone would see the stuff I was googling. It's... a lot."

Mint laughed, "Well, I'm interested to see how you'll do. You seem pretty determined to make it work."

Tsurai huffed, "Damn right I am."

The following class was one they both attended, intro to psych. In the first year they met, Tsurai and Mint shared a math class, and they were eager to have something they could work on together again. Mint probably wouldn't ever admit it, but having Tsurai in the class with him helped out a lot. Tsurai wouldn't admit, either, that he often "asked for help" from Mint to double check that his boyfriend actually knew the material. In the end, both of their grades saw significant improvement. As an added bonus, they got to spend more time together.

When they entered the classroom, Tsurai made an unusual beeline toward the back of the room. Tables sat in rows, all facing toward the direction of the professor in lecture-style seating. Mint insisted each time that they sat toward the front rows, both to aid in focus and because he didn't want Tsurai to have to squint to see the board. Wordlessly, Tsurai took the lead this time, finding an open couple of seats in the farthest corner table possible. Mint stared at him from the doorway with suspicion, but was forced to join him.

"What are you up to?" Mint demanded in a whisper, setting his bag down and taking the open seat next to Tsurai.

"There's a quiz today," Tsurai responded with innocent eyes, "How are you supposed to cheat off me if we're at the front?"

Mint grinned and replied with sarcasm, "How thoughtful."

Among the silent class of students, the two worked through their quizzes. Despite Tsurai's earlier joke, Mint found himself not needing much sneaky assistance. He was answering questions and recalling vocabulary with concentration and confidence. That was, until he felt a stray hand rest on his right knee. Mint didn't move his head, but spared a sideways glance to Tsurai. He had his tongue poking out in concentration as well, head down and working through the quiz. But his hand lingered. Mint brushed it off as a cute gesture of support, and returned to the task. The hand slowly started to migrate upward, along the top of Mint's leg. It felt like a game of hot and cold, where the further Tsurai's hand moved up, the more it brought Mint alarm. Once the hand was midway up his thigh, he glanced up this time, making a pointed stare at Tsurai that could only say, *'Are you seriously doing this right now?'*

Tsurai darted his eyes briefly to meet Mint's gaze, but didn't move from his position. He continued his work as his fingers danced along the inseam of Mint's pants. While he managed to maintain a calm and cool exterior, Tsurai's heart was thrumming out of his chest. He could feel a nervous sweat starting to build under the collar of his shirt. Mint looked back down at his paper, not wanting to draw anyone's attention. He had half a mind to reach down and grip Tsurai's hand. It'd be that simple to stop his advances. But, well, this was kind of hot as hell. Based on their position in the classroom, other students wouldn't be able to see under their table, and the professor at the front was busy ignoring them on his own computer. Tsurai's hand wandered along the inside of Mint's thighs, tracing along every spot that wasn't his crotch. Mint gripped his pen harder with frustration, and opened his legs ever so slightly.

Finally, fingers curled along the contours of Mint's front, palm smoothing up the clothes over his dick. Mint felt the telltale tightness in his pants, and bit the inside of his cheek. Tsurai continued, slowly stroking up and down, massaging around Mint with tactful fingers. All the while, staring at his paper with seeming nonchalance. Mint could bore holes into his own paper with how intensely he was staring at it, no longer seeing the questions written there. He realized he was holding his breath. With another stroke, Mint's hips twitched, and he had to make a herculean effort not to move again. He rested his forehead in the crook of his thumb and forefinger, partially shielding his face from view. Tsurai's pace continued to be painfully slow, just enough to be tantalizing without the promise of getting Mint anywhere beyond the tortuous pleasure building. Minutes passed, and Tsurai mercifully pulled his hand away. Mint immediately missed the contact and looked up at his boyfriend. Tsurai's chin was propped up on his right hand as he looked directly at Mint, no longer bothering to maintain the appearance that he was focused on the test. A devilish grin was plastered on his face. Mint grimaced at Tsurai with blush on his cheeks and returned to his paper. Tsurai choked back a laugh and continued his work as well.

As his uncomfortable erection kept him from concentrating again, Mint could only think that he may have created a monster.

Due to their secret distraction, both had to rush the last half of their test to get it completed in time. Tsurai was kind enough to turn both their papers in, and once he returned, stood before his flustered boyfriend with hands casually in his pockets.

