

A Chance Encounter

I was sitting at a nightclub, all alone. I don't even remember what the club was named, but it was pretty damn full of people. Yet, I couldn't muster the courage to try to flirt with any of them. Not yet, anyway; that's why I was sitting at the bar, nursing on a drink, hoping for liquid courage to get me laid later. Of course, it wasn't very likely, I kept getting snub after snub, rejection after rejection even from average girls. Still, eventually I was bound to succeed, right? Feeling my bladder get rather full, I decided to go to the urinal, and that's where I first saw him; a black dragon, covered in what were either tattoos or painted symbols on his body. Quite the get-up for a nightclub, I thought, but that wasn't the odd thing.

The odd thing was that I swear I could feel him staring at me while I emptied my bladder, even though I didn't dare look back. I thought maybe it was just my anxiety getting to me again, but when I went to the sink afterwards to wash my hands, I glimpsed him briefly in the mirror as he exited before I did, and he was definitely looking at me then. Probably just a coincidence.

I looked at myself in the mirror, now alone in the restroom. I thought I looked fairly attractive. I was a young, slender green furred dragon, my hair well-combed and shoulder length, some muscle definition noticeable on my arms. My grey fur was well-groomed and presentable. I just couldn't understand why all the women weren't throwing themselves on their knees for me. Well, I did; it was the anxiety. I might've looked good, but I wasn't the most confident in approaching anyone with those kind of intentions. Or perhaps I just wasn't attractive enough somehow, outclassed by the competition. That wasn't entirely true, though, because I knew I was attractive, but seemingly only to gay males. It only added to the anxiety to have a man try to hook up with me. It wasn't my thing at all, and I wasn't good at rejecting people myself, which had led to the occasional close call.

I realized I'd been standing there in the restroom staring at myself for about five minutes, and shook my head. I'd never get any if I spent the night here, that was for sure. So I headed back out, straight to the bar, noticing the black dragon dancing the night away on the floor. Now that I could have a closer look, I noticed just how well built he was; big, quite muscular, with shiny scales rather than fur like me, and perfectly polished horns. There was something about him though, something I couldn't quite place my finger on, that was different. Maybe it was just the body paint, which was a little odd, but his eyes had this deep amber glow to them. Then, I realized he looked back at me, and I rapidly turned back to the bar. For fuck's sake, if he was gay he'd think I was interested now, for sure. I ordered another drink and prepared myself for an awkward conversation.

Of course, when it came to bad things, I found myself being right more often than not. He approached me and sat down next to me. I took a deep breath, and then a sip of my drink. *Let's get this over with.*

"How's the night going?" he asked. Well, at least he wasn't immediately trying to get me to blow him in the restroom.

"Eh, the usual," I said, staring at my drink. I hoped it'd show I wasn't interested.

"Why don't you come for a dance?" he inquired further. I shook my head.

"I don't dance much," I replied.

"You should. The girls love good dancers, and it's a learned skill like any other," he answered.

"Look, " I said, turning to look at him and preparing to end this conversation before it began. "I'm just... not..."

I trailed off as I looked into his eyes. They had an almost hypnotic quality to them with that glow, like embers, or like a sunset perhaps. I found myself thinking that if I had been into other men, this'd have been a perfect match.

I forced myself to look away. "...just not really interested..." I said, but finding the right words was suddenly difficult. It wasn't just the anxiety, so the drink must've been a really strong one. Maybe the bartender messed up.

Suddenly, I felt his hand stroking my shoulder. "Man, no, I'm not... I'm not into..." I tried to tell him, but I couldn't think straight.

"You've got very beautiful fur, has anyone ever told you that?" he smirked. Cliché as hell line, but I still could appreciate the compliment, even if it came from a gay man.

"Thanks, but seriously, I don't want to be rude, but..."

Why couldn't I say it?

He moved his big hand to my head and ran his clawtips through my hair, sliding that scaled hand down my back. It felt good, I couldn't deny that, but I wanted a woman to do it, dammit.

"Look at me for a moment, little dragon," he spoke, and I had to oblige him. I found myself staring into his eyes again.

"I know you're a straight guy, but you don't have to be so defensive. Besides, don't you know girls love bisexual guys anyway? It turns them on," he said, his tone now low and... seductive, I guess? I couldn't really pick up on it too well.

"Right, maybe, but I don't-" I started, and then his hand cupped my ass, giving it a light squeeze through the fabric of my pants. This was when I really should've protested, maybe called security, but I found myself compliant, staring into his eyes. It made me not really care that much. Instead, I found myself nodding.

