

This is non-canon and is written based on Mint and Tsurai having just an established friendship and nothing else.

NSFW Content: Anal sex, first time, spit/cum as lube, lots of awkward fumbling and giggling.

The icy wind rushed through the gap of the car door, making Tsurai shiver in the passenger seat. He held his phone to his ear with a hand tucked into his sleeve, trying to sustain the last hint of warmth in his purple fingers. As a tow truck mechanic spoke to him over the phone, Mint stood partway out of the driver door, cursing and pushing the gas pedal. The wheels spun fruitlessly, squealing and skidding and rumbling the car.

Mint erupted with one final curse, throwing his hands up and giving up on the whole endeavor. His teeth chattered as he sat back down in the driver's seat, and slammed the door shut. With fingers thawing in front of the heater vents, Mint waited expectantly for Tsurai to wrap up the conversation.

"Okay, thank you. Call me when you're on your way. Bye," Tsurai spoke with a low tone that made a pit form in Mint's stomach. The terse 'bye' was all he needed to hear, but Tsurai informed him anyway, "It's going to be awhile."

Mint didn't want to ask, "how long?"

Tsurai's eyes dropped, answering the question like an admission of guilt, "The guy said there's a lot of stranded cars right now, and we're kind of out of the way. He said maybe about six to eight hours."

Mint's jaw clenched. He shouldered the driver door angrily, exiting and slamming it closed behind himself. Tsurai followed him out, calling after Mint, "I don't know if we can dig ourselves out. The ground's too icy here."

Mint grunted with the effort of digging more snow from around the car with bare fingers. There were already large dugouts around every tire. The two did their best to get themselves out of the situation, biting back the pain of frozen hands and tight shivering muscles. But it was all for naught. The futile efforts made Mint's panic start to spike. They were stuck out here on a winding back road highway. The nearest town was still over twenty minutes away. If they couldn't get out of this snowbank, they were trapped.

Tsurai gently took Mint's wrist to get him to stop, "Your fingers are gonna fall off."

The stinging tingling feeling in his fingertips echoed that sentiment. Mint could barely move them. With a defeated sigh, he gave up on the task. The two re-entered the car, still running with comforting heat. Mint checked his gauges, terrified that they'd run out of gas and warmth. A little over a quarter tank left.

"I'm sorry," Tsurai mumbled down to the hands in his lap, rubbing the numbness from his palms. His voice warbled as he spoke those two words, and Mint's heart tightened at the sound.

"Why?" Mint asked.

There was a hitch in Tsurai's voice, "We're here because I needed you to drive me. You even said that it might snow tonight and it would be a bit risky, but I made us go anyway. You were nice enough to offer to drive me to my parents, and look what happened."

"It's not-" Mint tried to respond.

But Tsurai spoke over him, voice rising in tearful frustration, "I just *had* to be home this weekend. I'm a grown-ass man, but I'm still afraid of disappointing my dad! I insisted we drive out tonight because I was scared of how he would react if I told him no."

Mint's hand came to rest on Tsurai's shoulder, taking Tsurai's attention and holding his focus as Mint spoke evenly, "It's okay Tsurai. Things like this happen sometimes and it's okay."

Tsurai's eyes grew glassy, "You seemed really upset."

Mint sighed with exasperation, looking to the side in mild embarrassment, "Honestly, I'm just a bit freaked out. My nerves were getting to me," He returned his attention to Tsurai, speaking with resolution, "But you're just as stuck here as I am. So don't be sorry. Really."

Tsurai let out the breath he was holding, letting his shoulders relax just a bit, "Okay."

A silence fell between them both, as they took a moment to allow the new situation to sink in. The day had already escaped them, with early winter nightfall. The two were going to be trapped in the car for the night. It wouldn't be safe to ask anyone else to try to come get them. Even if someone could make the attempt, Mint wouldn't want to leave his car behind anyway. With a sigh, Tsurai brought his phone back out and placed it on the dash.

"Might as well pass the time then, huh?" He strained to keep his tone light. A movie was selected to play, one they had both seen already. Something to distract them. Thank god at least one of them had service. Mint's phone wasn't very useful out here.

"Might as well," Mint agreed. He turned the key in the ignition and shut the car down. There was enough warmth inside now that kept them comfortable, and Mint was mildly paranoid that they'd run out of gas if they were too gratuitous with the heater.