He looked Mint in the eyes, then glanced down to his groin area, "Okay to stand up?"

Mint gave Tsurai a deadpan look, "Yes."

Once they had left the room and were relatively far from any sort of prying ears, Mint swung an arm behind Tsurai's neck and pulled him in a headlock. Tsurai couldn't contain his glee anymore, and let out all of the maniacal laughter he had been holding in.

"What the hell was that?!" Mint demanded. Tsurai fought against the grip around him, turning the tables to restrain Mint instead. He managed to wrestle himself out of Mint's grasp and held his arms at his side. The smug look on his cute stupid face made Mint try to fight against the restraint, but Tsurai's grip remained firm.

Tsurai leaned up, getting Mint to hold still long enough to give him a kiss, and cooed, "It felt good, didn't it baby?"

Mint snapped his neck forward to headbutt Tsurai. Tsurai yelped with surprise, but resumed his laughter as he released Mint to rub at his forehead.

"You smug bastard," Mint was smiling in that trademark threatening way. The expression was only ever drawn out when Tsurai or Malcolm were on their worst behavior. A look that said, 'I'm about to kick your ass.'

Tsurai remained unphased, "This is turning out to be more fun than I thought!"

Mint took a deep breath, trying to cut off his growing desire to exact revenge against Tsurai. Afterall, this was clearly building his confidence. But Mint couldn't let this smugness go unchecked. This would be the last time he'd play along so easily.

"Alright," Mint resolved, "You can keep this up, but I'm not going to make it easy for you anymore."

Tsurai's smile dropped, replaced by a look of worried confusion, "What's that supposed to mean?"

It was Mint's turn to hold back his evil grin, and he continued their walk toward the parking lot without answering the question. Tsurai wasn't sure what to think. The most he could assume was that Mint would probably tease him back the next time he tried anything. He hurried to

follow after Mint, taking his hand to walk with him. This whole mission was starting to feel like a game to Tsurai, admittedly. He was still riding off the high of achievement that was getting Mint super flustered during class.

The short car ride back to the apartment was uneventful, as the two carried a comfortable silence between them and allowed music to fill the space. There was an energy though, a vibration of atoms in the air that they could both feel. It was a sense of competition, one waiting for the other to dare to try something. They both calmly entered the apartment like any other day, hanging book bags on the backs of chairs. Tsurai took a peek into one of the kitchen cabinets to find something to snack on while Mint made his way to the couch, ready to mindlessly relax and watch something on tv. Tsurai made a mental note that Malcolm wasn't home yet. Perfect.

Just as Mint was about to select something to watch, Tsurai approached the back of the couch. He reached down, snaking his fingers along Mint's scalp and gently grasping a fistfull of his hair. Tsurai pulled back slowly, forcing Mint to point his chin up to the ceiling and look at him. Tsurai licked his lips and used his free hand to stroke a finger along Mint's throat.

"I'm still horny from class," Tsurai murmured, "Suck me off with that pretty mouth of yours."

Mint, unphased, quirked an eyebrow and asked, "Why should I?"

Tsurai paused, his facade cracking to pieces, "Uh..."

Mint spoke coolly, "If you want me to suck your dick, make me."

Tsurai stood there, staring down at Mint and searching his eyes. He clearly did not anticipate this kind of response. Seeing that Mint wasn't just going to give in, Tsurai clicked his tongue and released his grip on Mint's hair. He walked around the couch, taking a seat with a huff. Mint gave him a sideways glance and had to hold back his laughter. Tsurai looked so genuinely perplexed.

"I-" Tsurai fretted, "How do I respond to that?"

Mint let out a laugh, "Better figure it out, big boy."

Tsurai felt the inklings of humiliation creep up his cheeks. He crossed his arms in a pout and leaned his weight against Mint, settling in to watch whatever dumb show he decided to put on. Mint chuckled again, reaching his arm back to cuddle closer to Tsurai and relax. The two watched the screen together for some time, not mincing words. A grumpy and defeated sigh made it clear that Tsurai was genuinely at a loss for what to do. Mint wondered if he should have a more frank discussion about this whole domming business with Tsurai. At this point, it didn't

seem as though he had much conviction to back up his demands, having deflated so easily after one challenge. Tsurai may be struggling with the concept of “taking” control.

