

I *hate* nightclubs. I'm looking around the big open room and try as I might I can't find a single good reason to be here. I have no idea why I thought this was a good idea.

*"Oh, come on Jack, I said to myself a few days ago, you should go out on a Saturday night for once. Go to a club or something, it's not like you've ever gone to one before. You're going to go your whole college experience without hitting a bar or any kind? What kind of boring guy are you? And hey, even if you end up disliking it, it's one Saturday night! It's not like you don't have plenty of those to stay at home for anyway."* I wish those thoughts had a body so I could be wringing their neck right now.

The music is so loud I don't even know why I'm seeing peoples' mouths moving, and putting my hands over my ears doesn't seem to do anything to block it out. And there's all these lasers and flashing spotlights and stuff, it feels like I could get a seizure even with my eyes closed. Not just on the dance floor either. Just moving throughout the entire the club, even the bar. And you can't get a drink to soothe your splitting headache from the constant floor-vibrating base or seizure-inducing lights, because I (and no one else I hope) am not going to pay 15 dollars for a rum and coke. Oh and the cover charge was gigantic and the buses don't run this late so I'll need to take a taxi home and everyone is rude and pushes you even if you're just sitting at the bar and the two people I came here with had disappeared and weren't answering their phones because they're jackasses. Just to name a few things.

I take a look at my watch. Only ten o' clock. I've been here an hour at most, and the last ten minutes of it have just involved sitting at the bar, playing with the tiny plastic cherry swords. And also debating whether or not I should try and stick it out and wait for my friends or write the night off as a loss and move on with my life. Yeah, I think it's finally time to admit to myself that staying here isn't going to make this night suddenly get better if I'm this miserable. As soon as I remembered I didn't need to pay anything or say anything to anyone, I stood myself up from the barstool and suddenly felt very wet.

Oh goddammit. What a perfect way to end the night, covered in, what is this exactly? I lean forward, sniffing my soaked arm, and instantly pulled back. Holy crap, what's on me? It smells like rocket fuel. Who was drinking this? I look down, seeing a rat who's just as soaked as me and on the ground to boot. Oh, crap. It took me a second to snap myself out of feeling sorry for myself and realize that I just rammed myself into this poor guy because I was too invested in stomping out in a huff and not where I was going. He sees me now as well and scrambles to his feet looking absolutely devastated. I mean I must have just made him waste at least thirty dollars in drinks, no wonder he's unhappy. I get ready to yell my apology at him when he bows his whole body forward, voice barely audible above the thumping rhythms.

"I'm so so sorry! Will you please let me buy you a drink to make up for it!" He looks up, biting his quivering lip while his whiskers flick in the most adorable way. What? I've always had a thing for rats, what do you want from me? Well, I don't really want to be here anymore, but he looks really desperate to make up for soaking us (which really isn't even *his* fault), so I begrudgingly nod, and after a few more yells in each other's direction he just has me follow him to a different side of the club.

I wouldn't have believed it was possible, but here in this booth the music is actually bearable.

It's still loud as hell, sure, but I can actually hear myself think, so that's a huge improvement. The rat is back a few minutes later with two pinkish-red and fizzing drinks and looking much happier, until he sees me using napkins to soak up the alcohol, and his face falls again. Oh come on, that smile was so cute. I smile at him as he sets the drink down in front of me and his own returns, mission accomplished. Each of us takes a sip. It tastes like a cherry set itself on fire and threw itself at my tongue.

"They're called cherry bombs!" the rat says, looking perky again as he watches me sip my drink. I'm not really a fan, but I wasn't about to refuse something that probably cost more than heart surgery.

