

A series of quiet Portuguese commercials played on the mounted widescreen, underscored by the muffled hiss of a shower behind closed doors. Hana had already taken hers and sat on the far edge of the king-sized bed undoing her hair. A cozy warmth was present as heat ebbed both from her skin and the faded afternoon. Blackout shades had been drawn to further regulate the temperature; the television and a lamp next to the opposite side of the bed added a sleepy dimness to the bedroom.

Hana had been successful in convincing Lúcio to let her help with stalling the Vishkar Corporation's inroads in urban development. An enticing hustle about a middle-class standard of living had made way for totalitarianism in his neighborhood a few years ago, and his flashfire revolution hadn't been a complete deterrent for them. Fighting Vishkar was dangerous and sometimes demeaning work, work he felt wouldn't be appropriate for someone of Hana's idol status to engage in. He got lit into by her- and experienced something else- and a couple days later both were tearing up the streets to thwart an astroturfing protest that had brewed over into an intentional maelstrom.

She got off easy, having been in her MEKA the majority of the incident. Lúcio had the pleasure of being in his skates which, while second nature, couldn't match her MEKA's infinite stamina. Inflammation seized at his legs, abdomen, and right arm all day, only faltering in its grip at the presence of hot water. He'd been in the bathroom for almost half an hour stretching out, but then began drifting off. When Hana yelled asking if he was still alive he snapped to attention, finished, and sauntered out in nothing but navy boxer briefs and a handful of clothes. A pleasant musk of shower steam and a woody body wash wafted inside. Her heart jumped. A craving skimmed her mind, and she hummed.

He dropped the garments and rolled onto the bed with a loud sigh. He rubbed at his taut diaphragm before the hand became pressed under hers.

"I should've let you lead."

"Obviously. It's about time you realized that," she pressed a kiss against his bristly jawline before nestling against him.

A ping of adrenaline went off in his stomach. He glanced down as she nuzzled her face in the crook of his neck and raised the hand up his chest, then chuckled.

"Hey now, I don't mean that literally."

"Oh really?"

"Don't act like you're head of household just yet," he hugged her shoulder and traced his other hand along her pink cheek, only to poke her nose, "I let you come with me."

"Hm! You didn't let me do anything."

"Then why'd you ask me about it?"

She paused and looked off with a squinting glare. *Dammit.*

"I don't remember that. I told you how we'd get it done."

"You mean with that awful blowjob?"

"That was after."

He sputtered and leaned his head back to chirp in laughter. She bit her lip but a smile poked through.

"At least you admit it!"

"Hangmun."

"Oi, oi. Remember what else you said," he laid his chin on top of her head and closed his eyes, "I'm just as stubborn as you are."

She couldn't argue with that. It was the first hard lesson she had to learn in committing to him. But it hadn't stunted her curiosity. Her sight darted along his breathing frame. His chest and stomach were just defined enough to exhibit the labors of exercise without being so grossly shredded. His shoulders were hefty, arms built like tree branches. His legs were like pillars- sturdy and thick, with the deepest rivulets of muscle definition on his thighs. She liked it, all of it. And then, she wondered: what did he like?

Lúcio's eyes opened, and an inquisitive grunt left him. She was tracing her fingertips up and down his abs slow, contacting his skin just enough to leave a tickle. A line of heat ran a little further down than anticipated. He shifted laterally towards her, his chin leaving its perch to press his forehead against hers, lips close enough now to exchange humid breaths. Fingers flowed back into her hair as he looked at her, half-awake and sporting a dumb smirk.

It was a weird angle now; she had to bend her wrist back to continue the treatment on his front. Her nails scritch and he shifted against her, or was it a flinch? It seemed he liked it. Maybe? She swallowed and looked into his gaze. He was there, but not all the way, and at once she knew she'd been pushy. She forgot he'd been fighting in the heat all day.

His face retreated. She was looking somewhere else.

"What?"

"Nothing, you goof," she pawed his face away from her own, "It's late. I'm tired, you're definitely tired."

"Yeah, but...we can still be close."

He withdrew his hand from her hair and settled it around her waist, pulling on her a little bit. A prod with his foot was enough to entangle her leg with his. There they remained, him massaging her hip under her shirt while she began to rub his neck and pet his dreaded scalp until, for a moment, Lúcio knew he was sleeping and allowed himself to sink into the euphoria of rest. The acceptance stifled the embarrassment of not having the energy on demand, but perhaps it would be awash in the morning. She was still next to him.

Frantic narration of a car commercial cut through the black of sleep. Lúcio's mind booted back up and he stirred. Every muscle wound up as he inhaled deeply through his nose, the filmy scent of cotton and perspiration filling him, then relaxed with a big sigh. He cleared his throat at the stale taste of his own breath before noticing he'd somehow made his way under the covers with Hana. Her leg was still around his. It brought him back.

