

More than Friends

“Do you really want to go to Jenny’s party?” Ari asked, his thick Boston accent being skewed by his Spanish speaking parents. “It’s a packin’ party, ya know. She just wants us to help her move her shit.”

“Fuck yeah I want to go!” Chance shouted from a few paces down the sidewalk. “Jenny is the shit! And don’t you want to help her down her open bottles of alcohol? The new place she’s movin’ to doesn’t have a bar, so the invite said we get to drink while we pack.”

“Well, then why are you draggin’ me there,” Ari complained, his hands shoved deep into his jacket pockets.

“Because they knew I’m the only one who could convince ya,” Chance was balancing on the curb as they walked down the sidewalk, his large shoes basically eclipsing the entirety of the curb and then some. “Because you’re the biggest guy in the friend group and someone’s got to do the heavy liftin’. What do you weigh? Two fifty? And you’re taller than me and I’m six two.”

“I’m six foot three and I’m two forty,” Ari couldn’t resist the temptation to boast about his real size and stats, and Chance knew it. “Wait, so you brought me there just ‘cuz you don’t wanna lift nothin’ too heavy?”

“Nooooooo, of course not,” Chance gave a dazzling white smile, his square jaw covered in dark stubble. The guy shaved that morning, but he just couldn’t stop his shadow from coming in so quick.

“Your Jersey Boy good looks ain’t gettin’ you out of this one, Chancy Boy.” Ari scowled at his friend. “I ain’t one of your twink grinder lays. Your Henry Cavil impression ain’t gunna smooth things over with me.”

“Come on bro,” Chance turned to walk backwards while talking with his friend. His white v-neck showing off his thick chest hair and the cleavage that came with it. He really did look a lot like a husky Henry, but the gleam in his dark eyes and that mischievously crooked grin belied who was really behind that chiseled, rugged face. “You gunna be a gay basher right here?”

Ari blushed, though it wasn't that noticeable with his tanned tawny skin. Chance noticed though. He always had a way of getting Ari's goat.

“D-Dude, I'm Bi!” Ari's husky voice broke in his frustration. “I've pounded more pussy *AND* ass than you ever will.”

“Not all men have dicks,” Chance put his fingers to his lips, his tongue flicking between the V they made. “Don't have to be Bi to pound pussy, ya pussy.”

“And you don't have to be gay to eat ass,” Ari rolled his eyes, finally catching on to what Chance was doing. He decided to just let it go. “Seriously though Chance, why are ya draggin' me to this thing?”

“Because, if I don't, who the fuck could?” Chance shot back. “You reply to everything with a 'maybe' even though we all know you ain't got shit goin' on, and don't act like you don't love it. You need someone to pull you into the friend group, you big marshmallow.”

“Sh-Shut up,” Ari scratched the back of his head, his normally shaved head was now covered in tight curls. He hadn't shaved his fro in a while and it was starting to develop a decent thickness.

“Yeah, I know you,” Chance smirked and turned on his heels. “Getting you to do anything is like pulling teeth, but I know you like to come if I'm there.”

“Yeah, cuz if I don't, you'll just keep pushing my buttons until I do,” Ari complained.

“Oh, I'll show you a button you can push,” Chance stuck his tongue out through his grin.

“Very funny,” Ari rolled his eyes, but continued on with his friend. Ari was like a giant shadow that loomed behind Chance, the brilliant ray of sunshine that he was.

The two had always been like this, even when they were growing up. They knew far more about each other than they would like to admit. It was like Chance just showed up in Ari’s life to brighten it up. Ari had always been a loner kid, and hell, well into his late twenties he was still that way, but Chance always found a way to grab the hermit from his cave and take him kicking and screaming to every party and function he could find. From the Bacon and Beer festivals to block parties the two could always be seen with each other. If Ari was sulking in a corner, it’s because Chance went to mingle and bring some friends back to force Ari out of his shell. Not that Ari was a wet blanket or anything. Pour a couple fingers of whisky and the big lug became the life of the party.

The two continued to shoot-the-shit as they swaggered their way to Jenny’s apartment. Jenny was one of Ari’s exes and a longtime friend of the two. They broke up amicably because she wanted to go to art school and Ari...well...he didn’t. It was simple as that. Ari never really understood why Chance didn’t try to get him to go with Jenny, but instead convinced him that it was for the best the two go their separate ways. Ari thought his best friend just didn’t want to lose him, but Ari also didn’t want to pack up and move either.

It was really for the best. She made it two years in, dropped out, and now made her rent by doing commission work for murals around the city. Half of this packing party was to clear her old apartment so she could paint over the walls she put murals on.

“Ready?” Chance asked as they reached the door.

“Yeah,” Ari sighed.

Chance nodded and pressed the floor button.

“Who is it?” Jenny’s singsong voice crackled across the speaker.

“Bitch! It’s the heavy lifters you requested!” Chance spoke back into the mic.

“Fuck yes, you got Ari to come?! Hells yeah!” The rest of what Jenny said was lost as the security door buzzed them in. Ari just sighed and followed Chance.

The two took the stairs as the elevator was busted and quickly made it to the top floor.

“You didn’t say she lived on the top floor,” Ari groaned.

“Oh, quit your griping. We’ll have booze, friends, and food. What more could you want.”

“Man, I could have done that all from home,” Ari rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, but not with friends,” Chance shot back. Without another word he knocked on the door.

The sound of shuffling feet and clattering pans came from the apartment before the door swung open. A black leopard opened the door, her thick braids rolling down her back in various colors. She wore some gold running shoes, booty shorts and a tank top that hung loosely on her form.

“Chance! I’m so glad you could make it,” Jenny flung her arms around Chance and hugged him close. “Oh, Ari, don’t be such a statue, get in on this.”

Ari sighed, a shallow smile breaking through his usually stoic face. He wrapped his arms around both Chance and Jenny, lifting them both up in a bear hug.

“Did someone order some grade A, USA muscle?” Ari asked as Jenny squealed in delight and Chance chuckled. Ari let the two down gently, showing his masterful control of his strength.

“I’m so glad you could make it. Half the people bailed, but Regina and Nicki could make it. They’re packing up the kitchen, I really need you two in the bedroom though.” Jenny gave a little wink.

“What, no catching up?” Chance gave a little jab at their leopard friend.

“I only got the U-Haul until ten and I got shit to haul!” Jenny guided the two big men through the apartment, the halls almost too narrow for Ari to make his way through. They managed, though they did trip over a few boxes and slipped on some newspaper Jenny had strewn about for packing.

“Here,” Jenny said opening the door to her boudoir. “I need, need, NEED you two to take care of the mattress while the ladies and I pack up the small stuff.”

“We were promised food and drinks,” Chance smirked.

“Of course,” Jenny gestured over to her nightstand where a half empty bottle of whisky sat next to a couple of mismatched glasses. “Whisky for my heavy lifters. I know what the men in my life like.” Jenny then spun on her heels. “Alright, I’m going back to the kitchen, the U-Haul is out back, and Ari...”

“Y-Yeah?” Ari looked down at the black leopard.

“I really appreciate you coming,” she purred, her tail flicking Ari’s thigh as she passed them and went back to the kitchen. “If you want to drink before you start hauling, the ladies and I will clear a path from the bedroom to the door.”

“Don’t mind if I do,” Chance was already pouring their drinks. Ari just shook off the feeling of Jenny’s fake flirting and went into join Chance. The bed wasn’t very large. It was a full, so larger than a twin, but not as bulky as a queen. It wasn’t the mattress that was the problem, it was the solid oak frame.

Chance just sat on the bed, the mattress stripped of its sheets and shoved in a garbage bag off to the side. Ari came by and sat next to him as he offered Ari his drink.

