

No Bottoms Allowed

It's **FFFrrriday night, motherfucker**, which means the **time is right** to dance your ass off, listen to loud, repetitive music, and overpay for the kinds of drinks that'll make you forget all about the shitty week you just had **and** make the whole experience feel worthwhile when you wake up with a splitting headache tomorrow!

Ah, what a time to be alive... Who knows, with your best friend and *number-one wingman* at your side, you might even be able to **finally** pick up a—!

"No bottoms allowed..." chuffs a massive slab of scales and muscle as you unknowingly walk into his outstretched hand and find out what it feels like to be a crash-test dummy strapped into an **extra** cheap car...

Once you stop seeing stars and confirm your chest *hasn't* been caved in, you look up, *up, up* at the beefy dragon bouncer who's **at least** a full head taller than you **and** twice as wide, and you're greeted by what has to be the single most shit-eating grin in the world plastered all over his ugly mug.

...You know, you can't be sure, but you have an inkling he might've done that on purpose.

You're just about to turn to your buddy and ask if he can believe this guy when you notice he's disappeared. *"I'll save you a driiiiiink~!"* you hear him call out weakly from beyond the velvet rope, saluting you valiantly as the tide of pent-up club-goers carries him through the doors, swallowing him like quicksand.

Traitor!, you think to yourself before returning the salute and wishing him well...

Clearly, a situation like this one calls for a plan of attack to be formulated!

Best to start out friendly and minimize your risk...

"But you're letting **him** in~?" you joke while sticking a thumb in your friend's direction, trying to get on the bouncer's good side.

"He ain't human..." comes the gruff reply accompanied by giant, *gleaming, pointy teeth...!*

You honestly didn't think his smile could get any worse, *but your life flashing before your eyes definitely counted as 'worse'.*

Oh boy, looks like it's one of **those** kinds of places...! *Or one of those kinds of bouncers...* You aren't exactly *wimpy looking*, but you can understand why some anthros might think that just because you don't have armor-like scales, or big, scary teeth, or long, pointy horns, or any of that *other crap* so common in the animal kingdom, that you're weak and helpless and *exclusively take it in the rear...*

*You understand it, but you sure as hell don't agree with it, and you aren't about to start now. If that's how this guy wants to play it, then it looks like you're left with no other option beside the **nuclear one**.*

*"Is that why **you're** out here?" you shoot back with a little extra venom, daring the big guy to try something so you can prove just how tough you are.*

*"**What...?**" the guard replies, genuine confusion practically etched into his face as the hamsters in his head shovel coal a little faster and his steam-powered gears start turning.*

*"I **said,**" you pipe back up with a little more bravado, searching desperately for a more gravelly tone as you stare right into his eyes, "is that why **you're** out here, you fat-assed **bottom-bitch?**"*

*"Acting like a big man while hiding behind that 'security' shirt while letting your ass hang out in that jockstrap just in case you get lucky and someone with a **real** set of balls decides 'you'll do' and shoves you up against a wall to take advantage of that 'free-use' sign you might as well have hanging off your tail...!?"*

Fuck, too much, too much!** You're getting a black eye this time **for sure...!

*Just as you start to tense up and get ready to run like hell after the first hit, you're shocked when it never comes. *Even more shocked by what happens next...**

*"Y-Yeah..." he mumbles back weakly, his voice suddenly light and airy and his jockstrap **straining** to hold back his twitching, hardening cock and sloshing, *audibly churning* balls...*

*...**OH. Oh shit!** You somehow managed to hit the nail on the head with that one! **Oh no...***

*"**I've been waiting for someone to notice, handsome~**" he breathes in your ear, suddenly flirty, his confidence returning as he runs his massive mitts over your chest and traces the tip of his tail over your unexpectedly excited cock...*

*"**You offerin', or just teasin'~? Cause I've got a break comin' up.**"*

*You... You don't know how to feel about this sudden development. On the one hand you **do** — the giant sub is giving you an out that doesn't involve getting beaten up — but on the other...*

Fuck it, you could use a little action right now!** In for a penny, in for a **pounding!