It was relieving that she'd been the one to pump the brakes. It required her to both read him, and to be okay with it. Most others didn't treat him that way, because they didn't know how to. He never frowned, never faltered. He couldn't; Brazil needed someone who didn't shirk in the face of adversity. Being a beacon of hope as it were became a habit he didn't know how to turn off. But to Hana, an inspirational figure in her own right, that was all a necessary spectacle, no more the totality of him than her memetic running gags on stream. She would always let him rest, or she would make a hail mary move that somehow felt just right. He still insisted that their first time shouldn't have worked out, shouldn't have been so wonderful with how painful she made things, but here she was, snuggled up next to him in his bedroom down in Rio. He hadn't shown his appreciation for her dedication. His exhaustion last night hadn't helped.

But he wasn't all that tired anymore. He found her hand back on his stomach, and her face in the crook of his neck. He arched his back to stretch again. A spark of sensation fired on the top of his cock. He hitched, then lowered himself down with the tiniest flex of his hips. He was burgeoning just enough for his underwear to be quite palpable. In hindsight it was such a banal revelation he almost rolled his eyes, until Hana leaned against him for leverage while groaning. She was getting up. Lúcio's breath clenched. She was here, and he was hot. And then, he wondered: would she appreciate a hail mary too?

A weight laid against Hana's neck. The television played something low and serious. She was warm enough to be uncomfortable and, opening her eyes to discard the covers she felt a kiss underneath her chin.

"Heeey Hana," he kissed her again, "Bom dia."

Her arms wrapped around his shoulders as he settled across her frame like a cat. His elbows on either side of her supported his weight, and he drummed a little beat on the mattress. This was all too familiar.

"You're actually up before me."

"Got a great night's sleep. First one in awhile too."

"Better?"

She rubbed his scalp before he leaned into her and ran little pecks along her collarbone and throat. She gasped and dug into one of his shoulders.

"What do you think?"

She tried to answer throughout the affection, a task as futile as dodging rain. She wouldn't complain. Even if he hadn't cared for the massage she at least planted the idea somewhere in his carnal subconscious. She leaned up to reciprocate his excitement and was rewarded with the insistence of his tongue. She let him in, and he growled while slinking forward to straddle her. Her eyes fell, and when she was done analyzing his bulge she glanced back to see him hovering inches away.

"You wanna keep going?"

She nodded downwards, "You would've known by now if I didn't."

He sputtered and shook his head before combing through her tangled hair.

"Then just relax."

She had no time to do that before his other hand went up her shirt and fondled a breast. He pulled up her shirt and lowered himself to gently suck on the bulbous peak of the other. She arched into him, pressing his cock. His remaining hand yanked down the band on his underwear to free himself, and he settled back down with a relieved sigh.

Hana had enough consciousness to acknowledge the warm firmness conforming on her groin. She wasn't sure how long their first time had been, but it had been a rather straightforward affair. Lúcio didn't seem like the kind of guy with a short refractory period. Correction: she didn't know his recovery at all. She didn't know much of what he found gratifying at all beyond typical stimulation. And right now they had no flights to chase after, no goons to beat up. So, why rush? She grabbed onto the braiding on his scalp.

Lúcio was listening to her, and inevitably feeling her. She was into it, as expected. Back when he DJ'd on the corner and was building his reputation, it put that much more pressure on him to give a good time, as fleeting as those times were. That was the expectation for free-wheeling artists in the midst of reconstruction: his street sense and artistic flair were supposed to manifest into this alluring ability to screw hard before he always had to jump to some other venture. It got the job done well enough. He leaned to the side and reached down her own pants, and as he began to insert a couple of fingers she pulled his hair. His face squenched in a frown, but he continued on.

Hana bucked into him again and moaned. He was trying to push this along again. As he adjusted himself, she pulled harder. He strained and closed his eyes, then relaxed and resumed. She raised a brow and yanked harder, resulting in him seething through his teeth.

"*Hana.*"

It was just like that damn blowjob. He'd never forget it: those razors raking down his length, him snatching her own hair in a panic. It was a wonder he'd been able to finish at all. Was she legit into pain or was he giving off weird signals? He slipped his fingers up farther and began to pump a little bit to relax her. But at the next tug he would've sworn the braiding had been damaged.

"Hana!"

A chance. His neck would receive not a trace or a kiss, or even a bite, but a swift clothesline by her forearm. He froze. He was in awe, offended even, which left him even more open to be flipped over. His eyes bugged, and he withdrew his arms like a puppy's.

"Wha—!"

Hana grinned, showing those razors, and he shrunk back into the pillows.

"I'm guessing that hurt you," she chuckled.

"You think?! I don't like that!"

"Just...on top of your head?"

"Whaddayou mean?"

"Like, would it be fine if I pulled closer to the ends?"