“Cheers to heavy lifting?” Chance offered a weak smile with his halfhearted toast.

“To being bossed around by my ex again,” Ari smirked and clinked their glasses together. They took a sip and they both shuddered. It was room temp and burned like hell. The two gave each other a sour look before knocking back the whisky.

“Fuck, that shit ain’t for sipping,” Chance smacked his lips together as he blinked away the tears from the burn.

“Hey Jenny,” Ari shouted. “You got any ice?”

“I packed the ice trays already and the girls got here first and used up what was left.” Jenny shouted back. “Should have been here earlier. Now we’re all drinking it neat tonight!”

“Fuck you bitch,” Ari shouted with a cocky grin.

“Fuck you skank,” Jenny yelled back playfully.

“How about we knock back one more,” Chance suggested. “Just so we can get a buzz going before we have to really haul shit.”

“Fill ‘er up Jersey Boy,” Ari offered his glass and Chance took it, his soft fingers brushing against Ari’s gruff ones, Chance’s lotion smelling of sandalwood and cedar.

“You got it, Mr. Sanz,” Chance chuckled and poured another drink for the two.

“Who?” Ari’s brow furrowed.

“You don’t know who Alejandro Sanz is?” Chance shook his head. “Won the Latin Grammy for album of the year three times? We got to get you out of your Euro-Centric bubble.”

“Just give me my drink,” Ari punched Chance in the shoulder playfully. Chance just handed over the drink.

“What should we toast to this time?” Chance asked.

“How about, getting me out of my bubble,” Ari smirked and clinked his glass against Chance.

“To bursting your bubble it is,” Chance knocked back his drink and Ari did the same.

“Now, let’s get to work,” Ari clapped his hands together. “The sooner we get this shit done, the quicker we can make a proper drink.”

“Hooooo yeah!” Chance breathed his words out through the burn of his shot. “Let’s do this!”

The packing party finished up just in time for Jenny to get the U-Haul back to the lot. The ladies were at the new apartment and unpacking essentials while Ari and Chance had gone back to the old apartment to clear out some of the recycling and polish off some of the stuff from the bar. They decided to take some of the drinks to the roof to enjoy the cool night air.

“Oh fuck, I’m going to feel that shit in the morning,” Ari complained as he stretched, a bottle of cider in one hand and a light beer in the other.

“At least it was only one floor up at the other place,” Chance smiled as he leaned on the stone lip of the roof, a hard seltzer drink in hand.

“Still, it kind of sucked. That stairway was so fucking narrow. Hope Jenny doesn’t mind that we gouged that one wall.”

“She paint’s murals for a living. I’m sure she’ll patch it up and paint over it before anyone really notices,” Chance waived off Ari’s concern. “Besides, that tight corner was a fucking bitch. It can deal having a couple cracks in it.”

“For real though,” Ari downed one of his drinks and tossed the empty bottle into one of the bags they brought to the roof. “There’s still some cold pizza downstairs if you want some. Anything you want in particular?”

“Nah, I’m good,” Chance took a swig of his drink, his lips the softest shade of pink that glistened with the remanence of his drink.

“You got a little something there,” Ari moved his hand over to brush Chance’s lip. His thumb tenderly pressed against those lips, Chance’s hot breath rolling out between them as Ari gave a quick little brush. Ari was going to say something, when he realized what he just did.

“Oh fuck dude,” Ari blushed so hard that even his dark skin showed a bit of color. “I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“Ari, it’s okay,” Chance smiled and looked down, the lights glittering off his eyes from the street below flickered through the fanning of his lashes. “It’s...it’s okay.”

“No, dude, that was way gayer than I wanted it to be,” Ari blushed harder.

“Well, how gay did you want it to be?” Chance turned and leaned on the brick railing with a sly grin and chuckle.

“No, that’s not...I mean...fuck,” Ari turned and took a big swig of his beer and grew very quiet.

“Ari...It’s okay,” Chance smiled. “You didn’t mean anything by it.”

“No...I mean...it was...”

“Honestly, it was more than okay,” Chance took a swig of his drink and inched closer to Ari, his hip brushing against his friend’s. “It was kind of hot.”

“Oh god, don’t tease me like this,” Ari kept drinking his beer until he realized it was empty.

“I’m not teasing,” Chance smirked. Ari just gave him a cross look that was mixed with his burning embarrassment. “Okay, maybe I’m teasing a little, but for real though Ari...I don’t find too many other guys that are as big and hot as you. I’m verse and it’s so hard to find a good top. I’m not saying we should do anything...but...could you do that one more time for me?”

“Chance, I don’t know...” Ari thought his heart was going to beat out of his chest.

“Come on, as thanks for the pizza I bought,” Chance smiled.

“We all pitched in for the pizza,” Ari’s brow furrowed.

“Some of it was mine then, so I got some pizza,” Chance continued to prod. “Just...do it one more time. For me.”

Chance didn’t wait for an answer; he simply took a very slow drink. Chance’s Adam’s apple slowly rose and fell, showing off his thick stubble. Those luxurious swallows slowed time for Ari. It was like the languid gulps were pushing against time itself to slow that moment down. A single trickle of that drink rolled past Chance’s lips and down his chin, the droplet weaving through the stubble before dripping down onto his chest and vanishing into Chance’s thick chest hair.

“Okay,” Chance finally stopped drinking and looked back at Ari.

Ari was frozen as he looked at those wet lips. They were so soft and gentle, lightly parted, a droplet of that drink fluttered on his lip in the wake of his warm breath. Ari just gulped and moved his hand up to cup Chance’s chin. That square jaw could cut diamonds with how sharp it was. The light scratch of that stubble played on Ari’s fingers. Ari hesitated, his hand stopping to admire that chin and the five-o’clock shadow. The big guy blinked before continuing to fully cup his friend’s chin, Chance’s

eyes closing to enjoy the moment. Ari's thumb brushed that lip, his finger tracing slowly against that soft pink petal. Chance's breath rolled around that thumb, and the gentlest pursing of those lips made the shallowest kiss against that fingerprint.

Then it was over. Ari retracted his hand and the flow of time resumed as a cold chill ran across them. That wind picked up Chance's smell, his sandalwood and cedar wafting on the wind and filling Ari's lungs.

"Chance...I...you got the softest...I mean-"

"Hey, Ari," Chance's eyes fluttered open. "Don't sweat it-"

"Can I kiss you?" Ari asked abruptly. Chance was taken off guard, his eyes going wide. Ari was a statue, he refused to move as though any other action other than total stillness would cause the entire building to collapse.

"Are you sure...I...yes," Chance didn't think this moment would ever happen. He half thought that Ari would never come onto him with how he was, but he never wanted to push him away or lose what they had.

"I'm...I'm sure, yeah..." Ari stumbled over his words as he turned to face Chance. Ari didn't know exactly how to do this, not like he hadn't made out with guys before, but this was Chance. Super sexy Chance who could turn men to puddles and creepers to stone. He was suave sunshine and Ari felt like he was always the shadow to that bright light, that if he somehow stuck around him long enough that he would become like him. But now...now no longer in the shade, but in the blazing light of his sights, it was intimidation incarnate. Ari felt fear, like he was skinned and those eyes were burning him from the inside out. A snail without his shell is just a slug bleeding out, but this was so much more intense.

“Ari, if you don’t want to, I understand,” Chance smiled, a shy smile coming up on his face. Ari’s heart fluttered with fear, like he just noticed his only window was closing from a burning building.

“No,” Ari blurted out before recovering himself. “It’s just that...you’re so hot and I’ve never been on this end of you and...well...” Ari moved his massive mitt of a hand over to Chance’s face, that stubble brushing his fingertips once more before he slid his fingers into position in Chance’s dark wavy hair, cradling his head. “I just want to be sure...I do it right...you...you deserve it to be right...”