"You have a pretty sexy butt too, drakeling," he added. "So round yet tight," he murmured, leaning closer to me. "It's a shame women can't really enjoy that part of you."

He kept his eyes locked on mine. Eh, it's alright. They were beautiful eyes, and I didn't really mind looking at them. With anyone else it'd have been extremely uncomfortable, but for some reason, it didn't feel that way now.

"Why don't you come outside with me for a moment? Get some fresh air?" he murmured, giving my rear another gentle squeeze.

I still hesitated, but my brain felt more and more sluggish. Or perhaps not sluggish, but passive. I should've called it a night then and there and went home, but I didn't.

Then, he did something more. He took hold of my hand, gently but firmly, and placed it on his crotch. I could feel his bulky erection straining against the pants it was barely hiding under. It felt hot; I could feel the heat radiating even through the fabric. I felt a strange, unwanted surge of excitement at that, feeling blood flow to my own maleness. I suppose it was just the raw sexuality of feeling that thick shaft that aroused me. Didn't mean I wanted anything to do with it.

"Wouldn't you like to see more of that? Just a look," he goaded me. "Looking won't make you any less straight," he whispered, softly now, his maw right next to my ear.

Maybe he was right. I did kind of want to see how scaly dragon cocks looked, I'd never seen one. Only my own, and we furred dragons were more mammalian than anything. I found myself nodding. "...maybe", I managed to say.

He kept his hold on my hand and we walked towards the exit. He gave the guard there a nod and he let us out. The air outside was warm and pleasant, and even though the alleyway was rather grimy and dimly lit except right here at the club entrance, I didn't feel any unease, not with this big dragon there with me.

He leaned against a wall, kept looking right into my eyes with those deep, deep embers of his. "Well, take your time. You're pretty hot, so I'm not gonna go soft anytime soon," he laughed. "Why don't you start by unbuttoning my jeans?"

Did I really want to do this? I was dimly aware of exactly where this sequence of events was going, but my brain barely registered that thought. I placed myself right in front of him and reached down to his waist. My hands trembled as I fumbled with the button, but finally managed to undo it. Without being told to, I pulled down the zipper too. I really did want to see how his cock looked, even if it was just to see what my competition was.

I tugged his jeans down, and found myself looking at his underwear-clad crotch. His cock was big, no other way to put it, and was tenting very obviously, with a wet spot there the tip pressed against the cotton. The idea of me turning him on enough for that was unfamiliar, yet not entirely unwelcome.

"Go on, have a look, you've already gotten this far," the big dragon chuckled. Perfectly logical, of course. Why stop now?

I *almost* hesitated, but found myself reaching into the waistband of those boxer shorts, and slowly pulling them down. His cock sprung out, and I could instantly see why girls would want this guy. It was huge, jet black like the rest of his body, had ridges that no doubt provided additional stimulation, and a slight bulge at the very base. Almost like a canine knot, but not as big. And it was dripping glistening beads of precum as I watched it bob in the open air.

"It's nice..." is all I managed to muster.

He looked me in the eyes again. "You could go ahead and touch it. See how it feels, too..."

I nodded with some eagerness. *What was wrong with me?* Then again, I'd already gotten it out, so why should I stop now? I might as well get a good feel for it, this might be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

So I ran my fingers along his throbbing maleness. It was very warm, and rock hard in that way only cocks are. He let out a muffled groan as I traced my fingers over the ridges and over the tip, accidentally getting some of the precum smeared on my hand in the process. Normally, I would've thought that gross, but right now? I didn't mind.

I looked at him again. At this point, he didn't even have to prompt me. I knelt down to get a closer look, and wrapped my fuzzy paw around his member. I wanted – needed – to have a close look at this magnificent thing, even if I wasn't going to do anything more. It was almost like a work of art. The surface of it was already slippery with his copious draconic precum, so I slid my hand up and

down it a few times, just to see what would happen. I felt him twitch in my grasp and some precum *shot* out, landing on my face, near my nose.

I was going to stand up, and that's when the smell of it hit me. He smelled so intensely virile, masculine, almost... erotic? I shook my head. No, this was enough. There was something wrong here and I had to stop. I looked at him and told him as much.

"Ah, a shame," he replied, pausing for a moment. "Are you sure you don't want to taste it? Just imagine, you could tell all the girls that you're willing to experiment a little, I bet they'd be interested."