*"**Better you just clock out altogether,**" you reply as firmly as you can, the subby dragon clearly shivering in excitement as he radios for someone to come relieve him.*

The way he winks at you as he says the word 'relieve' coupled with the shake of his cake as he sashays away, swinging his massive ass side to side as he goes, conjures

*images of that massive tail slung over one of your shoulders as you use every fibre of your being to absolutely **wreck him...***

And wreck him you shall. He got in the way of your stress relief, so he's going to **be** your stress relief! You didn't get to dance the night away to forget all your troubles, so *it's time for a little **horizontal tango!*** That or some twerking on your dick... *Despite how muscly he is, that thing looks **soft...*** You can't get shitfaced and wake up hungover as fuck tomorrow, so you guess you're gonna wake up as the jetpack to his big little-spoon...!

*Uh, you're gonna get **him** drunk...? On... you...?*

*Oh god, what have you **done!?** At least the way his tail wags is cute...!?*

"Your place or mine, hot stuff~? O-Or do you maybe wanna find a nice alley and make good on that promise of shoving me up against a wall~?"

!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!

*There **must** be a hidden camera somewhere... There just has to be...!*

You'd only put your hand on your new mount's chest and pushed a **little**, for god's sake, but he fell backwards into his apartment door like you'd somehow *thrown him against it!*

You half expected the flimsy looking thing to shatter into a million tiny splinters when the blushing, giggling mess finally connected with it, *but luckily*, it only squeaked and creaked a little instead...

Which told you one of two things: either it was **seriously** reinforced — *which would make sense given his size and stature* — or it didn't see this kind of action all that often...

Both options were equally hot to you, *even though one meant you probably weren't going to be able to break his bed no matter **how** hard you fucked him*, but the idea that even a bodybuilder-type like **him** went through dryspells was mindboggling. *And cock-stiffening.*

You were learning new things about both yourself *and* your date by the **second**, *which was kind of the theme of the night so far, wasn't it...?*

...

After your *entirely accidental* and **aggressive** flirting session was over, he really **did** clock out and offer to lead you back to his place when you stuttered out that you'd rather 'his place smell like sex so he had something to remember you by'.

*...You weren't about to break **your** bed by having him thrash around on top of it, but you couldn't come up with any good excuses to get out of the situation either! It was like*

*your brain had cheesy porno-dialogue on tap, and the way he responded to it only made **your pants tighter** and got **him** licking his lips again!*

God, his LIPS! You have no idea how a guy like him did it, but the absolute **unit** in front of you had the **softest** lips you'd ever felt in your life! The thought that **scales** of all things could **ever** be that soft seemed impossible! *But you'd tasted them first hand, so you knew now!*

The only thing left was to feel them sliding up and down your cock, but that could wait for later... Sooner rather than later, but still later...

On your way to *wherever it was you were going*, he'd let you take the lead and set the walking pace, following behind you like a lost puppy and gently pointing out which way to turn or what shortcut to take whenever you hit a fork in the road or looked especially lost.

You were heading back to **his place**, but **you** were the one holding the metaphorical leash! *...Another boner-inducing mental image that only slowed your walking speed as you had to adjust the front of your pants.*

It was just a little bit irritating if not mildly infuriating, so the first chance you got, you decided to catch him off guard by asking him to lean down so you could whisper something in his ear.

At least, that's what he *thought* you were going to do until you wrapped your fingers around those handlebars of his and pulled him into a hot, wet, and most of all **sloppy** kiss.

Wobbling side to side as you sucked on his tongue, bit on his lower lip, and traced his teeth to get over your fear of them, your prize for the night cooed and moaned until his hamsters got back from their break and he could think again. Even when they finally did, it was too late. He was even more **yours** than before...

*Which he proved by bending down even further, wrapping all that muscle around you in an astonishingly gentle hug, and pulling **your** soft body into **his** hard one...*

It was the oddest feeling in the world, to be sword-fighting with someone twice your size and actually be **winning**... Having never done **anything** even **close** to what was going on between the two of you — *your rigid cocks rubbing, bumping, and grinding against one another like any pair of dancers at the club you abandoned earlier* — you couldn't help but think that you could get used to it...

It was a pretty nice feeling, actually... The power, the pure, unfiltered adrenaline coursing through your body, and most of all the almost **terrifying** urge to dominate and **subjugate** someone so willing to be dominated and subjugated...

