

Knowing How To Party pt.1

by
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It's quite well known that most of the scenes shown in movies are far from the truth, since their main purpose is entertainment, although sometimes it's not the case, like frat parties. Some could even say that teen flicks are too tame in showing what's happening at night during those times, but the real truth is always somewhere in the middle.

Judging by a plethora of empty bottles and pizza boxes, there was indeed one giant party the night before. However, almost no one was left since the weekend was already over and even those students who liked to live dangerously were already in their respective classes. Hungover, but alive.

It couldn't be said about Spencer, a fairly well-known dragon especially in the college football community, although lately he was found rather at the bottom of a whiskey bottle instead of on the field. And in this line of work, it wasn't rare to see even the brightest star swiftly fade away, like putting out a candle. Even if that particular reptile seemed to be too good to fail.

Slouching completely naked over the couch, Spencer snored his day away not caring about being seen by his roommate or anyone else who would accidentally strand here. There was indeed another reason why that dragon was so popular, noticing a sizeable shaft protruding out of his abdomen, right above quite an impressive set of heavy orbs. Saying that male was a so-called 'shower' was like saying nothing at all, being quite thick and long even a flaccid state.

After a quick rattling of the knob, the opened door exposed a rather short otter, even for his species. Although not at his prime physically, Dex was well known for his academic achievements, even if he preferred to avoid most physical activities. He scrunched his nose after entering the dorm, noticing how thick the air was. He immediately opened the windows, trying to get rid of the stale pizza stench.

"Spencer, what's going on? You were sleeping this whole morning? You didn't even clean up this mess and I don't have time for this. I need to go back in thirty minutes and... why the hell I'm even talking to you?" Seeing the snoring dragon, Dex shook his head, clearly upset about the fact that his best friend turned into this drunkard with no future. He went to his bedroom, lost in thought as if he already had a plan.

Suddenly, a top-quality and newest smartphone started vibrating furiously on the glass table, between pizza crumbs and an empty cup, causing quite a ruckus. Gruning lizard smacked the device trying to ignore the call, accidentally taking it by smashing random buttons. He groaned out loud, after hearing a familiar voice, the last one he wanted to encounter that afternoon.

"Speck, are you there? Wait- you have me on speaker? Fuck it. Could you tell me why my best quarterback isn't at the second practice in a row this month alone? You're either late or not here at all. At this rate I'll be forced to- are you there? Is that snoring? Fuck-" Right after abruptly hanging off, the dragon didn't even flinch, already in his slumber again. He didn't even hear Dex's loud sigh coming out of the other room.

"First the talk from the vice-dean about scholarship, now this. What the fuck went wrong?" The short male muttered to himself, clearly searching for something under his bed, eventually pulling a rather unusual-looking briefcase, mostly metallic and heavy. After putting not one but three different codes, he eventually opened it, revealing items that looked more like props from sci-fi movies, but they were real.

From an ominous-looking crystal to a pair of normally looking sunglasses, the otter took out the sizeable ring and a square device with the same circle in the middle of it, along with a small remote control. Otter let out another, sad sigh before looking at his friend, fighting his intrusive thoughts. Was it the best way to do this? Eventually, he placed the devices on his desk, before hiding the briefcase with the rest of the probably illegal stuff in its righteous place.

After making the decision, Dex eventually placed the ring around the base of Spencer's gigantic shaft, pushing the first of two buttons on the remote. He tried to pull out the device, but it rested firmly in place, completely locked. Dex smirked, pushing the second button, his eyes sparkling in excitement after seeing a scene before them that would probably work only in the movies.

The once impressive dick that would upset the majority of males, was slowly fading away like it was pulled to another dimension, teleporting away. Only a strange, bright green light could be seen, coming out right of the circle, but nothing else was there. Not counting two sizeable, sagging balls that Dex luckily spared for now, but the gigantic schlong was no more. Not here, at least.

He went back to his bedroom, seeing a floppy, softened shaft protruding out of the device. Dex quickly checked if the experiment was a success, fearing that after teleportation the penis was cut out of blood flow, but apparently, it worked quite well. Feeling deep relief, the otter was ready for the next part of his devious plan. But before that, he just simply left back to classes, leaving the sleeping and oblivious dragon alone like he was never here.

