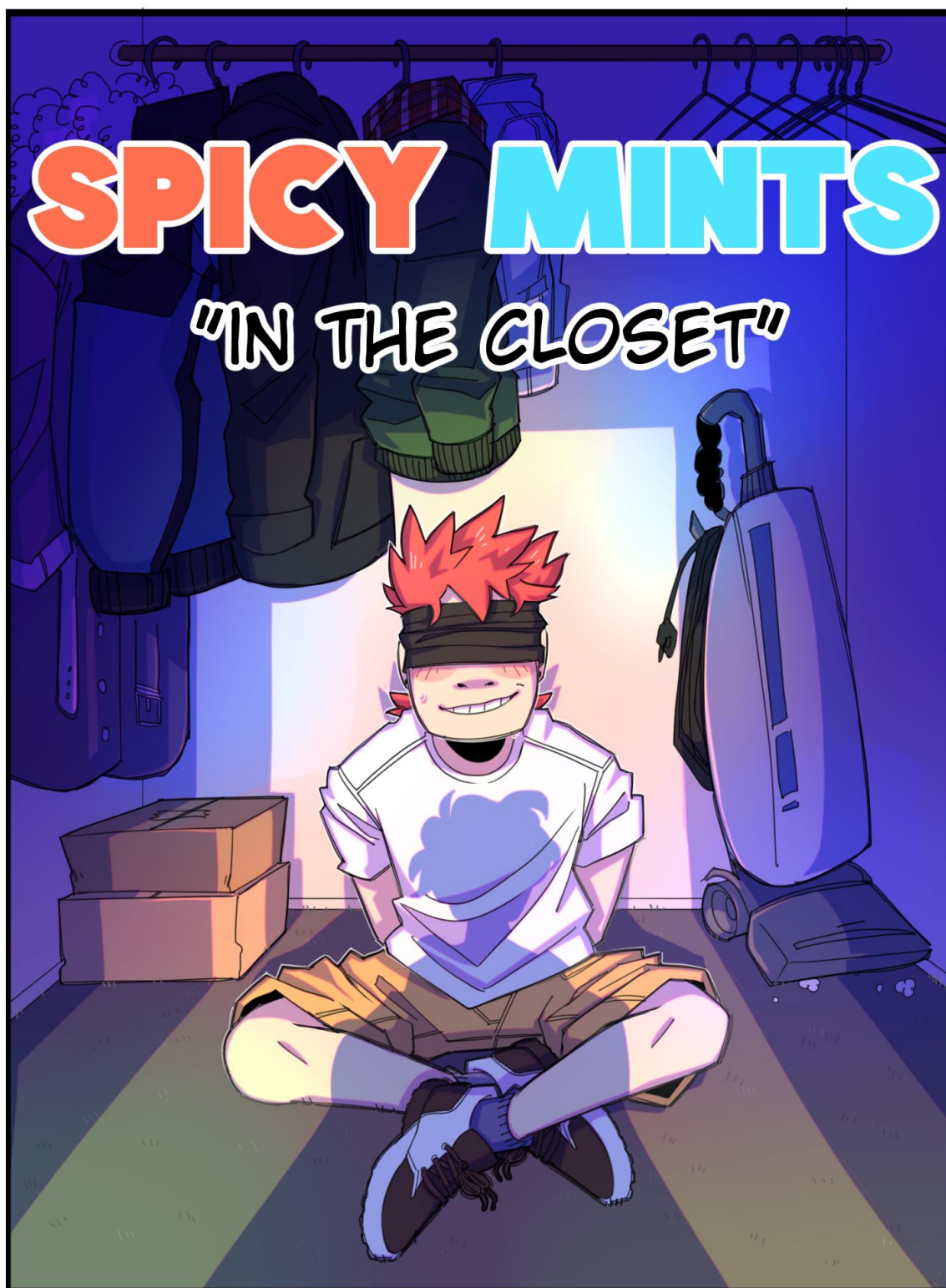


Content Warnings: Everything is 100% consensual, but there are some questionable morals.
Sexual Content: Kissing, biting, licking, blowjobs, mild restraints (arms tied and blindfold)



Mint, Tsurai, Malcolm, and Lottie are at a rowdy college house party, complete with loud music and cheap booze. Tsurai may be a little in over his head when he is the first to be selected for a classic, totally-not-cliche, party game.

Tsurai shifted his shoulders uncomfortably to help loosen the straining muscles in his arms. His shoulder blades grinded together. The tug at his arms and wrists were a steady reminder of the strange predicament he found himself in. Although going into the closet was a voluntary choice, Tsurai didn't anticipate having his wrists tied behind his back. Turns out that stretching his arms before-hand would have helped a lot. A necktie was placed around his wrists in a knot, and it chafed his skin. Admittedly, being in this position was a little uncomfortable. Tsurai was laughing and playing along with the crowd when he was selected to be the first one placed in the closet. But now that he was in here by himself, listening to muffled party music and raucous drunk voices outside, he wasn't so sure about this. With legs crossed and sat on the floor of the walk-in closet, he hunched forward and tried to breathe steadily. The closet was pitch black within, but leaving any lights on wouldn't have made much of a difference anyway-- the fabric of the blindfold over Tsurai's eyes was too thick to see through.

He waited in silence, his heartbeat quickening in anticipation. It matched pace with the bass of the party music that subtly shook the house. Outside the closet door, a rise of tipsy giggles and jeering broke from the circle of college students. Someone must have been chosen. Within a few seconds, the sound of a turning doorknob startled Tsurai, and he sat just a bit straighter. The air pressure changed and the music volume rose, and a new person entered the dark, cramped space.