“Well...I’m sure any way you do it will...” Chance smiled, that dazzling smile made stars look like cheap rhinestones on a pig. “I’m sure it’ll be amazing.” Chace gently leaned his cheek into Ari’s hand, his powerful jaw brushing that palm, his high cheek bones warm and flushed pink with liquid courage.

“Okay...here it goes...” Ari chuckled and slid his other hand down Chace’s back, pulling them together, their bellies pressing against one another, the healthy layer of fat over their abs felt cold before they built heat between them. Ari closed in and Chance closed his eyes. Ari kept his eyes half open as he closed in. He wanted to see this for as long as he could. Ari could smell Chance’s breath, warm and coated in a sweet sugary smell from his drink. Then their lips brushed, Ari’s lips were much larger than Chance’s, but the motion made Chance’s lips feel like the largest thing in the world.

“Ari...we don’t have to if...” The rest of Chance’s words were lost as Ari pressed his lips against his.

Ari’s heart raced, each beat causing the nerves in his chest and face to tingle and pop. The only thing he could describe it was...

“Fireworks,” Ari and Chance said at the same time, their breath mingling. It was a brief moment, it couldn’t have been more than a couple seconds, but an eternity existed in that one moment.

The two smiled, their teeth lightly brushing against one another. Ari gently ran his fingers through Chance's hair, his meaty digits so soft and tender despite the roughness of his callouses. Chance lifted his hands, one instinctively going to Ari's back and his other hand went into Ari's afro, his fingers curling into that hair. Normally Ari would punch him for touching his hair, but for some reason, the fingers brushing up the back of his neck and onto his head were like warm butterfly kisses that sent a dazzling ripple over his spine.

"Ari," Chance breathed Ari's name.

"Chance?" Ari asked permission and Chance pushed his lips against Ari's again.

Boom! Sparklers!

This time they didn't break away. Ari's thick lips pressed against and tenderly brushed against the soft petals that were Chance's. Their kissing got deeper, Ari pulling Chance closer, his fingers tenderly stroking Chance's scalp while Chance gave soft little humming whimpers into that kiss. Ari's hand guided Chance closer by the small of his back, their bodies pressing together as their pecs and nipples found each other.

Chance was on fire, his skin a tingling storm of sensations and unleashed, repressed emotions. Chance never thought he wanted to be anything more with Ari. Maybe friends with benefits crossed his mind, but this kiss...it was so much more intense than he thought. He wanted more and parted his lips. Ari kept his lips pressed against him, but soon they shakily opened and their tongues met. It was a delightful trap they both fell for. Their tongues danced, Ari's much larger tongue sinking deep into Chance to taste him further.

Chance could taste the malt and hops on Ari's breath and Ari could taste the hint of fruit and vodka on Chance's. Ari's natural musk and light sweat filled Chance's lungs as they both breathed each

other in between kisses. Ari got another hit of that sandalwood and cedar that was mixed with Chance's light sweat. It was like the smell of earth and freshly chopped wood.

Sweet, languid, wet smacking echoed on that rooftop as the two continued to explore the one thing neither knew about the other. Their taste, their feel, their touch, their smell, it all was like living in a lightshow that kept evolving and growing with each passing moment. Chance bit on Ari's lip making the larger man smile, his lip furling out of that bite slowly until their smiles met one another, their noses brushing. They fell back into the moment, their hands exploring each other in ways they had only let their eyes do before.

Ari broke away to leave a trail of kisses along Chance's jaw and then to press his warm lips against a vein.

"Ari, ah fuck..." Chance sighed, his neck tingling against that kiss. It made goosebumps roll down his arms and back. Ari kissed and nibbled that sensitive vein, the flavor of sweat and cologne tinged his tongue. A salty bitter mix that kept his smell on Ari's lips as he left little love marks.

The thought of hickeys did cross Chance's mind and he thought about telling Ari, but that was a fleeting thought as that warm tongue lulled across his most sensitive spots. Chance threaded his fingers through Ari's hair and gently pulled him closer, a light pressure, an invitation to take more. Chance had heard Ari talk about how he liked to mark his bitches with hickeys. Given, he didn't do it unless they agreed, but he loved putting his mark on his conquests to prove he was there. Chance wanted to be marked, to have Ari take him.

Ari obliged.

The sweet kisses became a little more aggressive, tongue lulling over sensitive veins and tendons. The blooming hum of music played on Chance's neck, that sweet tongue like the bow of a

violin and his nerves the strings, those lips like plucking fingers of staccato pleasure that reverberated over his entire body.

Chance's hand rolled down Ari's chest, those powerful pecs shifting beneath his tawny skin. The softness continuing onto the light gut as he moved on, his hand brushed Ari's belt and Chance felt Ari's teeth sink into his neck. It was a little bite, nothing hard, but enough to make Chance feel lightheaded as Ari held a tender nip while flicking his tongue over that sensitive spot. Chance' moaned, deep and manly yet still soft and smooth. Ari sucked a little harder, a light sting on his neck causing Chance to hiss air in through his teeth.

Ari immediately broke the kiss and attempted to look up at Chance for approval when he gave a light whimper and gripped Ari's neck, an invitation and acceptance of apology all in one. Ari breathed heavy, his hot breath cooling the wet mark he left on Chance. The flesh was a bright pink, darker splotches made a distinct pattern of his teeth where he had nipped him. Ari leaned in slowly, his lips like fire against that wet mark as he tenderly kissed it as though he could heal the mark with his lips alone. Not that he didn't want to take it back, but that he felt so intensely about Chance that he didn't want to hurt him, but that pleading hand on the back of Ari's neck alerted him to a greater need than unblemished skin.

Ari opened his mouth and flicked the tip of his tongue over Chance's neck, that movement sending flutters through the man's heart. Chance gave a light whine as his free hand finally landed on his destination. It was thick, it was warm, and most of all it was heavy. Chances hand rolled over the bulge in Chance's jeans, that thick dick was an object of envy for Chance for the longest time, right now though, all he wanted to do was make Ari see stars.

"Ari..." Chance started. Ari immediately stopped kissing his neck, his lips breaking away with a wet smack.

“Chance?”

“Lose the pants,” Chance ordered, his own dick a throbbing wet mess in his jeans.

“A-Are you sure?”

“Don’t make me ask again,” Chance huffed out.

Ari gulped. He’d never seen this side of Chance before. He was so assertive yet comforting. Ari pulled away from Chance, a cold chill rolling between them as the sweat and heat from each other had faded.

“O-Okay...” Ari gripped his belt and undid it, popping his button and going for the zipper. That’s as far as he got when Chance took over. The man went down to his knees, his hands unzipping Ari’s pants before hooking his fingers into Ari’s underwear. With a hungry yank, he pulled them down as Ari’s cock flopped forward. It had a light musk to it, Ari had showered that morning so it wasn’t overpowering. It was the smell of a hard day’s work, emphasis on *hard*. That thick cock was throbbing, the tawny foreskin pulled back around a bright pink tip that was dripping with need.

“Oh fuck Ari,” Chance looked up at him. Ari looked down and met eyes with the sexiest man he knew, those dark eyes, that wavy hair, that stubble chin and powerful jaw. Ari’s cock throbbed, a dribble of pre oozing down his shaft. Chance’s hands came to that shaft, the hot thing hard as iron. It throbbed in his hand, a beast ready to spit fire as he gently stroked it, the foreskin rolling up and over that pink head before peeling back to reveal the slick mess he was making. That glistening pink tip came into view and Chance sighed.

“I might be a little out of practice...but I’ve always wanted to take this dick of yours Ari.” With that Chance cupped the duo of thick nuts the size of kiwis while gripping the base of that member,

peeling the foreskin back. He opened his mouth and kept eye contact with Ari as he slowly slid that shaft down into his mouth. He managed to take a little over half of it before it hit the back of his throat.

