

Content Warning: Julius is a bit rougher, but as always, this is 100% consensual content.

NSFW Content: Biting, choking, spitting, throat-fucking, (very minor) breathplay, (minor) mind-breaking, anal sex, fingering, brat-taming, begging, frustration, orgasm-denial, pinning.

---

The deadbolt on the front door thunked, and creaked slowly open. Mint ducked his head inside briefly, sure that no one was inside the apartment, but cautious anyway. Thankfully, Malcolm wasn't around to create any unwanted attention. He and everyone else were probably going to the library for a study group session soon. Tsurai, too. He was probably walking alone across the campus— when they should be walking together. A thorn of guilt pierced Mint's chest, but dissipated just as quickly when Julius brushed past him to get inside. The thrill of having someone like Julius around exploded Mint's nerves and drowned his consciousness. It was the exact blinding distraction he desperately needed right now.

The interior of the apartment was quiet and shrouded in shadow. Mint didn't have a moment to flip a switch or offer a beverage. The instant the front door clicked shut again, Julius enveloped Mint in a rush of hands and lust. His back pinned to the door, and his wrists were held level with his shoulders. Julius craned his head down to bite the junction where Mint's neck and shoulder met in delicate muscle. An involuntary gasp and moan bubbled from Mint's throat. Julius remained just a second more, to nip and suck the skin and palm the front of Mint's pants, before backing off with a devious smile. Mint huffed and grinned, frustrated at himself for how eager he was.

"You gonna show me to your room?" Julius asked, sharp teeth bared in a smile.

They wasted no time, discarding their shoes in a heap and bee-lining to Mint's bedroom. Julius was last to enter, shutting the bedroom door behind himself and immediately taking off his tank top. Mint sat at the edge of his bed, trying to mask his surprise at both how Julius was undressing so unceremoniously, and also at his built physique. Julius was muscular in the practical way, broad and toned from lifting heavy objects and working with his hands. Mint saw first the tattoo on his chest, and wondered whose initials were wrapped in the black ink heart. And then with a closer look, he noticed remnants of old scars that dotted Julius's arms and chest, and he wondered what kind of story they told. His eyes trailed down along the subtle lining of muscles under his stomach, a suggestion of natural strength. Complimented by the jut of his hip bones under loosely-hanging jeans.

Julius paced up to Mint and pushed at his chest to lay him back on the bed. In turn, he crawled up and placed his legs on either side of Mint's body; pinning him to the mattress. Julius yanked the cheap necklaces from his neck, breaking the clasps. The blatant disregard for his things should probably irritate Mint, but the worked-up and horny side of his mind deemed it a hot gesture instead. The collar of his shirt was tugged aggressively to the side to reveal his neck. Julius leaned down, the cold metal piercings on his lip touched at Mint's throat while he bit into

the soft, thin skin. Mint let out a sharp gasp and clutched at Julius's back. Words had barely been exchanged between them. Casual hookups like this were usually premised with awkward conversations and aggressive flirting from Mint. It felt good to have things switched up for once. Julius took the lead with brash hands and assertive teeth, sending shocks of excitement through Mint's spine.

They paused, Julius standing up from the bed to allow Mint to remove his shirt entirely and cast it aside to the floor. Julius remained standing at the foot of the bed, staring down at Mint in a silent order. Mint obediently slinked off the mattress and sunk to his knees, eagerly grasping at Julius's belt to undo it. Julius simply chuckled, pleased with how responsive Mint was. Once his underwear was tugged down, his cock sprung free and Mint couldn't hide the bewildered look on his face. He gingerly touched the metal jewelry that trailed in two rows along the shaft, and looked up at Julius with an obvious question on his mind. This was always the reaction he initially got, and it never failed to make Julius laugh.

"A Jacob's Ladder?" Mint asked.

"It's hot as fuck, right?" Julius replied.

Mint rolled his eyes, but silently agreed. He'd never been with someone who had dick piercings. He wondered what it'd feel like going in and out a couple places. Mint opened his mouth to lick up the bottom side of his cock in one go, feeling the different dots of metal tickle his tongue. Julius shuddered above him and pressed forward eagerly. Mint toyed with Julius, licking and sucking at the sides of his dick but never putting him fully in his mouth. It took all of a minute for Julius to grow impatient.

He reached down to grip Mint's chin and looked him in the eye, "Put your mouth around it already. I know you want to."