Without a word, the selected person shut the door behind themselves and the music was a quieter thrumming once again. The motionless silence that followed gave Tsurai pin pricks at the base of his neck. Finally, there were sounds of clothes shifting as the person shuffled around to get their bearings. It sounded as though they decided to have a seat. Their back made a small *thunk* against the closet door.

Tsurai was hoping the person would just reveal themselves when they entered the closet. Maybe they'd laugh and joke about how ridiculous this whole situation was. Since when did college kids play seven minutes in heaven anyway? Seemed like something that only ever happened in coming-of-age movies. Tsurai had half a mind to say just that, to get the conversation going. He could find out who was in the closet with him, and maybe ask to have his hands untied. But the other person still hadn't said anything-- hadn't indicated who they were or their intentions. Tsurai cleared his throat and spoke to fill the silence.

“So... whatcha going to do to me?” Tsurai asked with a sarcastic tone. He followed the question with laughter to help quell his nerves. The other person didn’t respond, didn’t move. Tsurai sat a little taller and rolled his tensed shoulders. Their silence was starting to freak him out.

“Are you gonna say anything?”

A stray finger poked at his chest and Tsurai yelped in surprise. The hand disappeared just as quickly, and he could hear the person hit their back against the door again.

Anxiety injected into Tsurai’s laugh, “Sorry! You just startled me.”

The hand came forward again, three light finger tips touching at his shoulder to let Tsurai know it was there. Why the hell was this person touching him? Surely the other person in the closet with him didn’t *actually* want to play along with this game, right? The fingers traced down. They scraped just past his chest and along his stomach, and Tsurai’s voice died in his throat. He choked with the thoughts of where this wandering hand’s destination might be. It tentatively hooked fingers under the hem of his shirt, and bunched the fabric into a grip. The shirt lifted slightly above his navel and paused. Tsurai sat with confusion painted all over his face. He swallowed anxiously and wondered why the hand was just hovering there.

Oh. *Maybe...*

“You can lift my shirt,” Tsurai obliged.

The hand slowly pulled it up, higher than Tsurai anticipated. He thought maybe the person would just lift the shirt enough to have a look, or to poke or tickle him perhaps. Instead, the shirt was pulled all the way up, bunching in his armpits and over his head to be tucked behind his neck. Tsurai’s chest and abdomen were exposed, and he wouldn’t be able to pull the shirt back down. This alone sent his head in a tailspin of thoughts. Was the person in here trying to humiliate him? Oh god, what if they took pictures of him like this? Or what if they wanted to simply look at him-- to admire his physique in safe anonymity where they wouldn’t need to feel ashamed. Tsurai’s cheeks burned with the idea. What if there was a girl in the closet with him? Maybe she wanted to look at his body. Maybe she wanted to touch him.

Another long stretch of silence had him squirming in his seat. Just the steady beat of another song and distant mindless chatter accompanied the two. The blood was pulsing in Tsurai’s ears, deafeningly loud. Had they turned the music down? It felt like the silence in the closet was even more crushing than before. Tsurai couldn’t see the person in front of him, but he just knew that eyes were boring holes into his body. He wondered if they turned their phone’s flashlight on or something to see him. In a desperate move to seem confident, Tsurai decided to speak lightheartedly.

“Like what you see?” He asked, hoping the stutter in his voice wasn’t detectable. Tsurai leaned backward, stretching his abdomen and pulling his arms back to show his muscles off more. He was quite proud of his physique anyway, no sense in being bashful. If they were going to take pictures or something, might as well be good ones.

The feather-light touch returned to Tsurai’s chest and he tried not to flinch. The fingertips were like ice to his skin. This person was being incredibly careful not to give themselves away. There was no voice, no sounds of breathing, even. They never touched with more than a few fingers at a time. Their hand started to trace along the contours of Tsurai’s muscles. Explorative touches followed the lines of his abs, his chest, his collarbones, his arms, his hips. They followed the pathing like they were studying the lines of a book. Each curve and dip was observed carefully, as if the person was going to have to draw Tsurai from memory later. It tickled. Each touch left goosebumps in its wake. Without the use of his vision, Tsurai’s sense of touch was in overdrive. The fingers slowly traced up to his face, and danced along his jaw. Tsurai’s breath hitched when the hand gently cupped his chin. A thumb pad smoothed over his lips and lingered there. Permission was being asked again. Tsurai’s heart felt like it was going to explode out his chest.

“Are you asking to kiss me?” He whispered. Thank god it was dark in the closet. Tsurai was consumed in a red flush. Beads of sweat started to collect under his blindfold.

Two gentle taps on his lower lip answered. A simple signal that said yes, but so much more. Tsurai’s head was full of incoherent thoughts. He was trying to put a puzzle together with too many missing pieces. Who on earth could this person in the closet with him be? His only clues were that this person was quiet, gentle, and their hand was cold. It wasn’t enough information in the slightest, but Tsurai couldn’t help to think- or hope- it was Lottie.

He swallowed the anxiety building in his throat and stuttered out, “Okay.”

The hand on Tsurai’s chin gently pulled him forward and tilted his head to guide him in the kiss. The lips that met him were soft and warm. In the span of one second, Tsurai was assaulted with sensory information that his head was grappling to understand. The lips were soft, but the grip on his chin was more resolute than before. The person smelled like alcohol, which didn’t help at all since everyone else had been drinking too. There wasn’t any perfume or cologne he could identify. A wisp of hair touched his forehead. Their noses bumped. It was too much.

