

# My Pheromone Romance

An original short story inspired by potatosalad, written by [MtG-Ti] Hoss,  
and based on art by [desubox](#).

Ducking your head and bending your knees as you crammed yourself through a tiny (by human standards) door that *thankfully* opened into a... *dark and dingy room with a much higher ceiling*, you ended up pushing past some of the more *indecisive* looking partygoers to wade into the middle of the wall-to-wall, elbow-to-elbow crowd of rowdy anthros ready to **rave!**

Your friend — *the one who'd tipped you off and vouched for you to get in in the first place* — had claimed the 'event' was going to feature a performance by the band it was supposedly for, *and as you looked around, you spotted it*. **Sure**, there certainly was something that *could* pass for a stage right at the front if you squinted just right — *a little small for the **allegedly** big-time indie band (what an oxymoron) to make use of in your opinion* — but you knew at the end of the day the whole thing was just an excuse to have a good time...

*And you could really use a good time right about then.*

*You wanted more than anything to blow off some steam and dance until your feet ached and you could hardly see through the **sweat** pouring off your own forehead! To meet new people and **never** learn their names! To get covered in all **manner** of glow-in-the-dark liquids and maybe make out with the party **bicycle...! Maybe!** And to wake up the next day questioning if what happened the night before was actually even **real** only to find out that it **was** when you discovered you were wearing some **girl's lacy underwear!***

*Ah, good times...*

***Yep**, that was what a rave was about, and **that** was what you were there for. You wanted to lose yourself in the hypnotic, droning bass and let your body do whatever it wanted while hoping it looked like dancing! ...Who'd even **heard** of a record release party for a digital-only band, anyway?*

*...**And yet**, as soon as the music started to come on and the lights dimmed even further, you started to believe it.*

*The **deafening** noise started to resemble a different kind of music that actually **sounded** like music; the lights and lasers that cut through the smoke and lit up the gyrating bodies dancing all around you were still **blinding**, sure, but they seemed more organized, more purposeful; and the nose-clogging, lung-filling **smell** that you recognized started to shift from pure sweat to pure sweat with a little cologne mixed in...*

*Just a touch.*

*Standing head and shoulders above most of the crowd, you finally looked around to notice that almost every other person in attendance was actually an **anthro**, and wearing even less clothing than usual for this sort of thing...*

*At least according to what you could make out of the... graphic **silhouettes** projected on the wall by errant spotlights.*

***That's** precisely when the lead singer of **Slave for You** made his grand entrance and took command of the stage...*

*He was an anthro kangaroo as far as you could tell, **also** wearing next to nothing, and holding his microphone stand like a rifle as he muzzle swept the whole room while thrusting his hips with each 'shot.'*

***"Ha~!** Lovely to see all my beautiful *friends* tonight~!" he barked into the mic *salaciously*, getting his audience's attention in an instant as everyone stopped to turn and look at *him*, his painted face, and his beautiful long, *smooth, and shiny blood-red hair*...*

*Or at least, that's what it looked like to **you**...*

*Maybe you shouldn't have thought that, though, because the moment you **did**, a glowing yellow eye started sweeping over the multitude of faces as if searching for something, only to stop and focus on **yours and yours alone** like it belonged to a **predator** that had just found what it was looking for...*

*Once he knew he had your attention, the way that singer's smile grew and grew and **grew** until it looked like it would split his face clean in two **unnerved you**, sending a shiver up and down your spine.*

*Didn't help that his tongue looked about ready to fall right out of his mouth as it just got longer, and longer, and **longer**, revealing a shiny metal piercing that danced in the air like a conductor's baton as the 'roo ran it over his lips and rubbed it against his teeth all while maintaining direct eye-contact with you.*

*When you finally managed to tear your gaze away from his tongue, you caught a glimpse of what **had** to have been the single largest solid-gold (probably) fang you'd ever seen on a non-predator anthro as he hungrily **licked his lips at you**...*

*From that moment on, his hip thrusts picked up a new energy that made you think **he** wasn't the one doing the thrusting anymore, but everyone *else* in attendance — including your friend — only hooted and cheered in *glee* at the sight, clearly not paying attention to the... suspect **implications**...*