Some of the sounds you'd already made — *and still **would** make that night* — were ones you'd never made before, *and honestly, ones you didn't even think were **possible** for you to make...!* But there was something about having that burly bottom-bitch in the palm of your hand and grinding your objectively smaller cock against his like you were twice his size that filled you with a feeling even better than sex.

Once you'd swapped enough spit to cause a giant pre-stain to form in the front of the dragon's pants, though — *the jock-strap was actually part of his work uniform, believe it or not* — you found yourself automatically snaking a hand under his shirt to tease and tickle his tensing abs in order to keep him *drooling* for you.

*Drooling and **twitching**. Drooling and twitching and **purring**...*

He was a lot like a giant cat, you realized, and that thought alone soothed your anxious mind, whisking away any thoughts of him suddenly getting angry and cracking you in half like a glow-stick. Instead, thinking of him like an especially affectionate pet actually encouraged you to play with him a whole lot more!

Obviously in spectacular shape, his bulging muscles seemed to welcome your fingers as they rippled and flexed at your touch as if to show off just how big and strong they were before they softened and relaxed to try and appear less threatening...

*Whatever they were doing, the thought of waking up next to him and seeing him at his **most** relaxed flitted through your mind before **your** hamsters connected the dots and you knew what you'd need to do in order to wake up next to him in the first place...*

A twitch of your own woke him from his stupor — *at least a little* — and a numb nod as he licked his lips and undoubtedly savoured your taste was all you got by way of reply to your question of where you were headed. It was the sharp **smack** on his fat ass that got him dragging you by the hand as he picked up the pace and nearly ran for home.

The smile on your face only grew as the dragon showed his excitement, and you couldn't believe how lucky you were that your jokes turned out to be so prophetic.

That ass! It was just as soft— no, **softer** than you'd ever thought it could be! It was absolutely **fant-ass-tic!** On anyone else, an ass that size would probably ripple and quake after the kind of smack you gave it, but on **him**, it seemed to snap back to its beautifully round, smooth shape near instantly!

Clearly, he didn't skip out on leg day or getting his squats in to have a bootylicious badonkadonk like that, but he knew just how far to go to avoid turning it into the kind of brick wall that would *dent* any quarter you tried to bounce off it...!

It was the ass of your dreams. It was the kind of thing you could smack and play with all day if he'd allow it, *and you couldn't stop yourself from thinking about how it'd feel **underneath you** as your hips drove themselves into his...!*

Cushy, with just enough give and just enough resistance, you wanted to **flatten those cheeks**. You wanted to part them like the Red Sea and drill for the brute's p-spot until he really **was** like a cat. *A mewling pussy, that is...*

Lost in your daydreams — *or wet dreams, as the case may be* — you arrived at his place in what felt like no time at all despite the burning in your legs that came from being dragged along at *his* pace all the way there.

That was why, when he fumbled with his keys and couldn't unlock his door fast enough for your suddenly impatient taste, you gave him a little shove.

...

The blush on his face as you had him up against the wall and took his own keys from him was positively picturesque. More than 'tough' or 'handsome' or 'rugged', in that moment, he was **cute**. He was *beautiful*.

As the tumblers fell into place after you all but **slammed** his key into the lock, you turned the handle and shepherded him in, closing and locking the door *securely* behind you...

He needed to know this was real. That it was happening, and that there was no backing out anymore. It may have been more for your benefit than his, but you had a part to play. A role to stay faithful to.

Back in his element — *but no less nervous than before* — you took command again and asked him where the bedroom was. With a gulp, he turned his head to point it out, and when he turned back, you were already shirtless.

That earned you another, larger wet stain on the front of his pants as his hips bucked all on their own, his tail wagging and thrashing against the little entryway's walls until he managed to take hold of it shyly, like a small child might hold a treasured blankie.

Leaning down to kiss you again, your conquest sheepishly picked you up and carried you to his room, his fingers digging into your smaller — *but no less shapely if you had anything to say about it!* — ass, your tongues dancing with each other once more, *yours* taking the lead for the few seconds it took you to get there.