"They're my favorite. And really alcoholic. Hah!" He takes a frankly heroic slurp through his straw, half of the drink gone. I slow my own pace down, taking tiny sips everything so often inside of mouthfuls. I'm not really keen on spending the rest of my night trashed at a weird bar with some stranger. I could stand to watch him get a little drunk though--Might loosen him up. I bet he'd look good with a big drunk smile on his face, turning into a gasp while I hiss up his neck... I'm yanked out of my perverted thoughts by his fingers waving in front of my face, the rat looking worried again. I sit myself straight up and adjust my pants, very glad this is not a glass table.

"Are you alright?" he asks, and it's getting really hard to tell what's cuter: his look of concern or happiness. Thankfully I don't need to choose, since I'm getting such a big helping of both. The second I nod his face brightens again and he goes back to chatting away, already tipsy I'd wager

His name is Gerry, apparently. He comes here often *and* alone to "observe the constant chaos," as he calls it. Which seems like the weirdest reason for anyone to go to a bar, especially by themselves, but I just let him go on. He's a chatty rat, and he loves gesticulating wildly while he speaks. His curly white hair bounces on top of his dark brown fur as he does so, along with his glasses and the silver nose ring (which I somehow didn't notice until sitting down with him for a few minutes), and I'd be lying if I said I didn't think about how it'd all look while he bouncing on top of other things. It'd probably be easy with as drunk as he was too. Err, anyway, back to conversation like a not creepy guy.

But on that note, that alcohol hit him really fast, which I guess isn't much of a surprise. He not only drank a ton, but he was incredibly tall and lanky; easily over six feet. Still, even with him being a good couple of inches taller he never felt imposing. Just cheerful and animated and touching my hand and thanking me for being such a good sport about the spill. And I'm just squeezing back, smiling and watching him get flustered and starting to have a really hard time believing he's not trying to send off some pretty strong signals. I lower my thick shades and give him a wink just to see how he reacts, and now he won't look me in the eye or stop giggling. Come on now, this is just unfair.

"Something wrong?" I ask, leaning in close because I don't want to yell.

"Oh just uhhh, uhh," he looks at me for a second, but he turns his head away again, big front teeth tugging at his lip once more, "I ummm. Ahhh nothing!"

Okay, so he's probably pretty drunk at this point. Which is weird because I'm halfway through mine and not feeling a thing. So I let his paw so as go to not overstep my bounds, and he pulls his away, though very very slowly. He bounces in his seat for a moment, looking conflicted, and then leans very close, indicating for me to get closer as well. I swear I can feel the heat radiating from his ears

from all the blushing.

“Uhhh, uh, just I really like lizards. And I’m glad we got to talk. And I think you’re cute. And I am actually kinda glad I spilled my drink on you ahhh I’m sorry!” He pulls back and starts to finish off his drink, which I grab because as cute as he is now I doubt he’ll still be stay that way if he passes out. Well, he’ll still be pretty adorable if he does, but that still wouldn’t be a good situation. He starts to protest but his ears just get red and he resumes fidgeting.

“Hey, thanks for hanging out with me cutie. You made a pretty crappy night turn out really well,” I say, which makes him collapse across the table dramatically (which makes it easier for *me* to cradle his head again), “And don’t worry about spilling the drink on me. I, hmmm, think you’ve had enough of yours though. Don’t you think so?”

I’m sure that he heard me, because he’s just staring up at me with a plastered grin, head swaying drunkenly side to side. He nods eventually though, and then goes back to staring at me right in the eye, which I’m glad to oblige. A look of confusion, or maybe annoyance crosses his face as he looks me in the eye, but he shakes his head and the look disappears. Guess he forgot what his face was doing, poor thing.

His hand feels so nice, and so does his legs as they slide up along mine. And so does his tail, whoah I had no idea that thing’s so long and has so much dexterity, it’s wrapping up my leg like a snake. I’m not sure what to say or do, but I’ll definitely enjoy this cute drunk boy touching me for as long as he’s willing.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” he says into the table, his body pulling away from mine. He gets to his feet somewhat uneasily, almost falling into me as he does so. Or so I thought.