*"I wanna personally thank you all for showing up tonight~!" he announced, tearing that all-seeing eye of his off of you to spin around and address the crowd, **completely and utterly accidentally** flashing you his wagging tail and shapely ass as his pants started to lose their fight with gravity the more he swayed his hips back and forth.*

*“I thought I’d start this whole thing off with a **bang** and our hit single **Slut for Pink Skin**, but **now**... Maybe I can give all you humie lovers out there a **real** show instead~?”*

A low “oooooh” travelled through the crowd in a wave that picked up momentum before ultimately crashing against **you** as everyone followed the singer’s gaze. Your fate clearly sealed, **surprisingly strong hands pushed you** — *albeit gently* — *towards the stage and the singer who couldn’t contain his oddly giddy excitement...*

*“And what’s **your** name, **love~?**”* he breathed, bending over so he was forced to look **up** at you so he could hide just how tall he actually was *and the fact that his knees had gone weak for a second.*

Standing right next to him, you realized the ‘roo might’ve actually been a whole head taller than you were, so the strange show he was making of pretending to be shorter, or— *cuter...?*

There was an odd kind of vertigo that came with thinking about the tall and willowy and almost **vampiric-looking** rock god (according to your friend, anyway) as **submissive and breedable**, but your cock had connected the dots long before your brain did, *and there were no brakes on that particular train...*

Trying your best to hide your rapidly growing stiffy, *and hoping answering his question would make for **some** kind of distraction* — *not that you really had a reason **not** to tell him your name* — you awkwardly rubbed the side of one arm and just *told him...*

*“**Anon~♥!**”* he quite literally *moaned* before repeating the name a dozen or so times as if he were making up a song on the spot. *“Do you think you could help me put on a **very** special performance, **Anon~♥?**”*

His eyes were full of an odd kind of childish hope and whimsy even as his voice dripped with notes of **ball-draining, hair-pulling, ass-spanking, spit-in-my-mouth-and-call-me-your-slut bareback sex...** *It was quite the rollercoaster for you and your now throbbing erection.*

A chant had broken out in the crowd, hyped up by the singer as he encouraged the other anthros present to join in and convince you of whatever it was he had in mind, *and as much as you wanted to refuse and blame everyone else for pressuring you as they clapped along while chanting your name*, there was **something** about the way the red-haired ‘roo moved his entire body that told you to agree.

*That **commanded** you to agree...*

*“**Marvelous~!**”* he announced to the crowd while winking at you and blowing a kiss your way after you nodded all of an *inch*. *“It won’t be **too** hard,”* he whispered before looking down at your twitching cock barely hidden by your shirt and tented pants and

changing his tune entirely. “...Or maybe it **will~!** You’re gonna be a **star**, Anon...! I **guarantee it~♥**”

Before you could even ask what he wanted you to do, the ‘roo had directed the band you hadn’t noticed until just now to start playing, singing a few lines and backing his **fffffffffffffff—!**

**His unbe-fucking-lievably soft ass right into your crotch!**

“Just do what comes naturally~” the giant sub (probably) whispered your way after covering the microphone before continuing to sing normally even as his tail wrapped itself around your waist and pulled both of your pants down.

What came naturally, huh...? You’d make the punk rocker regret saying that (probably not) as you wrapped your hands around his waist and lined yourself up with— Wait, how were you supposed to...?

Sensing your hesitation, the singer signalled for either the drummer or the guitarist to start their solo — *it really didn’t matter who* — so he could spin around, drop to his knees, and **viciously throat your cock.**

He went from tip to base in under a second flat, and that piercing you’d been eyeing earlier only sealed the deal. Your eyes were already in the back of your head when his lips kissed your body and you were **milliseconds** away from—

“H-Hold it in, I-lovely~♥” the performer exhaled as he snorted his next breath off the length of your cock and then went back to work **lubing you up**, you realized.

Which meant— **Oh wow... Looked like tonight was going to be a first for you in a lot of ways!**

With your hands already wrapped around the massive, twitching, pierced ears directing your cock like you were parking a jumbo jet, you eased up so you wouldn’t blow your load too early and distracted yourself with combing your fingers through the honestly *ridiculously* soft and luxurious hair you couldn’t help but want to feel around your dick, *if not just cum on*, but that would probably have to wait for another day.