The first kiss was chaste-- a test. The person was being incredibly careful to not push Tsurai too far. The second kiss was just as tepid, but this time Tsurai was anticipating it, so he was able to lean into it. The drive for him to pick up any more clues about who this person could be pushed him further. The third kiss lingered. The person’s lips started to move, started to deepen the kiss, and Tsurai returned it. He had kissed girls before, so doing something like this wasn’t exactly an earth-shattering experience, but the mystery of it all was getting to him. Being restrained and being subject to this unidentified person’s wills was making his face hot.

Think. Who is this? Their kiss was getting just a little more bold. There wasn't any jewelry on the hand that was holding his face. This person was making every effort to not make a single noise. Their breath was hot. Their tongue lightly grazed Tsurai's lips, another request for permission. Tsurai allowed it.

Whoever this person was, they were one hell of a good kisser. The way they used their tongue was almost like a tease. It was just barely there, enough to make Tsurai want to press forward and get more of it. A lick at the point of his teeth, and along his lower lip, and just once to meet his own tongue. It was aggravatingly timid. They paused, pulled back an inch, and nipped at his bottom lip. Tsurai let out an involuntary gasp. All thoughts on solving the mystery flew out of his mind and were replaced with urgency and need to keep kissing them. Tsurai kept leaning his weight forward, feeling as though the person was constantly pulling away to keep their identity safely locked. For someone so bold to be kissing a tied-up man in a closet, they were frustratingly flighty. When Tsurai shifted his weight, trying to gain some leverage, a new hand appeared. The hand that wasn't cupping his face grazed along Tsurai's abs and gently held him at a distance. It felt even colder than before against his hot skin. Tsurai was acutely aware of an icy touch of metal on one of the fingers. Another clue.

All at once, the kissing stopped and the person backed up. They carefully pushed on Tsurai to get him to sit back down again. He only realized then how much he had moved to close the gap between them. Tsurai was now sitting back on his legs, knees against the floor. His breathing had quickened. His lips felt swollen and his tongue felt heavy. An eternity, or just a few seconds, passed wordlessly in that darkened closet. The muffled party music played. Steadying his breath and slowing his pulse, Tsurai finally calmed down and leaned backward to pull his shoulder blades together and relieve the strain on his tied arms. His muscles pinched from the resistance and he was growing tired of it.

Tsurai stifled a shudder when he felt the ghost of hands on either side of his waist. A kiss landed on his chest, and two taps of a finger signaled another question. The suddenness of the request had Tsurai's mind skipping tracks, struggling to answer. A kiss on his body. Kisses on him. They were asking to kiss him more. Adrenaline gripped his veins. At this point, Tsurai's inhibition was starting to shed, replaced with bubbling curiosity.

"Go ahead," He responded.

The person was being careful not to lean too much weight on him or touch him too closely. Their lips started low, at the top of his right hip bone. It made Tsurai's heart practically leap out his throat. But they slowly trailed upward. Small kisses moved up along his abs and chest, and Tsurai thought maybe they'd end up meeting his lips again. Instead, a hand slid under where Tsurai's shirt wrapped around his shoulder and lifted. The skin around his neck and right collarbone was exposed. Tsurai anticipated a kiss, or a hickey, to be placed at the sensitive junction. What he got instead was a rough bite. He gasped and flinched, and the person backed off, but kept their grip on Tsurai's shirt. They waited. Tsurai swallowed and could only manage to nod fervently. Please, kiss him more right there. Lips returned to that exact spot, biting and

giving Tsurai a series of bruises along his collarbone. The person was nice enough to not leave any marks that would show above his shirt collar, at least.

A small part of Tsurai's mind picked up on another hint. The way their hair smelled was a little familiar. But he wasn't able to process the new information. He was becoming overwhelmed with the feeling of the person biting at his sensitive neck. Gasps broke through his teeth one by one. He failed to fully restrain himself, and felt the embarrassed blood rush to his cheeks. The biting and sucking at his neck continued without mercy. Their free hand now unabashedly ran along Tsurai's body. It was on the bigger side. Long fingers gripped around Tsurai's hips to keep him from wriggling so much.

Realization dawned on Tsurai then, and he choked in shock. The person doing this to him might be a man. Before he could voice his concern, the person released his shirt and resumed kissing him. This time, it was much heavier. Tsurai suddenly felt smaller than the other person. He felt himself losing the loose sense of control in this situation. The other person traced their tongue along his and held both hips in a tight grip. Tsurai's mind was battling itself. Kissing a man was not on the agenda today. Maybe he was just fooling himself. Maybe he was kissing a girl who was just on the taller side. He flickered through the series of faces that were in the circle with him and his friends while they were spinning that bottle, but couldn't remember more than a few.

Tsurai's memory failed him. He was too distracted by how hot he was feeling. How the hands on his hips were rough, with thumbs rubbing circles into his skin. How the tongue invading his mouth slipped along his and took control. How his gut grew tight with need. Tsurai had started to lean backward subconsciously, and the person was pushing forward this time. They broke the kiss to lean down again, to bite and lick at Tsurai's neck. A hand rubbed up along his back and gripped a fist full of hair at the base of his skull. Tsurai gasped and tried to speak, but his words were broken and silent. The grip in his hair tugged, forcing his head back, and a moan escaped Tsurai that awashed him with embarrassment. A flush filled his cheeks.

"Stop," Tsurai finally choked out.

The person snapped back to attention. They removed their hands and moved away. The sound of their back hitting the closet door again filled Tsurai with a sense of reassurance. With the space between them, he gave himself a moment to catch his breath. Tsurai shifted on his knees and realized then how hard he was. It was mortifying. He prayed that the other person wouldn't notice. Based on the sounds of their own quiet panting, maybe they were in the same boat. A trickle of saliva sat on Tsurai's chin, and he tried his best to clear it with the bunched up shirt on his shoulder. The other person saw the struggle, and reached forward with a sleeved hand to gently wipe Tsurai's face.

