

Grant watched the early evening scenery of the city pass by through the window. He had walked this route to his dorm many times before, and the familiarity brought him at least some amount of comfort amid the turmoil of everything that had happened these past few days. Of course, the foremost among this was that that route home had indeed been a *had*, since as of two days ago it would not be one he could take again. The snow leopard had tried to talk out the issue with his roommate and to settle things peacefully, but according to the agreement, it had been entirely within Michael's right to do what he did and remove Grant from the room, and thus, from a place to live for the rest of the semester.

So, the previous night he had spent in the room of another friend on campus, though the unexpected visit meant that Grant had had to sleep on the floor. That had compounded with the already-extant stress and worry of another round of exams coming up to leave him lying there this morning even more tired than when he had first settled down to try to sleep.

The car slid smoothly to a stop, though the leopard still jerked forward a bit with the remnant inertia. Shaken briefly out of his thoughts he lifted his head and looked around, again focusing his gaze on the city outside: by now they had passed out of familiar territory, towards the so-called "downtown" portion of town beyond the range of the campus borders. The nervousness remained, and the further they travelled from the heart of the university, the more it grew. Grant almost couldn't bring himself to continue looking over, across the windshield and dashboard, to the steering wheel itself, the dark blue smooth-scaled hand lightly gripping it... and then eventually, up along the firm arm and shoulder to the dragon driving him away this evening.

It was someone with whom he was familiar, sure, but thinking about the whole thing still felt strange. Grant supposed he should be grateful, though, and that he was lucky: it was Teryx, this dragon, who had approached him about his issues, and who had set this whole thing up. First during the class that Teryx was the TA for, and then just a little bit ago at the extracurricular cocktail course that he instructed.

*"Usually you're one of my top students,"* the big dragon had said, nonchalantly leaning against Grant's portion of the table. The snow leopard had been avoiding eye contact for the entire period, wanting only to get back home and go to sleep. Then, though, he'd always remember that he didn't exactly *have* a home right now, and that put him in even worse of a mood... *"But tonight even your fundamentals are a bit... shaky. What's going on? Why don't you come to my office in a bit and we'll talk about it."*

It was more a command than a question or suggestion. That was alright, though – given the events of the past few days Grant didn't really feel like doing anything for himself. So then he trudged down the halls of the building to the dragon's office after class, when the sun had already started to descend in the sky, and knocked on the door there – only to hear Teryx tell him to wait outside a moment.

So he waited. And he continued waiting. Each time he peeked into the little window set into the door it didn't look as though Teryx were particularly occupied with anything, but still Grant did as told as waited, until his little ears perked to the sound of the dragon's smooth, deep voice, muted through the thick wood: *"Come on in, Grant."* Nothing else. He didn't stand up and open the door to let the snow leopard know, nor did he say anything further in case he wasn't paying attention. Just that one thing and then he waited for the student to open the door to his office.

When he did, and then when he sat down in the little poorly-cushioned chair the dragon had in front of his desk, Grant was made to wait another few minutes; Teryx lifted a finger and continued doing whatever it was that occupied his attention on his computer. At one point, though, his sharp yellow eyes

flicked over towards the snow leopard across from him, snapping the exhausted Grant up to attention, and he nodded and said a simple *“so tell me what’s going on”*, without turning his head away from his computer.

In a nervous, stuttering voice Grant had gone over the issues with his roommate and his living situation, compiled with the other stresses going on and how that had already started to impact his classroom performance. Teryx sat there, looking as though he was only half-paying attention to the snow leopard if not for the occasional glance or nod, and then waited another few minutes after he had finished.

*“Professor?”* Grant had asked. *“Did you hear me?”*

More silence. Then the dragon turned to face him, his chair creaking underneath him.

*“Yes, I heard you,”* he answered, folding his hands atop his desk. Naturally broad-shouldered and quite tall, it gave Grant the feeling that he had been called in for discipline rather than help. *“And I’ve got a... proposition, so to say.”*

On through the “downtown” portion of town, so-called since some years back the city had installed special street signs in an attempt to make the area seem busier and more bustling, and towards the nicer section along the edge of the lake past there. *“It’s not that far away,”* the dragon had explained on the way to his car, over in the faculty parking lot past which Grant had walked every day. *“Just on the other side of the bar district. I keep it empty for a few reasons, but I’d be willing to rent it out to you, for the right price.”* Then he had smirked, as he usually did whenever telling a joke in class. *“We’ll discuss that once we get there.”*

Not that much farther, now. Grant straightened up in his seat, shifting his things in his lap, and watched the buildings as they went by, this section of the city much nicer than what he had gotten used to. Teryx kept the radio tuned to the classical station, though had turned it down so low that the snow leopard had to focus to pick out anything of what was going on over the sounds of the road and his own thoughts tumbling about in his head. A right turn and then a left, and some apartment buildings rose up alongside one another by the lake; Grant felt disbelief start to swell in his chest – *he’s not offering me lakefront property, is he?* – and then recede as they passed by the first building, then the second, and then the third.

Then, however, Teryx turned again, and rolled the driver side window down to punch a code into the keypad outside one of the parking garages. Grant straightened up further. He noticed that Teryx had already been watching him, the next time his eyes fell on the dragon beside him.

