

Content Warning: A rousing game of Gay Public Sex Chicken™. The characters are pushing their own boundaries to play the game, but can call it off at any point.

NSFW Content: Secretive sneaky public sex, mild humiliation, handjob, blowjob, anal sex

Mint gently tapped the loose ash from the end of his cigarette into the ceramic ashtray. Julius used the same ashtray to crush the butt of his own spent cigarette as he exhaled a final stream of smoke. The smoke wafted into the rafters of the bar, mingling with stale air and clouding the dim ceiling lights. With his head in his hand, Mint sighed and glanced around the bar, bored. The one advantage of this bar was that it was within walking distance of Julius's shop. Everything else about it was a disadvantage. It was nice to smoke indoors, but the whole building stinks. The ambient lighting was overwhelmed by the flickering LED screens of about a dozen different sports channels. The mid-2000's butt rock served as the perfect musical backdrop for the clacking of billiard balls and lung-aching coughs. There weren't many people here tonight, given it was nearly 1am on a Tuesday night. Those who were in attendance were rather unremarkable: harley-davidson bikers and sleepy drunks and middle-aged men avoiding their families.

If it weren't for the extremely cheap well drinks and beer, Mint would have called an uber home already. They both usually indulged in a drink or two –in Julius's case, three to five- back in the grimy comfort of the garage. But their reserves had run dry for the night. And spending a night together sober? Unthinkable.

"Shit's boring here," Julius commented dryly, leaning with terrible posture in the back of his chair.

"Uh huh," Mint's own boredom drips with his response.

Guess they weren't much for drinks and conversation after all. Once working on cars and sex is taken off the table of potential activities they can share, there's not much common ground to stand on. In the context of a date, Mint was pretty good at holding a conversation. But that was usually before he got his date into bed, not the other way around. In this case, he wasn't going to bother to do the legwork, and Julius probably preferred it that way.

"You ever have sex in public?" Julius suddenly asked.

Oh, well. Maybe not. Maybe he wanted to chat after all, in his own ridiculous way. Mint snorted in response, from a mix of surprise and derision at Julius's uncouth attempt at conversation.

"I guess, yeah," Mint answered plainly.

"Where's the craziest place you've done it?" Julius prompted.

Mint rolled his eyes, but shrugged and answered candidly, "Bathrooms I guess. The classic 'make eyes at someone across the bar and blow each other in the bathroom stall' type thing."

"Hmm." Julius didn't seem all too impressed.

"I don't suppose you bring this up because you're thinking about having sex with me in this bar, do you?" Mint asked.

Julius tipped back his bottle to his lips, upturning it and draining the rest of the beer down his throat. There goes his first drink of the night. First of several. He exhaled with satisfaction and said, "You guessed it."

Mint took another gulp from his own depleted first mixed drink, now mostly melted ice, then responded, "Well, I'm pretty over hooking up in dirty public restrooms, so I'll pass."

A few beats of silence between them ticked by. Given his decline, Mint assumed their brief conversation was now over. He resumed looking around the bar to entertain himself. They both sat in a far corner, at a low-standing booth. The bar itself was pretty large and spread out, with a section for a few pool tables and even a soundstage for karaoke. Mint should have noticed sooner, maybe, that Julius made a point of sitting at a table in a more secluded corner of the bar, near the restrooms. Mint assumed it was just because he was antisocial and enjoyed personal space, but found it odd when Julius made sure they sat next to each other, rather than across from each other. His suspicions were confirmed by the hand resting at his thigh.

"Doing it in a bathroom doesn't really count anyway," Julius continues the conversation. His hand slides to the front of Mint's pants.

Mint's leg twitched under the contact, and a wave of goosebumps flowed up his arms, making the hairs stand on end. But Mint was otherwise unperturbed. If Julius was actually trying to go anywhere with this, rubbing him under the table wasn't going to work. He had to decide whether to up the ante or cut things short.