Rock-hard and ready to roll, the dragon — *whose name you didn't even know yet, you suddenly realized* — started to undress, peeling the damp-with-sweat t-shirt off his large frame and flinging it onto what was obviously a laundry pile before struggling valiantly to get his pants off in one piece because of how hard his massive, bulging member was...

After the pants were safely flung as well, he all but *ripped* his soaking-wet underwear off, flopping naked onto what looked like a giant pillow with the way he dwarfed it, but could have just as easily been an entire mattress for you...

“Ready to put your money where your mouth is, cowboy~?” he asked with what he undoubtedly thought was a self-confident wink and a smirk as he tried his hardest to hide just how nervous and excited he was. His swollen cock and even more swollen balls undercut that facade as they presented themselves to you, throbbing needily.

Shedding the rest of your own clothes like a snake sheds its skin — *slowly, forcefully, and with a little difficulty, that is* — you **heard** the dragon swallow the drool that had built up in his mouth and start to take deep breaths as your ramrod-stiff cock bobbed into view, *larger and harder than it had ever been before.*

With his eyes glued to your dragon-slayer, he spread his legs and all but offered you a written invitation to lift them up and pin his knees by his shoulders. You had other ideas, however, deciding to test the thirsty dragon’s patience by letting *your* eyes roam over *his* body as you admired what was soon to be *all yours.*

Shuddering, his breath hitching, the anthro that could and would have thrown you out of the club with one hand tied behind his back and strength to spare just a few hours earlier actually *shrank* at your gaze, his cockhead seeming to wink at you as fat beads of pre kept dribbling out of it and *down, down, down* the entire length of his shaft before rolling over and glazing his fat, round balls...

The longer you stared, and the fiercer your gaze, the more he squirmed, and the wetter his balls became as the trickle of pre became a steady stream. *What a waste,* you thought, licking your lips like a hungry predator sizing up its prey as you admired the view you were solely responsible for.

You promised yourself you’d be putting those cum-gutters of his to work one way or another, so the only real question left was whether you’d cum inside him belly-to-belly so you could look into his eyes and have another taste of those lips and his **fear**, or mount him from behind, grab his horns, and let his tail wrap itself around you as you opened the floodgates as deep inside his bubble-butt as you could reach...

Both sounded pretty good, honestly, and as you approached the dragon commandingly, both were **exactly** what you were going to do...

!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!

“Dadddddyyyyyyyyyyyyyy~!” the dragon **roared** as you finally, *forcefully* bottomed out in him, the intimidating, wall-shaking noise dying in his throat seconds later as it turned into an eager, pleased yelp.

As you tried to move your hips, finding his over-sensitive love-button was the easy part. You managed **that** on the very first thrust with the way it was crying out for attention. *No*, pulling out to slam yourself back in while he was *clinging to you for dear life* was what presented more of a... *challenge...*

You'd decided to start with missionary — *so the giant sub could feel the cum you were going to make him blast all over his chest clinging to his scales as you took him from behind for your second round* — but the big softy had wrapped his legs around your waist with a degree of flexibility you honestly didn't think he could manage with tree-trunks like those...

Clearly, he must have taken some yoga classes to round out his work-out routine, but that extra flexibility wasn't helping matters at the moment. Staring at your conquest with all the annoyance you could muster as his inner muscles massaged every inch of your cock from base to tip, you **swore** you could see hearts in his eyes as his tongue hung out limply and drool dripped down it onto his twitching pecs.

With more effort than you'd have thought it would take, you managed to locate the oversized bitch-boy's nipples and gave them a **pinch** to gain the fractions of a second and fractions of an inch that let you *thrust* into him again.

As his legs twitched and convulsed from the pleasure frying his brain, you took the opportunity to bully the dragon's clenching, wringing hole and got into something that could actually be called a rhythm.

"Yes, yes, yeeeeeeesssssssss~!" he moaned whorishly right into your face, his ass gripping and massaging you better than any pussy ever had, *or could ever hope to again...*

*How you managed to **not** cum on the spot was a miracle, and one you were immensely thankful for since you couldn't let all your boasting go to waste by cumming prematurely in the dragon's silky-smooth ass... Even if it **would** be totally understandable and excusable given the circumstances...*

Gritting your teeth, counting your thrusts, and focusing on the rhythm being set by the dragon's dick bobbing around like some insane metronome were the *only* things that kept you from thinking too hard about how ludicrous the reality unfolding in front of you was and making you pop early like some *chump*.