Muting the tv, and turning to Tsurai, Mint sighed, “Okay. How about I give you a little hint?”

Tsurai seemed to perk up at the suggestion, “Yeah?”

Mint passed a hand through his hair, still having a hard time with the idea of teaching someone about kinks, “So, basically when I’m challenging you and telling you to ‘make me’ do something, I’m telling you to be more physical.”

Tsurai’s eyebrows furrowed, “Like, hitting you?”

“Well,” Mint shrugged, “Yeah. That’s part of it.”

Tsurai cast a glance down at his hands and mumbled, “but I don’t want to hurt you.”

Mint held his hands up to try to placate him, “Hey that’s okay! You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to. But you wouldn’t really be hurting me.”

“What would I be doing?” Tsurai asked, “I saw online there were like... whips and stuff.”

Mint laughed, “Yeah no, that’s a bit much for me. But-” He reached down and gently took one of Tsurai’s hands, lifting it to his throat. Mint gripped Tsurai’s fingers to put some pressure around the sides of his own neck. Tsurai swallowed nervously. “You can choke me. Just make sure to squeeze the sides of the neck, not the front.”

He then moved Tsurai’s hand to his chest, “Biting and pinching are usually good.”

A blush was slowly blooming on Tsurai’s cheeks as his hand continued to be guided, down to Mint’s thighs, “Biting here, too.” Then, over the front of his pants, “Of course, teasing does well. Tease me until I’m begging you to keep going.”

Mint captured Tsurai’s other wrist and held them both firmly together, “Restraining me, holding me down, while you get what you want.” Tsurai’s face was burning as the mental images of what his boyfriend was describing made his stomach explode with butterflies.

With his arms still together in one hand, Mint reached behind him and gripped Tsurai’s ass, “You could spank me if you wanted.” Tsurai was leaning forward, enamored and turned on and wanting to kiss Mint.

All at once, Mint released Tsurai and pulled back with a satisfied smile, “Just to name a few ideas.”

Tsurai lurched forward, pushing Mint back against the armrest of the couch. He pinned Mint down with his weight, cupping his hand along Mint's jaw, and kissed him deeply. The sudden fervor was a surprise to Mint. Tsurai was already grinding against him, way too riled up now. A string of muffled sounds echoed between their lips. It wasn't enough. Not breaking the kiss, not allowing Mint to draw air to his lungs, Tsurai moved both hands under the hem of his shirt and raked fingernails up the sides of his abdomen. Mint helplessly shuddered under him, and dug his own nails into the fabric of Tsurai's shirt. Warm hands glided up to his chest, pinching at Mint's nipples and earning another moan.

The deadbolt on the front door unlocked. Malcolm walked in, humming in content. The moment he got through the door, he noticed Mint and Tsurai on the couch. Tsurai still had Mint pinned under him, hands under his shirt, and bulging eyes. Mint, on the other hand, looked mildly annoyed at the intrusion.

"C'mon," Malcolm groaned with exasperation, "Why do y'all always have to be doing shit on the couch?"

"They were doing shit?" A voice squeaked from behind him. Lottie jumped just into view, trying to see over Malcolm's shoulder without success.

"No!" Tsurai protested, swiftly removing himself and sliding to the opposite side of the couch. Completely conspicuous, he placed a nearby pillow over his lap. Mint snorted and Malcolm let out an exasperated sigh. He walked further into the apartment, allowing Lottie to follow in.

"Sorry to ruin your fun," Lottie teased. Morbid humiliation erupted in Tsurai's cheeks. He wanted nothing more than to be swallowed up by the couch and disappear in this moment.

Mint, as usual, was shameless and unaffected, "I was teaching Tsurai to be more dominant." Tsurai and Malcolm both yelled various incomprehensible noises to try to silence him.

"Oooh," Lottie joked along, "Does our sweet goofball have a secret suave domineering side?"

Through the continued chorus of protests from Tsurai and Malcolm, Mint laughed and said, "He's working on it."

"On second thought Lottie," Malcolm interjected, "I think I do want to go get food. Now." He urged Lottie to drop her book bag so they could leave in a hurry.

Lottie was all giggles, "You don't want to cook dinner anymore?"