"Mmm, damn. My freaking head..." dragon muttered, struggling with opening his eyes as if the skinny lids turned into pair of heavy sandbags. He looked around, noticing that nobody had taken care of the mess he and a few students made. Not like they were friend to him, but knew how to drink and play video games. And besides pizza, those were his two favorite things for the time being, knocking off the football from its usual first place. He still enjoyed it, but the team captain was in his opinion way too cocky lately, not noticing his attitude.

The pounding in the dragon's head continued, while Spencer picked up his smartphone, but apparently, nobody bothered him, since only ignored calls were shown, not the drunk-illy picked-up ones. Having a fake sense of security, he sat down on the couch, spreading his arms and wings right before letting out the most powerful yawn he could ever let out in his existence, adding an aggressive growl to it, showing all of his teeth. While looking dangerous and proud, he lost his touch, judging by the latest failures.

Feeling slightly better, Spencer scratched his itchy ballsack hanging low between his quite muscular tags, noticing something wasn't right. Shouldn't his fingers graze his enormous cock along the way? He looked down, his heart sinking into the dark abyss. His weak mind under the influence of a gigantic hangover couldn't comprehend what his lizard eyes were seeing. Was it a dream again?

"What the actual fuck? Where's my dick?" He tried to slide his hand inside the hole, but something was blocking the entrance, like an invisible wall made of flesh that he somewhat felt, like his shaft was still there somewhere. Spencer eventually noticed a strange metallic ring around the base, but there weren't any buttons or a clasp he could get rid of. Panicking, he picked up the phone, trying to call his best friend, before he changed his mind. Along the way, he noticed a call from several moments ago which he didn't remember about, since he was too focused on sleeping his college life away.

But he was too prideful to ask Dex for help, so he kept pacing around, trying to figure out what was going on. Suddenly, he felt his stomach flip upside down, after feeling a strong sensation running up his spine, followed by a rather unusual feeling around the groin. Like electricity pulsating through his veins, the dragon eventually let out another roar, but this time it was a groan of pain, along with another one of pleasure.

The ring around the base started glowing in bright, neon green, along with the hole on top. The same color emanated from his sheath before a long, thick shaft was pulled out like an accordion, slowly, but steadily. Not knowing how to react, the dragon just stood there,

feeling his member returning from wherever it was taken away. Then, it disappeared again. Suddenly, a message appeared on the screen of his smartphone, but this time it wasn't an unreadable notification, but a message sent by an unknown number. Spencer immediately opened it, his eyes widening at the message:

"I hope you don't mind me taking care of your most prized possession for now. You were lucky enough that I didn't get rid of it completely. You have no idea how close to doing so I was. Now, as far as your dick's concerned, you'll get it back when I say so. Not before. If you don't listen to my instructions, you'll get to keep it right where it is."

Spencer read it over and over, his mind racing on who could do such a thing. He knew there was one person who had the key to his room, but he knew him for years and there was no way he could pull this off. He decided to send a reply:

"Who are you? Why you're doing this?"

After a few minutes of nothing, Spencer thought that the culprit just simply muted the conversation, but a new message appeared, much to his relief.

"Let's just say that someone's sick and tired of your constant failures and the way you've been treating your teammates lately. So, here's what you'll do: you're going to study harder than ever, you'll practice harder, and you'll be a better teammate than you've ever been before. You'll work harder than you've ever worked in your life. If you don't, you'll be losing something much more important to you."

The dragon felt his heart pounding in his chest as he read over the message a few times, feeling anger rising in him. But he had to admit, whoever it was, they were right. He started slacking off lately and it showed in his recent practices and even games.

"How do I know you'll keep your word?" Spencer said after a few minutes, not knowing what to think. He didn't want to lose his dick permanently but he didn't know if this person could be trusted.

"You don't, but you'll have to trust me if you want your dick back. If you don't start changing your ways, you'll never see it again. I've seen the way you treat your teammates and I don't like it. So I'm giving you a chance to prove yourself. Don't waste it."

After reading the message, Spencer sat on the couch, putting his head in his hands. He knew that person was right, but he didn't know who it was. He sighed, looking at his phone. He didn't know if he should trust this person, but he didn't want to risk it. He took a deep breath before sending a reply.