Mint laughed and obliged, sliding Julius's cock all the way in, slowly, past his tongue and into his throat. Julius let out a small gasp, caught by surprise at how well Mint took him down. An involuntary curse whispered past his lips. Mint hummed with smug satisfaction and slowly moved back and forward again, taking him just a bit further. After a few test strokes, Mint was working Julius all the way to the hilt, his nose touching at Julius's abdomen. He choked around Julius's dick, and remained still. It was Mint's way of showing off, to take someone as deep as possible and sit there until they react. Tattooed fingers slipped along the back of Mint's head, gripping his hair at the base of his skull. Julius pulled, gently but firm, to urge Mint to back up and look him in the eye. Mint coughed and shiny tears peared in the corners of his eyes. He looked up at Julius with his tongue still out.

"Fuck. You really like to suck cock, don't you?" Julius breathed.

Mint answered by going back down. Julius hissed and gripped tightly into the knot of Mint's hair. Mint sucked and pumped Julius eagerly, focusing on the sensation of the piercings massaging along his tongue.

"You the type to take dick well too?" Julius asked between huffs.

Mint answered yes with a moan around Julius's cock.

"Like it when someone's rough with you?" Julius continued.

Another moan in response.

"I'm gonna- fuck- make you beg for me-"

Mint released Julius from his mouth, tilting his head back up. He licked his lips and smiled with mischief, "If you can make me."

A grin broke across Julius's lips. He loved a challenge, "Get the fuck on your bed."

Mint obeyed and moved to lay back on his mattress. He had just enough time to let his head hit the pillows before Julius invaded his space again, straddling Mint's abdomen and grasping both of his wrists. Julius brought them together above Mint's head, holding them down with one hand. With the other hand, Julius traced a finger along Mint's jaw line and pulsing neck with admiration.

Julius hummed, then said "I bet you bruise easily."

Mint shuddered under him. That simple observation was simultaneously the most intoxicating and terrifying thing he could hear. It surged his heart into a beating frenzy. Julius knelt down and bit harshly at Mint's throat to elicit another gasp of delicious pain. Julius had this ritual he liked to play out, taking his time to create a patchwork of bruises along the necks and collarbones of his hookups. He loved the marks he left, the frustration he caused. He loved how it was already riling Mint up beyond all reason. Mint was the type to play along, but not give up control too easily. He wanted to bite back, scratch, touch, anything. But Julius's iron grip on his wrists and the weight on his core remained. He would have none of it. He was going to take his time. Julius moved his lips mere millimeters at a time, biting and sucking and feeling Mint swallow, his pulse skyrocket. His free hand groped and fondled, but never moved to give Mint reprieve. He loved the feeling of Mint's body squirming and writhing, his hips rut against nothing.

It felt like an eternity. Sometimes Julius would pause just a second longer, raise his head just a breadth higher, and Mint would believe he was done. Each time Julius went back, Mint whimpered and cursed more. When Mint was finally covered in purple and red, he was panting and his face was painted in frustration.

"What the hell are you doing?" Mint demanded, trying to hide his embarrassment with a tense tone.

"You said you wanted me to make you beg, right?" Julius responded.

"That's how you're going to do it? By chewing on me?" Mint asked with exhaustion.

Julius quirked an eyebrow and laughed. He reached between Mint's legs and groped his hard dick, and Mint let out a shaky whine. His face erupted in scarlet blush. Julius delighted in making him crack.

With a sinister laugh, Julius rose up off of Mint's lap and stood at the side of the bed, "Why don't you show me your talents again?"

Mint refused to move or answer, instead he stared up at Julius and held his gaze in stubborn silence. Julius merely rolled his eyes, unphased by the attitude. He took hold of one of Mint's arms and dragged him along the mattress with ease, positioning his head to the edge of the bed.

Julius loomed over Mint's dangling head. He stared down and spoke, "Be good and maybe I'll get you off."

Julius unzipped his pants again, pulling them down to let his cock spring free and hit Mint on the chin. Mint huffed but angled his head back and held his tongue out. Julius pointed the tip of his dick into Mint's mouth and slid in with ease. Mint had to adjust quickly, loosening his throat to accommodate Julius's length. He was already letting out a series of low moans, his hips rutting forward and back in shallow movements. Mint choked and gagged, and that only made Julius more excited. He loved the sound of it, loved the way Mint's throat pulsed around him. Julius locked his hands around either side of Mint's skull and slowly pushed all the way in. Mint gagged again, his throat spasming around the intrusion, and his eyes pricked with tears. Julius pulled back out, backing up to look down at Mint. He adored those glassy eyes. The way his throat bobbed under the taught, bruised skin of his neck.

