one room, 4 walls

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by Anonymous

Summary

megumi and yuuji are drunk and broke and there's only so much two broke college students can do for fun on a week night.

The two of them trip and stumble into their too-small apartment. If the tiny studio they shared could even be called that.

Yuuji stays on the floor, giggling at nothing. Megumi holds himself up, clinging to the counter.

Keeping himself upright leaves no room in his mind for regret but he knows it will come for him in the morning - Megumi has an exam to study for. Anatomy. Somehow, it’s always anatomy.

His phone buzzes in his pocket and his head starts to ring. He bends across the counter to turn on the sink tap - he needs to sober up.

Yuuji rolls over.

“Is it one of the girls?”

Megumi hasn't even checked his still-buzzing phone. It probably is. He and Yuuji had perfected the art of getting trashed on a budget and unfortunately chatting up pretty girls with disposable income was a key technique.

“Just tell her we’re too broke for hook ups.”

Megumi snorts. They are. Megumi doesn't even bother checking the prices on condom packets at the konbini anymore. If Yuuji didn’t stuff enough of the free condoms from the campus bathrooms into his pockets that week, it just wasn’t gonna happen.

His phone stops buzzing. He doesn’t check that either.

Yuuji’s giggling is muffled momentarily. His jacket rustles as it is tugged off his head.

That too fades into the white noise of him trying his best to get his jeans off without standing up.

Megumi doesn't need to watch him struggle to know it's impossible. Those jeans were ancient and already far too tight on Yuuji’s probably, somehow, still-growing buttocks and thigh muscles. Yuuji just couldn’t throw anything out until it was physically unwearable and Megumi had once made the mistake of complimenting how the jeans made Yuuji’s gluteus maximus look out loud so now they’re an essential part of his drunk night out uniform. Megumi had had to help Yuuji escape them multiple times even when they were both sober.

“I'm stuck.” Yuuji whines. His butt wiggles in the air. His arms writhe behind his back, still partly caught in his shirt.

They are definitely not sober. Yuuji starts flopping around like a fish.

Megumi would roll his eyes but that would only guarantee a migraine.

“Come here.”

Megumi watches Yuuji waddle over. His gaze drops to the unzipped jeans bunched in the middle of Yuuji’s thighs. Or tries to. He stalls on Yuuji’s ass, his briefs have pulled taut and Megumi is sure he can see the line between his cheeks.

Blood rushes below his belly. He blames the alcohol instinctively although his erection has managed to avoid the alcohol-addled sluggishness affecting every other part of his nervous system.

It's too late to hide it from Yuuji who ogles the obvious bulge in his pants with wide eyes.

He bites his pink lips.

“Sorry, Megumi. You got all pent up.”

Yuuji’s talking directly to his dick. Making penitent eye contact like he's truly sorry that Megumi's penis is swollen with blood.

Megumi's frozen with his heart in his ears and he is still holding a glass of warm tap water. He drinks it, hoping for divine inspiration. Instead he nearly sprays it all over the counter.

Yuuji unzips his pants and tugs his heavy penis out into his hands, soft and a little clammy palms with slightly calloused fingers.

Megumi shudders.

Yuuji holds Megumi's dick to his cheek like a dear friend. His lips, soft and damp, brush his tip in a fleeting kiss.

“I'll take care of you.”

Maybe it's the water or the blood rushing through him. It's like his entire being narrows in on Yuuji and his dick, Yuuji’s hands on his dick. The shape of Yuuji's mouth, lips parting a little wetly as his tongue swipes past and drags across the slit of his dick.

Megumi shudders.

That's not the point. The point should be water or adrenaline or whatever, because the point is Megumi is sober. Sober enough to know he can stop this. He can pull Yuuji off and laugh about this and go to bed and dismiss the moment to dream. He should.

He doesn't. His hands grip the counter tight enough he can feel the indent form on his palm as Yuuji's tongue swipes a devastating second time, then a world-shaking third.

Yuuji licks his tip curiously, tongue dipping around the grooves and crevices of skin like a kitten discovering milk.