"Okay, I'll do it."

There was a moment of silence before a reply appeared on his screen.

"Good. Now go get cleaned up and head to the library to study. You have a lot of catching up to do."

The dragon stood up, feeling his stomach flip upside down. He looked around the room before heading to the bathroom. He didn't know what to think, but he knew he had to do what the person said. He didn't want to risk losing his dick. He stepped into the shower, turning the water on, letting it wash away his thoughts. He stood under the stream of water, his mind racing. He didn't know who was doing this, but he knew he had to do what they said. He didn't know if they would give his dick back, but he had to try. He sighed, taking a deep breath, before starting to wash himself.

After his shower, Spencer walked out of the bathroom, seeing another message on his phone:

"Now go to the library and study for your classes. Don't forget to be a good teammate too. I'll be watching. "

The dragon grabbed a towel and quickly dried himself off, before heading to his room to get dressed. He put on a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt, before grabbing his backpack and heading to the library. He sat down at a table in the corner and started pulling out his books. His mind was racing, wondering who the person was and if they would give his dick back. He had so many questions, but he didn't know if he would get the answers.

He shook his head, trying to focus on his work. He opened his laptop and started studying, but his mind kept wandering to the mysterious person and his dick. He sighed, trying to push the thoughts away. He knew he had to do what they said, but he didn't know if he could trust them.

After a while, Spencer felt a tingling sensation on his groin, feeling strange. He looked around, seeing nobody else in the corner. He suddenly felt a pull on his shaft, before his member slowly hardened in an unknown location, causing him to bite his lip from the unusual feeling. It was like an erection, but the feeling was different, almost like being sucked on, but the mouth was invisible, but warm and moist, enveloping his growing cock. He could feel his heartbeat quickening, as the sucking motion continued, before stopping after reaching its full length and girth. Although he couldn't see it.

His head spun as the dragon struggled to concentrate on his studies. His mind raced, wondering if this was the mysterious person's doing. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down, but the sensation of being sucked off was still there. He couldn't believe the intense feeling, even though the mouth was invisible. He had to admit that it was pretty hot, but he didn't know if he could trust the person.

He sighed, trying to focus on his schoolwork, but the feeling was too intense. The dragon decided to take a break, hoping the feeling would go away. But the suction was persistent like someone was attached to his cock 24/7. Spencer felt his heart pounding in his chest, wondering if this was all part of the mysterious person's plan. He took another deep breath, trying to clear his head, but it was no use.

And suddenly, the suction stopped.

Spencer blinked, confused. He sat there for a minute, not knowing what to think. Had the mysterious person given up? No, it couldn't be. They were probably just giving him a break. Or maybe they wanted him to focus on his studies. Either way, he was thankful for the reprieve. He sighed, trying to focus on his work, but the feeling of being pleased was still fresh in his mind. He shook his head, trying to push the thoughts away. He had to stay focused.

He picked up his pen, but his mind was racing. Who was the mysterious person and why were they doing this? Was it just a prank or was it something more sinister? He didn't know, but he knew he had to be careful. He had to keep his guard up.

And with that thought in mind, he began working again.

"Mr. Spencer. Tell the class what's the answer." The professor's voice pulled the dragon out of his dreams.

"Uhh... What question?" He asked, looking around with an innocent look on his face. He wasn't known for academic success, especially by the faculty. He was barely passing his classes, mostly due to his football scholarship, so any distraction could put his spot on the team in danger, along with the money he was getting for tuition.

"The one about the difference between reptiles and amphibians, Mister Dragon. Isn't it a default knowledge for your species?" He said, obviously annoyed at his student. The lion looked much older than a dragon, his once dark brown fur turned into a grayish color, showing his age. But his amber eyes still shined like two little suns, giving away his intelligence. He was not someone to be messed with, even by the biggest jocks.

"Uhh... Well..." The dragon stuttered, trying to come up with an excuse. He knew the answer, but he didn't want to give away how smart he was. He didn't like people seeing him

as anything other than a dumb brute, and he worked hard to maintain that image. "I guess I just forgot," he finally said.

"Well, it looks like you'll be staying after class to brush up on your knowledge," the lion said sternly. Spencer sighed, slumping back in his seat. This was going to be a long day.