The two settled into their seats, tipping the chairs back. Mint zipped up his coat and hunkered down into the fabric, placing his hands in his pockets. Tsurai was a little less able to cozy up, simply donning a hoodie and shorts far too inappropriate for this weather. What could he say? He runs warm.

They were both able to sit through the movie in relative ease. It was only toward the climax did Tsurai start to shiver. Mint was shooting small glances at the man beside him throughout the movie, as he usually does, and was quick to notice the stifled chatter in Tsurai's teeth. Mint twisted his arm behind himself and toward the back seat, retrieving a small serape blanket normally stowed on the seat to keep the cushions pristine. Mint plopped the blanket in Tsurai's lap unceremoniously.

"Thanks," Tsurai sheepishly said as he tucked his arms under the patchy blanket. It wasn't much, but it was far better than nothing.

"I'm gonna run the car again for a bit, want to charge your phone?" Mint asked. Ever prepared, he had a spare charger that went into the port of his cigarette lighter.

"We're good on gas, right?" Tsurai asked.

"Yeah totally fine," Mint replied, sitting up to put his keys back in the ignition, "I have a little over a quarter of-"

Mint's voice died in his throat when the car didn't turn over. It pattered but would not start. Mint's heart flipped in his ribcage and he tried again. No start. Was he wrong about the gas? Tsurai watched in horror as Mint leaned forward and tapped the glass over his gas gauge. Cruelly, comically, the gauge dropped to empty. It was stuck. He didn't notice it had been stuck.

"Fuck."

The two men stared at each other, searching for some punchline. The car suddenly felt even colder. Mint stifled a shiver and tried desperately to turn his key again. Again. Again. Tsurai watched Mint's body tense and eyes grow wild. His teeth clenched in refusal to chatter. A mix of ice and nerves made his body rattle and halt.

"Let's share the blanket, okay?" Tsurai spoke softly.

Mint's head darted to the corner of the blanket held in gentle offering. He let the breath held deep in his chest go, sighing long and sinking in defeat. Mint placed his keys back on the dashboard and accepted his half of the blanket. It wasn't quite big enough to comfortably stretch across the front seats, only covering half their bodies and leaving gaps for cold air to seep in and graze their raised skin.

Tsurai didn't speak any further, picking a new movie to play on his phone instead. It wouldn't be helpful to dwell on the car failing. Mint was distressed enough as is, and the guilt choked Tsurai despite the reassurance offered to him earlier. They both just needed to sit and wait, forcing their attention on the movies to forget where they were. Put on a brave face.

But the biting cold was unrelenting. The heavy snow flakes thrummed one by one on the windshield, slowly burying them in a frozen prison. They both shivered, then held still at sideways glances, trying not to give away their discomfort to the other. Each performance was marred by sniffing red noses. It wasn't a matter of who was cold, it was a matter of who would admit it first.

Tsurai's legs were left exposed, the blanket unable to reach and wrap him. Mint could see from the corner of his eye that Tsurai was struggling more and more to keep himself still, subconsciously tugging on the blanket to siphon every scrap of warmth. He was too cold.

"Go ahead and just keep the blanket. I have warmer clothes on," Mint said, and let go of his half. The blanket fell from his shoulders into his lap, and the air bit hard. He shuddered, and Tsurai noticed.

"What about..." Tsurai's voice trailed off, but he twisted his head toward the backseat to silently finish the proposal.

His cheeks were already blushed from frost, but Mint could feel his face heat up anyway. He wasn't about to jump at the opportunity to agree, afraid of seeming overeager. He shrugged and cleared his throat to reply. A non-answer.

Tsurai sighed, understanding he'd have to take the lead. There wasn't much wiggle room to make this gesture nonchalant, but he'd do his best. He winced as he removed the blanket, and winced again as he clumsily climbed over the frigid center console and into a very unwelcoming, frozen back seat. The blanket was snatched from the front quickly, and despite wanting to seem calm and unbothered, Tsurai furiously gestured for Mint to join him. He shook the blanket aloft in one arm, holding the other arm open, and invited Mint in to lay on top.