*“Like I said,”* the professor went on, voice low. It wasn’t that he was shy or needed to stay quiet: it was a method he used in class as well, to force everyone else to quiet down so that they could listen to him. *“We’ll talk out the specifics of the lease agreement once we get up there. It’s within walking distance, as I said, and some of the best property you can get.”*

Yet again Grant put forth the same question that stuck in the front of his mind – *“How will I afford it? I could barely keep up with the rent on the dorm on campus”* – and yet again Teryx gave the same response:

*“We’ll talk it out. I have a special arrangement in mind for you.”*

The snow leopard sank back into his seat, knowing the conversation to be over. Teryx gave him a smooth half-smile and then turned to head up to the next level of the parking garage, eventually picking a spot, backing in, and unbuckling his seat belt. He did not wait for the student to follow, instead just glancing over his shoulder at the sound of Grant's door shutting and then slowing his pace for him to catch up.

He tried not to stare, of course. The short bridge between the garage and the building itself gave a wonderful view of the lake, sparkling in the dying hue of day with all the little pinpoints of streetlights and buildings reflecting off the surface. It looked like there was also a scenic trail following the shore of the lake, weaving in and out of the thick trees blocking part of its view from the street; it was too dark to see for certain, but Grant thought he could make out a small park as well, complete with a few benches and even a freestanding barbecue pit. When he looked up again Teryx was watching him over his shoulder, yellow eyes sharp and attentive and perhaps a little bit amused.

"So..." Grant half-raised a paw, then lowered. "When you say you're – renting this place to me, it's since you..."

"I own the place." Teryx reached into his back pocket and slid out his wallet, sleek black oiled leather.

"The entire–"

The dragon motioned around them. "Just this unit. The actual building itself. It's a contractual shared ownership agreement between myself and the parent company that maintains the complex as a whole. That's what enables me to rent it out to you and others. Oh, don't give me that look." Though he said this, the look on Teryx's face very clearly said that he was gladly drinking in the snow leopard's awe. "Being a college professor doesn't pay *that* much, so I need something else for income."

The interior of the building was separated from the rest of the world by a tall, heavy glass door with a plated brass handle. Grant watched as the muscles in Teryx's arm tensed up when the dragon pulled it open, with even the interior hallway smelling more like an upper-class hotel than anything. The snow leopard mulled over his instructor's words as he was led down that hall, footpaws pressing into the thick plush carpeting and eyes sliding over the clean walls and framed pictures, scenes of snowy mountainsides and wide oceans.

It was the sound of a soft, electronic *beep* that turned his head over towards the door, just in time to see Teryx slip his wallet back into his pocket. So the apartments used a keycard, then, also like a hotel – and it looked like Teryx had free access to any of them. *That just makes sense*, Grant told himself as he followed the dragon into the opened apartment.

"It's not the nicest I have," the instructor explained. "I'm sure you understand. But, considering the area and the size – you'll notice it's at *least* three times the square footage of the campus dorms; I'll have to look at the floorplan to get the precise numbers – and the management," said with a smirk and a tap to his head, "that's quite a steal."

Grant shifted his bag over his shoulder and stepped away from the dragon, to look over the entry way and kitchen. "Wow..." he murmured, reaching out to touch the countertop there. Real granite, as far as he could tell. "But, I'm j–"

Teryx raised a short-clawed hand, shutting Grant down in his tracks. "I know. Anyone else, I'd set the lease for a plan like this at... oh, twenty-four hundred?"

The snow leopard settled his paws on the strap of his bag and gripped tightly, hoping that the tall, confident dragon wouldn't see his sudden insecurity.

"But for you," said with him crossing his arms over his chest, "I'd be comfortable with something more reasonable. Maybe sixteen hundred. Per month, of course."

"That's still--"

Hand still raised, Teryx folded in his fingers until only one remained up, more calling attention to it than pointing. A simple sign for Grant to stay quiet. "That would be the regular, standard lease rate for the remaining duration of the semester."

After that Grant waited, wondering if that was all Teryx had to say. When nothing more came the snow leopard looked back to the counter, not even seeing the rest of the apartment at this point. "...I don't know," he said finally, avoiding eye contact. "I'll, um... I'll have to think about it."

"Of course." The sound of short, well-trimmed claws tapping along the hardwood floor, also real judging by the luster, pulled his ears. Teryx strode over into the living room, one wall of it overlooking part of the lake while the other windows afforded a view of the low-lying bar district of the town. The dragon folded his hands behind his back, long tail wrapping smoothly around his feet. "I do feel inclined to inform you, though. The proximity of the unit to certain areas of the city means that this is... shall we say, quite a *convenient* place to take certain acquaintances."

Slowly Grant followed the dragon, now taking in the design of the place, the furniture, the quality of materials. Adding it up in his head, it seemed unlikely that all this would cost as low as – what had he said? – twenty-four hundred a month. *Two thousand dollars...* "I don't... um." He tried to follow the dragon's gaze through the reflection in the clear glass window, but couldn't. "I don't think I follow."

More satisfied amusement flashed across Teryx's face, as though he had not only expected but wanted Grant to say something along those lines. "Of course. I wouldn't expect a student to know, but the... *escort* business in this area is quite popular." He turned just enough for the leopard to see his eyes. "I can't take my... 'conquests' to my own home, naturally, and the proximity of here means quite an easy walk, if alcohol is involved. Which, you're in my mixing master class. So of course it will be."