“Yuuji,” Megumi grits out. He can't stand this.

Yuuji's gaze lifts to Megumi's, eyelashes long and lasciviously low at this angle. Megumi wants to count them, the freckles on Yuuji's nose, the many scars spread all over, little grooves and unevenness left from a childhood spent outside and a stubborn adolescence.

Then, he wants to cover all of it in his cum.

Yuuji leans in to kiss Megumi's dick again but his gaze doesn't dip, filling with promise.

“I'm making it up to you.”

Megumi’s dick is enveloped in wet, warmth, firm and rigid to one side, soft and mutable to the other.

Yuuji's tongue bid a warm welcome. Megumi's hand flexes against the counter.

It drags over the tip, back and forth before he pulls back to nurse the bottom of his shaft.

He should stop him. They’re friends, have been since Yuuji put out an ad on the university message board with an open room and a promise he wasn’t a weirdo. They’re roommates – they’d just got their lease extended and neither of them could afford to look anywhere else. Maybe most importantly, they’re drunk. Yuuji’s drunk. Megumi is drunk-ish, but not so much he can’t think about how much blood is pulsing through his body, rushing towards Yuuji, to where his lips kiss along a throbbing vein. Not so much he isn’t counting down the milliseconds it takes Yuuji’s tongue to slip out of his mouth and swipe across the urethral slit.

Megumi’s toes curl as Yuuji adjusts with his own hands enveloping more of Megumi's penis head, before sliding it back into his mouth. Yuuji’s eyes have slipped closed. Megumi’s are wide open and stuck on him.

This time he doesn’t slow, swallowing down inch after inch of Megumi until he’s sure he can feel his glans bump, and then squash the soft muscle of what can only be Yuuji’s uvula.

And Yuuji keeps going. Bobbing his head forward as if Megumi isn’t squeezing past his epiglottis, already cramming the back of his throat.

Megumi already knows Yuuji has no gag reflex - he’s seen him inhale the discounted hot dogs in the school canteen enough times to guess. But seeing isn’t believing - feeling is. And Yuuji’s throat massaging the head of Megumi’s cock feels like nothing he’s ever experienced before.

Yuuji’s lips tighten just before the base of Megumi's cock, pulling back, letting Megumi feel all the grooves of his mouth as it recesses to the tip, leaving shiny spit on its way. His lips cup the corona, tongue playing under the ridge of his cockhead, dragging across the frenulum.

Golden-brown eyes flick open and up to meet Megumi’s. Even with his cock in his mouth, Megumi can tell Yuuji is smiling.

His balls seize and he freezes.

Yuuji's eyes follow his with question but his lips don’t dislodge and Megumi can see the outline of his cock in his throat. He breathes through his nose.

The thing is Yuuji isn't very good at this. Despite his enthusiasm he's clearly never had a dick in his mouth before. He’d fumbled the girth, awkwardly let the head jostle his gums, came far too close to teeth and only saved it with a sloppy tongue. Megumi shouldn't even be hard.

He’s certain he'll cum in moments.

It flashes through him.

Yuuji's face. Covered in his cum or his mouth dripping with it, white across his lips – his tongue swirling through, curious because Megumi is his first.

Just the thought shouldn't make fire light up his veins.

But it does and that’s finally enough to make Megumi pull back and away. His hand go stiff on Yuuji’s shoulder as his penis slides from his open mouth.

Yuuji whines. Bright eyes searching his in askance, still eager, on his knees, for Megumi.

Megumi grits his teeth. His hand, pale as a skeleton against Yuuji's tan skin in the nighttime glare of the big light, circles Yuuji's bicep and yanks up.

“Was never gonna cum like that,” he lies.

Yuuji gasps as he turns him around and presses his body against the wall in one motion. He doesn’t move when Megumi’s hand drops to his fly, leaning against it and turning only his head to peek at Megumi.

Megumi’s hands make short work of his own jeans.

Yuuji’s bare thighs are locked in place by his too tight jeans. Megumi only needs to tug his briefs a bit to show off the smooth curve of his ass cheeks.