He couldn't refuse, even if he wanted to. How could he say no to Tsurai without it seeming like some sort of stubborn prudish defiance. So Mint hummed instead, voicing his hesitation just slightly, and slinked to the back seat. He slid into Tsurai's arms, fumbling to get comfortable, one leg hung partly off the seat, arms wrapped around Tsurai's abdomen. Mint stifled a sigh of relief as Tsurai closed the blanket around them both. The wave of comfort caught Mint off-guard. Tsurai's arms felt warm, but they also felt safer, like they were defending Mint from the adversarial winter.

"Comfy?" Tsurai asked, and his breath tickled the top of Mint's head.

"Better than before I guess," Mint tried to shrug off his hammering heart.

Tsurai shuffled himself and Mint to retrieve the phone, and that's when the two of them really settled in. Mint wanted to be able to face out toward the front of the car, so his cheek rested along Tsurai's collarbone, ear pressed to heartbeat. One arm dangled loose to the floor, the other buried around Tsurai's back. Tsurai brushed his fingers through Mint's hair to tuck it away from tickling his nose, and Mint choked on his heart. Blood flooded his ears, and despite everything, he felt suddenly too hot. Tsurai wrapped both arms loosely around Mint, resting hands along the curve of his back. Their legs laced between each other. Mint held his breath.

"You okay?" Tsurai checked again. Mint could only nod.

They settled into silence, finally comfortable enough to relax their constricted muscles. As lights flashed from the small screen balanced on the center console, Mint listened to the minutes tick by to the metronome of Tsurai's steady heart. With enough focus, he was able to distance his mind from his body, softening the screeching instincts and hyper focused sensations just enough to relax. But every muscle twitch or hitch in breath from Tsurai brought him crashing back. Tsurai scooted himself lower in his seat, hugged Mint just a bit closer, and the floodgates were open again. Mint willed him to hold still. Tsurai traced a smiley face along a fogged window instead.

"The windows are getting foggy," Tsurai pointed out the obvious with simple enthusiasm.

Mint thought back to the last time he was in the back seat with fogged up windows. All handprints and heat and thrill. What was that guy's name again? He couldn't remember. He did remember short brown hair and big hands. Hot tongues and slick skin. Mint shifted his weight and cringed. *Stop it. Stop thinking about that.*

"Ah shit," Tsurai said, reaching for his phone, "battery's low. Should I save some power just in case?"

Mint lifted his weight up from Tsurai to get some breathing space. The blanket rolled back, and the two were quickly reminded of the biting cold they were fighting against. They both twitched as the heat built up between them dissipated instantly, and Mint was left feeling frustrated and stuck. It seemed a bit arbitrary and silly, but the idea of them laying together without something to watch felt all too much. There wouldn't be anything left to distract Mint. It didn't feel fair that he was the only one struggling with this.

"Probably. I don't have the best service out here. I could run my car battery to charge it I guess," Mint pondered.

"Nah let's not chance that," Tsurai concluded.

And that was it. Tsurai powered his phone off and set it aside. He shifted and readied himself for Mint to lay back down. And Mint had no other choice in the matter. The heat was gone, and now they had to warm back up in dark silence. Mint was shivering all over again.

“Cold again, huh?” Tsurai asked, and tried to warm Mint by rubbing his back under the blanket. Tsurai’s palm felt like fire-tipped needles. Overwhelming. Sweltering.

“Yeah,” Mint half-lied. The cup that contained his overflowing nerves ran over. He shivered with anxiety, and blamed it on the cold, “Not much we can do about it.”

“Well,” Tsurai tried to speak in a light-hearted tone to break the tension, “There’s one thing we can-” The cutoff in his voice brought out Mint’s curiosity. Mint lifted his head to look at Tsurai with a quirked eyebrow. Tsurai’s eyes dodged to the side, even in the dark his face betrayed him and unveiled a developing embarrassment, “Uh. You know what? Maybe not the best time to make jokes like that.”

Oh? Suddenly the surplus of nerves in Mint started to dwindle, replaced by the hint Tsurai just dropped. Suddenly he didn’t feel like he was drowning alone in this tension. A grin tugged at the corner of Mint’s mouth and he prodded, “What? What joke?”

Tsurai’s shoulders hugged his neck as he tried to shrink back against the car door, “Nevermind. It’s not even funny.”