His lips moved to answer, but no words left. No one had ever asked him such a thing. He'd never seen the need for anyone to ask him nor would've given anyone the chance. He was the one who took charge. Always. Heat swelled in his face, and he glanced off somewhere. To even search for any potential answers, much less the act of answering, was weird, but...maybe him finding it weird was sad, the inevitable result of a critical failure somewhere in his youth. He'd had enough sex to have forgotten much of it, and yet here he was oblivious to a softball inquiry. He was caught out. He twiddled and squeezed his fingers, then furrowed his brow.

"I...I, uhm.... Mmph!"

She rested a kiss on his lips. It was slow, and reassuring. When he sighed and melted into it, she pulled away an inch.

"It's okay, Lu. I'm sorry. I won't touch your hair anymore. I just..." she paused. He turned his head.

"Just what?"

"I want to, you know...fool around? But like, well...you know, figure you out?"

He lifted his head a smidge, then opened his mouth a little.

"Ohhhh, I gotcha. Well.... Alright. But next time, can't you just say that?"

"Couldn't you have said you didn't like your hair being pulled?"

He smacked his teeth and stumbled, a cute little fit which earned him some kisses to his neck. It was a turn-on she discovered the first time. As she continued she began to run up and down the planes of his abdomen again, urging out of him a stifled moan. So he did like it. Hana quickly shifted to sitting behind him; Lúcio let her, but looked back and forth as if she'd teleported there. Once comfortable, she focused on a nipple of his own; he shifted a little bit, raised his brow in analyzation, before she went back to her prior treatment, and then alternated.

A drip of pre-cum seeped out, along with a series of long moans. It wasn't going to get him off any time soon, but the treatment possessed an addictive comfort all on its own; the way she was wrapped around him, and how she read his reactions and didn't dare come close to hurting him again. It was as if there was nothing else in the universe worthy of acknowledgement but him. That was definitely egotistical, and indeed there was an anxiety in the expectation to not do anything, but...he would embrace this opportunity, for her. He took a deep sigh and settled against her.

Things began to move towards the poles. Her kissing had moved towards his cheek while her fingers crept ever downward. His cock jerked again. He bit his lip and whined. She hadn't even touched him yet. How was it the anticipation?

"Han."

"Do you like this?"

"Yes," he huffed and held his breath at the creeping sensation dripping down his body.

A jolt hit him. He flinched and whimpered. Kisses stamped the ridge of his ear at the same time she ran over his navel. She blindly brushed against his head in the process which was breaching the sheath halfway now. He recoiled against her and bucked. Hana smiled. *Alright then.* She went in; her kisses became a little firmer and bitey, but not painfully so, and she interspersed a few licks. She dabbled a finger in the dip of his belly, and he further rose to attention. Euphoric pangs shot through him. He arched himself, and got a little louder. When she got cheeky and rubbed his frenulum, he lifted himself and threw his head back.

"Tch— Porra!"

That shout. A wave shuddered down through her core until she felt a brief leak. Another drip fell onto his groin. He rolled away from her and grabbed her wrist, forcing a pant to bring himself back down. She moved to lay beside him.

"Your ears, huh?"

It took a few seconds for him to answer, and he did so without looking at her.

"I guess so. I never.... Hm. Bet you think it's typical for me, right?"

"It's adorable. Besides, I liked that too."

"Hm?"

"When you spoke."

His cheeks glowed, and his gaze darted from side to side. He remembered: he *had* shouted, and not in English either. He was always quieter than that, even when cumming. He rubbed his face, and before he could descend into the sinkhole of awkwardness she started pecking him again, and he had to smile at her newfound salve for him.

"It's hot, Lu.... Please. Keep talking." She grabbed onto him. He grit his teeth and pressed his head into the pillow.

"Merda!"

Lúcio didn't know whether that was reflex or obedience, but he knew it was starting to feel better. He started pumping himself back and forth in her grip, the head moving in and out of the skin. He turned and went to ravishing her with a sloppy make-out while a hand snaked down into her underwear. When she lifted her head to whine at his fingers pistoning, he took his chance at her neck himself. He continued to speak in a breathy grumble, at first in short interjections as she finally began moving her hand against his thrusts.

Hana responded ever more desperate and louder, urging him on to say more. She could pick up a few things, either from prior knowledge or context. But truth be told he could've been speaking Carrollian nonsense. It was all his tone: deep and meditative, as if he were fighting to retain his very sanity. His fingers had an easier time massaging her by the second, and her hand as well; a pleasant squelching accompanied their vocals.

Suddenly Lúcio slipped from her grasp and resumed straddling her. He did nothing but smile, but in a more heartfelt way than usual. Hana raised a brow. Did he have a weird idea?

"What, you goof?"

"I dunno. I've never...felt anything like this before, from anyone and..." he shrugged, "You know."