“Holy shit Chance...” Ari breathed as his dick was surrounded by warm wanting flesh. Chance started to rock on his heels while looking up at Ari, his hand gently stroking the base of that dick while cupping and lightly brushing his fingers against Ari’s balls. Chance gave a low moan before sucking down more of that cock, his throat opening up as he started to swallow more of that shaft. Chance had to close his eyes as he started to fuck his own face on Ari’s dick.

“Chance, what if someone comes up, the roof is...oh fuck...public...holy shit,” Ari braced himself against the brick edge of the roof, his cock being swallowed further and further. Chance dove down, his soft lips slurping on that shaft and making it slick as he pulled back, only to go back down and bury his nose in those musky pubes, the light dampness of sweat slicking his nose as his stubble itched Ari’s nuts in the most tantalizing way.

“Chance...holy shit...I’m not gunna last long if you...oh fuck...I’m getting close,” Ari breathed his words out as Chance continued to deep throat that cock. Those throat muscles gripping and dragging that foreskin back only to have it slide over that shaft again. Chance took his hand from the bottom of the shaft and rode it up Ari’s powerful stomach and chest. Ari gripped Chance’s hand as he did so.

“OH fuck...so fucking close...shit!” Ari was bucking his hips in time with Chance’s strokes. Chance laced his fingers with Ari’s before pulling his hand down and putting it on the back of his head. Ari got the idea and gripped a fist full of that Jersey Boy’s hair and thrust, wet schlorking and slurping filling the air as Ari rocketed to his climax.

“Oh fuck, here it comes!” Ari thrust, his cock digging deep into Chance’s throat and throbbed. That thick head shooting hot jet after jet into Chance’s throat. Chance had undone his pants with his

free hand and was stroking like mad while he got lightheaded from his throat being clogged by the hottest cock he had ever seen. He shot his load, Chance's cock a seven inch rod with rosy tip that splattered its essence over Ari's shoes.

Ari let go of Chance's head and he pulled off right away for air. Chance gasped, thick strands of spit and throat snot connecting that dick with his mouth. He whipped it away as Ari pulled him up for another kiss. The two making out with their cocks against each other and their pants around their ankles.

They were both hard again in seconds.

"Fuck Chance," Air groaned. "That was the best head I've ever had."

"I thought Jenny was the best head," Chance smirked into their kiss.

"Nah, that bitch ain't got shit on you. Fuck, you are the luxury deluxe Dyson of cock suckers. Holy shit, I still see stars."

"Such high praise, come on," Chance pulled his pants up. "I need something to wash my mouth out and there's more drinks downstairs."

"So...so that's it?" Ari asked.

"Fuck no," Chance smiled. "I just refuse to act different after sucking a guy's dick. So you comin' or what?"

"Y-Yeah," Ari smiled, the words huffing out of his crooked, goofy grin.

"So...are we together or something?" Ari asked.

“Look who’s trying to bag this dime now,” Chance smiled and handed him another drink and sat with him on the floor of the empty apartment. “But...yeah I think I’d be okay with that if you’d like.”

“Are...are you sure?” Ari accepted the drink.

“Yeah, yeah, I think I am,” Chance nodded in his conviction. “I say that we can make that concert tomorrow our first date. You know, the tickets we won months ago?”

“Fuck yeah I’m ready for that, but...did you want to make that a date?”

“You won the tickets and thought of me immediately,” Chance smiled. “I think we can take things to the next level then. I’m not one who fucks on the first date.”

“You literally just sucked my dick,” Ari smiled.

“Well, then maybe we can call this our first date, and we can tear into these if tomorrow goes well.” Chance pulled out a duo of condoms from his pocket. “They’re some special furry condom that fell behind Jenny’s nightstand. They haven’t expired so they’re still good and it looks like they have some cool stimulants in them.”

“What, ribbed for her pleasure?” Ari smirked.

“I don’t know, the warning label says something about mood swings and loss of inhibitions, but I can’t tell if the warning is a joke or not.”

“It’s just a condom, I wouldn’t worry about it,” Ari rolled his eyes.

Chance just blushed and gave his cocky little smile.

“What?” Ari asked.

“Oh...I guess...I just never expected us to ever really do something like this, ya know?”

“You think too much, Jersey Boy,” Ari smiled. “Tomorrow is going to be a great night, and I’m going to show you what kind of gentleman I can be.”

“Yeah,” Chance smirked and rubbed the very visible bruise on his neck. “I think you take the ‘gentle’ out of the man.”

“Damn right I do,” Ari chuckled. The big guy was ridding the high of finding his best friend as a potential lover and having gotten his dick sucked. “But seriously Chance. I can treat ya better than some two-bit whore.”

“Oh? Really?” Chance turned and put his feet in Ari’s lap. “How so?”

“I...um...” Ari was speechless, his face a burning red.

“Oh? Cat got your tongue?” Chance smiled flexing his toes. Chance had removed his shoes and socks to cool off once they got into the apartment. He had thick and powerful toes, a light dusting of hair going up the top and rolling onto his leg. “I know how much you like girl’s feet, but does it translate to men.”

“I...,” Ari’s face grew several shades of red.

“Well, maybe tomorrow I’ll get to see that gentlemanly side of you,” Chance retracted his legs. “And you can get on your hands and knees for me next time.”

“One of the bad things of dating your best friend I guess...” Ari muttered as he took a swig of his drink.

“What’s that?” Ari cocked a brow.

“You know all the shit I do in bed already.”

“Yeah, I do.” Chance leaned in and kissed Ari’s ear. “I know how big a simp you are for feet. You might be a top, but you’re a total bottom slut if a powerful heel is involved.”

“Stop making me horny or I’ll gag you again,” Ari shrugged Chance off his shoulder.

“Oh, big daddy’s got claws, meow,” Chance practically purred. There was a brief moment of silence as they both drank.

“So tomorrow then?” Ari asked.

“It’s a date,” Chance lifted his drink and the two clinked them together.

Ari practically broke down the door to his apartment as he brought Chance in by the hand. The two kissing like drowning men grasping for air. Chance kicked the door closed and started kicking off his shoes.

“Fuck Ari,” Chance growled, biting his lip. “When you punched that guy I wanted to hop you right then and there.” Chance raked his fingers over Ari’s shirt. The shirt was merch that he got at the concert; the heavy metal band completely lost in the slashing lines and splattered paint of the design.

“I wasn’t going to let that dude ruin my man’s night,” Ari growled out between kisses.

“Fuck Ari,” Chance shivered. “You knocked him out with one punch. My big strong man, huh?”

“Damn right, Jersey Boy,” Ari gripped Chance’s muscled ass and forced him to become flush with his body. Their raging cocks throbbing against one another in their pants as their lips smacked and tongues lashed at each other.

“When that guy threw that drink at you, all I saw was red.” Ari admitted as he put his fingers under the hem of Chance’s band shirt. Ari got Chance the same shirt at the concert. He wanted them to match and enjoy their time. Suffice to say they had a blast.

“I was going to let it go, but when that guy didn’t, and you fucking knocked him out,” Chance shivered. “Ari, I want you to fuck me so hard tonight.”

“I’ll fuck you into next fucking week,” Ari growled into Chance’s lips as they continued to grip and grapple clothing to tear it off each other. They were left in nothing but their pants, their throbbing bulges showing their need for one another. “But first, you promised me something the other night.”

“Oh?” Chance smiled and brushed his foot on top of Ari’s, his toes a bright pink from the alcohol. “Did you want me to make you whimper for this ass? Maybe pin you down with these toes?”