“No no, go ahead. Finish the joke,” Mint’s face drew closer to Tsurai’s. His smile grew into confidence. Teasing dripped from his voice.

In a last grapple for control, Tsurai gave one stern shake of his head and declared, “Nope!”

One of the hands loosely wrapped around Tsurai’s abdomen pinched at his hip, and Tsurai yelped in surprise. He was under fire, hands on either side now poking and prodding at his ribs as Tsurai squirmed and laughed and begged Mint to stop. Mint only laughed and demanded Tsurai to finish the joke. Being helplessly pinned to the seat, Tsurai made a desperate grasp at Mint’s wrists, laughing and gasping as they both struggled for control. Tsurai’s wrestling skills came in handy, and with a wrap of his leg and well-timed swing of his shoulder, he had Mint flipped and pinned to the back seat. The blanket was discarded to the floor, Tsurai sat triumphantly above Mint, and both of them shivered and caught their breath.

With wrists still held down on either side of him, Mint surrendered with a breathless laugh and said, “Okay okay I surrender! Get the blanket back.”

Tsurai squinted suspiciously down at Mint, but slowly let go to do as he was told. The biting chill was too much to ignore for long. This time, Tsurai settled himself on top, resting his cheek to

Mint's chest and draping them with the blanket. Both of them started to regret the scuffle that evaporated the heat between them. Mint held Tsurai close.

With a sigh of defeat, Mint said, "I was thinking of the same lame joke anyway." He meant it as a throwaway thought, but it was met with tense silence from Tsurai. The lack of response made Mint's breath hitch, like he might have made a mistake in saying something.

Slowly, with hesitance clunking his words, Tsurai responded, "Well... we *are* cold."

Huh??

Mint struggled to wrap his head around that sentence. It wasn't a double-entendre, was it? Tsurai wasn't meaning what he thought he was meaning, right? He was just saying they're cold. It's just a fact. But what was with the emphasis in that sentence? Were they both thinking of the same joke after all? Tsurai hadn't said a word or moved a muscle since he spoke. He was waiting. Waiting for what? For Mint to do something?

Mint's hands rested on Tsurai's back. His fingers twitched with instinct and false-starts. Then, his right hand slowly trailed along Tsurai's spine. Down to the small of his back, and up. Down again, then sneaking under Tsurai's hoodie. Palm to smooth skin, following the contours of Tsurai's muscle. Tsurai shuddered and picked his head up, their noses just an inch apart.

Mint flinched and removed his hands entirely, hovering them under the blanket. He spoke in panicked apologies, the fear of misstepping overwhelming his face with blush, "Sorry! I- I just thought-"

Tsurai cut him off with a kiss. It was clumsy, his lips were stiff and unmoving, caught up in conflict. But it still made Mint's mind short all the same. His heart raced and his mind hurried to catch up, but his body was fine-tuned to react. His lips moved before he asked them to, eased Tsurai into a proper kiss. He felt Tsurai reciprocate; felt him relax under Mint's touch. While Mint's soul hovered somewhere above him, watching in awe and disbelief, Mint's body leaned down to kiss Tsurai's neck. The quiet gasps, the tender hands along his body, the movements of Tsurai's hips, it all set Mint's mind aflame. He didn't want to think too much about what was unfolding. But it was hard not to wonder. Mint had been pining for Tsurai for a long, long time. How long has it been mutual? When did Tsurai realize he wanted this? \

Tsurai pulled back, lifting himself on the weight of his arms and staring at Mint with swollen lips and hooded eyes. Mint could hold that look in his mind forever. "Is it okay? If we do this?" Tsurai asked. There was a dual edge to his voice, full of wanting yet fearful of making a miscalculation.

"What are you worried about?" Mint asked.

"I-" Tsurai started but couldn't finish his sentence. The complicated tangle of his thoughts and feelings were a dark deep well. They were a tightly-shut vault that was just cracked open at this moment. He acted on a flood of feelings and his mind was now struggling to reign it in. He finally swallowed and managed to speak his fears, "I don't know how I feel about you. What if this is a mistake? What if it ruins our friendship, and we can't go back to how it used to be?"

Mint knew that dilemma all too well. But hearing it spoken aloud, voiced by the very person that had caused him all of this conflict— it made the solution so clear. This was the time to be brave. Mint placed a palm gently on Tsurai's cheek and said, "I like you too much to let that happen. I want whatever we're doing right now, and I'm willing to figure it out later."