"Nope," Malcolm responded, picking Lottie up off the ground and heading back out the front door, "If I stay here any longer I'm gonna lose my appetite." Thrown over his shoulder, Lottie looked back to her other two friends and waved goodbye through fits of laughter. When the door was shut and relocked once again, Mint snickered.

"We really should fool around less in the living room," He said.

Tsurai was as red as his hair from the neck-up, gaze glued to the floor, "I hate you."

"Aww," Mint cooed. He crawled forward on the couch to pet Tsurai's hair, "Just think of it as revenge for that little stunt you pulled in class today."

Tsurai turned his head to shoot a look at Mint. It was a serious, angry look. A rare expression for him to wear. Mint was taken aback by it, thinking that he may have actually gone too far somehow. He got his answer, however, when Tsurai got up from his seat and stood in front of Mint.

Tsurai looked down on him with the same tense expression, "We're going to your room."

The flare of attitude and defiance was instantly ignited in Mint again. He stared back, with a stubborn grin plastered to his face "Make me."

Without another word, Tsurai leaned down and picked Mint up, pulling him over his shoulder and dangling him upside-down just how Lottie was a moment ago. Sometimes, Mint was surprised when he was reminded of how strong his boyfriend actually was. He lifted Mint like he was made of feathers. Tsurai kicked Mint's door open, and dropped him heavily back on his mattress. Mint landed with a huff, and couldn't contain the excited giggles. Quick hands already worked Mint's belt loose and tugged his pants and briefs down. Mint's dick jumped with the sudden freedom allotted to it.

Tsurai chuckled and ran a finger up the length of Mint's dick, "Already, huh?"

"What can I say? I'm a slut for this shit," Mint joked.

"Hmm," Tsurai hummed in thought and looked Mint in the eyes, "call yourself a slut again."

Mint's attitude hadn't waned, "I don't think I will."

This time, Tsurai was grinning with determination, "You'll change your mind."

Strong hands moved Mint back up from the bed, moving him and positioning him like a doll. Spun around, facing the bed, and bent over. The push on his back forced Mint to lean his elbows to the mattress. Kneeling to the floor, Tsurai gripped both of Mint's thighs, forcing him

into a wider stance and splaying him. Tsurai pumped Mint's dick with his hand a few times, slowly, to draw out a hum of satisfaction. Only allowing some light teasing, Tsurai moved on to gripping Mint's ass, and licking at his entrance.

Mint let out that low moan he always did whenever Tsurai started rimming him. It never got old, the feeling of his tongue working down there while he jerked himself off. Mint had a vague idea that Tsurai might not let him do that this time. His dick felt heavy, bordering on aching, just hanging there between his legs. Every now and then, Tsurai would run his hand along it, lightly. It only served to make things worse, Mint squirming for more friction. His hand crept down to the edge of the bed beneath him, and he snaked his fingers around his length. In an instant, Tsurai stood up, leaving Mint frustrated by the absence of his tongue. He expected some sort of sexy threat, but what he got was a wordless, sudden, loud smack on his ass. Caught by surprise, Mint let out a loud yelp.

"If you touch yourself, I'll do it again," Tsurai threatened. Seeing that Mint's hand was immediately back up by his side and gripping the blankets again, he knelt back down.

Mint moaned, louder than before, when Tsurai continued licking at his hole. The sting on his ass was burning his skin. A handprint would definitely be on his cheek by the end of this. Mint wanted another one to match the other side. He reached down without any attempt to be sneaky, and relished the short relief. Tsurai stood, slowly, and grabbed Mint's wrist to force it back to his side. Another open palm slapped on Mint's ass, and tears pricked at his eyes. His dick was throbbing.

"You just wanted another one huh?" Tsurai chuckled. Instead of returning to his previous place, Tsurai urged Mint to move again, rolling him to his back and taking in the view of Mint biting his lip, with glassy eyes. Tsurai leaned over him, taking hold of both of his wrists in one hand and pinning them above Mint's head. With his face just a few inches above Mint's, Tsurai dropped the charade just a moment to give him a quick kiss and whisper, "Doing okay?"