"Rubbing someone under the table outside their clothes doesn't count either," Mint spoke with a smugness that he knew would pick at Julius's nerve.

The trademark snarky grin tugged at his cheeks as Julius responded, "Oh? Well let's make it count then."

His fingers fumbled to loosen Mint's button and pull his zipper down slowly. Mint shifted his hips to give Julius better leverage, letting out a small sigh through his nose as Julius shoved his hand past the band of his briefs. Julius tugged Mint's hardening dick fully loose, cold to the air in the bar and only hidden by the low table. A bright red blush rushed to Mint's cheeks as the

adrenaline and thrill mixed and made him harder. He should have guessed that Julius wasn't going to back down from a challenge. The guy had no shame, really. So now Mint was on the defensive, trying not to let his heated face betray his calm facade. Julius slowly pumped him, glancing around to double-check for any possibilities of being caught. Most of the patrons were at the bar, eyes glued to the screens over the display shelves of liquor. Otherwise, there were two men playing pool across the room, and an older gentleman nodding off by himself at a booth. They were in the clear. In a moment of confidence, Julius let go of Mint to bring his hand up and spit into his palm before resuming the motions. Mint sighed in his throat and sat deeper in his seat.

"I have an idea for a fun little game," Julius purred quietly.

"Oh great," Mint responded with sarcasm, mustering an even voice despite the situation.

Julius continued to stroke Mint with a wet hot grip as he spoke casually, "Basically it's a game of chicken. We fuck around out here in the bar, and whoever pussies out, loses."

Eloquently explained. Mint grinned in feigned cockiness, despite the backflips his stomach was doing, "Sounds fun."

With the green light, Julius jerked Mint off with more serious intention, working his wrist to heighten the sensation. Mint found himself holding the edge of the table. To maintain an air of innocence, he settled on staring at one of the tv's playing some football highlights. The image of clashing players blur in his vision. He might as well be seeing through the TV.

Julius leaned close to Mints ear and whispered with a playful tone, "You're more into this than I thought,"

It was true. Mint was already struggling not to squirm, and just from a handjob. He couldn't help it. This felt so dangerous and hot and terrifying and exciting. Julius's hand quickened and his breath felt hot along Mint's jaw, "Don't give us away, alright?"

Mint thought that was just a note of teasing, but it was a warning. Simultaneous thrill and horror surged to his gut as Julius waved down a passing employee. She stopped on the other side of the table and turned with a smile, looking directly at the two. Julius's arm appeared stone still, his posture remained neutral— almost lazy- in his chair. But his wrist was working overtime. Mint realized he was sitting too stiffly, biting his lip, and quickly released his tension to seem more casual. He was torn between looking at the waitress politely, and feeling intensely dirty for making eye contact while being so close.

"Mind getting us another round?" Julius asked, gesturing to the empty glasses in front of them. The waitress agreed, and to Mint's terror, bent forward to retrieve the dishes. Mint casted his gaze to the ground in embarrassment and fucked up into Julius's hand. He knew his face and neck were flushed, and he prayed the waitress wouldn't notice.

“Want the same thing?” The waitress asked Julius, wagging the empty beer bottle.

“Yup,” Julius replied. He can feel Mint’s dick pulsing in his hand.

She looked at Mint next, “And what did you have?”

Mint jumped at the question, struggling to drag his mind from the clouded haze of arousal to respond. He spoke with a clumsy cement tongue, “Old fashioned.”

She shuffled off with a simple nod, maybe a little put off by Mint’s delayed response, but seemingly none the wiser.

Without missing a beat, Julius leaned over again and whispered with fervor, “You dirty fuck. You’re gonna cum aren’t you?” A betraying groan squeezed past Mint’s clenched throat, and his hips rutted forward in Julius’s tightening grip. With his free hand, Julius held Mint’s chin and turned his head, forcing Mint to look him in the eye. He spoke with hushed authority, “Do it.”