"Mmm, you look hot like that," Julius hummed, and went to put his dick all the way back down again. This time, he started to fuck Mint's throat, with long deep strokes. He took hold of Mint's neck in one hand, rubbing his thumb along the adam's apple to feel it move while he fucked. Mint's hands instinctively gripped Julius's thighs and he dug his nails in. Julius fucked into Mint's mouth, quickening his pace, and Mint was starting to lose himself in it, his eyelids lowering as he simply stared to the distance and tried to remember to breathe.

Julius gasped above him, "your mouth feels so fucking good."

Mint couldn't help himself, he started moaning as he heard the praise. His fingernails dug even harder into Julius's legs, scratching and causing Julius to wince. He didn't seem to mind much,

just picked up the pace even more in response. Mint shifted his attention to his own dick, wanting to stroke it and relieve the pulsing pressure. Of course Julius wouldn't let him though. He noticed Mint's hand started to slide along the sheets and toward his groin, and he stopped his thrusting, keeping his dick in Mint's throat and choking him instead. While Mint struggled to breathe, Julius retrieved Mint's hands and held them flat to the mattress. He stooped over and resumed his pace, thrusting deeper than before. Mint closed his eyes and gave in to the sensation.

It wasn't long before Julius's hips were stuttering and he was giving Mint new orders, "Be good and take it all. Drink it all down."

Mint could only offer more shortened moans to encourage him. Julius pushed himself as far forward as he could and came down Mint's throat with a loud string of moans. Mint didn't even need to swallow. Tears were falling in streams now and his vision grew fuzzy from lack of oxygen. Just as his vision grew fuzzy, Julius pulled out and let Mint hang limp against the bed. Mint coughed and gasped and his head dangled backward. Once Julius came down from his high, he knelt down in front of Mint and grabbed his hair to make him look back up. His body was shaky and he offered a kind smile that hardly masked his sadism.

"Did you swallow it all?" Julius asked. Mint attempted to answer, but his throat was too rough to speak, so he nodded. Julius hummed and kissed him, slipping his tongue along Mint's briefly to taste himself before pulling back. "Fuck that was hot."

Mint whimpered and rutted his hips forward at the sound of the praise. He was so unbelievably horny now. He hoped that the praise meant that Julius would be returning the favor. Julius tutted and stood back up.

He simply asked, "Where's your lube?"

Mint tried to lift himself from the mattress, but his head spun. He gestured weakly to the nearby nightstand and adjusted himself to lay his head back on the pillows. Julius laughed and moved to take care of the rest. Along with the lube and a stray condom, Julius retrieved a water bottle and nudged Mint to take it. Mint downed the water gratefully to soothe his used throat. As he continued to recover, Julius sought to loosen his pants and remove them, stripping Mint entirely. Cold lube prodded at Mint's entrance, making him shiver. Julius wasn't wasting much time on preparing Mint. He started with two fingers, stroking and stretching impatiently while Mint winced and focused on relaxing. When Julius suddenly grasped and stroked Mint's cock with a lubed grip, Mint keened. Julius jerked him at a hurried pace, more to overstimulate Mint than get him off. Mint squirmed and panted in halted moans.

Julius stopped all of his ministrations at once, curbing all sensations and leaving Mint reeling to catch up. Julius harshly gripped Mint's thighs and dragged him closer, encouraging Mint to wrap his legs around his hips. The absent fingers were replaced with the tip of Julius's dick, which pressed in slowly as he let out a long sigh. Mint could feel the cold ridges of his

piercings as they slid inside, one at a time. He moaned, louder than usual. The feeling of the piercings rubbing inside him was new and exhilarating. They massaged further into him as Julius slowly pressed in all the way. His girth left Mint feeling blissfully full. Julius waited a short time to let Mint adjust, but judging on his instinct to shift and fuck himself on his dick, he was ready to go. Julius pulled back and fucked forward again, and again, picking up speed. He held Mint's hips in either hand, pulling him down as he thrust forward, plunging his dick as far inside as he could. Mint gripped his forearms with white knuckles, reduced to a mess of sweat and moans again. Julius kept his pace, enjoying the show of Mint's face contorting in pleasure and the way he stared up at Julius with lidded eyes and slack jaw. Julius was unrelenting, forcing Mint to bite his lip and squint his eyes shut. He wanted to so badly touch himself.