The gesture was... sweet.

Once again, Tsurai was incredibly confused about who he was dealing with. All he knew for sure at this point was that this person was incredibly good at what they were doing, and was

probably a man. Tsurai's heart and head and dick were all waging war on him. His head told him things shouldn't continue. He was straight, after all. He shouldn't be into this. But holy shit, he had never been so turned on before either. Tsurai chalked it up to the situation he was in. It's not like something like this had ever happened to him before. Being tied up and at the mercy of someone wasn't something Tsurai expected to be into. Well, he definitely was making some new discoveries about himself today.

There couldn't possibly be much time left for them. Tsurai wasn't sure how many minutes had passed. Every moment felt slowed to a crawl and at the same time entirely too fast. If there wasn't much time left, maybe he should just let things go. This situation felt like something that probably wouldn't ever happen to him again in this lifetime. Despite the inner conflict, deciphering who the other person in the closet could be was exciting. Being at their mercy was also exciting. And Tsurai wasn't the type to turn down exciting experiences.

After a long bout of consideration, he cleared his throat and did his best to speak evenly, "I'm not sure what you're trying to do. But..." Tsurai paused, "You can keep going if you want."

And with that, he surrendered to this person's whim. The anticipation of what could happen and the heaviness of what he said lit a fire in Tsurai's body, and his heart felt like it was going to beat out of his chest. The person quickly resumed what they were doing, not needing to wait anymore. And this time, they weren't concerned as much to keep themselves hidden. Rough hands gripped Tsurai again and felt him up with reckless abandon. Their lips crashed together, and this time Tsurai was determined to get the other person to crack just a little bit.

They kissed with fervor, both moving and exploring in harmony. Tsurai desperately wished his hands weren't tied back. He wanted to touch, to feel the person who was making him feel this hot. He pulled away from their kiss just long enough to angle his head down, hoping his aim would be accurate, to bite at the person's neck. The gasp that escaped from them was sweet revenge, and it was a final confirmation: this person was a man. Tsurai was aware that he should at least feel confused about this realization, but the sound of his gasp just made his dick twitch.

Fuck it, confused-sexuality questions will have to wait.

The other guy quickly took back control, gripping Tsurai's face and kissing him again. He was probably frustrated that he gave himself away. Tsurai couldn't help himself, and chuckled into the kiss. That laugh of victory set the mystery person off, because he boldly palmed Tsurai's dick through his shorts and elicited a groan. Tsurai could feel him grinning through the kiss as he let out a frustrated huff. The other person left Tsurai's lips and started to trail kisses down his body again. He stopped every few inches, to lick and bite at skin and listen for a reaction. Tsurai shuddered and hummed, and his hips pushed forward reflexively. Subconscious embarrassment inked into his mind, for being too eager and responding too easily.

The kisses trailed lower and lower. Hands that were groping at Tsurai fell to hold his thighs now. He took the time to push up under the cloth of Tsurai's shorts and rub the strong leg muscles in appreciation. He bit on the inside of either thigh, urging Tsurai's legs to open more. Tsurai had an idea where this was going. And at this point, he had no intention of stopping it. The other man gently cupped Tsurai's dick over his pants with his left hand and then tapped twice on his thigh with the right-- checking for permission once again.

"Yeah," Tsurai responded in an airy whisper.

The mystery person removed himself for a moment, backing up and then gently taking one of Tsurai's restrained arms. He was pulled upward, urged to stand on his feet. The numb pin pricks in his feet made his balance wobbly, but the other guy helped him to stay upright. Once he was standing, the other man sunk back to his knees. His hands came to a rest at the top of Tsurai's pants, hesitating to give him time to rescind his consent if he needed to. Despite the anxious lump forming at the base of his throat, Tsurai waited eagerly for things to continue. The button came loose, zipper drawn down. With one final tug, pants and briefs were pulled low enough for his dick to spring free. If the sudden exposure wasn't enough to have Tsurai's skin burning, the hot breath just inches away from his tip did. A quiet hiss escaped between his clenched teeth when that familiar cold hand slicked precum along his length.

A tongue traced from the base of Tsurai's cock to the tip, and he let out a low moan. The hand around him quickly released and cupped over Tsurai's mouth to silence him. There was a whole crowd of people outside the door, and although the music and chatter was probably drowning out most sounds, Tsurai had to do his best to keep his voice down. With a bitten lip, he nodded to signal that he understood. Restraint wasn't exactly a perfected skill, but Tsurai was determined not to gain an audience.

The man licked a few more times, slowly, breathing hot air to tease him. He continued to stroke fingers along the slick length delicately, and paused way too often to watch for reactions. It only served to make Tsurai's dick jump more, hips rutting forward, needing more friction. Finally, the other man gave in. He wrapped his mouth over Tsurai's tip, pushing just enough on it to swirl his tongue and lick on the underside. Tsurai clamped his mouth shut, throwing his head up and humming low moans. Instead of pushing his head down further, the other man held either of Tsurai's hips and urged him to push forward. Tsurai pressed his dick in slowly and stopped shallow, not wanting to go too far and hurt the other person. But the hands around him kept pulling, insisting that he continue. With a long moan, Tsurai pushed his cock all the way into the other man's throat, feeling him cough and choke around it.

"*Holy shit,*" was about all that Tsurai could manage to breathe. The other man hummed in appreciation around his dick and the vibrations encouraged him to carefully pull back and press forward again. Tsurai hadn't experienced being deepthroated by someone yet. It felt amazing. He was done for. He wasn't going to last long. Each time he pushed his hips back and in again, he gained more confidence and more speed. It took a little bit of adjusting, but the

other man was able to comfortably relax his throat around Tsurai. He moaned and hummed to spur Tsurai on, removing his hands completely and letting him pick up the pace.