“Fuuuuuck yes,” Ari growled and bit down on Chance’s neck, kissing and licking over the mark he had left from the night before.

“Oh fuck,” Chance groaned, panting as he was pinned against the wall, that tongue lulling over his sweet and sensitive mark. A delicious mixture of aching pain and tingling pleasure raced through Chance’s neck as Ari started to undo his date’s pants. Chance’s dick flopped out, the pink head a slick mess from his own need. Ari continued to kiss and mark that neck while he stroked that dick.

“Fuck Ari, holy shit, Oh fuck!” Chance panted, his body ablaze with a carnal need.

Ari broke his mouth away from his date’s neck and smirked. He brought one of his hands up to run it through Chance’s thick chest hair. That black forest was thick and silky. Ari’s fingers rolled through the fuzz on his powerful belly, a strong brick wall behind a thin layer of fat, and then brought it up between those pecs. Those thick meaty man pillows were so enticing. Ari moved a hand to grip that pec, the nipple like a shallow castle surrounded by forests of hair.

“Second base already you slut?” Ari joked and stroked that cock while he rubbed that nipple between his knuckles and copped a feel with his hand.

“Fuck off you ass,” Chance groaned as his nip was tweaked.

“No clever comeback this time?” Ari smiled.

“I thought you wanted to be my big foot slut.” Chance panted.

“What do you think I’m vying for right now?” Ari smiled and pressed his lips against Chance’s before slowly sliding down, leaving a trail of kisses down that neck and then between those pecs. The smell of sweat and Chance’s cologne filled his nostrils as he took a shallow breath. That thick, wavy chest hair brushed over Ari’s chin, a thin layer of sweat making it glisten from their time in the mosh pit. Ari took a quick detour to the other pec and wrapped his lips around it, his teeth gripping that nip and his tongue flicking over it until he felt that cock throb and ooze around his fingers.

Chance’s fingers came up and threaded through Ari’s hair, gripping it and forcing him to stay on that nipple for a moment.

“I thought you wanted to make me your big foot bitch,” Ari chuckled and Chance just shoved him harder against that hairy pec.

“Shut up,” Chance forced Ari’s smart mouth onto his pec, that nipple being greeted with an angry tongue. That tongue lashed and flicked, swiping over it like he was making love to a clit. Chance’s fingers gripped Ari’s hair harder, his nails lightly scraping his scalp, but not scratching him.

Ari smiled into that pec, licking over it, swirling his tongue, and lulling over the sensitive nub. Ari let go of that nipple, his lips flicking over it as he moved further down and Chance’s fingers slipped out

of his hair. Ari continued his decent and let go of Chance's dick, pulling down those pants and pooling them around Chance's ankles.

"Oh fuck, you have the sexiest feet, I swear to Christ, Chance," Ari said taking one of Chance's legs by the calf and lifting it out of his pants. He brought that powerful foot up and kissed it, his lips brushing against the top, the hair on that foot tickling his lips before he moved further down and kissed each toe. Each nail was perfectly manicured, the smell was soft and clean. Ari could smell the lotion Chance used, the way it mixed with his light manly musk made Ari's dick throb.

"Take off your pants," Chace ordered with a sly grin.

Ari complied, gently setting down Chance's foot and moving to undo his belt. Ari's thick fingers fumbled with it as he looked up at Chance, the man smirking down at him and lifting his other foot out of his pants. He had such large feet, perfectly arched and with thick strong toes. He slowly pressed it down onto Ari's face. The light layer of sweat from his dancing all night was accompanied by the smell of his lotion. That manly cologne and light musk that was distinctly man. Salty, earthy, and the faintest hint of lotion. Each of those toes were hot, warm with the heat of use, having been used to dance and rock out, and thrumming with the buzz of alcohol.

Ari was frozen for a moment, caught between tearing off his pants and prostrating himself for his new altar of worship. Those powerful toes rubbed over his mouth, then the sole slid across his nose as Chance teased his date with his strong feet. The soles perfectly clean and soft, any calluses had been tenderly removed and cared for to leave nothing but soft, warm skin. Ari closed his eyes and immersed himself in the experience. He could feel the toe prints, the individual ridges of each toe, as they brushed over his sensitive lips.

"I thought I told you to take off your pants," Chance smirked.

“Uh hu...” Ari breathed, his sigh tickling between those toes as Chance simply teased Ari. He didn’t push down or guide Ari, he just put his foot on his face, applying light pressure and brushing his face with his sole and toes.

Ari continued to remove his pants, albeit much slower than before. He didn’t care about his own pleasure in that moment; he cared about those feet and pleasing them. They deserved to be honored and adored. He always thought Chance had perfect feet, but he never wanted to say it before. How does that even come up organically without sounding psychotic? But in this moment, he was being graced with them, softly brushed up and down on his face as Chance reveled in the delight of bringing Ari to heel.

Eventually, the husky Bostonian man maneuvered to remove his pants, his cock flopping and smacking the floor. It was a beast of a dick, his foreskin leaving strands of pre on the floorboards like some fleshy paintbrush. His hard dick throbbed with vigor, iron hard and dribbling pre.

As soon as Ari’s hands finished removing his pants, he brought them to Chance’s sole. Ari had massaged his fair share of feet. He loved when chicks would wear high heels because they could never turn down a foot rub from the big guy. Even if they weren’t into foot stuff, he could get his fix that way. But this, this was something else entirely. Chance knew the effect his feet had on Ari, or at least how feet in general affected the big guy, but he had no idea his feet were the mold of perfection for the hot-blooded Latin man.

Chance gave a low moan as his sole was massaged. Ari’s thick thumbs pressed into that powerful sole and cracked the joints within, giving them instant relief that tingled up Chance’s shin and into his loins. Tightness that Chance didn’t even know he was living with was untied and loosened, his foot muscles being relaxed. Ari moved in his mouth leaving tender kisses on each toe as he worked that sole.

“Shit...Ari that feels so good,” Chance moaned while gripping his pecs, his fingers tweaking his nipples as Ari continued his worship of those soles.

“Anything for these feet baby,” Ari moaned his desires into those soles. “Whatever you want. Just let me be here beneath these soles.”

“Fuck, you’re a little simp for those feet, huh big guy,” Chance smirked.

“Yes...” Ari’s words were lost as he wrapped his lips around each toe, tenderly sucking on each before moving to the next. The faintest taste of salt and bitter perfume from his lotion tickled his tongue as he continued to keep those toes and soles satisfied.

“Then grab those condoms from my pocket and put one on,” Chance ordered. Ari didn’t even hesitate, he snatched those jeans and ripped the condoms out of the back pocket. He tore one open and rolled it over his dick, the elastic fitting perfectly over his dong. All the while, Chance never took his foot off Ari’s face.

“Good boy,” Chance smirked and pressed his foot down on Ari’s face. The big guy moaned as his tongue lulled out and ran over Chance’s arch, tasting the strength in that sole. “How does it feel?”

“Your foot’s amazing,” Ari answered.

“Not that you goof,” Chance chuckled. “The condom.”

“It’s just a condom...” Ari pulled himself out of his trance, pulling Chance’s foot off his face, but continuing to message it. “Wait...it...it kind of tingles.”

“Shit, you okay Ari? You’re not having an allergic reaction or anything, right?”

“No, I ain’t allergic...oh fuck,” Ari moaned, the special lube in that condom tingled and ran down his shaft and into his nuts. His prostate felt like there was a fizzing vibration playing with it. His cock throbbed, a thick wad of pre oozing into the bright pink condom. “Holy shit Chance, it’s so fucking good.”

“R-Really?” Chance had a furrowed brow.

“Really, really,” Ari smirked up at him as he took the foot off his face and bounced his eyebrows. Ari tore open the other condom. “May I?”