*Or another night...*

Bobbing his head to the beat, the maestro himself seemed to be counting himself back in as he brought the dueling solos to an end and resumed singing, freeing your now spit-slicked cock and hiking his powerful tail for you to slide between his—

**You didn’t need to be told twice.**

Bottoming out in the exhibitionist’s tight ass in one thrust, his glass-cracking falsetto really **was** music to your — *and everyone else’s* — ears as he turned each and

every moan into such beautiful, haunting music that you almost **never** wanted to cum just so you could listen to him longer.

*Except not really...*

Hunched over with one hand on a knee and the other tightly wrapped around his mic, you were given the perfect opportunity to walk your fingers up and down your partner's back and even pull (lightly) on his hair to get him standing again so you could wrap one hand around his neck and the other around **his** cock.

**...Yep, he was in a metal band alright!**

The ear-piercing scream he let out as you pumped his (honestly) massive cock in time with your thrusts left you a little dazed, but luckily, his tail was still on the job, wrapping itself around your hips to keep you from pulling out completely while still letting you control the pace and thrust as you liked.

**"I love my Pink Skinned Dadddyyyyyyyyyyy~!"** he trilled as you jerked what felt like a never-ending load out of him.

You actually had to hold him up — *not that either of you minded* — as he drained his packed nuts all over the smiling faces of the front row as he shot thick, gleaming ropes that caught the lights and lasers just right and shimmered like white diamonds.

As he whimpered disappointed that he'd cum before you had, you had both the monumentally brilliant **and** stupid idea to take the mic from him before he dropped it, bite into his shoulder hard enough to draw blood, **and** press that same open mic against his stomach as you battered his twitching, throbbing prostate with rapidfire thrusts before **cumming**.

**LOUDLY.**

You maybe should've gone for the beating of his excited heart to capture the deep, dull **lub-dubs** in his chest, but instead you got the loudest, messiest **spluuuuuuuuuuurt** you'd ever heard as you pumped everything you had inside the gothic **bitch** milking your cock with everything he had left.

*His orgasmic scream was loud enough that he didn't even need the mic at that point, and after the front row got a **second** glazing, you noticed every other anthro in the place either pairing up for a quick fuck, or going solo as they pawed themselves off while (definitely) thinking of a human daddy of their own.*

The drums, the guitar, and the bass fell silent as you thoroughly creampieped your new **boifriend's** asshole, and once the dust had settled and the only thing you could hear was the shuffling of paws beating dicks, you did the only thing that came to mind.

*You held the mic to your mouth and growled out: **"Good boy!"***

...And that's how you gave yourself tinnitus as the place pretty much exploded, nearby neighbours **literally** phoning in a bomb going off nearby as every anthro in the place screamed in synchronized orgasm.

. . . .

**“Encore, encore, encore!”** the feverish crowd continued to chant as you dragged your unconscious— well, *maybe he really was your boyfriend now...*

After you dragged your unconscious **boyfriend** ‘backstage’ — *which was really just behind a curtain that may as well have been solid steel with the way everyone present honoured and respected the sanctity it implied* — you ran your fingers through his hair and rubbed the side of his face gently to rouse him back to the land of the living.

*“You’re— You’re really real~♥”* the hard-fronting frontman whispered as tears began to pool in his eyes and he fought back choking sobs, clearly overtaken with emotion after seeing you’d stuck around long enough for him to *wake up*.

*You couldn’t help but smile and tear up right back at him with how **sad** you knew a life like that must have been on the guy... Rock, punk, goth, or not, **no one** deserved to be treated like a sex object!*

**...Which is why he was taking you out on a real date first thing tomorrow!**

*“Anything you want, sir~♪”* he sing-songed at you dreamily before closing his eyes, holding onto your arm, and falling back asleep.

*Poor guy. Must’ve taken an awful lot out of him to—*

Suddenly, you **REALLY** hoped no one had brought their cell phone with them...! As much as you wanted the band you’d only just heard of that night to be successful, you didn’t want videos of—

**You know what? Fuck it... Better to burn out than fade away anyhow...**