Grant took the silence that followed as a sign for him to laugh, so he did. Nervously; *why*, he thought, *is he telling me this? I'm just a student who needs a-*

"I'm telling you this," Teryx went on, looking again towards the city below, "since that's directly related to the offer I have in mind for you."

The leopard's heart leapt into his throat.

“Now, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable, so please stop me if I ever cross any boundaries. But, the thing is: you need something that I have, and frankly, I need something that *you* have. So when you came to me with your issue, I thought – well, there’s a simple, easy solution to both of our problems.”

He tried to put the pieces together in his head, but as much as he did they seemed to continue to slip apart, as though they didn’t fit. Grant frowned. “I need a place to live. Which you have.”

“Correct.”

“And you need...”

Teryx smirked once more, this time turning to face the student full-on. Grant instinctively took a half-step back before the larger dragon. “I’ll put it simply. I need a good, consistent lay without all the hassle and business of paying one in the city. All I’m saying is, try it once and we can make a decision on how you feel after. You can turn me down, sure, and I’ll draw up the contract for the sixteen hundred.”

*I can’t afford that. But, yet...* Grant looked down over the city, preferring that to his instructor’s face. He kept silent.

“But if you take me up on my offer, try it out, and decide to go along with it... well, then we’ll cut it down to, say, two hundred a month. Just so I have something on record, to keep it official.”

Needless to say, this wasn’t how Grant had expected his problem to be solved. He had been nervous simply since there had been a certain *look* in the instructor’s eye when he had offered his suggestion, back on campus – and now the snow leopard knew why. He swallowed, coughed, and then swallowed again, trying to stall for time while those sharp yellow eyes watched him, waiting.

*Is this really happening? What do I say? If I say no, then that’ll always be between us in class, and it’ll be weird and awkward but I don’t think I can do anything about it, since we’re on personal time now... but if I say yes...*

“I, um...” Finally he forced himself to meet that gaze again. Teryx’s remained unchanged. “I need to... think about it.”

The dragon’s brows went up, not out of surprise but rather seeming more like he was satisfied. He nodded, folding his hands behind his back. “Of course. You haven’t even seen the bedroom yet.” He turned and started back past the kitchen towards the hallway, yet again giving no word or command for Grant to follow. Still he did, though.

On the way there the snow leopard hardly saw the rest of the place around him, even with his claws still tapping softly on the nice hardwood floor. All he could think about was what his instructor had said to him, or what he had asked of him – and so smoothly and nonchalantly, too. “*Try it once*”, he’d said. “*One thousand six hundred if not, two hundred if you do it*”. *I don’t really have a choice, do I? But at the same time, like...* the more he sat on it and thought about it, the more he realized he wasn’t necessarily against the idea.

It wasn’t something he had ever considered before. He had had a couple of girlfriends through high school and his college career so far, and had been perfectly satisfied with them; and he’d had a couple

of friends who were gay, and he enjoyed hanging out with them and their partners. There was never any pressure or expectation, and never any introspection or questioning on Grant's part. He liked where he was, where he had been, and where he was headed.

Where he *thought* he was headed. His mind wandered further as he trailed behind the dragon, that large hand reaching down to turn the knob of the bedroom and push the door open, smooth and silent on well-maintained hinges. Grant looked over the form, the *shape* of his instructor ahead of him, from the sharp, straight horns atop his head and the puffy mane disappearing beneath the collar of his shirt; to the way that shirt, a bit tight, hugged the shape of his shoulders and midsection, the seams straining just slightly with his movement; then the pants, pressed and clean, kept tight with a smooth leather belt; and then, of course, the rump and legs, capped off by the long tail that swished and curled behind him, always remaining just barely a half-inch above the floor.

*What will he want me to do?* the leopard thought. Teryx led him into the bedroom and continued on, striding around to the other side of the king-size bed to show him the way the window over there opened out to get a better view of the lake than the living room. *Undress him and give him a handjob? If that's it, I could probably do it. God knows I've done it to myself enough times. Maybe he wants a blowjob... I might be able to do that. But if he wants anal? That'd be too much.*

The dragon crossed his arms over his chest, head tilted slightly upward, a small smirk on his muzzle. He looked like he was expecting something again.

Grant blinked, realizing this, and started walking around to the other side of the bed as well, trying to look like he was actually thinking about the apartment.

*But at the same time, I don't think I could tell him no. I just... wouldn't be able to.*

After another moment of letting him look around, Teryx chuckled softly. "So, what do you think?"

"Uh huh. It's a nice place." Grant reached down to run his fingers along the sheets. Even the top comforter was softer than anything he had had in his dorm or back home. "I do like it a lot."

"We have ourselves a deal, then? Either way, I'll just have to run back to the car to get the paperwork. We can sign it and get it done, and you'll have a place to sleep tonight."

He nodded, then realized what he was doing and stopped. "But..."

Teryx showed no concern or worry at that. His confidence remained unmarred. "But?"

Grant took another moment, his eyes closed, and sighed. When he opened them again he forced himself to meet the instructor's gaze. "What would I... have to do? For the, um... discounted price?"

The dragon shrugged. "Frankly, whatever I want. But like I said, it'll be based on your boundaries and comforts. We'd start slow at first."

"Slow how?"

Grant had continued gradually around the bed while the two spoke, putting him now about two steps in front of the dragon. Teryx looked down at him, shoulders up and broad, and then let that smile touch his lips again.