“Fuck yeah you can,” Chance consented. Ari just smiled and popped the condom in his mouth. Chance was confused for a moment until Ari crawled up between his legs. He pressed the condom to Chance’s dick and pursed his lips. Chance moaned as Ari’s head started to bob up and down on that cock, each time he pushed down, the condom rolled a little further down.

“Holy shit,” Chance gasped. “You’d think you’ve done this before with how well you do that.”

“You know I’m bi,” Ari broke off that cock just long enough to speak, then went back to giving Chance a show of his skills. Ari bobbed his head down, his thick lips pressing down and rolling that condom out like a red carpet. The red elastic spreading over his dick while Ari made sure not to suck on it too hard while he was putting it on. Ari took most of Chance’s dick, but he couldn’t deep throat like his date could. So when Ari gagged and pulled back Chance put his hand on his head to stop him.

“Livingroom,” Chance ordered. “Lay on your back.”

Ari got the idea and followed Chance into the living room. Chance sat down on the couch and put his hands on the backrest.

“Figured you’d like to have access to both my feet instead of just one at a time. You just need to move your coffee table out of the way.” Chance put his foot on the edge of it and pushed it away, his thick, hairy thighs flexing as he did so. Ari gripped the edge of the table and tossed it, flipping it over.

“Someone excited?” Chance was a little shocked.

“Y-Yes...fuck...you look like a king sitting like that,” Ari got down on the carpet, sliding down on his back.

“Yeah? You gunna worship me like one?”

“Fuck yeah baby. You’re so fucking beautiful,” Ari breathed.

“Flattery will get you everywhere,” Chance smirked and pressed his feet down on Ari, one on his face, the other on his soft belly.

“Oh fuuuuck...” Ari gripped the foot on his face and kissed it, his hands messaging over it. It was the other foot he hadn’t gotten before so the smell and flavor was still fresh. He moaned as he sucked on those toes and messaged it, giving it the attention it deserved. Chance gave a low moan as he gripped his dick and started to stroke.

That condom really did add more than it took away. As Chance stroked, he felt the tingling rolling down his shaft. It was like the nerves themselves were buzzing with static, his nuts blooming into pleasure as his prostate hummed. Chance moved his free foot over Ari’s stomach, as though he were petting a dog for doing a good job. As he did, he felt Ari’s cock bounce against his foot. That thing had to be a full inch above his belly button. Ari was a beast of a man. Chance lowered his foot down to that dick. It throbbed, the dribbling pre oozing into the condom and making it slick. Chance continued to stroke that cock with his one foot while Ari gave tender love licks and kisses to his other. The toes in Ari’s mouth were kissed and sucked gently as he worked over that sole.

“Oh fuck Ari, don’t stop,” Chance’s toes twitched, each giving Ari reassurances that what he was doing was working for the god above him. Ari’s eyes opened his vision hazy from the pleasure as he looked up at Chance through his toes. Soft golden light shimmered around him from the ambient lights he had in his apartment. It glowed across his warm pink skin, his tick muscles and soft curves accented by the shadows. He was a stocky king, built like a real man and a god all at once. Ari felt so lucky, so unbearably lucky to be under his toes.

That’s when he felt something about those toes. They...they were getting bigger. That can’t be right. Ari moaned as Chance could grip more of his dick with his toes, those digits pressing more against his throbbing cock. Those toes cracked and expanded, stretching, becoming bigger, thicker as their nails darkened and started to extend. Ari watched through half sheathed eyes as those toes expanded, dark pads forming on them, claws that could tear flesh from bone extending out of them. Powerful cords of muscle lashed to his frame. Chance was so enthralled with the tingling over all his body, the worship from Ari, and stroking of his own cock that he was completely oblivious to the sensations.

That was until they crept into his face.

Chance gave a deep grunt as his square jaw cracked and he gritted his teeth together. His jaw started to extend, his Jersey Boy good looks being warped as his nose grew blunt against his expanding jaw, his muscles flexing and expanding. His stocky belly fat was slowly melting away as his skin started to get black blotches over it. Chance felt something odd was happening, but the pleasure greatly outweighed his other sensations.

“D-Don’t stop,” Chance growled out, his voice deeper as he pressed his foot into Ari’s face. That foot cracking and extending well past a size sixteen. The soles of Chance’s feet were becoming darker, the bright pinks and whites were slowly covered by dark soft-scales. Over the tops of his feet red scales

formed, his toes getting redder as the warm pink toes were covered in red armor. His body hair seemed to survive the shift as the red scales rolled up his legs, his toe claws extending into vicious points.

Chance knew there was something wrong, he could feel it, but he also felt powerful pleasure coursing through his veins. He didn't want it to stop so he kept stroking, pre slicking up his fingers as he stroked his cock.

Pre? Wasn't he wearing a condom?

Chance opened his eyes and looked at his transforming body. His husky form was evolving rapidly. His chest a chiseled mass of cobblestone abs that were growing darker by the second. His black scales forming and making his underbelly a beautiful, glossy, obsidian that was only disrupted by the dark forest of body hair that still remained on him. His powerful arms throbbed and expanded, his hands cracking as his nails grew darker and extended into powerful claws.

"What the fuck?" Chance knew he should feel surprised and fearful, but for some reason, those emotions weren't there. All he felt was a deep seeded pleasure. He looked over his dick, the thing was like a dog's cock, throbbing with impressive length and girth, the base had a duo of knots stacked on top of one another. The condom had completely vanished, leaving him with a throbbing and angry red rocket.

"Fuck yesssss!" Chance hissed, his voice growing deeper as his neck extended out, thick delts bulging into clarity as his Adam's apple throbbed with strength. His jaw snapped, cracking outward and forming a square muzzle, his fangs coming in nicely as he smirked. His grin still sassy and charming, but now lined with razors that could snap bones. His hair stayed, if anything it got thicker around his body. On his forehead, two majestic horns broke out and formed segmented onyx beauties. His eyes glowed, the dark irises becoming yellow snake eyes, the slits piercing yet kind.

“Ari, check me out,” Chance looked down at his date, his body writhing and flexing. He was expanding much more rapidly, his body swelling bulging with power. Ari’s arms flexed, his biceps coming into powerful dueling peaks, his forearms lashing with muscle and his hands becoming thicker, his fingers more muscular as his own nails grew dark and sharp. His jaw snapped, but didn’t become as square as Chance’s. It wasn’t as sharp, but it was still chiseled. Ari’s dick throbbed, the pink latex melting over his dick and dying it a pretty pink before extending. The dark, curly hair on his chest started to become a lighter shade, forming into a creamy brown that coated his chest. It rolled over his body, his hide becoming a deep chocolate brown. Ari’s ears rounded out and forced their way to the top of his head as his nose became pink and blunt, and his jaw extended.

“Holy fuck,” Chance groaned, as he watched Ari transform before his eyes. Ari’s tongue lulled out, extending out far and weaving between Chance’s thick and powerful toes. The Bostonian lost his belly fat, the stocky build solidifying into something more sculpted as his body continued to rapidly expand and outgrow Chance. His chiseled abs bricked into existence before little pink nipples bloomed on them, rolling down his abs and onto his mons. That patch of lower abdomen became a bright, fleshy pink while his cock throbbed outwards. His foreskin returning, but barbs raked their way into existence along that shaft while the tip extended out of it to show an angry pink cock head.

Chance was so enthralled he didn’t even notice what was happening to him until it was forcing his ass off the couch. He groaned as he felt himself rise a bit before a tail jutted out of his back. His spine extending and thick powerful muscle filled that prehensile tail, allowing him to flex and twist it as his mind expanded to accommodate the new nerve endings, but not just a tail was blooming in his mind. Chance’s back cracked, the back muscles writhing before two new arm-like appendages melded out of them. Their fingers were long and thin, black leathery hide filling in between those fingers forming large and powerful wings.

