

CONTENT WARNING: Julius is a dom, and a lil bitch. Mint is mad. Tsurai is submissive as hell. There's lots of conflicted emotions and drama, and lots of consent too. The intention is to not involve anything dubious, but Mint and Tsurai are struggling with emotions as a result of their breakup.

NSFW content: Teasing, spitroasting, double-penetration, hard and soft top (good-cop-bad-cop dynamic), degradation and praise kink

In case you didn't read the first part: This is a non-canon scenario in which Mint and Tsurai dated. Mint then broke it off with Tsurai for some unspecified reason. Tsurai misses him dearly, and winds up hooking up with Julius to make himself feel better.

It began with a seemingly-innocent selfie. Julius loved nothing more than to stir the pot. Rock the boat. Get up to mischief. He took the photo quickly, snapping it while Tsurai was distracted. Just a sliver of his body and red hair in the background was enough. While Julius smiled in that cocky half-grin in the foreground, Tsurai sat at the edge of the bed in the background. Turned away, back exposed, shirtless. Julius was bubbling with quiet glee as he sent the photo. This was the exact goading he enjoyed the most. It wasn't for manipulation's sake, more so for his amusement, with roots of curiosity. Julius enjoyed setting up the dominos to watch them fall. It took minimal effort to set this scenario up, but it would ignite a wildfire. With a couple taps of his phone screen, the picture was sent to one person who's number Julius hadn't used in months. It was always good to save old numbers for cases like this. The recipient saw the message quickly, but left it on read. Even better. It meant that what he had to say couldn't be conveyed over a text.

Tsurai tugged his shirt back over his head. He hummed with ignorant contentment, still basking in the afterglow of sex. Since that first time he'd hooked up with Julius, Tsurai has made it a habit to visit the garage more and more often. Julius wasn't thrilled with the buzzing company. But Tsurai sweetened the pot by bringing pizza, and even brought his car in for maintenance once or twice. Although, it was mostly a half-baked excuse to loiter. Anything to distract himself. And at first, Julius was loving it. This golden goose was paying Julius with money and free food to fuck him. He couldn't complain too much about that setup. But there was a glaring drawback that slowly eroded his patience.

Tsurai was emotional. He was touchy-feely. And his returning romps with Julius were beginning to drag out, more and more, after the mood had long died. Tsurai was starting to latch on to Julius, talking to him about life and struggles and school. It was nauseating. Julius didn't sign up to be someone's pseudo-boyfriend. Tsurai clearly still wanted Mint back. The two have been

broken up a little over a month now, and he was still pathetically pining for the guy. With Julius as a distraction, Tsurai wasn't likely to beg for Mint back. So, Julius did him a favor. He would open an opportunity for the two to meet again and have a real heart-to-heart.

Julius was just about to return to working on Tsurai's car, with Tsurai blabbing and carrying on some conversation he wasn't interested in, when there was a harsh banging on the garage door. It made Tsurai jump in his seat on the shop stool as the rattling boomed over the relative silence. He looked to Julius, "Who's that?"

Julius grinned and shrugged, failing to feign ignorance. He walked to the garage door and pulled it up by the handle in one fluid motion. On the other side stood Mint, fuming.

"Oh, Mint! What are you doing here?" Julius spoke with an obvious and obnoxious tone. From where he was sitting, Tsurai's eyes went wide. Mint's glare softened when the two made eye-contact. He shoved past the garage door and rushed to Tsurai with agitated steps.

"What the hell are you doing here with Julius?" Mint began his tirade, "Are you doing this on purpose? To make me jealous or something? Julius, of all people? What the fuck are you thinking?" Tsurai was speechless. His mind was experiencing whiplash by the turn of events, and his heart squeezed from seeing Mint again. It's been over a month of radio silence. He missed him so goddamn much. But Mint was angry right now, and Tsurai wasn't sure how to react. He held his hands up in surrender.

Luckily, Julius strode up to slink an arm around Tsurai's shoulders and draw the heat away from him, "Woah woah Mint, easy there. I don't know why you're getting so angry."