Mint came with a quiet gasp, then clenched his mouth shut. His breath pressed out in silent huffs as his cum rolled in heavy beads along Julius’s closed fingers. His eyes squeezed shut as the remaining tendrils of his orgasm pulled him away from the moment. The sounds of the bar fuzzed, his ears ringing and blocking them out. The intensity caught him off guard. But as soon as the high of ecstasy passed, and Mint regained some semblance of thought, his eyes snapped back open. His vision flitted around the room, anxious someone may have noticed. Scared that someone would be staring back. But the two might as well be alone in the bar. Most of the patrons are occupied, either by television or a game of pool. No one is looking in their general direction.

“Shit, it’s all over my hand,” Julius quietly clicked his tongue in displeasure. While Mint frantically reassured himself that no one had seen them, Julius was preoccupied with the cum that stained his fingers and gathered at his palm. He held his hand below the table, hovering above his lap, and glanced around for an absent napkin holder. Mint blinked at Julius to understand his complaint. It was Mint’s turn to make a move, and an idea was quick to invade his mind. He flicked his eyes to each end of the room one last time, before dipping himself below the table. Julius hadn’t noticed Mint’s movements. He felt a wet tongue glance along one of his dirtied fingertips, and kneed the underside of the table in a startled jump.

“Mind not kicking the table?” Mint chided quietly, then resumed cleaning Julius’s hand.

“Shut up,” Julius huffed back. But as Mint carried on, Julius too, started to glance his eyes around the bar. With rising anxiousness, he used his foot to scoot the surrounding chairs closer into the table to give Mint more cover. It wasn’t long before Mint graduated from Julius’s hand, sucking each finger clean, to unzipping Julius from his jeans. Julius let out a low sigh through his nose. He wiped his hand along his pant leg to dry it, then pulled his phone out to

seem more nonchalant. His breath moved in and out in choppy puffs as Mint pulled his cock out, licking around the head to make Julius twitch. He licked and stroked in short motions, procrastinating any actual satisfaction. Mint knew Julius hated that. It made him impatient. But it was Mint's way of getting some vengeance for how often Julius annoyed and teased him too. Julius was quick to press his hips forward, nudging his dick into Mint's cheek. He whispered to the top of the table, "put it in your mouth."

Ever demanding. But Mint obliged. He took Julius fully in his mouth, relaxing his throat to slide down until the tip of his nose met the scruff of coarse hair. Above him, Julius sighed quietly, seeming to relax his legs a bit more, spreading his thighs wider to allow Mint more space. His eyes stared blankly at the homescreen of his phone, not bothering to pretend to be preoccupied with it. Mint hollowed out his cheeks, massaged his tongue along the length, focusing his efforts to keep Julius in his mouth to avoid making unseemly sounds. Julius's free hand snaked down under the table and gripped into Mint's hair, a silent signal to Mint that he was doing well.

"Where'd your friend go?" A familiar voice spoke to them. Julius's hand snapped back above the table, and Mint kept going with a devilish grin stretched along his lips.

"Bathroom," Julius responded plainly. Even with a one-word response, his voice came out forced and clunky. The sounds of glasses gently clinking along coasters signaled to Mint the waitress had brought their next round. He picked up the pace, sucking and stroking with a twist of his wrist, and Julius's knee twitched. Luckily for him, the waitress wasn't much for mincing words. She walked off back to the bar, and Mint's chance to win the game passed.

Both of Julius's hands reached under the table and pushed Mint's face away from himself. Mint backed off of Julius with a quiet sound of confusion, "giving up?"

"Let's move somewhere else," Julius said. He urged Mint to get up while the coast was clear. As Mint slipped back in his seat, Julius tucked his still-stiff dick back into his pants and zipped himself up.

"You're cheating," Mint accused, "You can't switch things up to make it easier on yourself."

Julius rolled his eyes as he stood from the table, "Shut up and follow me."