There you were — *balls deep in the ass of a **dragon** twice your size* — and having the time of your life...! Enjoying the sights, sounds, and **feels** of flexing your smaller muscles to assert your dominance over someone you'd thought had wronged you...

You were teaching him a lesson about underestimating humans, or maybe overestimating anthros, you told yourself, and you'd get to drain your balls to the last drop while doing it...!

The evil grin that made its way onto your face was reflected by the primal fear and excitement in your partner's eyes as his heart raced and his ass clenched a little bit harder.

*There was no turning back, you realized in that moment. You **were** going to drain your balls in the beefy barasub, that much was foretold. The only thing you **did** still have control of was deciding you wouldn't do it until he'd learned his lesson and came to **respect** humans...!*

Or when he passed out and painted his own face because of the reaming you were giving him... Whichever came first, really, as much as you wanted him to be conscious when you started unloading in him...

Powering through the clenching muscles trying to either wring you out or turn your dick into a *Slim Jim*, feathers filled your vision as the dragon ripped giant gashes in his giant pillow, his toes curling as his legs locked a little more tightly around you again, pulling you even *deeper* into him all too suddenly.

Another peck on the lips that turned into a bite that would have drawn blood if he were human — *or anything but a tank on legs, really* — and a rub of his surprisingly sensitive nipples got you another desperately needed few inches of space so you were able to push down on him and pull almost all the way out before slamming yourself into him again.

His latest roar was silent, but you **swear** you saw the fires of hell building in the back of his throat right before you licked, sucked, and kissed at his exposed neck, the gentle giant positively *melting* at your ministrations as he eased up on choking the life and cum out of your cock.

Big mistake, you told yourself victoriously, recognizing the opportunity to — *with much more difficulty than you'd like to admit* — pin his ankles by his head and *mating-press* the beta-bitch!

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease~!" was all the giant puddle of well-fucked lizard could manage as his balls clenched and his cock let out a river of precum in a clear sign that he was about to go rocketing over the edge of what was only going to be his **first** orgasm.

Switching to holding just one leg with just one hand, you pinned the beefy-boy's cock against his tummy and rubbed its underside with the entire palm of your hand like a man possessed.

The stimulation was too much for him, *which meant it was too much for **you** once his ass got the message that he was cumming.*

You both came **hard**, **his** ropes landing on his abs and chest with audible splats and the visible deflating of his nuts with each cum-pumping clench while **your** seed filled the tight-as-a-vice cavern that was his ass...

Grunting and groaning and finally feeling the heavy sweat you'd built up during your full-body workout, it seemed your partner's body wouldn't be happy until you were shooting *dust*.

You could tell that your body-heat and *musk* pouring onto and into him was having an effect with the way the **suction** his ass was applying to your cock ramped up a few levels.

With your groin glued to his supple cheeks, your cock was vacuum-sealed inside his ass as his muscles massaged in waves to try and get every last drop of cum out of you not unlike the way you might try and squeeze the last dregs out of a *tube of toothpaste*... Refusing to give in and surrender, though, you stuck to planting gentle, loving kisses on his neck as you continued to rub and pump his python of a cock as best you could.

As if his ass couldn't get any better, the full-body rumble that started up as he purred again sent earthquake-level vibrations through your cock, and would have easily made you cum a second time if you weren't gritting your teeth and holding out through sheer force of will.

Wrestling your way out of the beast's legs with strength you could have only borrowed from some peeping-tom of a god — *maybe Zeus, since he was supposed to be freaky, right?* — your cock popped free, clean as a whistle and somehow still fully erect, with a sound that reverberated through your **bones**...

"Flip over," you heard yourself say, your voice gruff, commanding, and allowing no defiance as the dragon underneath you questioned your order for all of an *attosecond* before doing as he was told and presenting his freshly creampie'd ass for *your* pleasure, tail hiked all the way up and bending over his back.

His winking pucker looked just as delicious as it felt, and with a swell of newfound energy, you grabbed this particular bull by his hips and got back to pounding.

!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!~♥~!