“Follow me in a second, I need help with something,” he mumbles into my ear, his hand sliding up my pant leg. He pulls away right as his hand nears my crotch, the rat walking towards the bathroom as carefully as his unsteady legs can take him. He plows into a dancer on his way, but after that he seems to make it there just fine. As for me? Well, I give it a moment just in case he actually needed to pee or something first, and then I got my ass in there. What, am I supposed to *not* follow a horny dude who’s clearly interested in my dick into the bathroom?

I didn’t see him anywhere in the bathroom, and was worried he might have gotten lost at first. But as I gingerly push on the second stall’s door I see him standing there, and am yanked inside immediately. Maybe not the most romantic place to fuck cute rats, but I’m not not sure there’s any place I’d rather anyway.

I have him pressed against the wall of the stall, his little rat tongue overwhelmed by mine. My sunglasses and his eyeglasses constantly clash as we kiss, the rat eventually pulling his off, with me following shortly behind. I grab his junk, and his thigh presses into mine. He can feel me throb against it, and I hear him gulp as I bite his ear. My weight pressing down on him causes the stall to creak but neither of us care--it’s masking his soft squeaks perfectly anyway. He had gotten me so riled up I needed a piece of this rat *now*, and he seemed happy to give it. Our heat was starting to make me sweat, and our bodies became a rough mass of limbs--Grabbing, groping, pulling up his wrists and pinning him against the wall, feeling him shiver and squeak as my tongue drags along his neck. My thick tail slams into the other side of the stall, his sliding up my pant leg, grinding against my junk.

Goddamn that thing can move. Eventually the thick appendage sliding against my crotch is just too much and I have to pull off. I start to undo my pants, pressing nose to nose with him as I do so, licking at his mouth. I stare him in the eye, and it feels like all the alcohol I drank hits me at once.

"I'm glad you took off your glasses, so I could see your pretty eyes," he whispers, his tail continuing its slithering. My pants are starting to get wet with arousal, but it's hard to keep focusing on that with everything starting to spin like this. I feel heavy, I feel out of it, every word coming slowly. And not just speaking them either, just thinking them is getting difficult. I'm a bit worried at how suddenly I'm getting drunk, but whatever. I usually feel weird and disoriented and out of control when I'm drunk... And that's how I feel now, but not in a bad way. No, I still feel great. Really warm, really horny, and his tail, oh Jesus the way it's squeezing my leg is amazing.

I start to arch my back, but he grabs my head before I can look away. His hands are also really warm. What a handsome rat, I'm so lucky to have found such a cute boy to be fucked by. Err, fuck. Something, whatever, as long as he keeps touching me. As long as he keeps kissing me. Staring into my eyes. I have a big smile on my face, I can feel it, and feel his finger tracing a line along it. My arms fall to my sides, they're really heavy, and I'm so drunk. So gone. Everything's hard now, like me. God I'm really hard.

"Really horny, aren't you?" he says with a giggle, and I laugh too. Of course I was, of course he knows that. His tail is framing itself around my bulge, and I'm throbbing a lot. Squirting a lot. Oh man, my undies are soaked. My hands trying undo my pants again, but my hands don't seem to be responding. Huh, weird. I'm trying to move them but they just don't work, they just wiggle uselessly. Too drunk for this I think. But that's okay, his big meaty tail pressing through my pants feels so good I don't give a fuck to fuck. Hah, that's a good one.

"Trying to whip out your cock?" he whispers. I glad he can tell. I can barely remember doing it myself, and I think I just tried it just a couple of seconds ago. I nod, I think, or maybe it was just me falling forward. He tilts my head up, and the smile returned. There were his eyes again. Everything else is blurry but they're twinkling real pretty.