“Well,” he began, lowering his hands back down. Grant assumed he would put them in his pockets; at the edge of his vision he saw instead that the dragon had centered them along the buckle of his belt, fingers moving slowly but surely. “You’d get me undressed first, of course. We’d get ready, you’d touch me, stroke me a bit... you know, get a feel for it.”

Had his scent gotten stronger? This close Grant could tell that Teryx wore a deep, soft cologne, one that he’d picked up in small amounts during class throughout the semester, but now he could also sense something else, something sharp and sweet beneath it. Slowly, nervously, he raised his paws up and then lowered them again, trying to still the shaking in his fingers as he reached for the dragon’s belt. The leather was warm from proximity to his body, and it took a bit of working and wiggling to undo the clasp and release it, the metal of the buckle clacking softly against itself as the leopard pulled it free.

“So like...” *Like this?* he was going to say, but trailed off. The scent strengthened and changed again, this time melding into something sharper. That was pure, masculine musk, of course, something like Grant’s own yet so different in so many ways. It felt strange, unzipping someone’s fly from the other side instead of his own, and he struggled a bit with that too, all the while trying to ignore the firm, twitching heat through the fabric. Soon, though, he could do nothing but acknowledge it, the shape of it visible through Teryx’s boxers.

Before he could finish his thought, though, that blue-scaled hand slid down, took his wrist, and guided him forward, settling his palm around the dragon’s girth through his boxers. Thick, ridged, *hot*; Grant swallowed, again wanting to avoid eye contact yet finding himself strangely unable to. He looked up and saw Teryx looking down at him again, smile still there.

“Professor, I...”

“No.” The grip on his wrist tightened, and the shaft in his paw twitched. “None of that. I’m only *professor* in the classroom. Out here, when you’re with me, I’m *sir*. Nothing else.”

For some reason that sent a shiver down Grant’s back. Teryx’s hand released his wrist, and he kept his paw in place there against him, squeezing and rubbing softly, feeling the shape and contours. A moment later he brought his other paw up to slip his fingers beneath the waistband of those boxers. “Yes,” he breathed, the heat from the dragon’s arousal wafting up over his muzzle, “sir...”

Never before did he think he would find himself in a position like this, grasping another male’s length in one paw, pulling his underwear down with the other, and willingly continuing with it throughout. At a gentle urging from the dragon Grant let himself be lowered down to the edge of the bed, legs spread and back straight; Teryx adjusted his stance to face him more fully, standing between the leopard’s spread legs and shifting slightly to let him continue. As he tugged his boxers down, so too did he lower his pants as well, allowing that thick, pink-fleshed length to pulse into view, with the heavy sack hanging beneath. That part was the same smooth sky-blue as his belly, his chest, and also his inner thighs, as Grant could now see – and the heat and scent wafted over him, at once feeding his unsure nervousness while it still drew him in, somehow, if only to satisfy the curiosity that lingered there.

*Curiosity?* Grant swallowed again, hesitating, and started to lean in. He jerked back when the tapered tip of Teryx's length bumped his nose, then instinctively licked his nose, then felt more than tasted that slick masculinity there. *Is that the word? I'm doing this out of necessity. I just can't afford the full price. I need to do this. But, how do I...*

He was so *big*. The snow leopard frowned, swallowed, sighed, then leaned forward again, pushing his nose in against the base of his instructor's length, if only to give himself time. One paw on his thigh and the other under his sack, hefting the weight, feeling the heat; Grant trailed slowly up, this time definitely avoiding eye contact, and slid that one paw up to wrap around the length and give a few slow, steady strokes.

Teryx sighed softly and pushed forward towards his muzzle, his reaction immediate. *Maybe I'm doing a good job*, Grant thought with a small smirk despite the situation. *I've certainly had enough practice on myself. Maybe if I...* and he continued up with his paw, squeezing near the tip, then pushed back down again, spreading some of the dragon's slick pre down across his length and ridges. It wasn't so tough once he got into the rhythm of it: it wasn't particularly exciting or pleasurable for himself, but at the same time, he didn't *hate* it. Didn't dislike it, even. It was just... something that needed to be done.

And he liked that the way that Teryx grunted softly and thrust forward, how he twitched or shivered or bit his lip based on what the snow leopard did. One paw at the base of his shaft and the other at the tip, or his thumb running over the lines of ridges on the underside, or palming his balls with his fingers rolling them back and forth... already he could tell he was soaked in the dragon's scent, soft yet somehow strong at the same time, undeniably masculine.

Above him Teryx sighed softly again, rolling his head on his shoulders. That large hand came down and settled softly atop Grant's head, gently pulling him in. "And then," the dragon murmured, "once you're comfortable there we could step it up to oral-"

His heart leapt in his chest. He tried not to let his rhythm stop, pushing down into the firm muscles of the dragon's abdomen and then coming up and forward again, each time squeezing another drip of glittering pre down over his thumb.

"-and take that slow, too..." said while guiding him up, forward, and then down. Grant blinked and squirmed but eventually let the dragon show him: a tap against the nose and then lips, a little smear of that pre across his muzzle, a small sign to let him in... and that heat began to press in over his tongue, filling his maw with its scent and taste. And that wasn't so bad, either: the snow leopard straightened up and opened his jaw further, conscious about his teeth and whether he was sucking too hard, or not enough, and trying not to let his tongue drag along those barbs on Teryx's underside, for the sake of his own sandpaper texture. One of his girlfriends had loved it, and another had hated it.