The look Mint gave him could turn a person to stone, "Shut the fuck up."

Julius only smiled wider, "You dumped Tsurai. You don't have a right to be mad at him."

"It's none of your fucking business," Mint spat.

Julius moved a hand down along Tsurai's chest, making Tsurai squirm under his touch. This was beginning to feel far too much like a game. Like two men fighting over a piece of meat. Julius continued to speak with a playful tone, "Oh, but it is my business." His hand slid lower, to Tsurai's stomach, "See, when you dumped your little boyfriend here, he couldn't help himself." Mint's eyes followed downward, watching the hand grip at the hem of Tsurai's shirt, "He became so desperately lonely, that he had to resort to sleeping with a person like me."

Tsurai's face erupted in a red blush, and he looked to the side in shame as Julius's hand dipped below the waistband of his shorts. Mint's expression couldn't be read. He stared blankly down at Tsurai as he listened to Julius's last words, "It's a shame you left after you went through all that effort to train him to take dick so well."

Mint's hand lurched forward, grabbing Julius's wrist and pulling back up. Tsurai's eyes snapped back to his face, and he couldn't contain his awe. He'd never seen Mint so furious.

"I will kill you," Mint hissed.

As always, Julius didn't take the threat with any brevity, "Don't pretend to be so upset. Isn't this an exciting opportunity? You have your two hottest exes in a room with you, practically served to you on a plate."

The anger faded to confusion as Mint tried to decode what Julius was insinuating. He glanced back at Tsurai again. Tsurai's face was beet-red, and his eyes remained glued to the floor. Julius moved the hand that was still restrained by Mint, twisting his wrist and gripping Mint's hand instead. He pushed it down, over the front of Tsurai's pants. Tsurai jumped from the contact and stuttered in protest.

"See?" Julius laughed.

Mint didn't speak. He whipped his hand away and took a step back. But Julius knew how to double-down on this. Whether he got to taunt and destroy Mint's pride, or get a threeway out of the situation, Julius was happy with either. He stood up straight, gripping Tsurai's chin and twisting it upward to force Tsurai's head back. Tsurai grunted and reflexively moved to free himself, but he froze when Julius's hand went back down, stroking him under his pants. Tsurai bit back the moan in his throat.

While staring directly at Mint, Julius asked Tsurai in a mocking purr, "Isn't that right babe? Wouldn't it be amazing to have Mint join us in the fun for once? Or is my dick more than enough for you?"

Tsurai refused to answer, humming instead in a conflicted mess of burning humiliation and brewing arousal. But in his mind, the answer was a strong yes. He wanted Mint to touch him again, more than anything. And having Julius there to give him the same attention sounded like a tantalizing mix of heaven and hell.

When it took too long for him to answer, Julius redirected Tsurai's head with a strong grip, forcing him to look at Mint too. Julius's voice dropped in demand, "Tell him."

"Mint I-" Tsurai began.

"Don't," Mint said with half-hearted conviction.

"I want you, Mint. Pease," Tsurai begged between heated breaths. Julius was still pumping him under his clothes, "Make me feel good again, please."

Julius chuckled in victory and twisted Tsurai's head again, to face him and allow a kiss. Julius never broke eye contact with Mint as his tongue invaded Tsurai's mouth. Tsurai gasped and allowed it all, ever obedient. Mint's gut clenched, confused and hurt. He missed Tsurai too much. It was painful to see what had unfolded in his absence. But he couldn't ignore what was happening in front of him. Tsurai begged him for this. He wants this. Mint might not be able to fix it all and start over with Tsurai, but he could at least make things good for him again tonight.

Mint approached the two, urging Julius to break the kiss and back up. Mint took Tsurai's chin in his hand this time, angling him upward for his own kiss. Tsurai was greedy with this one, eagerly opening his mouth and letting Mint devour his need. Julius hadn't pulled away entirely, still fondling Tsurai and drawing out gasps and moans that he no longer could hold back. The feelings of painful longing and relief were overwhelming, drawing tears to Tsurai's eyes. He blinked and they rolled down and past Mint's thumb. When he broke their kiss, Mint wiped Tsurai's tears and whispered a broken apology.