Megumi rolls his palm along the soft tanned skin, digging his fingers into the cleft at his thighs to get one good squeeze. He hears Yuuji’s breath hiccup in his throat as he lifts his ass a little higher, just enough to brush bare ass against Megumi’s straining erection.

With one hand on his hip, he pulls Yuuji into him and presses forward so Yuuji’s front has no space from the wall and his back is flush to Megumi’s chest.

The other hand roughly yanks his cock into position so he slides in past Yuuji’s perfect, quivering ass, down to the pulsing, wet, pink pussy. The one that's been haunting him since the first time they’d taken a bath together to save on the water bill.

His folds kiss his head, welcoming but tight. He pushes into the warm, shuddering passage and feels Yuuji’s inside resist him even as his vaginal opening sucks onto the ridges of his cock.

Megumi brings his mouth to Yuuji’s ear, “Relax.”

Yuuji shudders, each little shake translating to a spasm on Megumi’s cock that he takes full advantage of, crowding Yuuji so their bodies are touching everywhere and gravity takes hold. His body weight goes to his pelvis and Megumi slides in until Yuuji has taken his shaft only an inch off the base. Megumi pants into Yuuji's neck. Yuuji’s breath comes in pitched whines, muffled against the thin painted wall. He doesn’t speak but his insides clench into every little thrust and grind Megumi makes, always inviting Megumi to take more.

He shuts his eyes.

His cock pulses inside Yuuji, practically throbbing - he doesn’t need to look to feel that his veins are pronounced, blood flowing downwards, every inch of him straining for release. He’s not gonna last long.

He’ll make it last long enough.

He slips his hand against the wall, pushes the flat of his palm into Yuuji’s exposed abdomen. His knuckles catch on the uneven paintjob as his fingers flex against Yuuji’s skin, but the wet gasp followed by a tiny groan as they press the little bump in his pelvis makes it worth it. The little pocket of heat, already fit to Megumi’s shape like a glove, massages him as his hand moves and Megumi slots himself completely inside Yuuji, slapping his hips flush to Yuuji’s ass. Yuuji’s taken all of him, perfectly.

His fingers dip lower past Yuuji’s pelvis, through his soft pink pubes, to the stiff nub crowning his trembling mound. Megumi wets his fingers in their combined mess leaking from where Yuuji’s folds are stretched around him and Yuuji’s next exhale lifts into a moan as his fingers find their playmate in his clitoris, teasing the ball of nerves with gentle, relentless attention.

Megumi’s hips move, made harsh even in the minute movements, dragging the rough skin of his heavy cock over the sweet spot that makes Yuuji cry out. The sound of their bodies connecting and separating and connecting again fills the tiny space, echoing off the walls. His body works to a rhythm, his fingers rub as his hips drag, and the warm flesh melded to him cramps on his cock and Yuuji cries out, every breath lilting upwards like the final chorus of a song, the melody kept to tempo by the soft slap slap slap of his balls on the tense thigh just below Yuuji’s intraguteal fold.

Yet, like a song reaching its end, the climax comes too soon and Megumi is rendered suddenly immobile by his own body, sensation flashing through his body like a shock of lightning, unloading desperately into the deepest crevice of Yuuji as his walls tighten sporadically, squeezing out near every drop.

Megumi tries to catch his breath and Yuuji drops his head backwards onto Megumi’s shoulder as his back arches and an even thicker rivulet of slick runs down Yuuji’s thighs in a quiet drip, staining the bunched up fabric of Megumi’s pants.

Oh, Megumi realises in the quiet, he came right when I finished inside him.

They breathe.

Megumi's face is buried in Yuuji's shoulder. Yuuji’s body squeezed between him and the wall.

Yuuji shifts and makes a little noise of displeasure, Megumi thinks, when cum squidges out of him.

He apologizes softly, kissing along the back of Yuuji’s neck. He'd gotten carried away.

Yuuji sighs.

“We really can–” his mouth falls open on the ragged breath he pulls in, “-tnghgg, get pregnant right now…”

Megumi can hear his heartbeat in his ears, feels it throbbing through his cock.