Above him the dragon sighed and relaxed, his grip briefly lightening on Grant's head. He could only get him about halfway into his muzzle before his gag reflex kicked in, though, and then he blushed with embarrassment, but Teryx didn't seem to notice. From there Grant shifted both his paws to his instructor's firm, well-muscled thighs, holding tight there as he bobbed his head along his length, trying to figure out what all he could do here to speed it up.

Perhaps Teryx had been thinking about it for a while, or maybe Grant just really was that good, but he thought he could start to feel him tensing up before long. The leopard opened his eyes and looked up,

then realized what he was doing and fixed his gaze forward on the dragon's flat stomach again; he slid one paw in to caress his sack again, giving it a gentle tug to try to pull the dragon deeper into his muzzle, then rubbed softly and hefted his balls again. Meanwhile the larger male continued the rhythm, thrusting with his hips more than guiding Grant through his hand, each push forward coming with another twitch, another throb, another small burst of the salty-sweet taste dripping out onto the back of his tongue.

It was hard to tell how long it took to get there through the growing ache in Grant's jaw, the twinge in his lower back from keeping upright for so long, and the constant barrage of thoughts rolling in his head, mostly *am I really doing this? Is this really happening?* but Teryx's grip abruptly tightening between his ears shocked his attention back to the matter at hand. He swallowed, felt the dragon's girth throb and pulse between his lips, dug his fingers in against those firm thighs, squeezed his eyes shut... and then almost jumped with the sudden heat and force of the load spurting out into the back of his throat, and then again, and again, and again. It was also salty, also vaguely sweet, with a slight undertone of bitterness, and it just kept on coming. Each spurt came from a deep, powerful throb pushing its way through the thick shaft between his lips, even as he slid back so that only the tapered head remained between his lips.

Finally Teryx dropped his hand from his head and leaned back. His cock bounced free from Grant's lips and twitched once more, a final heavy rope of whitish stickiness dripping from the end. He crossed his arms over his chest.

"Swallow."

Brief annoyance flashed through the snow leopard's mind but, thinking about the discount he would be getting, he soon obliged. It took three tries, not for the taste but rather since there was so much of it: he could only drink down so much before it coated his throat and tongue, and when done he gave one more swallow to make sure, then licked his lips and opened his muzzle to show the older male.

Teryx smirked and nodded, then reached forward and patted his head again. "That's a good pet," he said. "And that wasn't so bad, was it? I'm gonna shower real quick to get cleaned up. Feel free to make your way around the apartment. Familiarize yourself with your new home."

"...Yeah," he answered after a second, still able to taste the dragon in his mouth. "I will. Um, th... thank you. Sir."

The leopard remained there on the edge of the bed while Teryx went off into the bathroom, his smirk lingering even as he turned his head and closed the door behind him. Or – *almost* closed the door: Grant noticed a second later that the instructor had left it just slightly open, the sound of the shower coming easily through that gap a little bit after. Almost as though Teryx expected him to come in after him.

Maybe he did. He pulled himself up onto the bed and lay back, for a moment just looking up at the ceiling, and then letting one arm drape across his chest and finally reach down to adjust the fit of his pants, somewhat uncomfortable from sitting in that position for so long. The taste on his tongue; the cloying, sticky sensation of Teryx's, his *instructor's*, load in his throat, and the knowledge that he had swallowed it; the scent on his upper lip and around his cheeks, the lingering warmth in his fingers, the slight tingling musk that stuck to his nose and chin... the snow leopard pulled himself up a bit further, idly letting his paw continue down and into his pants.

It had been strange and unfamiliar in the moment, but now that it was over and done, as he thought back over it he found that – no, he really hadn't minded it. Parts of it *had* been fun, of course: figuring out what to do and where with his tongue or finger to make the dragon gasp and twitch and, later, buck and spurt. His jaw ached and the back of his throat tickled, but those would go away in time as well, and to be honest... Grant rolled his head to the side, slipping his paw out of his pants to pop the button and do the zipper of his fly, then pushed them down just a bit to bring himself, a little more than half-hard, into the air. *To be honest, I kind of... kind of liked the scent? I think?*

He had never thought he would find himself in a position like that, and throughout it he had told himself it wasn't so bad and it was just something to be done, but now that he thought about it, he found that maybe he had liked it a little bit. Just the idea of Teryx standing there in front of him, hands working at his buckle; or the thought of how Grant, nervous, had leaned forward to touch his nose to the dragon's abs, at once pulling in the heat of his body and his gentle masculine musk; and then the *sensation* of that hard cock twitching in his paw, between his lips, on his tongue. Nothing he had thought he would ever experience before, and yet...

The snow leopard squirmed and sighed softly, his other paw settling at the end of his muzzle so he could breathe in the scent of the dragon still ground into the fur there. Part of it, he figured, was the simple fact that he *shouldn't* be doing it: he shouldn't have agreed to come with his instructor all the way out here, he shouldn't have even *considered* trading sexual favors for a place to live, and then he *certainly* shouldn't have followed through with it.