After the class, the dragon stayed behind to talk to the professor about his grades. The lion was known to be very strict and unforgiving when it came to academic performance, and Spencer was no exception.

"So, Mr. Spencer," the professor began, adjusting his glasses as he peered over them at the dragon, "it seems you're falling behind in my class. You need to start taking it seriously, or else I'll have no choice but to fail you."

The dragon gulped, feeling sweat forming on his forehead. He didn't want to be failing any of his classes, but he had been so distracted lately that he hadn't been able to focus on his schoolwork.

"I'm sorry, sir," he replied sheepishly, "I've just been so busy with football practice that I haven't had time to study."

"Well, that's no excuse," the lion replied sternly, "you need to make time for your studies, or else you'll lose your scholarship. Do I make myself clear?"

Spencer nodded, feeling his heart racing in his chest. He couldn't afford to lose his scholarship, or he'd be kicked off the football team. He'd worked so hard to get where he was, and he didn't want to throw it all away because he was lazy. Then a strange, uncomfortable feeling engulfed him as if someone pulled hard on his currently invisible testicles.

"What is wrong, mister dragon? Is everything alright?" Professor asked, noticing a sudden change in demeanor. Spencer bit his lip, trying to ignore the sensation, but it was too strong. It felt like someone was pulling on his ballsack, and it was making him squirm in his seat.

"Yeah, I'm fine," he mumbled, trying to hide the fact that he was uncomfortable. He didn't want to show weakness in front of the professor, but the pain was starting to become unbearable.

"Hm..." the professor gave him another stern look from behind his round glasses, before continuing his rant.

"Look, mister Spencer. I don't know what you're doing, but if you keep this up, you'll be out of my class in no time. So either shape up or ship out. Got it?"

The dragon nodded, his eyes glued to the floor. He knew the professor meant business, and he didn't want to end up getting kicked out of school. But the pain was becoming more and more intense, and he didn't know how much longer he could take it. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down, but it was no use. The pain was too strong. He had to do something to make it stop, but he didn't know how. He thought back to the message from the mysterious person who stole his dick, and how they threatened to pull it permanently if he didn't change his ways. He realized that they were probably behind the current situation, and he had to figure out a way to appease them.

"Yes, Mr. Pridemane. I'll be better. I promise."

"Good. Now get out of my classroom, and don't let me see you slacking off again. You hear me?"

"Y-yes, sir," the dragon stammered, before quickly gathering his things and heading for the door. As soon as he left the classroom, Spencer slumped against the wall and slid down to the floor, his hands covering his face. He felt humiliated and defeated, but more than that, he felt like he had no control over his life. He sat there for a few minutes, trying to process what had just happened, before finally standing up and making his way back to the dorm.

As he walked, he felt a slight tugging on his invisible cock, followed by an electric sensation coursing through it. It almost made him stumble, before regaining his balance. He continued walking, trying to ignore the discomfort, but it was difficult. The sensation became stronger like someone was holding his shaft and pulling on it, forcing it to grow in length and girth. He stumbled again, catching himself on a nearby tree, before continuing, feeling his heart racing in his chest. What was happening to him? How could anyone else not notice this? He didn't know, but he knew it would only get worse if he didn't figure it out. And that's exactly what he planned to do. But before he reached his safe place, a burly rhino stumbled on him like a bulldozer.

Team's captain. Brick.

"Where do you think you're going? We have an extra session today. Don't you read your fucking messages?" He snarled, his big fists clenched in anger.

"But... I thought..." the dragon mumbled, trying to come up with an excuse.

"No, excuses! Get your ass into gear!" He bellowed, pointing towards the sports field. Spencer sighed, knowing that he didn't have a choice. He didn't want to cause any trouble, so he decided to do as he was told. He reluctantly headed toward the sports field, feeling the tugging sensation on his cock getting stronger with each step. He tried to ignore it, but it was difficult. By the time he got to the field, his cock was fully erect and throbbing inside the void

He stood on the sidelines, watching as the rest of the team practiced their drills. He didn't know why he had been called in, but he knew it couldn't be good. The pain in his balls was growing stronger as if someone was twisting his sack around like a towel. He squirmed uncomfortably, trying to stay focused, but it was impossible. His mind raced, wondering how long he'd have to endure this torture.