Mint huffed and retrieved his new drink, taking a sip of it while following Julius to the other side of the bar. Where was he going? Mint noticed they were moving toward the pool table area. Three tables sat side-by-side, one end being occupied by two men in the middle of their game. Julius placed his beer bottle on an accompanying shelf and occupied the pool table furthest away from the other players, conveniently in a corner and somewhat obscured from view of the bar. He retrieved a pool stick and passed it to Mint.

"Seriously?" Mint asked with befuddled displeasure.

“Ever played?” Julius asked as he reached into each of the pockets to retrieve the billiard balls.

Mint watched him methodically roll the balls along the green fabric, “Uh... yeah a few times. I’m probably not great at it.”

Julius retrieved the rack and arranged the balls in a triangle in the center of the table, “I’m not that good at it either,” He finished the arrangement, lifting the rack and setting it aside. Julius stood at the front of the arrangement, and gestured for Mint to stand beside him, “You break.”

Mint huffed, but chose to play along. He moved to stand beside Julius, finding that he had to stand awkwardly close to position himself properly. Mint bent forward, moving into a half-lunge to support his weight as he balanced the pool stick along his arm and thumb. As he lined up his shot, Julius dragged his hand along Mint’s inner thigh and up along his ass. Mint jumped from the contact, looking back at Julius with surprise.

Julius peered back at him innocently and gestured to the table, “hurry up.”

Mint couldn’t help the grin on his face. He let out a small chuckle and hit the cue ball, breaking the formation and sinking a striped five. Mint looked over to Julius, waiting to be prompted, and was instructed to continue playing. Mint circled around the table slightly, casting a sideways look to Julius with a coy smile. He bent over again, slowly, this time with his ass facing toward where the corner of the walls meet, the most hidden side of the table. He made a point of taking his time, bending only at his hips and taking way too long to aim. Julius stood behind him, keeping his eyes up to make sure the other people playing pool weren’t watching. He yanked at Mint’s pants, getting them down just far enough to gain access. Luckily Mint was wearing a looser shirt that helped to hide their escapades. Julius leaned forward, placing his free hand along the edge of the pool table, and pressed a spit-slicked middle finger inside Mint.

Mint’s jaw clenched, and his eyes peaked up in worry of being caught. Julius lowered his head close and spoke quietly, “keep playing, or we’ll look suspicious.”

Mint hummed with mild irritation, but did as Julius said. He did his best to focus and aim despite the giant distraction. He hit the cue ball again, but nearly missed his target, barely nudging the solid nine ball. Julius removed his finger and stood back up. He moved to the other side of the pool table to take his turn while Mint remained in his spot, standing awkwardly wide to keep his loose pants from falling down his thighs. Julius bent slightly forward, across from Mint. He made a point to look Mint in the eyes, appreciating the flush of Mint’s face and licked his lips. Mint returned his smug expression with one of disdain. Julius hit the cue and knocked a solid two ball into a corner pocket with ease. He stood from his spot and slowly walked around with nonchalance. Returning to Mint’s side, Julius hummed with feign thought, as if he was really

trying to plan his next move. Mint rolled his eyes. Julius took position to hit the cue again, but this time missed every other ball entirely.

“Oops,” Julius said with a sarcastic smile.

“Guess it’s my turn,” Mint spoke with exaggerated humor. He didn’t have to angle himself much to reach the cue ball, so he settled with bending forward in the same place. Julius was quickly behind him again, noting that both men at the other pool table had their backs to them. Mint heard the faint sound of a zipper, and an unmistakable tap tapping on his ass from Julius’s dick. His heartbeat thrummed rapidly, forcing even more hot blush to invade his cheeks. Mint continued to pretend to aim, but was staring intently at the other men, preparing to stand up in an instant if either one turned around. Julius slowly sunk his cock into Mint. Both of them struggled to stay quiet.

“Don’t pussy out,” Julius murmured as he grasped either side of Mint’s hips. Mint didn’t respond, preoccupied with trying to keep himself balanced as Julius started moving. Adrenaline was screaming through his ears, and a delicious ache heated up his core. No way was he backing out of this.