When Tsurai still hesitated, Mint pushed, "Do you want me to kiss you more?"

Tsurai nodded. So Mint kissed him again, slowly. Tsurai could feel the fear drawn from his mouth. The desire muted his anxieties. He kissed Mint back and understood.

Mint stopped again and asked, "Do you want to keep going?"

This time, Tsurai answered clearly, "Yeah."

"Are you still worried?" Mint asked.

Tsurai leaned down this time, kissing Mint and running his hands along his body until they found their way under clothes. Mint shivered and Tsurai spoke, "A little, but I also want this."

That was good enough for Mint. Both of them were conflicted and ensnared in complicated feelings that could be sorted out later. Or never. It didn't matter. They were both cold, right now. They both wanted this, right now. If it didn't work for them in the future, maybe this moment could just stay buried in the snow.

The air ignited between them, and the windows fogged up with their need. Mint's legs wrapped loosely around Tsurai's hips, hands clung and stroked along his spine as Tsurai knelt down to kiss Mint's neck. Tsurai could feel himself getting carried away, wrapped up in the moment with hunger. Maybe the car was heating up with their breath, or maybe their inhibition blocked the cold. Either way, Mint shrugged off his jacket. Either way, Tsurai's shorts were falling from his hips.

"Wait," Tsurai finally spoke. Mint froze in place, his hand just above Tsurai's waistband.

"Too much?" Mint asked, with that scraping fear that always told him he'd push things too far.

“No, I just,” Tsurai was embarrassed to ask, feeling like he was about to say something that made him feel like a stickler, “We don’t have condoms and stuff.”

Mint shrugged, “We don’t have to do that if you don’t want to.”

Tsurai shifted his weight and huffed, “It’s not that I *don’t* want to.”

More hesitation. Mint had to play his cards carefully, “It’s been... *a while*... since I’ve had sex,” he admitted. ‘A while’ coincidentally was the same length of time he had known Tsurai, but Mint wasn’t about to specify that.

“Ah. Well... me too,” Tsurai responded, willing to omit the fact he’d only ever had sex a handful of times with his high school girlfriend.

“So, I’m okay with it if you are,” Mint concluded.

“You’ll be fine without-” Tsurai struggled to ask.

“Yup! Don’t worry about it! Unless you’re like enormous-” Mint started to joke, but he also began to choke with embarrassment.

Tsurai laughed, “No, not enormous,” But then he stammered, “Er- but not small! Just you know, a medium size. But not like medium in that average way where it’s kinda small, more like-”

Mint burst out in laughter and Tsurai joined in. They both needed it. With the tension building and the uneasiness of emotions in the background, they had to laugh at some point to dissipate the nerves. Mint understood it was probably his time to take the lead and keep things playful. Still frozen at the top of Tsurai’s pants, Mint’s hand finally dipped under the waistband and stroked Tsurai. Tsurai’s laughter hitched in his throat and he bit his lip.

Mint dropped his voice low, “Show me how big it gets.”

Tsurai’s dick jumped in Mint’s hand, wanting to prove itself. Tsurai was reeling from that line, staring at Mint and digesting how someone could say something so hot to him.

Not one to disobey orders, Tsurai knelt back down again, burrowing under the blanket and tugging Mint’s shirt up to start a trail of kisses and bites. Mint hummed and rolled his hips, spurring Tsurai on and grinding against his dick. Tsurai sat back up and discarded their blanket. Neither of them could feel the cold anymore. He opened his legs, one halfway off the bench and the other awkwardly tucked under himself. Tsurai was doing his best to angle himself, shifting and kissing Mint and stroking himself and wrestling clothes from legs. He was doing his best to seem suave, rehearsed. Not anything like an inexperienced fumbling teenager.

Mint's pants slid off and fell to the floor with the blanket. His legs sat on either side of Tsurai's hips, wrapped snugly to fit in the cramped space. Tsurai's tongue invaded his mouth, and his dick poked at Mint. It was eager and clumsy. Fumbling hands in the back of a car. Mint felt like a hormone-addled teenager again.