"I think you'd rather touch mine though," he says, nodding, and I feel like I should nod too. But wasn't I going to fuck him before? I vaguely remember ideas of pressing his body against the stall, his pants down, face against the stall wall, my cock entering his ass. Drool hanging from his mouth, shaking off and hitting the floor with every thrust, mixing with the growing pool of pre between his legs. Then his tail would wrap around my dick as he humped into my ass, the rat whispering in my ear about how I was a good lizard. So smooth on the outside and on the inside. How good lizards hiss nice and loud so everyone can hear them getting fucked. Yeah, good lizards should be fucked. And I'm a drunk lizard. I mean, a good one. That's why I'm falling to my knees while he presses on my shoulders.

"Good boy. Right where you belong, right?" I can hardly make him out through my drunken haze. Staring into his eyes makes it feel like my world is rocking back and forth, but his hands find my head, and I'm anchored. Everything stopped spinning now, and I feel comfy, warm, at peace again. And really horny, fuck. I think I look silly, with my face in his crotch, on my knees and humping a lot, but I can't stop myself. Don't want to anyway.

He opens his pants and his cock flops out, and it feels like I'm having a religious experience.

Yeah, this is exactly where I belong. His hands leave my head, but my mouth finds his dick, and the feeling of comfort and familiarity that I just had is even more intense. I slide down until every breath I get is filtered through the fur around his crotch, and it tastes amazing. I didn't want to move, and I don't think I would have if he didn't slide me back to the tip himself. I'm so hungry suddenly, man I'm drunk. But his dick is really tasty. Kinda sweet and a little bit salty. Perfect snack for right now.

"Yes, keep sucking, keep it-Ahh!" He gives a weak little squeak when I get all the way back down to his crotch, my tongue finding his pendulous nuts. He resumes, his breathy voice music to my ears. Oh dang, I'm starting to drip onto the floor. Hey, when did my dick flop out? My hands are on his hips I thought. I moan into his dick, the mystery still unsolved but the tip of his tail sliding along my member, so who the hell could care. It feels so smooth and pleasant, it reminds me of my own scales. But not as strong, stronger and firmer. But still mobile, each inch that coils around my dick making me gasp, snort into his crotch. I've stopped thinking about sucking well, I'm just getting yanked back and forth by his tail now, tugging me around like a leash.

Oh god, a thick part is hefting up my balls, I can feel them getting bounced all around. I'm spinning again, spinning, spinning. I think he's saying something but I stare into his eyes, I'm too wasted. His hands find my head again and force me down, he's cumming holy fuck he's coming so much, yes I'm working your balls sir, yes I'm swallowing it all sir. I sink onto the back of my feet, still kneeling. I can feel his cum dribbling down my face. What a waste. His tail is still jacking me but I feel numbed, numbed by his tidal wave of spunk.

He tilts my head up, and I almost fall back. But he's got my shoulder, and his tail tugs my dick too. I don't feel that so much at first, but as soon as I see his eyes again, all sensation comes roaring back. My body feels like what a traffic jam sounds like, I'm shaking and gasping but still not cumming. I can't yet. Damn booze!

"You want to cum, right boy?" I nod, flapping my head up and down. I can't seem to articulate words but of course I want to cum, of course I *need* to cum! I'll do anything, can't you see that?

He leans in close. He whispers in my ear. I start to think about what he says, but it's gone in an instant, jumbled and disappeared. I'm wondering what he said a second after he says it, but he is commanding my attention again with a brush of the hand across my cheek.

"Can you do that for me cutie?" I nod, an immediate reaction. I don't know what it is but I'm sure I can do it. His tail squeezes my dick now. It's so firm, rubbing so agonizingly slow. His muzzle presses up against my ear, and his voice pushes a warmth through my body. Down and throughout, hitting my dick as he spoke.

"Then cum boy."

I'm cumming, shooting feet maybe, I don't know. It's hard to see or recognize anything. Anything but his eyes. Seeing them as I sink, as my body sinks. Staring into them as all strength leaves my body with my cum. Seeing him smile, I'm not worried. I'm passing out from the alcohol, but he'll take care of me.

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