Julius was able to get a few seconds in before one of the men started moving. He pulled out of Mint quickly, causing Mint to whine in his throat from the sudden exit. His shirt remained loose, hiding the depravity. Mint hit the cue ball and sank another stripe. He was pleasantly surprised at that, given he wasn’t aiming.

But now to continue the game, he had to adjust his position. Mint sidled along the edge of the table to round one corner, his back still facing a wall, but no longer obscured entirely. Julius followed closely, and Mint’s nerves exploded. They were much more exposed now, but that didn’t seem to deter Julius. Mint bent over again, and Julius seated himself in one fluid motion. Mint’s eyes silently fluttered. The other patrons were preoccupied by something on a tv at the opposite end of the room. Julius fucked forward hastily, and Mint had to catch himself to not fall on the table. Mint splayed his fingers on the pool table, and Julius’s fingers sunk into his skin. Their inhibition began to slip away with the passing seconds, until both were entirely distracted by the feeling. Mint let out a low moan.

“Shit,” Julius whispered and pulled out harshly. He quickly shoved Mint to the side, back to the safety of the corner, and leaned forward to hit the cue ball. Mint had barely any time to blink before he made awkward eye contact with the two men, just a few feet away. Mint glanced back down at the table in morbid embarrassment. The two men resumed their game, clearing their throats and picking their conversation back up. Julius made his shot, knocking another striped ball in, and stood casually to retrieve his beer and take a drink. Mint looked to Julius for reassurance, and received a stare back from him that could only be read as, ‘you dumbass.’ He made his way around the table to stand on the opposite side of Mint, and knelt forward to continue playing.

As Julius took another shot, he spoke in a low voice, "Just can't help yourself, huh?" Mint gripped the edges of the pool table with white knuckles, fighting down the mortification. Julius took his shot, but missed the corner pocket. He stared up at Mint, holding eye contact, and asked, "are you going to lose the game?"

He's not referring to the half-assed game of pool they're playing. Mint clenched his jaw, initially getting the urge to admit defeat. But, if he was being honest with himself, this game was too good to quit. Mint shook his head no. Julius smiled, "good."

Julius took an extra turn to scratch. He stood with a smile and a shrug, "guess you get a free ball."

With a sharp exhale to dispel his nerves, Mint reached into the pocket that the cue ball fell into, setting it in a spot that kept him on the obscured side of the table. Julius started his circle around to join Mint again, but stopped partway through. Mint glanced up and was delighted to see that the two men were pausing their game to go to the bar. Julius and Mint both shared a look of devious delight. The moment the men were out of eyesight, Julius was behind Mint, resuming his needy pace immediately. Mint abandoned holding his pool stick and pretending to play, favoring to grip the edges and push back against Julius instead. They both allowed themselves quiet gasps and huffs as Julius made quick work of chasing his own orgasm.

Movements began to get clunky. Julius's breath hitched, his stomach clenched. He was getting close. But someone else was getting close too. Mint's ears perked at the subtle feeling that someone else was approaching. He peaked backward, and saw a new bar patron was making their way over to their section. Mint let out a low sound, a mix of neediness and warning. A sound that said, 'hurry up and cum before we get caught.' Julius dug his heels in the ground, gave a last few choppy pumps. He hissed and cursed under his breath as he came. Mint bit his lip and hummed in satisfaction.

Just as the new person made it past the precipice of visibility, both stood and put themselves back together with tugs and zips. They both stood, stumbling about in a failed attempt to seem preoccupied. They were both still overwhelmed by the buzz in their brains, the afterglow hindering their efforts to act natural. Mint allowed himself a short pleased huff, running his fingers through his hair.

He turned to Julius and asked, "Want to head back to your place?"

Julius grinned evilly, "No, I want you to finish this game while my cum drips down your legs."

Mint groaned in frustration, but his exasperation was never a true response. Secretly, he loved this. Every second of it. God, this mix of aggravation and pleasure is addicting.