He kisses his collarbone, breathlessly promising to pull out next time.

Yuuji nods.

Neither question the ‘next time.’

They breathe another minute.

Megumi’s fingers spread across Yuuji’s skin as his head clears.

Yuuji shifts again. Megumi’s still hard inside him.

“Is tha..r’all…?”

Their eyes meet.

Megumi sinks his teeth into the spot his lips just touched.

Yuuji cries out, voice curving up into the little air between them.

Megumi’s hand travels under his shirt, finding his soft breasts and rolling a swollen nipple under his thumb. Yuuji pushes away from the wall, arching into Megumi.

He groans as he ruts into Yuuji again, his body accepting him eagerly as if they hadn’t just finished moments ago. Megumi thrusts up into Yuuji who goes to his toes to keep up with Megumi’s pace. He’s not worried. He knows now - Yuuji can take it.

The room fills again.

The wet drip of cum and slick dislodged from inside Yuuji hitting their uncovered hardwood floor. The airless gasp as all of it is pushed out, greedily replaced by Megumi’s dick, Yuuji’s nails scraping the paper walls, Megumi’s panting muffled by Yuuji’s sweat-damp skin. The slap, fast and then slow and then fast again, of Megumi’s hips against Yuuji’s ass, again and again until Megumi stills against Yuuji’s trembling back, cum spurting between his spasming flesh.

Megumi doesn't pull out.
Yuuji doesn't complain.

Their breathing syncs.

They don't stay at the wall that night, travelling to their thrifted couch and the soft rug Nobara had gifted them for housewarming.

The clothes not littering the floor are rolled up in the rug after. They'll deal with the stains in the morning.

Megumi focuses on his hand, so firm on Yuuji's ass his fingers will leave indents as Yuuji's slick stains Megumi's thighs. His own flex as he slides the clinging folds of his pussy along the sticky tip of Megumi's dick, dipping into his sopping entrance but only just enough to taunt. Megumi groans. Yuuji feeds his bitemarked breast into Megumi's open mouth in the same moment he sinks past the head of his dick. His moan vibrates through Yuuji's skin, eyelashes fluttering before his mouth latches onto the swollen nipple. Yuuji's eyes shut as he drops to the hilt.

The cushions on the couch are still damp in the morning.

They don't talk about it.

Yuuji makes breakfast and Megumi heads to class.

In the week that follows, little changes.

They still shower together to save on the water bill,

(Yuuji's face, pressed against the cold glass of the mirror above the bathroom sink, skin still wet from the shower. The slap of their hips connecting, reverberating through the small room.)

they eat together like always - Yuuji cooking, Megumi cleaning,

(Megumi drilling into his pussy as Yuuji clings to the kitchen counters, the granite where Megumi had held himself up now jutting into Yuuji's stomach every time his dick roughly thrust into him, carrying the momentum through his clenching inner walls, spreading trembling in his thighs throughout his body.)

they stay in and shoot the shit on a night when going out just isn't worthwhile,

(Megumi's voice in his ear, reassuring him that he's doing so well, taking him so perfectly. Yuuji biting back a whine as the fingers inside him hook and spread, massaging his twitching insides through another orgasm. The breeze shifts and his nipples pebble beneath Megumi's other hand, and Megumi praises his sensitivity. He trails kisses down the nose of his neck, fingers twisting inside him, squeezing in his chest. Yuuji gasps, bites his lip, he's going to cum again. It feels impossible there's so much slick already staining his thighs, the clothes discarded on the floor beneath them. But he can feel it. He tries to whimper, "no, no more," but Megumi only hushes him. "Not too loud now. Unless you want someone to see us up

here?” Yuuji shakes his head a little frantically, the fingers on and inside him don't let up but he can't, he can't– A spray of shiny slick catapults from between his thighs, catching the glint of moonlight pouring through the balcony windows. The night breeze changes again. Yuuji's moan is swallowed by Megumi's mouth.)

And they've cleaned Yuuji's cum off nearly every available surface of their teeny-tiny studio.

But, aside from that? Same old, same old. They don’t really go out much anymore, though.

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