Tsurai spent about thirty seconds fucking into the man's mouth before his hips started to stutter. The wet heat of his throat was too much. It took him too well. With the last ounce of composure he could muster, Tsurai pulled out and informed, "I'm gonna cum if I keep going."

The mystery person responded with a firm grip on his hips, and greedily pushed Tsurai back all the way down his throat. Tsurai's eyes fluttered from under his blindfold. He had to bite down on his lip to keep from groaning too loud. The other guy didn't move, just sat there and waited patiently for Tsurai to start again. He probably couldn't breathe. He sat so perfectly still, waiting to be used. The thought of someone starving to have Tsurai come down their throat pushed him right to the edge. Tsurai resumed his pace, trying his best to maintain balance while his hands were still behind his back. He panted and thrust forward a few more times before he stopped as deep as he could to bury his dick and come. He doubled over, his gut clenching and vision filled with colorful splotches. Tsurai was moaning way too loudly, too caught up in his orgasm to remember where he was. Two fingers shot to his mouth and Tsurai gratefully closed his lips around them, sucking on the fingers and muffling his moans as he came. The hot throat around him spasmed from the pressure, and Tsurai almost sobbed.

When he was finally spent, breath heaving and legs trembling, the other man removed his fingers and began the process of putting Tsurai back in order. He eased Tsurai back in a sitting position, pulling his pants back up and his shirt over his head. Tsurai was mumbling incoherent thoughts the entire time. He fidgeted at the binding around his wrists, wanting to be free to touch and see the other person that had just shattered his world.

The other man preened at Tsurai, fixing his shirt and hair and giving one final gentle kiss to his lips. Tsurai heard shuffling as the other man rose from the floor and fixed himself up as well. The idea that this person was leaving broke him, and Tsurai whined, pleaded for him to come back and untie his arms; demanded to know who he was. He had to know. Tsurai thrashed against his confines, and rubbed his blindfold against his shoulder to knock it loose. The droning beep from a phone alarm went off. Time was up. The closet door opened, and the music was loud and there were cheers and whistles and laughs from the clueless people outside in the party. Tsurai finally got the blindfold to drop just below his left eye, and he caught a mere fuzzy glimpse of dark shoes shuffling out. The door shut, and Tsurai was left alone again.

Tsurai was about to enter the closet. What luck that he would be the first selected participant, picked out by the open end of a beer bottle. It was a shock that he even agreed to participate in a childish game like this. Somehow Mint was dragged into it too, unable to resist the happy smile and pull of his hand that invited him to sit in the forming circle of college students. Tsurai was full of anxious giggles, like the rest of them, when he plopped to the ground beside Mint. Then the bottle was spun, and Tsurai was selected.

After a show was made of tying his hands back and placing a blindfold over his eyes, a chorus of cheers and whistles followed Tsurai as he was escorted in the unlit walk-in closet. His fate there would be in someone's hands for the next seven minutes. Mint wasn't too sure how to feel about this situation. He didn't like the idea of anyone being in that closet with him. The pit of anxiety and jealousy dug in Mint's stomach as he imagined any number of scenarios. If another guy is selected and goes in there, there could be a high chance that Tsurai would be harassed in some way. If a girl is selected to join him, god knows what would happen. Adding to the fact that Tsurai was also tied up, leaving him completely vulnerable, felt a little dubious to Mint. It was merely a suggestion to put restraints on Tsurai, but he seemed to be all laughs while being tied up. Hopefully that meant he wasn't too uncomfortable by the predicament. Mint could only hope now that the bottle would spin and land on someone inconsequential.

Once everything was set and the closet door was shut, the person who was leading the game turned to ask the group, "Who should go in?"

Immediately two fingers pointed directly at Mint. Lottie and Malcolm sat on either side of him, vigorously shaking their hands and chanting his name. They didn't hesitate for a moment to call him out, and Mint hadn't even had the chance to register what was going on before he was being patted on the back and teased. The unison of his friends' nomination made the group laugh, and there was no backing out now.

"Guess that settles it!" another party-goer declared. They all whooped and cheered for Mint. He in turn huffed a sigh and took a moment to down the rest of the cheap beer he was drinking. At least Tsurai was going to have an easy time in that closet. They'd probably just awkwardly chat for the duration while giddy prying ears tried to listen through the door. An inkling of gratitude had to be given to his obnoxious friends-- without their nomination, Mint wouldn't have the reassurance of going in the closet himself.

The group watched Mint expectantly as he rose from his seat on the floor and smoothed his pants. Picking his phone from his back pocket, Mint punched in seven minutes to a timer. Standing before the closed closet door, Mint turned back to the group and waved his phone

screen at them, showing that he was starting the countdown. A few hushed laughs escaped the group, but they quieted down when Mint opened the door.

Inside, Tsurai was waiting. He sat with his legs crossed and leaning forward. His head snapped upward in the direction of Mint's face, even though he couldn't see through the blindfold tied snugly to his face. Mint shut the door behind himself, letting the sounds of the party fade into dull noise. With his phone screen left on to illuminate the room, Mint could see just enough of the fuzzy silhouetted details around Tsurai. Mint planned to announce his presence, and reveal his identity, but seeing the situation before him gave him pause. Watching Tsurai sit there on the ground, blinded, tied, his arms straining behind him-- it was interesting, to say the least. Maybe Mint would take a moment to mess with his friend after all. He sidled against the closet door behind him and slid down to sit on the floor. Studying his friend carefully, Mint noticed he was breathing just a bit quicker than normal. He seemed to fidget in his seat, as much as one could do while bound. Maybe Tsurai was anxious right now? That would be excellent.