Somehow, staring into those amber eyes, I found that to be perfectly sound reasoning. Just a little taste wouldn't make me gay, and I was kinda curious about how that precum tasted, if just the musky smell of it made my head spin like that. So I gingerly brought my face even closer to it, sticking my tongue out, and then licked a drop of that clear precum off where it was forming right at the tip. It didn't taste much of anything, but the effect was apparent. I found myself growing painfully erect in my pants, a rush of blood to both my cock and my head. *Well, in for a penny, in for a pound.* I licked along his length again while gently sliding my hand up and down his maleness. After all, he was this hard for me, I had to show at least a little appreciation. It wasn't gay at all, more like a massage. When my wet tongue reached the tip again, another spurt of precum shot out, right into my mouth, coating my tastebuds with his tangy juices. Almost instantly, I felt another surge of arousal.

I didn't need much more convincing than that. I just wanted more, at this point, forgetting about the fact that I was about to suck on another male's cock. I wrapped my lips around the tip and lapped at it clumsily, eager for more of that intoxicating precum. The big dragon didn't disappoint me, and as I started experimenting with bobbing my head up and down on him, every now and then he throbbed and I gulped down more watery, tangy precum.

There was no way I could fit him all in my mouth, of course, so I only managed to get my muzzle halfway down. I looked up at him and he looked back at me, smiling, or perhaps smirking, at how eager I was getting. He put one hand behind my head, stroking my green hair, and began gently rocking his hips back and forth, pumping his cockflesh in and out of my willing muzzle slowly. He seemed to leak more pre when I licked the very underside of his slightly flared head, so I did that, and he gave a low grumble of approval. For those few moments I forgot all about my usual straightness; all I wanted was more of that cock.

People must've seen us, as we were right under a light in that grimy alley, but perhaps back alley blowjobs weren't unusual enough to comment on. Still, even the thought entering my head made me blush. But maybe seeing me blow this sexy guy would turn some girls on? He had told me they liked that kind of thing, and I believed him.

I reached out to touch his balls, and found that he had none, not like I did. They were probably internal, but going by how much of that hot preseed was dripping and spurting into my mouth, they were probably big and full of cum.

"That's a good little drake," he commented, between huffs and groans. "But I don't want to blow in your mouth, I want you to raise your tail for me," he said, in a commanding tone. When he saw my hesitation, he looked into my eyes again. "We could even record it and put it on Furtube, I'm sure that'd get you some attention. Girls just love that kind of thing."

He paused for a moment.

“And you’ll -hng- love it too, I’m sure. All you have to do is lean against the wall, drop those pants and present yourself to me, and I’ll give you exactly what we both know you need.”

I let his shaft slip out of my mouth with a wet *slurp*. As if in a trance, I walked to his side and leaned against the wall while he placed himself behind me. Did I want it? I think I did. I wanted that big draconic cock breeding me full of his thick seed- huh, it sounded so gay in my head, but it was just experimentation, and just letting another male claim my ass hardly made me gay, no matter how good it’d feel. Right?

I slowly undid my own pants, letting them drop to my ankles. His strong scaly hands groped my ass again and I felt something hard and hot poke against my underwear. Dutifully, I pulled those down too, slowly, wiggling my ass at him while I did so. With my mind intoxicated by his scent and gaze it felt like the right thing to do. As they came off, my own erection sprung out, small compared to the dragon behind me, but still adequate, if plain and mammalian in nature.

Then, I felt his cock rest against my now bare ass, no more fabric between it and my fur. I expected him to just thrust into me like I would into a female, but instead he knelt behind me and spread my fuzzy cheeks. Then, I felt his long tongue lapping across my puckered hole, and the feeling was... strange, but extremely arousing. I felt him press it against my hole, slathering it with saliva, and then it slid inside me. It was an odd, unfamiliar feeling, but ultimately wonderful. I dimly realized that he must be lubricating me for his massive cock, but it seemed that he was enjoying doing so, as when I glanced back at him, I saw him still at full mast as he ate me out.

But not much sooner than it began, it was over. He gave my ass one last squeeze and started positioning his cock at my entrance, bare and unprotected. “Lift your tail for me, show me you want it, drakeling,” he murmured.

I blushed. I mean, I didn’t really want another male to fuck me, did I? But still, my tail hiked up, leaving my ass completely open for his eager member. The desire to have him inside me, claiming me, was far stronger than any logical issue I might’ve had with getting fucked by him despite my ostensible straightness. Not only did I lift my tail, but I stuck my ass out towards him, so as to give him easier access to my body.