But he had. And it hadn't been that bad. Every sound coming from the bathroom, each clatter or sigh or anything else, made Grant jerk with nervousness and sit upright, hard shaft clutched gently in his paw, but he always lay back down and continued at himself, mind flashing through a hundred different things. He tried to make himself think of his girlfriends and things he had done with them, but sure enough it always came back to what had happened right here just a couple of minutes ago, and further thoughts and scenarios extending off of that.

*What if he had stayed in my mouth, he thought, until he had gone soft? What would that feel like? Or what if he had guided me down to nuzzle his balls? Would the scent change there? What if he had told me to undress him from the start, and I had reached forward to grope him while undoing his belt... or what if he had just gotten naked right there and lay out on the bed, and commanded me to... to-*

That particular fantasy never reached its finish, since Grant reached his own first. Teeth gritted and paw pressed against his nose, he pulled in a deep breath of the dragon's musk once more, shivered, and then swiftly reached down to flip his shirt up over his belly, right as the first of his own spurts began emptying out across his chest. It was a quick, hot orgasm, spurred on by the nervousness and taboo of the whole thing, and for a moment the snow leopard just lay there afterwards relishing the lingering warmth and listening to the sounds of the apartment. When he had the energy, though, he slid a fingerpad through the thin streaks across his chest and then swirled his tongue around that, tasting the differences in his own flavor to the much stronger, richer, *bolder* of the dragon's.

That was something else he had never done before, instead of wiping it off with the towel he kept shoved beneath the foot of his bed, or quickly sloughed off in the shower or, sometimes when he got distracted in the bathroom, flushed down the toilet. Grant lay back with his paw resting along his upper

chest, conscious of the stickiness quickly cooling in his fur and not really caring. He sighed softly, adjusted his position, relaxed... then realized, suddenly, he could no longer hear the hiss of the shower.

His eyes fluttered back open and he lifted himself up just in time to see the dragon emerging from the bathroom, towel wrapped around his slightly damp, glistening form. Teryx's sharp gaze fell on the student and took everything in within a quick half-second, those yellow eyes drifting up from his footpaws to his lowered pants to his still half-hard shaft leaking lazily into his bellyfur, and then to the way he still had his shirt half-raised, and how his chest heaved with remnant exertion.

A ghost of a smile touched Teryx's lips. He reached down to undo his towel and then nonchalantly ran it across his body, finally – *finally?* – giving the leopard a full, free view of his naked form. Now, fresh out of the shower, the muscles along his chest and abs were quite clearly visible beneath smooth skin and scales, as were the shape of his thighs and calves when he shifted his weight from one leg to the other; and of course Grant found his gaze drawn to the centerpiece of it all, the very same spot where he had just had his paws and muzzle, length now hanging down and slightly forward in front of his still-heavy balls with just a bit of his arousal lingering from before.

Just a bit, but enough. Blushing, the snow leopard pulled himself up and started to tug his pants back up his waist, only for Teryx to silently raise a hand to stop him, while still running that towel between his legs with the other. Then, also nonchalantly, he tossed the dampened towel through the open door of the bathroom and started back towards the bed.

"See?" he said, voice low and soft. Grant found himself yet again avoiding meeting those eyes. "Wasn't so bad, was it? And it looks like you enjoyed yourself at least as much as I did. I wonder, though..." The dragon leaned in over the side of the bed, the mattress creaking softly as he braced his hands against the side. "If you had thought about what it might feel like to have a dragon under your tail..."

Honestly, in those few minutes he had, though Grant had repeatedly pushed the idea to the back of his head beneath the other more pleasurable ones. He scooted back down onto the bed as Teryx straddled his body, dragon's knees lifting up against and beneath leopard's thighs, pushing his legs up and spreading them at the same time.

He blushed and tried to close his legs, though Teryx remained firmly in place. It was his hand coming down to squeeze warmly into the front of the snow leopard's pants that stilled him, though.

"I don't... I don't know, I-"

"Remember, pet," the instructor drawled. He scooted back a bit and straightened up, giving himself space to begin pulling Grant's pants and underwear down his thighs. There was no way the leopard could go against him, of course: he just watched, paws covering the blush on his muzzle, as his classroom instructor yanked his pants first off one ankle and then the other and then leaned in over him again. "We're figuring out boundaries for our little agreement."

One hand came in through the sensitive fur along the underside of his leg, claws tracing lines in the skin underneath. Grant swallowed and shivered, then gasped when Teryx raised his other foot up over his shoulder and spread him with his other paw, the touch of his fingers gentle yet still firm and forceful. It was certainly a strange sensation, the nervousness and disbelief quickly returning while the newfound interest and arousal began to grow again as well: each little touch and tap from the dragon's fingers

along his rump, beneath his tail, against the warm, tight pucker of his tailhole, made him jump and twitch and blush all over again.

Just as he had spent his time figuring out Teryx's body and girth, now it was the dragon figuring *him* out, touching and poking, pressing a pad in against his tailhole and giving a pull against the rim, seeing how tight his reflexive clench was, learning where to press to get little squeaks and gasps out of the snow leopard. Another thing he couldn't believe was the response these things were getting from his body: all of this combined with how he could feel Teryx's breath, slow and steady and confident, wafting down over his sack and shaft and tickling along his bared, spread rump, earned a steady, twitching growth from his length, so soon after his recent finish.

Abruptly those yellow eyes flashed up to him again, Teryx pausing with his thumb settled against the leopard's tailhole and his other hand gripping the base of his own shaft, again fully hard. "I *will* need you to pick a safe word, though."