"So... whatcha going to do to me?" Tsurai asked with a nervous laugh. Mint knew he was asking sarcastically, but answering that question was even more enticing now. He couldn't help the mischievous grin that was peaking on his lips.

"Are you gonna say anything?" Tsurai tried again after the space of silence between them grew just a bit too uncomfortable. Mint leaned forward then, and simply poked Tsurai in the chest. Tsurai jumped and yelped in surprise, which in turn startled Mint. He leaned back quickly, bumping his back against the door again. He didn't expect Tsurai to be so jumpy. An even wider smile spread across Mint's face. Getting him flustered was going to be such a treat.

"Sorry! You just startled me." Tsurai laughed through his nerves.

Mint's hand hovered back to Tsurai, touching at his shoulder to ease him into the contact. Tracing his fingers along Tsurai's chest set off a new string of thoughts in Mint. Dirty ones. Thoughts that he worked to keep buried during their day-to-day interactions. Thoughts that he kept hidden in fear of ruining their friendship. But now that Tsurai had no idea that his friend was in the closet with him, Mint felt his mask slip. With cautious movements, slowing and starting with conflict, Mint reached down and clutched at the hem of Tsurai's shirt and began to lift. He stopped short, tugging the fabric just enough to peak over Tsurai's belly button. Internally, Mint chastised himself for allowing his morals to falter. Even if he was hidden under the guise of anonymity, and the rules of the game they were playing allowed for this kind of man-handling, ogling at Tsurai still felt entirely wrong.

"You can lift my shirt," Tsurai spoke. He was blushing furiously, but tried his best to cover his embarrassment with a smile. This time it was Mint's turn to feel flustered. He lifted Tsurai's shirt higher and higher, revealing the physique that Mint only ever caught glimpses of. Sometimes Tsurai would stretch and lean back, and a little peak of his hips would show. Or occasionally, he'd wipe his face with the bottom of his shirt. Mint did his best not to side eye him in those moments, partially out of respect, and partially from fear of being caught. But now, he

was free to look at Tsurai, unabashedly. Emboldened, Mint continued to lift the shirt up and over Tsurai's head, careful to avoid displacing his blindfold. The shirt was tucked behind his neck to stay there. Mint leaned back and drank in the view. Tsurai's shirt being tucked up like that only helped to push his chest out a bit more. His muscles were even more defined than the last time Mint caught a peak. The results of Tsurai's hard work were evident, and Mint struggled to keep his running thoughts clean.

Tsurai shifted awkwardly in his seat, knowing he was being stared at right now. But he gathered some confidence and changed his posture to bend backwards and show off his muscles more. Mint had to make an effort not to drool.

"Like what you see?" Tsurai asked. The slight stutter in his question was insanely cute. Mint reached forward again and touched a finger to Tsurai's chest, then dared to trace his fingers along the curves of his abs. He followed the lines of his hips. Studied the edges of his collarbones. Mint was drinking in every detail, trying to burn it in his memory. He looked at Tsurai and saw the way he shivered, and how his breath hitched. It stirred Mint's heart and had his mind wandering to the other possible sounds Tsurai could make. An unconscious finger floated along Tsurai's chin and stopped. Mint rested his thumb on his lips. He wanted to kiss him.

"Are you asking to kiss me?" Tsurai whispered. His warm breath tickled past Mint's thumb and his stomach exploded with butterflies. Two taps to the lower lip signalled his response: yes.

Tsurai's throat bobbed with an anxious swallow, and he stuttered, "Okay."

Oh my god. Mint couldn't believe what was happening. He acted on instincts now, his mind overloaded with waves of screeching thoughts and conflicts and questions. In spite of every instinct to not cross this line, he gently pulled and tilted Tsurai's face toward his own. Mint started with a simple peck on the lips, and that was already enough to send his head spinning. His face and neck flushed, and he had to take a moment to breathe. Tsurai didn't seem to be too bothered, so Mint tried again. This time, Tsurai returned the brief kiss. Mint's stomach squeezed. It was now or never. He kissed Tsurai with more purpose again, gently moving his lips and hoping that Tsurai wouldn't catch on to who he was.

Tsurai kissed him back.

There was no way this was happening. Tsurai probably would have never given Mint a chance like this. He was probably assuming that he was kissing a girl right now. He was probably hoping he was kissing Lottie specifically. The thought of it hurt Mint's heart, but he couldn't stop now. The guilt that gnawed at the back of his mind would have to be dealt with later.

He grazed his tongue along Tsurai's lips, gently asking to take things further. Tsurai obliged. Mint put every ounce of attention in the way he kissed him, exhausting great restraint and care to not come on too strong and give himself away. There was a problem though. Tsurai was pushing

forward more and more. Mint kept his touch light and his lips soft. He was being evasive, and Tsurai was having none of it. He pressed forward, chasing after Mint. To try to reclaim some control, Mint dared a small bite on Tsurai's lower lip, and elicited a gasp. Oh god, was that gasp so sweet. Mint kissed him deeper and reached up to touch his chest again. He wanted more.

A voice of reason told Mint to stop before he got too carried away. Mint pulled back and gently pushed Tsurai away from himself. Tsurai was propped up on his knees now, and his breathing was quick. Watching his chest heave and his tongue lick his lips slapped Mint with a renewed haze of longing. He needed to calm down and think things through. With his back against the closet door again, Mint glanced down at the timer on his phone. It illuminated the cramped space with a countdown that felt too fast. Six minutes.