After a while, the coach blew the whistle, signaling for everyone to take a break. Spencer breathed a sigh of relief, hoping that he could escape to the locker room for some relief. But as soon as he took a step forward, he felt a sharp jolt of pain shoot through his groin. He cried out, doubling over in agony. The other players looked at him curiously, but no one came to his aid. They just watched as he writhed in pain on the ground.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the coach called out to him.

"Spencer! What the hell is wrong with you? Get your ass back on the field!"

The dragon groaned, slowly getting to his feet. He took a deep breath, steadying himself, before starting to walk back towards the field. The pain was excruciating, but he knew he had to tough it out. He took another step, before falling to his knees in agony. He felt like someone was ripping his balls off.

And then, as suddenly as it started, it stopped.

The dragon gasped, breathing heavily, as he sat on his haunches. He felt the pressure in his balls disappearing as if someone released their grip on them. He sighed in relief, thankful that the ordeal was over. But he knew that the mysterious person was behind this. He had to figure out who they were and make them stop, otherwise he'd be forced to quit the team and lose his scholarship.

As the coach blew the whistle again, ordering him to return to practice, he realized he had no choice but to keep going.

And so, he did.

Later that night, after another humiliating incident during football training, Spencer returned to his dorm room. He flopped down onto his bed, exhausted from the day's events. He thought about the mysterious person who had taken his dick, and how he needed to find them and make them give it back. He sighed, knowing it would be difficult. But at least Brick wasn't too pissed at him after the practice, save for the awful beginning.

"That rhino has a short fuse, huh?"

A voice suddenly came from his desk, making the dragon jump up. It belonged to his roommate Dex, an otter. He was sitting in front of his laptop, working on an assignment. Spencer found him strangely attractive for no particular reason. Or perhaps he was so worked up, he would fuck a tree stump.

"Uhh... Yeah, I guess," the dragon said, trying to calm his nerves. "He just gets angry easily. You know how it is."

Dex rolled his eyes, continuing his work. He didn't seem to be bothered by the dragon's presence, which made Spencer feel a little better. At least someone wasn't judging him. But the sensation went from bad to worse, his quivering dick leaking copious amounts of clear liquid, somewhere dry and quiet.

"Hey, can you go shower? You smell like a pig sty," the otter commented, not looking away from his screen.

The dragon frowned, annoyed. He smelled perfectly fine, thank you very much. But he decided to play along anyway. "Sure thing, bossypants," he replied, standing up from the bed and stretching. He headed towards the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He could finally relieve himself without anyone watching.

But just as he turned on the water, he felt something tighten around the base of his shaft. He gasped, feeling the pressure growing stronger with each second. It was like someone was squeezing his cock tightly, preventing him from releasing any semen. He tried to pull the ring off, but it was no use. It was stuck firmly in place.

He groaned, frustrated. Why was this happening to him? What did he do to deserve such a punishment? He thought back to the message he'd received earlier, and how the person had threatened to remove his dick permanently if he didn't change his ways. Then, someone suddenly let go of his prick, preventing him from cumming loads and loads into the void.

"Fuck..."

And then, he heard someone entering the bathroom, bare feet hitting the tile floor.

"What are you doing in here? I'm taking a shower," the dragon growled, turning around to see Dex standing there, a smug look on his face.

"Water conservation is important, you know. We have to conserve our resources," the otter smirked, before pushing the dragon aside and stepping into the shower. Spencer watched in disbelief as Dex began washing himself, his hands roaming over his lean body. The otter was completely naked, showing off his furry ass. But the reptile was more interested in the roommate's large, twitching cock, dripping with pre. He bit his lip, feeling his rod throbbing between his legs.

"Why don't you join me?" Dex purred, leaning back against the wall and stroking his shaft.

The dragon tried everything not to face forward, showing off the lack of genitals. But he wanted to fuck that cute otter ass so badly. Or maybe he wished to be used instead? "Fuck me..." he whispered.

"What was that, dragon boy?"

"I said, 'fuck me,'" the reptile repeated, louder this time. He couldn't believe he was asking his roommate to do something so dirty, but he needed the release.