It took Grant a second to come back to himself. He blinked and again looked over the view in front of him, from his spread legs to his erection twitching against his matted bellyfur, to the dragon that he had previously known only as *Professor C.* leaning in over his lower body, naked to the skin... "A – safe? Word?"

Teryx nodded, then brought a hand to his maw. Grant watched as he slid a pair of fingers in between his lips, then swirled his tongue around them. When he brought them back out, a thick strand of saliva hung between there and his maw, then fell and broke. "Yes. Boundaries, remember." Those fingers lowered back down, trailed that warm wetness along the underside of his sack, ran a little bit lower... and then poked against the muscles of his rim, spreading around, teasing back each time his body twitched and tightened. "Perhaps something from class. So you always remember who it is that's doing you such a big favor."

Grant let his head roll to the side and closed his eyes, trying to let himself enjoy the touch and attention. Teryx's other hand gripped his thigh, moved down to his knee, and then pulled, briefly confusing the snow leopard, until he looked up for guidance. The next few seconds found him sitting up and scooting forward off the edge of the bed, then kneeling down and resting his arms and upper body across it while Teryx continued with those fingers underneath his tail, careful with his attention and pressure, never quite pressing them into him yet.

Throughout this, the first thing to come to his mind was *Corpse Reviver*, as Teryx taught his extracurricular cocktail mixing course – and the thought of that gave the student a little smirk and chuckle, which quickly devolved into a rumbling sigh and another tightening of his rump against the exploring fingers. He swallowed, licked his lips, felt himself arch his back and lift his tail, then felt the pad of one of those fingers angle and push in against the center of his tailhole, working its way in against the saliva-slickened muscles, squeezing, pressing...

"*Cosmo.*"

The pressure continued, always growing, never stopping. He gritted his teeth and shivered again, this one more from the slight discomfort than pleasure, though at the same time... it wasn't necessarily a *bad* feeling. Slightly painful, slightly uncomfortable, but when Teryx angled that finger a certain direction and pressed it into him, it fueled some small fire that Grant hadn't been aware was burning inside of

him. Slowly, carefully, that finger pressed in to the knuckle, squeezed in against the rim of his tailhole, and then began to slide back out again, all the while pulling outward against the muscles, coaxing them open, urging them to relax.

“That’s a good one,” Teryx rumbled in response. Grant could feel his second finger poised and ready, pressed against his pucker as the first continued squeezing in and sliding back out, thumb braced firmly against the base of his tail. “Good taste. Rich and smooth, classy enough for a high-end party yet common enough for a relaxing night at home. Of course I can trust you to...” That second finger angled, circled in what little space it had, and then began to press in alongside the first, again making Grant grimace and squirm. “...know your way around this.”

It went on like that for a little bit, Grant’s body shifting steadily forward and back with the pressure from Teryx’s hand underneath his tail, the heel of his palm keeping his long tail raised even when it tried to curl back down. The more he worked those fingers into and inside of him, the more he became used to the feeling and, maybe, enjoyed it. He tried to focus on the sensations inside of him rather than the feeling of his muscles pulling and complaining against the intrusion, and again, the *thought* of everything that was going on.

Rachen – that was the friend who had let him sleep on his floor the other night, a pleasant if quiet foxwolf he had met in high school – must be wondering where Grant was right now, after suddenly dropping their conversation; his phone remained in his pocket in his pants somewhere near the foot of the bed, messaging screen opened to their conversation. The thought entered his head, fizzled there for a second, and then promptly melted back out of his awareness at the feeling of Teryx spreading those two fingers inside of him, again stretching his tailhole, making him lift his rump and shake with the sensation.

Naturally, though, it didn’t stay at just those fingers for long. That stretch marked the end of it, with Teryx sliding them out a second later and running them down to cup around the snow leopard’s hanging sack, clutching close to his body. He looked back over his shoulder, jumped at the feeling of a thick glob of saliva dropping directly against his slightly-gaping hole, then shivered yet again and leaned down with the sudden sharp heat of the dragon’s tip pressing up against him.

“Slowly,” the instructor rumbled, starting to press in. Grant gritted his teeth. “Remember your safe word. I’ll step it up once we get into it.”

It wasn’t as tough as he had expected or feared, though a good portion of that discomfort still remained what with the much more intense girth and, as he soon found out, length as well. His claws dug against the nice blankets of the bed and pulled, though at the same time his body still pushed his rump up and back into the pressure. Down beneath all of that there was just some kind of sweet, delicious feeling, something that tingled inside of him with each of the ridges along Teryx’s underside.

As he pushed deeper, Teryx’s hands made their way steadily up his student’s body, feeling at his hips, his sides, his chest, and his shoulders. Grant let out a tight breath, feeling as though his entire lower half had been filled up with the size of the shaft pressing into him – and realized only a moment later that he had managed to completely bury himself in him, the heavy warmth of Teryx’s sack resting against his from behind.

Every little movement pulled another gasp or soft moan out of him, which the dragon took as a sign to go on. And he did. Just like with those fingers he moved slowly and steadily at first, working up a rhythm which then built and grew, faster and harder. Quickly Grant couldn't tell whether it was Teryx above and behind him, the mattress beneath him, or simply *himself* that was making all of those noises; he covered his muzzle with his paws again, teeth still gritted, breath in his throat and heart pounding in his chest.