As the seconds ticked past, Tsurai appeared to calm himself down. He sat back on his legs and stretched backward. His restrained arms must be causing some tightness in his shoulders. Watching Tsurai stretch and flex and roll his neck to relieve the tension made Mint's mouth go dry, and he was unconsciously reaching out once again. Mint bent forward, placing two hands on either side of Tsurai's ribs. He felt Tsurai flinch under his touch, but kept his breathing even. Mint kissed Tsurai's chest and tapped him twice with his right hand. There was a stretch of waiting between them as Tsurai struggled to understand what was being asked of him. Mint waited patiently, ready to let go and back off if needed.

"Go ahead," Tsurai permitted.

Whatever details Mint might have missed when exploring Tsurai's body with his fingers were quickly recovered with his lips. He started low, at the hips, and Tsurai shuddered under him. The responses only proved to urge him on. Mint kissed trails up his body, revelling in the little twitches and breaths he elicited from his friend. He wanted to push things further and force a sound from Tsurai. He leaned up and gripped at the taut fabric of Tsurai's tucked shirt, tugging it to the side to expose the area where his neck and shoulder met. In a bold move, Mint leaned forward and bit right at the junction, where he knew would be most sensitive. Tsurai gasped and flinched at the unexpected sharpness.

Mint pulled back, studying Tsurai's hidden face but not letting go of the shirt. He hoped his gamble might pay off. Tsurai bit his lip and nodded. The smile that broke across Mint's face was immediate. He quickly returned to his neck, biting and sucking at the skin along the collarbone. There was still restraint in his voice, but Tsurai was starting to let out shortened gasps and halted groans. Mint listened with full attention, every reaction reverberating in his ears and sending endorphins coursing through his veins. He was lost in the moment now, kissing and trying so hard to pull Tsurai's voice from his throat. His hand mindlessly wandered Tsurai's body, feeling the warm skin and contours of muscle. Tsurai was moving under him, writhing and pressing forward again. Mint held his hip to try to keep him at a slight distance. He still hadn't quite given himself away yet, and intended to guard his identity til the end.

Tsurai let out a particularly loud gasp, and the whispers of a moan followed. Mint leaned up from his attack on the shoulders and neck to kiss Tsurai again. He held Tsurai down with both hands and kissed him deeply, wanting more of the person he secretly longed for. Tsurai was pulling away this time-- he could feel it. Mint could feel himself leaning forward and starting to overpower Tsurai.

In a moment of clarity, Mint broke the kiss to give Tsurai some air. He bent down again to continue the etchings of bruises along Tsurai's skin, snaking a hand upward to grip his hair and forcing his neck to be exposed. Licks and bites traced up the pulsing artery along his throat. Tsurai moaned. Mint's mind went blank.

"Stop," Tsurai gasped out. It snapped Mint back to the reality he was in, awashed with overwhelming dread and guilt. He pulled away in an instant, scooting backward and leaning against the closet door once again. They both sat in shocked silence, panting and flushed. Mint felt the telltale discomfort in his pants and wanted to hide in shame. He went too far.

Tsurai worked to catch his breath and struggled to wipe his chin with the sleeve of his t-shirt. Mint wanted to reassure him, so he used the sleeve of his own shirt and wiped at Tsurai's chin in a silent apology. It was the least he could do. It seemed to work, as Tsurai visibly relaxed again. They both sat back, not mincing words. Mint could only wonder what series of thoughts were running through Tsurai's head. Maybe he figured out that he wasn't kissing a girl. Maybe he suddenly hated what was happening to him. Mint bit his lip in frustration and looked back down to his phone. The screen displayed the time they had left: just under five minutes. It felt like only an instant had passed.

The sound of Tsurai clearing his throat snapped Mint to attention.

"I'm not sure what you're trying to do, but..." He paused, "You can keep going if you want."

There was no way. Mint sat in stunned silence, waiting for Tsurai to laugh and say he was joking. Tsurai merely remained firm in his decision, breathing quick with excitement and anticipation. Did Tsurai not understand that he was just kissing another man a second ago? He had to have figured it out by now. Tsurai may be airheaded, but he wasn't *that* imperceptive.

So if he knew, then....

Mint approached Tsurai again, and this time, he wasn't afraid. He ran his hands along Tsurai's body and went for a kiss. Tsurai wasn't just taking everything in, he was reciprocating. He kissed Mint back and struggled against his bindings and moved his body closer. Mint was so caught up in disbelief that he failed to stifle the gasp that escaped him when Tsurai bit at his neck.

Okay. Now it's on.

Mint took Tsurai's face back in his hands and kissed him, and Tsurai laughed. What a smug asshole. A mischievous smile formed on Mint's lips, and through their kiss, he reached down to loosely grip Tsurai's dick through his shorts. Tsurai groaned at the sudden contact, and the sound sent heat through Mint's body. He *had* to hear that again. He tried not to think too much about how heavy Tsurai's dick felt in his palm. Tsurai huffed in embarrassment, and Mint did his best to stifle his triumphant chuckle.

Trailing kisses away from his mouth, down his chin, and to his chest, Mint worked slowly to gauge Tsurai's reactions. Despite the permission granted earlier, he was still worried about taking things too far. But judging by Tsurai's panting and the upward twitches of his hips, things were fine to continue. Going lower and lower now, Mint finally allowed himself to feel Tsurai below the belt. He touched Tsurai's thighs, practically awestruck at how big and strong they felt. A thought about being squeezed between them barged to the forefront of Mint's mind, and he had to make an effort to banish it. He kissed between Tsurai's legs to urge him to open himself up. Before going any further, Mint touched the front of Tsurai's pants and tapped his leg twice.