Down below, Ari had gripped onto that thick and powerful calf to make sure he could continue to lick and lap at the expanding foot. They were so large they were almost out of proportion with the rest of the Drake, but still plausible. Ari retracted his tongue as his tail formed, hissing through his sharp teeth as his thick and flat tail flexed into reality. He was an otter, or maybe a hybrid of several other animals, but he was distinctly otter in shape. His fro condensed and formed into a beautiful Mohawk, the hair growing darker to become almost cobalt. The fur around his face shifted to form a dark mask, almost like a raccoon.

“Fuck, Chance,” Ari opened his eyes. He saw his date...no...his mate sitting on the couch playing with his hairy pecs, his menacing claws gripping onto his nips as his double knotted dick dribbled and oozed dragon pre over his shaft.

Ari felt a deep need welling up inside him, a warmth deep inside his core. He put a hand over his lower abdomen as this warmth radiated from deep inside his body. It was like something new was forming, something he had never had a reference for. Ari growled, deep and feral as his toe claws raked the carpet, his four toes and dewclaw flexing.

Ari rolled over and got up, only to feel his head smack the ceiling. He was well over the size of the eight foot tall standard apartment. He had to be nine feet tall. He hunched forward a bit to stand before his mate and took him by the hands, and pulled him up. Chance didn't know what was happening, but he had never been more turned on in his life.

“Ari,” Chance asked.

“Fuck yeah, it's me,” Ari smirked, gripping the small of Chance's back and cradling his head to pull him into a kiss. The drake realized he needed to be on his tip toes to reach Ari. The dragon was a full

foot below the ceiling, making him a powerful seven feet tall, but the powerful looking drake looked tiny compared to his otter mate.

Their tongues lashed at each other, fangs bumping clumsily into each other as they learned how their new bodies worked. Chance's wings fluttered, forcing a few pictures to clatter off the walls. Ari's tail slapped against the floor as his loins burned for release.

"Fuck Chance," Ari growled and kissed his neck. "I'm going to fuck you into next week."

"Do it big guy! Fuck me!" Chance gasped as he craned his long neck for Ari to nip and kiss.

Ari took Chance and, as gently as he could, forced him down onto his back. He pressed down on the drake and pulled him close. Chance's forked tongue lulled around Ari's thick and malleable one as their tails intertwined.

The two were pressing against each other hard, their bodies grinding, their dicks pressed against one another. Chance gasped, breaking the kiss as those barbs brushed his cock. They were like delicate fingers playing with his love buttons. He could only imagine how they would feel later. He didn't get a chance to wonder as Ari dove for his tonsils, the Drake sucking on that tongue greedily. Drool mingled around their maws as they learned how to kiss properly with their new muzzles.

That's when the space between them felt tighter...and tighter.

"Ow, fuck," Ari hissed between his teeth as he pulled back. The pressure resolving as he looked down. His pecs were expanding...no...his breasts were expanding. Large supple tits filled out his chest, his pecs losing their definition as those large love pillows rolled into existence. Those bright pink nips dripping milk as they swelled with their sweet cream.

“What the fuck?” Ari was confused, but a powerful clawed hand gripped one and he moaned, his cock throbbing as that tit squirted cream down onto the drake groping him.

“Holy shit, that’s so fucking hot,” Chance moaned as he felt up his mate’s breast. Those soft love pillows were so supple and light that they felt fluffier than the flesh on the inside of his cheek. It was so indulgent a feeling it made his wrist tingle from the giddiness of it all.

“Fuck, Jersey Boy. Look at your big naturals,” Ari said as he leaned down, his neck craning to grip the drake’s own swelling breasts. His hairy pecs hid it well because of the thick mat of chest hair, but those powerful pecs were welling up with soft lovely pillows. Ari wrapped his lips around that tender nipple and gently suckled. Chance gave a deep, lusty growl as his tongue lured out of his maw. A thick stream of sweet cream jetted out of that beast and into Ari’s mouth. It was like sweetened condensed milk. It filled Ari’s maw as he suckled, his hand coming up to molest the other one, to grip and tweak that nipple.

The pleasure caused Chance to grind up, and the two gasped as their nuts pressed against one another. Their nuts were swelling, potent beyond all comprehension. Their balls were charged with so much seed that their balls evolved, udders forming on their massive sacks. Those new udders dripping milky pre as they grinded against one another. Their nuts like charged super conductors that when squeezed and meshed, those udders oozed out more pleasure.

Chance wanted more of that feeling and lifted his tail, his legs spreading to accommodate his mate as well as let his tail go to work on brushing between them. Chance missed and brushed against Ari’s taint before correcting himself.

“Holy shit! Do that again,” Ari gasped.

“W-What?” Chance looked up at Ari, their eyes meeting. The two froze as they realized the other’s face was the most beautiful thing in the world. Even warped and changed as it was, that was the best friend they had always known.

“Fuck...” They both breathed and came in for a kiss, their breasts meshing together, but they were sure not to press too hard this time. The delightful pressure caused their breasts to leak and send waves of pleasure over their chests. Ari’s back fur stood on end as he made out with Chance, their cocks continuing to grind together.

“Play with my taint,” Ari managed to speak between sloppy kisses. Chance complied, his tail shakily figuring out how to move while so distracted. Chace brushed his tail down, the base of it rubbing against their nuts, but the tip flicking over that taint.

“OH fuuuuuuuuck, YES!” Ari thrust forward, his thighs flexing to keep that tail right where it was at. “Right FUCKING THERE!”

Chance gasped as his tail was pinned, but he flicked the tip, feeling something there and playing with it. Ari’s cock throbbed, his balls oozed more cum, his breasts tingled and squirted.

“OH fuck, don’t stop, don’t stop...oh fuck...I’m going to...AH!” Ari felt a blooming pleasure deep in his abdomen as he came, but not from his dick. No, Chance didn’t see his cock throb out any cum, but instead he felt a warm slick wash over his tail tip as Ari’s toe paws dug into the carpet.

“Fuck! You’re mine!” Ari snarled and bit down on Chance’s neck. The drake gasped as Ari lined his cock up with his mate’s wanting hole. That pucker quivering with its own need. As Ari reared back, his legs parted to reveal a bright pink pussy where his taint used to be, that dragon tail flicking over his clit as it squirted.

“Fuck, I’m going to breed your ass all FUCKING NIGHT!” Ari snarled around Chance’s neck.

“Then fucking do it!” Chance shouted, his tail pressing against the love button between Ari’s legs and then slipping in. Chance thought he was slipping into Ari’s ass, but it was so warm and slick and oozed sweet honey. He instinctively knew what this was.

“That’s right! Play with my pussy,” Ari snarled as he pressed forward, his cock shooting thick wads of pre onto that winking pucker. He needed this, he needed to breed this ass. With a hard thrust, Chance gave out a draconic screech as his hole yielded to his superior otter mate. Chance put his feet on Ari’s ass, his toe claws scraping at those sculpted orbs as they flexed, demanding his mate yield to his throbbing cock.

“That’s right! Fucking take it Jersey Boy!” Ari growled, his cock throbbing as he slid in deeper, his barbs working their way into that tight pucker.

“That’s right Ari! Fuck this Jersey ass! Everyone knows Boston is better than Jersey, isn’t it big boy!”

“Fuck yeah! You Jersey boys are always lookin’ for some real Boston dick!”

Chance couldn’t respond as those barbs started to cross his prostate. Those delicate barbs were like tongues writing love letters over his most sensitive of spots. Chance’s toes fanned and then flexed, those dragon claws gripping Ari’s ass.