*I can't believe I'm doing this*, he thought, body rocking forward and back as the dragon pounded against him. *I can't believe this is happening, and I'm... enjoying it? God. Fuck. I'm loving this. I've never felt anything like this before. It's like I'm... like I might...*

Even so soon after his first finish the snow leopard could feel another building up, each thrust pulling it a little closer and filling it out inside of him. Teryx's hands clutched tightly onto his shoulders, claws digging in through his fur and holding him firmly in place, thumbs settling along the back of his neck to keep his head down against the bed. He could feel the way that the instructor bore down on him from behind, using that position and leverage to thrust quicker and deeper.

"See?" Teryx panted, starting to lean in over the leopard. Grant instinctively turned his head away from the hot puffs of breath washing down over his neck. "An agreement of mutual benefit. One from which we – both take something we need... you need a place to live, and I need-"

"A good-" Grant's body clenched around the dragon's length, briefly interrupting his rhythm. Teryx just thrust harder into him. "-consistent lay..."

"And you do too, apparently," said with those sharp teeth settling softly against Grant's bared neck. "Don't you, pet?"

"Yes, sir... yes, *sir*..."

Everything quickly started to wrap together and jumble in his mind. For a few seconds Grant could no longer remember what it was that had made him so nervous on the ride over here, or why he had been in such a bad mood all day in the first place. There was just the rhythm of the dragon's body against his, the slight, warm sting of his fangs on his neck, the weight bearing down onto his back, and then of course the immense, filling pressure and pleasure of his thick length pulsing inside of him, buried nearly to the hilt if not for the still unswollen knot, again and again with those ridges slipping and teasing at the spot that he didn't even know he had. The student swallowed, sighed, then gritted his teeth again, though this time it was not out of discomfort or the pain of being stretched.

This time, it was since he could feel himself tumble over the peak of another orgasm, a strange sensation considering both of his paws were here on the mattress within view. A few more quick, hard thrusts from the dragon, firm muscles grinding and working, and that sweet, hot pressure pulsed, ballooned... and then burst, rippling out through the snow leopard's body. His legs forced himself up, his tail hiked up into the air, his footpaws stretched out and his knees shook, and he let out one, two, three breathy, needy moans as Teryx pounded that orgasm out of him, spurting out along the side of the mattress and the nice carpet underneath.

"There we go..." the instructor breathed through his teeth still clamped onto Grant's shoulder. "I told you to try it out. You might just... *like it*..."

Without everything muddled by his own peaking pleasure, then, Grant could very clearly sense and feel Teryx's finish inside of him as well, from the firm, powerful thrusts that led up to it, to the sudden pulsing and throbbing of the girth buried inside of him, and then, a moment later, to the sensation of hot, thick liquid trickling down and out the rim of his stretched tailhole, freed as the dragon drew himself slowly out. That was another strange feeling, clenching his rump and knowing that the muscles could hardly respond.

Grant lay there a moment, spent and exhausted, feeling each strand and drip of the dragon's cum rolling down out of his gaping tailhole, body unable to do anything to stop it. Neither of his girlfriends had ever given him a finish quite like *that*. When he found the energy to look over his shoulder again, Teryx had made his way back across the room and started getting dressed again, hiding all of that wonderful musculature beneath the same clothing he had worn in class this afternoon.

"You go ahead and relax, pet," he said, doing up his fly. "I'll get the paperwork and leave it on the kitchen counter for you to sign. I can file it away tomorrow morning, and if you'd like, I could give you a ride when I stop by, too. Would you like that?"

"Y-" His throat was dry. He swallowed, coughed, swallowed again, then found himself wondering if another load across the tongue would help instead. Swiftly Grant pushed that image away, managing to roll himself around to face the dragon, and sitting in his own puddle of sticky seed along the carpet. "Yes, sir. I would."

A bright grin flashed across the dragon's face. "I could *also* give you a ride into class, if that's what you think I meant."

Suddenly that idea seemed a lot more attractive than it would have an hour ago. Grant felt the blush start to heat his cheeks again, though this time reached down to run a paw underneath his tail. Two – no, three – fingers easily slid up through the stretched rim of his tailhole, into warm, slickened flesh...

"I'd like to," he began, "but I think I might be too sore f-"

"What was that?"

Grant paused. "I'll be too sore?"

"No, no, pet." The dragon closed the distance again and lowered himself down before his student. "The first part."

"I'd like to?"

"Yes." A hand came out and lifted his chin up. "You would like to?"

Grant understood. He swallowed, the position making it much more obvious. "Y-yeah."

"Because..."

"Because I..." He had already said it in his own head; why was it so difficult to put it to actual words? "I... liked... *this*. A lot."

Teryx's grin returned. Satisfaction and relief flooded Grant's body. "Good pet," he said, again rising to his feet. "With that, I'll leave you to your new home. Remember what I said about the paperwork tomorrow. No later than seven. I'll see you then."

Grant turned to watch him leave, resting his arms over the edge of the bed again. He got a little bit lost following the dragon's tail, and imagining the lines of muscles beneath his shirt and pants – and, of course, whether he would be able to see that heavy sack from behind...

"Yeah," he answered, squirming in the puddle of stickiness beneath him. "See you then. Sir."

What *had* he been so nervous about?