"Yeah," Tsurai gasped out in an airy whisper. It was the hottest sound Mint had ever heard. He quickly backed up, eager to undress Tsurai like he was opening a birthday present. Mint held one of Tsurai's arms and carefully urged him upward, until he stood on wobbly feet. There, Mint waited just a few seconds, to allow a chance for Tsurai to change his mind. He likely knew what was going to happen next. Without any sign of wanting to stop, Mint used quick hands to loosen the waistband of Tsurai's pants, and tugged everything down at once. Mint marveled at the hard cock that sprung free. It stood at attention, twitching in the cold closet air. Not as long as some of the others he had dealt with in the past, but the thickness of it was something to marvel. Mint couldn't wait to feel it tickle the back of his throat.

Sitting on his knees, Mint undid the buttons on his shirt and wished that Tsurai could watch him as he did so. Once he was ready, Mint carefully held Tsurai's dick, stroking and smearing the precum that was already dripping along the length. He enjoyed the way his friend bit his lip above him. Mint knelt down and licked a long stripe from the base to the tip of Tsurai's cock. He was surprised by how loudly Tsurai moaned, and stopped what he was doing to reach up and clasp a hand over Tsurai's mouth--a silent signal to keep it down. Despite the thrumming music outside, there were still whispers of voices near the door. It would be best to avoid humiliating Tsurai. Although, Mint wouldn't exactly complain if he lost all control of his voice. Once Tsurai understood what was being conveyed and nodded, Mint resumed his task.

He returned to licking at the head a few more times, grinning and staring up as Tsurai struggled to hold still and stay quiet. Not wanting to torture him for too long, Mint tentatively put his mouth around him. It required his lips and jaw to stretch a bit, but that was just all the more exhilarating. Mint released Tsurai's dick from his grip and used both hands instead to hold his hips and push him forward, further in his mouth. Tsurai was resistant at first, stopping short and unaware of exactly what was going to happen. But Mint remained insistent. Tsurai's cock slowly slid to the back of his throat and Mint choked around it. Tears pricked at the corners of his eyes

but he quickly relaxed. The long, low moan Tsurai was letting out was enough to get him focused away from the discomfort anyway.

The “*holy shit*” that escaped from Tsurai next was like a shock of electricity to Mint. It lit his nerves with excitement, and made his cock twitch against the fabric of his pants. He let out a hum of appreciation as Tsurai pulled back out. God, if only Tsurai didn’t have his blindfold on right now. Mint wanted to see his face, see the way his eyes looked down to watch as his cock disappeared down Mint’s throat. He wanted to see the way Tsurai’s expression contorted in pleasure as he struggled to keep from making sounds.

Tsurai pushed forward again, and Mint took it happily. Each time he pulled back, Mint moaned and hummed to encourage him to keep going just a bit faster. It wasn’t long before Tsurai was fucking in to his mouth in earnest, whispered groans cascading from him like a waterfall. His pitch began to rise, losing himself and letting out quiet whines that were music to Mint’s ears.

Tsurai paused and pulled almost completely out. He took a shaky breath and admitted, “I’m gonna cum if I keep going.”

Holy fuck, Mint couldn’t wait. He wanted to know what Tsurai tasted like. Mint shifted his weight to adjust his angle, grabbed Tsurai’s hips in either hand, and snapped him forward back down his throat. Tears and drool were pooling out of him, and Mint couldn’t care less. Tsurai let out a string of curses as Mint sat there, waiting to be used. He waited patiently, despite his oxygen depleting. With another low groan, Tsurai started fucking Mint’s throat again, faster than before. His pace was sloppy as he chased his orgasm. All at once Tsurai’s motions halted. He doubled over, and Mint could feel his dick pulsing as it shot cum down his throat. The sensations broke Mint’s mind, his eyes fluttered as he enjoyed the few seconds of bliss. Tsurai suddenly moaning far too loud snapped him out of the fog. In desperation, Mint shot his hand up to Tsurai’s mouth, placing two fingers inside. He groaned as Tsurai sucked and licked on them to muffle his own voice. Just before Tsurai finished, Mint pulled back to gasp for air, and caught the remaining cum on his dripping tongue. Unsurprisingly, Tsurai’s healthy eating habits rewarded Mint with a pleasant taste. If only they could look at each other. Mint wished he could stare up into Tsurai’s eyes as he swallowed.

Tsurai’s legs shook as he remained stuck in his high. He merely stood, panting and trembling as his body rode the waves of endorphins. Mint pulled away from him, and worked to bring Tsurai back to a state where he didn’t look like he just had the life sucked out of him. He carefully urged Tsurai back down to a kneeling position on the floor. Mint undid the shirt over Tsurai’s neck and pulled his pants up while his friend continued to mumble in a lust-fueled daze. Mint ruffled his hair and wicked some sweat from his forehead. Mint wanted nothing more than to keep things going, to capture Tsurai’s moans in his mouth and make him see stars all over again. But the timer on his phone displayed ten seconds left.

Mint gave one final kiss to Tsurai’s lips, and that seemed to bring him back to reality. As he kissed back, he struggled against his bindings. When they broke apart, Tsurai began a tirade of protests and demands. *Stay here, untie me, tell me your name.* Mint fought mentally against

each word. He wanted to do all those things, so badly. But there was no promise that Tsurai would react well. There was no guarantee that Tsurai would return any feelings to Mint after this. And their friendship wouldn't be the same. This would be the only time Mint would be able to fulfill his wish to be close to his friend. The secret of what happened in this closet will die with him.

Mint finally stood and opened the door, caught between the overwhelming lights and sounds from the party, and the struggling grunts of Tsurai trying to free himself. The phone chimed, the countdown spent. Their time was up.