“FUCK ME!” Chance snarled, drool dripping from his muzzle as he thrust his tail forward into Ari’s warm pussy. That was all the motivation Ari needed as he slammed his dick deep. That powerful thrust rocked Chance, his hairy tits jostling with that force as Ari was a snarling mess. He kept his dick seated deep as his pussy popped again, his cunny honey squirting down between his legs as Chance mercilessly thrust his tail in and out of that love tunnel.

“Fuuuuuck!” Ari snarled and started thrusting, his hips erratic from his pussy screaming with pleasure. Chance’s tail was already dripping cunny honey all over Ari’s udder balls, those nuts slapping Chance’s ass as those barbs raked those sensitive walls.

Ari growled, his hips a blur as he slammed Chance, those barbs sending the Drake into a shuddering wave of pleasure. His cock was rock hard between the two of them, that massive dragon dong a fiery beam of steel as it shot ropes of pre onto their tits, their milky breasts dribbling their need over each other.

“Who’s fucking ass is that, Chancy boy! Who fucking owns that ass!”

“You do baby! Fuck yeah! Fuck my ass Ari! Breed me like one of your bitches.”

“Oh, like the fucking SLUTS that I slammed back when we shared a wall?”

“Fuck yeah! Slam me like you don’t care if you wake up the neighbors. Fuck me like you’re trying to break down a fucking wall!”

“Fuck yeah baby!” Ari’s pussy came again, his cunny a splattering mess. With his flying hips, that pussy juice was flying everywhere as he squirted. The lube dribbling down his udder balls and even being flung up onto his ass to tease his own pucker as he fucked that dragon hole.

“Don’t you fucking DARE hold back on me Ari,” Chance snarled. “Fuck me! Yeah! Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME!”

Ari roared and gripped Chance’s legs under his knees before forcing them behind his head. Even with all that muscle, the dragon was still very flexible. The otter slammed that ass, his hips a blur as he fucked that hole, a mixture of his pussy juices and udder balls lubing his shaft and making that hole a

glazed mess. Ari pressed his cock deep, his throbbing member leaking milky pre into that dragon ass. He wasn't ready to cum yet though. This wasn't how he slammed his bitches back in the day.

Ari took Chance's ankles and forced them together and then up into his face.

"Fuck yeah," Ari moaned, his mouth lulling open and his tongue rolling over those dragon feet. They were almost exactly like Chance's human feet, just thicker and covered in soft scales. A musk, a special musk radiated from them. It wasn't heavily manly, or overly sweet, but it filled his lungs with a warmth he didn't know he was missing. Ari's tongue lulled between those toes while he huffed on that special musk. A special concoction of smells specifically made to make Ari go crazy with lust.

Chance raked his claws across the carpet, his fingers tearing it up as he pressed his feet forward. Each slap of those udder balls, every deep plunge of that dick, every brush of those barbs against his throbbing prostate was driving him insane. His toes twitched, fanning and flexing in Ari's face as he was fucked relentlessly. More of his tail slipped up into that cunt, that pussy gripping and spasming around Chance's tail in a desperate need. Ari was only half satisfied, only half of his needs met. Those potent nuts needed to be drained, and Chance wanted every fucking drop!

"I'm getting close baby," Ari snarled. "I'm so fucking close! It's building so fast and getting so big."

"That's right babe! Fucking dump that load! Blast it deep inside me! I've wanted it for so long. Fuck your cum into me! Fuck me like a cheap whore."

"Fuck no, I'll fuck you like you're my fucking MATE! You're mine! I want you and you're worth more to me than fucking anything!" Ari snarled, his hips smacking that ass faster, his short strokes pounding into Chance over and over. "I don't want to bust in any ass other than this one from now on!"

"Yes Ari!" Chance screamed. "It's your ass! Use it! Fuck it, fuck ME whenever you want!"

“Fuck yes! Here it comes! It’s so intense! I’m going to fucking mark you! Ain’t no one gunna mess with MY FUCKING MATE when they can smell me on you! I want everyone to know who owns this ass, and who they’re FUCKING WITH if they try to cross you!”

“Fuck yes Ari!”

Ari’s orgasm was building rapidly; Chance’s cock was teetering on busting any moment. Their breasts jostled and sloshed with their milky contents, their balls churned with their potent seed, their need to be with one another intensifying until finally Ari pulled apart Chance’s legs and gripped his shoulders, pulling him in close for a mating bite.

Despite the armor like scales, Ari’s teeth pierced through and Chance screamed in pleasure. Ari took a free hand and gripped the base of Chance’s cock, simulating a tie.

The two came.

Ari’s nuts drew up before his powerful prostate snapped into action, throbbing powerfully, his pussy squirting at the same time to deepen the sensation of his orgasm. That cum surged into Chance’s ass, the thick stream of man cream glazing that hole. Chance’s cock throbbed and jostled the two’s breasts, being wedged between their love pillows that cock throbbed, slapping their chins with thick ropes of cum and dribbling down into their thick milk-soaked cleavage.

Ari started to thrust again.

“I’m not fucking done,” Ari snarled, his hips already rocking as he gripped those knots. Chance was thrown into another orgasm as Ari forced it out of him. Ari’s cum making a deliciously musky lube that he raked with his barbs.

“Fuck! Don’t stop!” Chance screamed.

Many a noise complaint was made that night. Every floor below, and a couple above, complained to the super. They attempted to come in and stop the couple, only to see the display of carnal pleasure and decide they weren't paid enough to deal with this. So the residence just put in ear plugs as the couple rutted relentlessly into one another.

As the sun rose and broke into the apartment, it shined on an otter with a dragon laying on his chest, his wings used as a makeshift blanket. They were soaked in their juices, their cum, milk, and drool covered every wall and seeped deep beneath the carpet. The lower floors would eventually report water damage and leaks that would be sourced back to the couple.

But for now, the two were exhausted.

"Fuck..."Chance groaned as light sliced through the curtains and onto his retinas.

"Don't worry Jersey Boy, I got ya," Ari moved his hand down to cover the light from his mate and stroke his cheek with his thumb.

"Fuck," Chance moaned. "Don't' call me that. You're going to make me horny again."

"Okay, Jersey Boy," Ari chuckled and Chance punched him playfully in the chest, making sure to miss those massive tits.

"You're such a fool," Chance shook his head.

"A fool for you maybe," Ari continued brushing Chance's face with his thumb.

"So...does this mean we're dating now?" Chance asked. "Or am I your mate?"

“I say...we play it by ear for now. I feel it’s too early to call it that,” Ari furrowed his brow before sucking air in between his teeth. Chance flicked his tail over that sensitive clit.

“You sure? You made me say that I’m yours so many times.”

“Fuck,” Ari’s pussy clenched before he sighed. “Don’t fuck with me right now Jersey Boy. I’m too tired to fuck.”

“That’s a shame, I’m not too tired to tease,” Chance flicked his tail tip over that little love button and Ari moaned.

“Fuck, fine, we’re a couple,” Ari sat down hard on that tail, the tip slipping into him. “Oh fuck, that didn’t help.”

“Don’t worry babe,” Chance smiled. “I won’t pressure you. I was just teasing.”

“No,” Ari smiled. “I think you’re right. After all the time we’ve known each other, doesn’t dating to find out more seem...repetitive?”

“So...we’re together?”

“Yeah...I...I think so,” Ari reached down and kissed the dragon, their lips meeting before they made out with deep passionate smacking.

“So...round twenty?”

“You’re fucking right we’re going for round twenty,” Ari snarled while Chance dug his tail deeper into that warm cunny. They wouldn’t leave the apartment for the rest of the day, the two exploring each other’s new bodies.

There would be a lot to figure out in the coming days, and labels would have to wait till later, but for now, they could say for sure that they were...

More than Friends.