With my saliva and his precum coating his cock, the tip slid into me easily. This was it, I was about to get mounted by this huge dragon in some grimy alleyway behind a club. At first, it just felt like I was being uncomfortably stretched, but then, as he pushed deeper into me, grunting, I felt his ridges bump over something inside me that made me moan out loud with pleasure. I hadn’t even known – I mean, I knew we guys had prostates, but I didn’t know having a cock rub against them felt this good.

“Going by – hng – that sound, you might not even want girls after this...” he laughed, gyrating his hips as he slid into my eager body. It hurt a little bit, but mostly I just felt stretched; I guess saliva and draconic pre made for pretty good lubricants. But I swear, each time those ridges passed over my prostate I had to suppress moans. I looked down, and saw my cock bobbing, even leaking. One clear strand of precum dangling from the tip, like the big masculine dragon’s cock was squeezing it out of me.

Then, he sunk all the way into me, and I moaned again, leaning against the brick wall and moaning like some gay slut while he had his way with my body. He gave my scruffy neck a lick and a nip, and leaned over me possessively. He seemed to savour the feeling of my formerly virgin ass snugly enveloping his cock for as long as possible before he started moving his hips, properly starting our little chance mating. Every few thrusts I felt a liquid warmth inside me, realizing he was filling me

with that precum, and it turned me on even more, that alien sensation of fullness. I wondered how it'd feel when he seeded me properly, if even just precum felt this good. By now I was sure that he was somehow getting into my head to make me feel this way, but I didn't care; I just wanted more. If taking it up the ass always felt this good, I'd definitely have to do it more. Maybe a girl could use a strap-on... or maybe I'd be meeting this dominant black dragon again... regularly.

Then, as he began rocking his hips, sliding that big, eager shaft in and out of my tailhole, I yelped, clenching around him reflexively. The sensation of being rutted was so strange, yet so wonderful, especially with this particular dragon. I clamped one paw over my muzzle to muffle my moans while the other dragon squeezed my ass possessively, watching his shaft penetrate into me over and over. After enjoying the sight of claiming me for a moment, he noticed I was trying not to moan and forced my hand away from my muzzle.

"Come -hrr- oh, little drakeling, let everyone hear you're getting your straight ass fucked and loving it..." he whispered, scaly muzzle right next to mine. By the gods, I couldn't help it, I did. I moaned my pleasure into the cooling night as he thrust into me, again and again and again. I knew we must have attracted attention by now, but I didn't care anymore.

Too soon, the big dragon whispered something else. That he was going to cum, was going to fill my ass with his seed. I could only groan with desire in response as I felt his thrusting growing faster, building towards an imminent climax.

And then it hit us both simultaneously. My cock bounced as ropes of my cum splattered onto the brick wall, pooling onto the ground below, and as my tailhole squeezed tightly around his member in response, I felt him throb deep inside me, a hot liquid feeling following soon after. I imagined his cock buried to the hilt in me as spurt after spurt of heated draconic cum travelled up the shaft and into my waiting body, and it only prolonged my own climax, leaving me a shaking mess, barely able to support myself as the sexual spasms finally waned. I had no idea how much a big dragon like the one fucking me full of his seed usually produced, but it felt like a lot, to the point I felt bloated at the end of it, full of thick, hot cum.

Having held his breath as he filled me up, the big dragon finally exhaled, sounding satisfied and drained. Slowly, he pulled out of me, admiring his handiwork and the seed that leaked out of my now gaping hole. I felt it trickle down the fur of my thigh, staining the pants laying at my ankles.

"Hrrmmh... I'm not much for cuddling..." the big dragon grumbled, giving my ass a final slap as he pulled up his pants, covering up his now shrinking maleness. "But if you want to find me again, you know I'll be around", he said, in a smug tone. "Or maybe you can charm some girls by telling them about tonight," he added. Then he left, leaving me full of his cum in the alley. When he disappeared behind the corner, I finally snapped out of it, pulling up my own pants – wet with cum both mine and his – and headed home, feeling his essence dripping out of me the whole walk, although a good part of it remained inside.

As I returned home, my mind had cleared a bit, although some lasting influence remained. I realized that he'd probably taken advantage of me with his true draconic powers, but I somehow didn't mind; it had felt way too wonderful for me to get angry at being used like that.

I didn't meet that particular dragon again for a long time, but one thing I can say is that discovering how good getting fucked felt, and accepting that I was, if not before then now, bisexual, had left me a much easier time finding one-night stands and eventually a mate. He and I are still together now,

although occasionally when we fuck I think back on that night, wanting to thank that nameless dragon for opening my mind.