"Know?"

"I'm just really glad that you're okay with that. With *me*."

"Why wouldn't I be?"

That said it all, didn't it? A shy chuckle left him, and he leaned down to touch his forehead against hers.

"Obrigado, Hana. Eu te amo...e quero você."

That last bit was as sultry as he could make it as he began to hump her. She gasped and clawed his hips. It wasn't long before she yanked her underwear right off, and he laughed.

"Impaciente?"

During their tease of a grind, Lúcio tried his absolute best to keep talking, to shower her with pet names like "gata" and somehow communicate the undulating satisfaction of the smooth glide, but if nothing else he was only hyping himself up. It was becoming dangerous withholding himself from making entry.

"Não posso—"

Hana noticed him falter and withdraw. She knew why, and his conscientiousness was both commendable, and another weakness. She loved this. She loved that he allowed her to play with him.

She wanted to guide him in, to really feel him. He could pull out. They were too close. She grabbed him before he could retreat, hoisting out a hefty glob of precum. He strained and writhed.

"Hana—Ah! Por favor!"

Lúcio started gasping. He had no idea how long he'd last inside. This is not the decision he wanted to address this morning. His eyes clamped shut. She rubbed his head a little against her lips. He made a motion to push inside but wrenched away again. Hana blinked, then loosened her grip. When he calmed down, he saw that the dresser was open while she was already unwrapping a condom.

"We can try some other time. Alright?"

He blew air and let her dress him up, "Oh 'ey, you actually remembered from when I showed you, huh?"

"Give me some credit, Lu!"

"Haha; sorry, but that blowjob was awful."

"Are you ever gonna forgive me?" she smiled.

"Man, I dunno about that one."

Once she left room at the tip he began to hoist himself onto his knees, but the attempt to mount her was halted with a foot on his shoulder. She pushed back and stalked into his lap facing him.

"Then let me make it up to you."

She began to make him lie down on his back, but he anchored himself with his hands.

"Not like that," he kissed her, "Let me...."

The pressure between her pussy and the crumpled sheets was good. He started to move, and in time finally slipped inside.

Lúcio would never have thought much of this position otherwise. A lot of times it left his hips sore or hungry for a bit more control. But Hana wasn't too feisty or extra; her movements were a little inexperienced and lost. Gentle, like he was being rocked to sleep. It kept him enveloped. He shuddered, and his eyes rolled up. He hugged her against him and spoke up.

"Vá mais...."

All the pent-up energy and sensation had remarkably ebbed away for both of them, left in its place a hypnotic, pacifying heat as they remained entangled around and within each other. The act was slow and comfortable, like a good dream. Whenever Lúcio would get antsy and speed up Hana would slow down, and if she seemed a little uncomfortable or approaching her own orgasm he would stop and massage her thighs and back. They both wanted it to last forever, but alas, he was starting to go first, and it didn't matter how he moved. He grasped at her and buried his head in her shoulder.

"Vou gozar—!"

Hana was right with him, fumbling and snatching him up in her grasp. In a second, everything changed. The pleasure had topped out. Their minds became clear and they tensed up, waiting. Lúcio shivered, then suddenly began bucking and crying out. Hana shook and pressed herself into him as she began to contract around his cock. She winced; he bit her shoulder, trying to quiet himself. Wanting to ride it out she began to move her hips again, sending him into a fit as his sensitivity heightened. Gasping for air didn't help; he struggled to hold on for her, snarling through his teeth until she finally settled down and let him go.

He fell backwards, catching his breath and writhing. He rubbed his face before shaking his head, trying to bring his sight back into focus.

"Holy...."

She laid on top of him, catching her own breath, and he was quick to take himself out.

"How quaint. Seems I'm not the only one who likes using teeth."

He looked down to where a considerable bruise was already forming.

"Oh no, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—" A finger pressed his lips.

"Baegchi. You didn't do it on purpose...I think. Besides, I don't mind. That was kinda hot too."

So she did like pain. He put a pin in it.

"I don't know how you do it, Han."

"I have my ways."

"Yeah, right," he chuckled.

That wasn't a bad answer. He'd never been with someone who didn't just want to screw around with him just to say they did, or because they had expectations he felt obligated to fulfill. Now he had someone to make love to, and he had to scrap almost everything he'd picked up. She was on an even keel with him, which only meant there was no pressure. They could figure things out together as they went along.

The two pet and cuddled each other long enough for the condom to get uncomfortable. He sat up, kissing her briefly before nodding at the bathroom door.

"C'mon, let's get cleaned up. I know a great place for lunch."

"Sounds good to me. And, uh...you wanna try again tonight?"

The thought of another round at this moment in time was still physiologically uncomfortable, but nonetheless he managed the excitement to flash his teeth at her in a big smile.

"Sure thing. And hey, I'll let you lead this time."