"Fuck, Julius," Mint began "Ple-"

Mint stopped himself, clamping his mouth shut. Julius paused his motions, looked him in the eyes for a moment, and a sinister grin broke across his face as he picked up the pace again, fucking Mint even harder. Mint hurled a string of curses. He focused on the way Julius was making him feel, and as if reading his mind, Julius leaned his weight forward to push even further into Mint and touch the spot that made Mint's mind go blank. They both moved against each other to make each stroke deeper, both chasing their high. Julius set a fast pace and rolled his hips with precision to draw out Mint's inhibition.

Mint writhed under Julius and clutched at the sheets beneath him. His mind was going blank, he was lost in the lust and desperation to touch himself and cum. He reached up at one point to grip his hard dick, and Julius forced his hand back down. Mint was reduced to a whining mess then. The crushing reality he was facing and the inability to find release was overwhelming him. Julius wanted to see it all. He reached down and grasped Mint's throat between his hands, squeezing just enough to cut airflow. Mint's eyes opened with fear and thrill, but he didn't look up.

"Look at me," Julius demanded between gritted teeth. He squeezed tighter and Mint finally looked him in the eye. All at once Julius thrust forward as deep as he possibly could and came, watching as Mint arched backward and finally moaned loud and unabashed. Julius fucked Mint more, trying to lengthen his orgasm as much as possible. He raised up on his legs subconsciously, trying to go as deep as he could. Mint was lost in the pleasure, his eyes beginning to roll back, but it ended all too soon. Julius stopped and sat back on his legs again, shaking and recovering from his orgasm. Mint shifted, wanting to reclaim the friction from Julius's dick still inside him. Julius looked down at Mint then, reveling in his desperation.

Julius leaned forward to bring his face close to Mints. He cupped Mint's chin once again and demanded in a low voice, "open your mouth."

Mint obeyed without hesitation. Anything to convince Julius to get him off. Julius spat into Mint's mouth, and he swallowed.

"So desperate. I love it," Julius cooed.

With rough, calloused hands, he jerked off Mint with lazy, languid motions. The small tough was enough to have Mint arching back, panting and moaning with relief. But two pumps were not enough, and the minute Mint looked back up at Julius with pleading eyes, he regretted it. Julius was so goddam smug, the way he just sat back and grinned, Mint's cock still in his hand.

"Beg." Julius demanded, in a cool, almost humorous tone.

Mint swallowed, "please."

Julius pumped him once, slicked his thumb over the tip of Mint's cock, and pretended he didn't hear him, "hmm?"

"Fuck-" Mint pushed his head back against the pillows and bit back his pride, "Please! Just make me cum for fucks sake!"

"Fine," Julius's voice dripped with bemusement.

He finally, mercifully, pumped Mint's dick with a sloppy pace. Mint keened and panted again, mere seconds from exploding. He squirmed and his voice rose. His voice cracked as he announced he was about to cum.

Julius stopped jerking Mint off, and thrustured into him instead. Mint's orgasm died painfully and he sobbed, "Julius- please."

"You were moving on my dick too much, made me hard again," Julius replied matter-of-factly. He had a way of speaking in such an unbelievably frustrating tone.

"Fuck you!" Mint gritted through his teeth.

Julius chuckled, "You wanna come so badly, just come on my cock while I fuck you."

He stooped over, closing the distance between himself and Mint. Mint wrapped his arms and legs behind Julius, pulling him closer. Julius bit harshly onto Mint's shoulder, sinking his teeth and drawing out a pained moan. His pace picked up again, and their proximity gave sweet sweet friction to Mint's aching cock. His eyes fluttered at the feeling, and he moved his hips to maximize the sensation. It wasn't long before Julius's hips stuttered and halted as he came, moaning through his teeth. He pulled Mint down one last time, burying his dick as far in as possible. The feeling of his hot gasps against Mint's aching shoulder, and the pulsing inside him sent Mint over the edge. He came with a cry of strained relief, smearing both their chests with his cum.

When it was over, Julius rose back up with a shudder. Mint's eyes remained shut, his breathing shallow and face flushed. Julius glanced down at his abdomen, grimacing at the cum left on his skin. He patted Mint's cheek to get his attention. Mint's eyes cracked open, his eyebrows furrowed in annoyance.

"You gonna clean this up?" Julius gestured to the drops along his stomach.

"Fuck you, I already came. I'm not doing anything else for you," Mint huffed, and shut his eyes again.