With a nod from Mint, Tsurai brought up his free hand, holding two fingers out and forcing them past Mint's lips. Mint tried to work his tongue around them, to suck them and slick them with his spit. Tsurai let out an involuntary sigh, the sensations sending a pulse from his fingertips to the base of his spine. He slid his fingers in further, past Mint's tongue and toward the back of his throat. Mint swallowed and moaned around the fingers and twitched his hips upward in reflex. Tsurai pulled out then, and reached back down to push both fingers into Mint in one motion. Mint winced at the sudden stretch, and writhed at the onslaught of prodding at his g-spot. Tsurai was relentless, curling his fingers along the inside of Mint over and over again, sending shocks up through his nerves. Mint moaned and squirmed, trying to wriggle his wrists free. Tsurai's grip only grew stronger, and his fingers faster. Mint was reduced to a panting, whining mess in seconds. It was just enough stimulation to make his stomach clench and legs twitch, but nothing nearly gratifying enough.

Still relentlessly teasing Mint with his fingers, Tsurai lowered his head to bite harshly at his neck. A loud gasp escaped, and Mint's hips bucked. Tsurai licked and sucked at the bruise on his neck, then moved down just slightly to bite again. He left mark after mark, all the while listening to Mint's voice grow higher and higher in his increasing desperation. Finally, Tsurai stopped entirely. His fingers ceased to move, but remained inside Mint, who in turn could only stare at him, panting and lids heavy.

"Call yourself a slut," Tsurai demanded again.

"I'm a fucking slut," Mint complied.

Tsurai's smile of triumph erupted on his face. He released Mint's wrists, noting the echoes of bruising on the delicate skin. He gripped Mint's hips again, jerking him roughly to the edge of the bed, and stood between his twitching legs. Mint kept his hands above his head obediently, waiting for what was coming next. Tsurai leaned to retrieve a bottle of lube from the nearby nightstand, and lowered his pants to let his dick spring free. Mint stared at his hard cock, watching it pulse with blood. Tsurai rubbed a generous amount of lube around his own length, and over Mint's already slick hole for good measure.

Just as he lined himself up, Tsurai instructed, "You only get to cum after I've filled you up."

Mint moaned, both from Tsurai's words and from the feeling as Tsurai slid himself with one fluid motion until he was fully seated inside. Tsurai cursed at how tight Mint was around him, knowing he wasn't going to last long. But that was okay. Tsurai had a new talent that he was developing. And with how absolutely hot Mint was for him, Tsurai was sure he could make it work. He started pulling back and pushing forward, immediately setting a harsh pace. He gripped Mint's hips, hard enough to leave more superficial bruises, and pulled him down on his dick as he fucked forward. Mint's hands shot to grip Tsurai's arms, and a string of curses escaped him. He was trying so hard not to touch himself.

The sound of skin slapping and harsh groans filled the room, as Tsurai used Mint to chase his orgasm. It took only a few short minutes before he was warning Mint that he was about to cum. He pulled down on Mint to bury himself as deep as he could, moaning over and over as he came inside. Mint loved the sensation, intoxicated by it. He couldn't resist the urge to touch himself. Tsurai's vision was blurry, his ears ringing. He held tightly to Mint's legs to steady himself as he did his best to recover quickly. When he finally made it back to earth, Tsurai saw that Mint was about to make himself cum.

He gripped Mint's hand, pulling it off his dick. Mint groaned in pure frustration. Tsurai forced his hand back against the mattress and knelt forward. He snaked both hands up Mints body and closed his fingers around his throat.

"I'm not done yet," Tsurai growled into Mint's ear, tightening his grip around Mint's neck. He snapped his hips forward again, and felt Mint's throat vibrate with a whine under his palms. He returned to the harsh pace he had moments before.. Unable to reach down to touch himself again, Mint resorted to gripping the bed sheets with white knuckles and mixing moans with cries. He wanted to cum so badly. Tsurai angled himself to make that desire nearly insurmountable. His next orgasm took Tsurai by surprise. He stooped over Mint and came again, groaning louder than he ever had, and his fingers tightening around Mint's throat. Air was completely cut, and Mint's eyes rolled back. Fingernails carved angry red scratches into his back as Tsurai clumsily ground forward. The grip around his neck loosened. They both drew in a harsh breath.

Drawing on his last bit of will, Tsurai went back to his pace right away. He wrapped his arms around Mint and crouched his forehead to the mattress. Strings of words poured from his lips, "I'm gonna come one more time. One more time. I want you to cum. Cum with me."