"Hang on," Mint gestured for Tsurai to pause. Tsurai sat up with curiosity and watched as Mint spat in his hand and stroked it along Tsurai. *Fuck, that felt good.* Mint did his best to spread more spit on Tsurai, wanting to make things as easy for himself as possible. When he deemed it satisfactory, and before Tsurai could lose himself in the handjob entirely, Mint laid back and tugged Tsurai back down for a kiss.

Tsurai took his time to position himself comfortably, stroking himself and searching for where to enter Mint. He finally found the spot, and sunk into Mint too quickly. Tsurai moaned above him and Mint hissed sharply between his teeth, "Wait."

Tsurai winced and held still, "Sorry! Did I hurt you?"

Mint took a deep breath to relax his body the best he could while pretzelled up in a car. He wriggled himself on Tsurai, and said, "Nope, just need a moment."

Tsurai nodded and did his best to wait patiently while Mint continued to slowly push himself down. Small whimpers squeaked from his throat. His nails dug into the fabric of the seat as Mint basked in the desperation with an uncontained smile.

A grin grew on his lips and Tsurai groaned, "Stop teasing me."

"Okay," Mint finally allowed, "Go ahead. But slowly."

Tsurai let out the breath he held in one long moan as he slid further into Mint. Their voices echoed each other. Mint etched the small details of Tsurai's contorted face in his memory. The way his eyebrows knitted together, and the flush on his cheeks, and the way he bit his lip to remind himself to stay calm. Once Tsurai was fully seated, Mint cupped his chin and guided him back down for a kiss. They both could feel the craving to move and create friction. But Mint knew better, needing the moment between them to savor and stretch. Mint licked Tsurai's teeth, bit his lip, listened to the whines and felt the halted movements.

"So eager," Mint cooed, and Tsurai hummed in frustration. It made Mint chuckle, and he dared to push Tsurai closer to the edge of frustration, "You're so big, too. It's going to feel so good when you fuck me."

Tsurai keened and whined, "Come on, Mint!"

"Alright, alright," Mint rolled his eyes and laughed.

Tsurai dug his foot into the floor of the car and Mint gripped his hands tightly to the seat and the door behind him. Tsurai was all speed and instinct, lacking finesse but filling Mint with raw desire. Tsurai wanted him; needed to be inside of him. Mint drooled at the thought. Heedy gasps and groans filled the air as both of them found a rhythm. Mint's back arched up into Tsurai's grip. The angle was delicious. Mint grinded down as much as he could, pushing back against Tsurai with greed. His eyes fluttered as Tsurai angled up more, trying to get as much leverage as possible to keep his hurried pace.

"Ah ah! Shit!" Tsurai suddenly exclaimed. His movements halted, and he pulled out of Mint.

Mint gasped at the sudden exit and sat up with worry, "What what?"

Tsurai shifted himself to sit in the back seat properly, both legs to the floor and his dick still hanging out of his shorts. He gritted his teeth and said, "Leg cramp."

Mint snorted, and they both bursted into laughter. Of course that'd happen. Car sex is one of those things everyone fantasizes about, but the logistics of it are awful. Mint was willing to pretend to ignore the way his head hit the car door repeatedly, but leg cramps were a true distraction.

"How about I get on top?" Mint suggested.

Tsurai was still nursing his cramping calf, rubbing the muscle. He looked up at Mint with a sheepish smile, "Sure. I'm going a little soft though."

Mint smirked, taking that as a challenge, "You think I can't get you hard again in two seconds?"

"You probably can," Tsurai laughed, "You have a weird superpower that lets you say the hottest thing without it being embarrassing."

Mint sat upright in his seat and guided Tsurai to do the same, taking the spot in the middle of the bench. Mint crawled over, spreading his legs on either side of Tsurai and straddling him. The car was small and Mint was tall, his head scraping the roof of the car. He bent forward, grasping at the base of Tsurai's hair and gently tugging down to force Tsurai's head back. Tsurai bit his lip again, locked his hands on Mint's hips and stared up. Mint stared back, not breaking eye contact as he took one of Tsurai's hands and ran it up along his body, to his neck, then to his mouth. His tongue sucked and lapped at Tsurai's two forefingers as he grinded down on his lap. Tsurai hummed in the back of his throat, and he was hard again.

"I don't have a superpower. You're just horny," Mint laughed.