"Jesus, save the dramatic shit for later," Julius groaned. He pulled Tsurai back, away from Mint to get him in a new position. Tsurai whimpered, upset that he was being pulled away from Mint's touch. The sound of it made Mint want to snap Julius's neck all over again. Julius angled Tsurai's hips back and pushed him down, forcing him to bend over the stool he was sitting on. With pants ripped down in rapid succession, Julius had his already hard cock exposed and tapping on Tsurai's ass.

"I already came inside him earlier tonight, so I guess you'll be getting sloppy thirds, Mint," Julius said with a laugh. He pushed into Tsurai with one slow motion, and Tsurai winced and moaned under him. Luckily it hadn't been too long since their last round, or the sudden stretch would have hurt. Unwilling to wait, Julius started a lazy pace, observing Mint's face contort in conflicted emotions as he watched his two exes fuck in front of him. Tsurai kept his head pointed to the floor to avoid eye contact again. Julius paused to heave a dramatic sigh of exasperation. These two idiots don't know what the hell they're doing.

"You gonna put your dick in this slut's mouth or what?" Julius demanded.

Mint glared at Julius and was about to retort, but Tsurai's moan caught his attention back down. Tsurai held his mouth open, tongue out, inviting Mint to join. His voice came out in broken grunts as Julius continued his motions. It was all too much. Mint cursed under his breath and undid his belt. Tsurai moaned again in eager anticipation when Mint's dick was freed from his pants. He pressed the tip down on Tsurai's tongue, and slowly slid it in, until Tsurai's nose touched his skin and he was gagging painfully around it. Mint's eyes fluttered.

"Good boy, Tsurai," Mint said. It was hard for him to convey, but Tsurai was clearly pleased by the words. He relaxed and let Mint slide back out.

"Such a good cocksleeve," Julius echoed with sarcasm.

Julius halted his pace to mirror Mint. Both men pressed forward at the same time, and fresh tears fell from Tsurai through the overwhelming sensations. He felt like he was suffocating and full at the same time. The pressure was too much. The only thing that kept him grounded was the gentle strokes of Mint's hand through his hair, pushing his bangs back to clear his eyes.

"You're doing great Tsurai, it feels amazing," Mint breathed as he pulled back out again. Tsurai coughed and tried to wipe his eyes. A sharp slap to his ass made him hiss between his teeth.

"Say thank you," Julius laughed.

"Leave him the fuck alone," Mint demanded.

Julius snapped his hips and began fucking Tsurai harder, "Nah I don't think I will."

Tsurai gripped the stool and stood higher up on his toes. He looked up at Mint, groaning between thrusts and trying to collect his voice, "Thank you."

Mint seethed. He put his dick back into Tsurai's mouth and started at his own pace, trying to keep from moving too harshly and hurting Tsurai. With hands at the base of Tsurai's skull, he held him in place and used him. The sooner he came, the sooner this might be over, and Mint could take him away from this bastard. Tsurai was reduced to a warbled drone of moans and hums, drool dripping from his chin to the floor as he surrendered his will. His mind was growing fuzzy, perhaps from lack of oxygen. It had Tsurai's eyes slipping shut and losing himself in the feeling.

Mint grunted and stopped his motions, fully seated in Tsurai's throat and coming. Tsurai's hands sprang forward, holding Mint by the hips to push him out the moment his air depleted. The imagery got to Julius, because he came shortly after with a string of curses between clenched teeth. He doubled over, tugging at Tsurai's hips to bury himself as far as he could. The motion backward caused Mint's dick to fall from Tsurai's throat, with Tsurai gagging and pushing him away. Mint continued to cum, out of Tsurai's mouth and onto his face instead.

All three of them stood frozen, each trying to catch their breath and recover before the other. With shaky fingers, Mint wiped at the cum on the bridge of Tsurai's nose and whispered an apology. Tsurai responded by putting the dirtied fingers in his mouth.