Mint was reduced to one long series of melted moans and begs and pleads, every part of his body tense and craving release. Tsurai squeezed his eyes shut. His dick was starting to get too sensitive, borderline painful. But he was too lost in the feeling. Playing the dominant role was far from his mind now, as he became hyper-focused on getting himself and Mint off at the same time.

"I'm gonna come again, Mint," Tsurai croaked, finally gripping his boyfriend's dick and pumping.

Mint hissed, back arching and clawing Tsurai's shoulders, "Please. Please. Please."

It only took a few clumsy pumps for Mint to explode, crying out as the waves of relief wracked his body. The feeling of Mint pulsing around Tsurai's cock pushed him over the edge, and he soon came too. Both of their voices raised together, a chorus of whines and curses as they both saw stars. Tsurai lost all of his strength, leaning on his elbow as he wrung the last of Mint's cum out and onto his chest and stomach. Tsurai was too sensitive now, every small movement from Mint sending overwhelming pricks through his nerves. He pulled out quickly, drawing another sharp gasp from Mint, and rolled to lay his back on the mattress. Two parallel panting, sweating, messes.

Yet as the initial high died off too quickly, Mint could feel the ghosts of need still present. Cumming once wasn't enough. He looked over at Tsurai, who had his eyes closed and forearm draped along his forehead. Scanning along his body, and down to his cock, Mint saw that it was still hard. It pulsed bright red. Without warning, Mint got up to straddle Tsurai, hovering just above him. It took a moment for Tsurai to register the movement, but his eyes reluctantly crept open to stare up. The look on Mint's face filled him with cold terror.

"My turn," Mint spoke with a low voice. His face was still flushed, and the strings of cum remained on his chest.

"I can't-" Tsurai protested. His dick was way too sensitive. But Mint reached down, taking hold of it, and sitting back on Tsurai with one fluid motion. Both of them groaned loudly, and Tsurai's hands shot to Mint's hips, trying to pull him back up again.

"God, Mint! It's too sensitive!" Tsurai protested.

Mint raised and lowered himself once, watching as Tsurai's face contorted with pained pleasure. He pressed his palms on Tsurai's chest, kneading the muscle. He rolled his hips once again, and Tsurai hissed, digging nails into Mint.

"You can take it," Mint encouraged him.

Tsurai bit his lip and whimpered as Mint started to roll his hips again, over and over, riding on top to build his pleasure up again. Finally, Tsurai started to cry out as the overwhelming stimulation formed into another building orgasm. He did his best to slide to the edge of the bed, planting his feet to the floor and taking over to fuck up into Mint. In turn, Mint arched himself, aiming Tsurai to maximize his pleasure while he jerked himself off. He could feel himself getting closer, but Tsurai was coming undone quickly, overwhelmed with need.

Mint raised himself up, and pressed his palms down on Tsurai's hips to keep him from moving. His dick was still inside, just an inch. The sudden stop made the painful oversensitivity come back to Tsurai in electric pin pricks. It hurt so badly, and cumming was the only thing he could think of to make it better. He tried to push up stubbornly, but Mint held strong. He finally opened his eyes again, looking up at Mint and letting tears of frustration build.

"Beg," Mint said.

That's all he needed to say. Tsurai whined and gasped, "Please. Let me come inside you. Please, god! Just one more time. I need to come inside you one more time. Fuck! Mint! Please, let me come. Please."

Mint lowered himself back down and released Tsurai from his hold. Tsurai cried out a thank you heavy with relief and slammed upward over and over. Mint pumped himself rapidly, the sounds of Tsurai's desperate noises pulling him straight to the edge. Mint came first, shooting cum onto Tsurai's chest and face. Tsurai followed quickly, pushing one last time upward and cumming inside Mint for the fourth time. The two remained there, motionless and panting, trying to slowly bring their souls back into their body. Mint drank in the view below him, of Tsurai absolutely lost in his pleasure, with Mint's cum decorating his skin. Finally, Tsurai lifted his heavy lids and they both made eye contact.

Tsurai groaned pathetically, "I was supposed to be the dom, you asshole."

Mint laughed, bending forward and giving Tsurai a kiss.