Snapping back to reality mid-thrust — *almost as if you were regaining consciousness, actually* — you once again find yourself balls deep in a soft puddle of scales and muscle that *used* to be a dragon...

You say 'used to' because there's a... **mewling** noise coming from it as its burly cock twitches and manages to eke out just a few dollops of cum even thinner than what you'd normally wring out of yourself.

Without stopping, your eyes trace the beast's floppy cock to find the squeezed-out dollops have joined a **lake** of spooge pooling on his bed. *Or what's left of a bed, anyway*...

With massive gashes already torn through the impressive looking fabric — *you remember those* — and fresh bite marks that you *can't* remember, it looked an awful lot like a *nest* at this point... Like a collection of soft and fluffy things some wild animal might assemble to curl up in just like your date for the evening already had...

Speaking of your date, the sight of him so completely and utterly blinged out of his mind as you bludgeoned his p-spot and forced him to cum for the n-th time — *having lost count while you were 'out'* — convinces you that you can't let this end as a one-and-done, one-time-only kind of thing.

You'd wanted to prove a point — *which you clearly had* — but seeing him so *vulnerable*, and so *open* filled your chest with... *Well, you didn't know what you were filled with, exactly, but it wasn't just lust!* You could say *that* fairly confidently.

No, the universe itself had opened this path up for you and put the hulking beefcake in your way, and you weren't about to let that go to waste. *No sir!*

"*Hey... You okay~?*" you whisper as soothingly as you can manage, your cock throbbing impatiently at you as you slow to a stop. "*I can stop if you—*"

Just like that, you managed to wake the dragon, his tail snapping to attention and wrapping itself ***painfully*** tight around your midsection as his ass clamped down to stop you from pulling out even a *bee's-dick*, let alone a full inch.

"*Wh-Wha...?*" the clearly-cock drunk bouncer bellowed as you rubbed his back and traced a finger or two up and down his horns, waking him slowly and gently. "*N-No! Please, c-cum! I want you to—! I need you to feel good, daddy~!*"

"Don't worry about *that*, ***kitten***, *daddy's already feeling amazing~*" you tease back, your joke landing a little wide of the mark as your newly dubbed 'kitten' purred once again...

"***Fuck~!*** *H-How are you...!? How many—!? Doesn't matter!* I haven't been fucked like this ***ever~!***" he said with a stretch that sent your cockhead to his deepest depths as he backed his ass into you. "*Don't let me stop you from having fun...! I want you to—!*"

As cute as he was, he needed to learn when to shut up~

With a calm, kneading hand on his shoulder, you make your new *boyfriend's* jaw hang open as you deliver a series of quick jabs to his tired, undoubtedly bruised prostate before pressing your chest against his back and powering through the last few thrusts your body's screaming for to finally unleash the grand-finale of all orgasms in him.

A happy coo escapes his lips as he braces himself against the snuggle pile beneath the two of you, and with your most savage motions yet, you ream his ass for all it's worth, your sore, aching balls slapping against the ass you're already in love with.

You cum. ***Hard. Hard and long.***

With a body-shaking roar of your own, you wrap your arms around your dragon's waist and find the strength to pull him into you as you flood his insides with what feels like a week— no, a ***month's*** worth of cum despite knowing that isn't even possible at this point.

Shot after shot, rope after rope, and drop after drop of white-hot human cum *erupt* into him, the first few ropes delivering the 1-2-3 punch to his exhausted prostate and earning both of you one last gusher of an orgasm from *him*.

You can *hear it* as the pearly-white cum slaps against the giant puddle you had a couple hands in helping create, and as both your orgasms start to taper, you kiss, lick, and even try to *bite* every inch of flesh you can.

An alarm goes off somewhere in the room — *you don't know where and couldn't care less right now anyways* — and as your scaley pillow starts to react, you tell him to ignore it.

*“Someone'll figure out you're busy. Don't ruin the moment, **baby**, or **daddy's** gonna get **mad**~♥ As much as I'm sure you'd like that, I think we could both use a little rest before **round two**, don't you~?”*

Your new mattress visibly relaxes, and as you both drift off to sleep together, *you can't help but wonder what happened to your friend...* Either way, you'll have one hell of a story to tell him. *Tomorrow...*