"Aww, what a tender moment," Julius spoke with dripping sarcasm. To counter the sweet sentiment, he tugged Tsurai's hair back, forcing him to look up at Mint. Julius demanded again, "Say thank you."

Without missing a beat, Tsurai fumbled over the words with cum still on his tongue, "Thank you."

Mint was fed up. He urged Julius to back off so Tsurai could stand, "Okay we're done here, let Tsurai go."

"What is this, a hostage situation?" Julius grinned. He held Tsurai against himself, supporting his weight as Tsurai still worked through his disorientation. Julius gripped at the base of Tsurai's dick and stroked once, drawing out a low moan. Mint flushed.

"You haven't made Tsurai feel good like he asked," Julius sneered, "I'm definitely not going to do the job. So you better stick around." Tsurai looked at Mint with pleading eyes, and he bit his lip. Mint had no choice but to listen.

"I have an idea, why don't you follow us upstairs?" Julius asked. The way he was running the show made Mint anxious. Tsurai was listening to him so easily. He was wrapped around Julius's finger like one of his rings. Half-dragging him upstairs, Julius pulled Tsurai to the loft and set him down on his bed. Mint followed with slow, heavy feet. Once he got to the top of the staircase, he saw that Julius was whispering some instructions in Tsurai's ears. Judging by how red Tsurai got from hearing those words, they couldn't mean anything good.

"I- I can't," Tsurai admitted. He suddenly couldn't make eye contact with Mint.

"C'mon, isn't that all you want? Every time we did it, you were just thinking about Mint the entire time. Might as well make that fantasy real," Julius said and patted his cheek. He urged Tsurai up off the bed and turned to Mint, "Lay on your back. You'll love this."

Mint seriously doubted that. He looked to Tsurai, who stared at the floor but seemed to be waiting for Mint to follow the orders. Mint sighed and did as he was told.

"While you were out of the picture, Tsurai came over to my place way too often," Julius began as Tsurai started his task. Mint watched with a puzzled face, that slowly twisted to surprise as Tsurai removed his clothes and started to lower Mint's pants again. Julius continued, "It was fucking annoying how horny he was for dick constantly. I didn't want to put in the effort to fuck the greedy bastard half the time."

Tsurai leaned over and started to jerk Mint's limp dick back to life. Mint didn't know what to do. Tsurai was still refusing to make eye contact. Julius suddenly gripped Tsurai's hair in his fist, making him look up, "Beg Mint like you'd beg for me."

He was quickly released, and Tsurai looked mortified. He finally looked at Mint, and knelt down, licking and kissing at Mint's dick, "Please Mint. I need to cum. I'll do all the work. Just let me ride on top til I cum. You won't have to do anything."

Mint's face deepened several shades of red. Tsurai's whine as he spoke sent shocks down his spine, and his cock jumped at his tickling breath.

Julius erupted in laughter. "Same thing happened to me! It's hard to say no to someone begging so pathetically, right?" His words stung Tsurai, it was evident on his face. Mint reached down to touch Tsurai's cheek, wanting to say something to reassure and comfort him. Julius was quicker though, grabbing both of Mint's wrists. He walked around to the head of the bed, holding Mint's arms back.

"It's better when you just watch," Julius informed. Mint growled and tried to wring his arms free. When Tsurai moved to climb on the bed and straddle Mint, he gave up the fight and held still. Tsurai's expression started to shift, from deathly embarrassment to heavy-lidded lust. He lowered himself on Mint, sliding his dick in easily. Tsurai sat down with his full weight and sighed in relief. He started to bounce up and down, using his thighs to ride Mint as he jerked himself off.

"Look at you, just taking your pleasure like a greedy whore," Julius began his usual lines of degradation. Mint wanted to speak over him, to contradict what he was saying, but Tsurai just moaned more and moved faster. He was into it.

Julius released Mint's arms, who in turn, put them down on Tsurai's hips. As he walked around to the foot of the bed, Julius continued a stream of insults, enjoying the view and watching as Tsurai visibly got closer to his precipice. Mint watched with conflicting feelings of anger and heat. Not long ago, he was also on the receiving end of Julius's degradation. It worked on him then as much as it was working on Tsurai now. Julius knew what people wanted to hear at their lowest.