Dex smirked, walking closer to the dragon and running a finger down his chest. "You want me to fuck you?" he asked seductively. "I thought you were straight."

Spencer gulped, feeling his heart racing in his chest. This was his chance to experience something new, something exciting. "... I don't know what I am anymore..." he replied quietly, his voice shaking slightly.

The otter chuckled, reaching down and wrapping his hand around the dragon's ass. "Well, if you're sure," he said, before pushing the dragon deeper into the shower cubicle. Spencer stumbled backward, falling against the wall, his breath catching in his throat. Dex pressed his body against the reptile, grinding his cock against the scaled body. They kissed deeply, their tongues entwining. The dragon moaned, feeling the otter's hands exploring every inch of his body. He felt his cock throbbing uncontrollably, begging for release.

They continued making out passionately, until Dex broke away, panting heavily. "Turn around," he ordered, his voice husky with lust.

The dragon did as he was told, facing the wall. He could feel the water raining down on him, his scales becoming slick with moisture. Dex leaned forward, pressing his body against the reptile's back, his cock sliding between Spencer's ass cheeks. He started thrusting his hips, his rod rubbing against the dragon's hole. Spencer groaned, feeling the pressure building inside him. He needed release, or else he'd explode. He pushed back against Dex, desperate for friction.

"Fuck me, please!" the reptile pleaded, his eyes squeezed shut tightly.

Dex chuckled, continuing his rhythmic motion, teasing the dragon's entrance. "Beg for it," he commanded, his voice deep and commanding. Spencer bit his lip, trying to hold back the urge to scream. "Please, Dex... Please fuck me," he whimpered, his voice barely audible above the sound of the running water. The otter laughed again, before pressing his cock against the dragon's hole. It felt like a warm, thick rod sliding into his rectum. "Oh god..." Spencer gasped, his body trembling as he felt the otter's shaft filling him up completely. "It's so big... So full..."

Dex grinned, gripping the dragon's hips firmly, his claws digging into the reptile's flesh. He began pumping his hips furiously, slamming into the dragon's ass with force. Spencer cried out, feeling his prostate being assaulted by the otter's throbbing member. It was almost too much for him to handle, but he knew he had to take it. He needed release, and nothing else mattered.

"Take it, dragon boy. Take my cock," the otter growled, before spanking the dragon's ass hard, leaving a red mark on his green skin. Spencer yelped in pain, but the sensation only heightened his arousal. He felt his balls tightening, his cock throbbing wildly. He knew he couldn't hold back any longer. "I'm gonna cum, Dex... Please, let me cum," he begged, his voice hoarse from screaming.

The otter smirked, slowing his pace slightly. "You want to cum? Beg for it," he demanded, his claws digging deeper into the dragon's hips. Spencer nodded frantically, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Yes... Please... I need to cum... Please, Dex... Let me cum," he sobbed, his voice barely a whisper.

Dex grinned wickedly, pulling his cock out of the dragon's ass with a loud slurp. "Go ahead, dragon boy. Cum for me," he ordered. Spencer whimpered, his entire body shaking violently. Since his cock was still in the void, he felt himself ejaculating inside nothingness. "OH FUCK! YES!!!" he roared, his cock shooting ropes of semen everywhere. Dex laughed, ignoring the lack of physical evidence, before leaning forward and kissing the dragon deeply, their tongues entwining once more. They both moaned softly, enjoying each other's taste.

"You have more studies to do, big guy. But thanks." Otter said, finishing his shower before drying himself off.

The dragon collapsed onto the floor of the cubicle, panting heavily, his body covered in sweat and cum. He stared up at the ceiling, trying to catch his breath. This was the most intense orgasm he'd ever experienced. It left him feeling completely drained like all the energy had been sucked out of him. He remained there for a while, letting droplets of water hit his face, before finally getting to his feet. He turned off the water, stepped out of the shower, and grabbed a towel. He dried himself off, trying not to think about what he'd just done. He didn't regret it, but he knew things would never be the same between him and Dex again.

Meanwhile, the otter opened his drawer, when a foul scent of musk and dragon dick came over him. Looking at the mess inside, he was still impressed by the amount of semen that vanished into thin air. He gently patted the dragon's softening cock. "Good luck studying, big guy." He whispered, feeling the organ twitch underneath his palm.