"Okay fine," Tsurai rolled his eyes.

Tsurai breathed low moans into Mint's neck as he was stroked. Mint arched his back and angled himself to sit down on Tsurai's length in one fluid motion. Mint attempted to rise and fall once, but his head hit the roof of the car and he let out a small giggle. Tsurai shimmed himself lower in the seat, solid legs wide to bear their combined weight. Mint leaned forward, holding Tsurai's face and sharing kisses as he rode with fluid hips. Two hands gripped at Mint's ass to help him gain leverage. Moans passed between each other's throats and hot hands explored under clothes. Tsurai shifted one grip to Mint's pulsing dick and stroked in time with Mint's movements.

"I'm getting close, Mint," Tsurai breathed. Mint only responded with a locked grip along his jaw and pleading moan. It was a wordless demand for Tsurai to come. His hips bucked harder. Tsurai's grip returned to Mint's ass, pulling Mint down and burying himself to come inside. Tsurai whined and gasped, his hips rutted and squirmed as Mint ground down on him to savor every second of his orgasm.

Blinking blurry eyes glanced around the dark car as Tsurai rested in his afterglow, still inside Mint. His dick was sensitive, still pulsing and jumping at the slightest movement. His breath hitched and he hissed between teeth as Mint continued to kiss his neck. Mint bit his earlobe and asked, "Feel good?"

"Yeah," Tsurai breathed. He could still feel tension within him, wanting to release again, "I'm still kinda cold. Are you?"

Mint let out a single laugh in disbelief, "You want to go again already?"

"What else are we gonna do?" Tsurai responded with a smile.

He urged Mint off of his lap, wincing as his still-hard dick slid out. Taking the lead, Tsurai changed their positions, guiding Mint to kneel on the bench. Mint braced himself, placing an open palm on a cloudy window as Tsurai slid back into place with ease. Using Mint's hip bones like handles, Tsurai pulled him back, starting the pace back up immediately. Mint was surprised, letting out a long series of moans as the feeling of being taken again made his dick twitch between his legs. The cum already inside him made everything slick and hotter, it turned Mint on to new heights. His mind and body wrapped up into one carnal feeling that left him drooling and incoherent. Tsurai leaned his weight forward, leaning one arm along the backrest to support himself and spitting on his other palm to wrap around Mint's cock. It was Mint's turn to come undone, listening to Tsurai's pressed-out breaths in his ear. This was the guy who, only hours ago, Mint was silently pining for. This was something he couldn't even dare to fantasize about. And now Tsurai was touching him, stroking him and making him come under his touch.

Mint was close, his voice rising in pitch. Tsurai was too. Mint came in Tsurai's hand as moans and gasps tumbled from his mouth, and his body pulsed around Tsurai, urging him to fall from the edge too. Tsurai came again, clumsily stroking Mint and finishing in short broken thrusts. Mint's hand slid from the icy window, leaving a clear print. Tsurai pulled out and sat back with a

huff, sweaty and exhausted. He held his hand aloft, smeared with spit and cum but in too much of a daze to do anything about it. Mint turned around, held Tsurai's dirty hand and cleaned it with his tongue, holding his gaze with Tsurai's heavy lids.

Tsurai hissed through his teeth, "I'm gonna need a minute this time."

Mint smiled and swallowed.

The two of them did their best to fill the hours of waiting. It was true that sex kept them warm. The air in the car was humid and both men were dripping in sweat. But once their energy was spent, they were both quick to slide clothes back on, and ease themselves back under the blanket. Tsurai rested on Mint, cradling him in strong arms as the two of them dozed off in dreamy relaxation. Light was just breaking on the horizon when they finally got the call.

The tow truck operator hitched Mint's car as the two of them stood outside, shivering in the clear sky and pristine snow. Mint glanced at the handprint left on his window, thinking back to what happened mere hours ago. The conversation they had before it, the decision to put off the concerns until later. Mint already knew his decision. He wanted more of Tsurai, in every way possible.

Mint tilted his head to Tsurai, speaking under his breath so the truck driver couldn't hear them, "So. I don't suppose you'd be willing to try that again in a well-heated room and a comfortable bed, would you?"

Tsurai feigned thoughtfulness and smiled, then whispered back, "No, I kinda like the cold. Make sure your heater stays off."