Julius took his time to grab the bottle of lube recently discarded at his desk. He looked back again, seeing how Tsurai and Mint were lost in their own world now. They were fucking each other with reckless abandon, gasping and moaning each others' names. Based on the way Mint was squeezing his eyes shut, he was probably getting close already too. Julius scoffed. What a perfect situation. At the foot of the bed, Julius gave a sudden demand, "Stop."

Tsurai whimpered and halted his motions, lifting himself just enough to get Mint to pause as well. Mint hissed as his orgasm painfully died.

Julius took a moment to loosen his pants and spread the lube on himself and around Tsurai's entrance, "I'm gonna let you come, but you have to fit me inside first," he spoke low.

His words didn't make sense at first, but once it clicked, Mint's eyes shot wide, "You can't be serious. Tsurai, you can't do that."

Julius looked to Mint like he just declared that the sky was red. Such stupidity. Julius asked, "What do you think, Tsurai? Want to have us both come inside you at once?"

Tsurai shivered above Mint at the thought. It took him several seconds to articulate, his throat still raw, "I- I wanna try. I don't know if--"

The gentle touch of Mint's hands on his arms interrupted Tsurai's thoughts. Mint tugged Tsurai down, having him bend forward so they could share a kiss. The sound of Julius lowering his pants to the floor echoed in Tsurai's mind as he kissed the one person who mattered to him. When they pulled apart, Mint spoke with a soft, soothing voice, "You can do it Tsurai."

Tsurai's eyes softened and his dick twitched. He nodded in agreement.

Mint kissed him again, "It'll feel good Tsurai. I want to come inside you like that." He was about as desperate as Tsurai was at this point for release.

Tsurai seemed to melt at his words, but stiffened again when Julius poked his cock at his already-occupied entrance. His breath hitched, and Mint had to tell him to breathe out. He reached down to grip Tsurai's cock and pumped, which seemed to help a little. Julius pushed in, slowly, just his tip, and Tsurai cried out. The sting from the stretch was overwhelming. It felt impossible.

"Tsurai, you're amazing," Mint spoke again. He kissed the tears away from the corners of his ex's eyes, "I missed you so much. I missed touching you and kissing you and holding you."

Julius couldn't resist rolling his eyes at the dramatic slurry of words, but he had to admit that it was working. He was sliding in with less resistance than before, about halfway before coming to a complete stop. It was tight, almost painfully so.

"Mint, I-" Tsurai was a blubbering mess.

"I'm going to start moving, Tsurai. I want you to come while we fuck you," Mint rasped. He moved his hips slowly upward, and both Julius and Tsurai keened. Julius gripped painfully at Tsurai's hips to hold them both still while Mint did the work. He pushed slowly in and out while pumping Tsurai. All three of them were overwhelmed by how tight it was, but Tsurai was unraveling entirely. He came with a loud sob, on Mint's chest. The way his body clenched around them had Mint and Julius falling over the edge way too quickly. They all groaned in a broken chorus and clung to each other, trying not to lose their balance as they saw stars.

Julius was the first to pull out, carefully, and stumbled backward to his desk chair. He landed with a loud huff. Tsurai fell forward, exhausted and weak, into Mint's waiting arms. Mint immediately set to work, kissing and smoothing Tsurai's hair and whispering endless praises. Fresh tears fell from Tsurai's eyes in earnest.

Mint asked with alarm, "Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

Tsurai shook his head and spoke in broken words, "No- no. I just..."

He couldn't find the words to explain how much he missed Mint's sweet gentleness. His throat closed at the thought of finishing his sentence. Instead, he wordlessly wrapped his arms around Mint and hugged him tight, hoping to convey what he meant. Mint sighed in response, full of remorse and sadness, and relief.

"So," Julius interrupted the moment, pulling his belt closed again, "I'll leave you two to chat it out here."

Mint rolled his eyes as Julius descended the stairs, "I'm gonna go grab something to drink, want anything? Mint?"