

The Darridge Affair (Draconicon)

Chapter 2

By Draconicon

Bored of waiting for the beagles to return, Draconicon decided to find the holding cells on his own. The teleportation spells that he usually used were a bit tricky with the bracelet wrapped around his arm, but opening portals to get out of the main building and behind the protesting crowd was easy enough. They weren't so large as they had been in the afternoon, and they were no longer quite so loud, either, though they were still just as eager to get the attention of the city council.

I wonder if they know that the council's already gone home for the night?

Probably not. They were there to make a statement, and that meant going for as long as they could. The black-robed, black-scaled dragon shrugged, turning on his heel towards the main road going around the square.

It didn't take long to find someone 'willing' to let him borrow their cell phone, and after that, finding the police station was easy. He tossed the phone back and opened a second portal.

"Thanks," he muttered before stepping through.

The shimmering black-bordered portal disappeared as soon as he stepped through, and he found himself face to face with four wolves, six Dobermans, and seven huskies. They all stared at him from the collected desks at the middle point of the station, and he smiled at them as he folded his robes around his middle.

"Gentlemen."

"Who the fuck are you?" one of the wolves asked.

"You should be finding that out soon enough. Um, who's in charge?"

"That'd be me. Commissioner Jurgen," one of the huskies said. The gray-muzzled canine looked down at him, adjusting a pair of glasses. "Who are you?"

“You’ll be finding that out in a moment. You should be getting a call from city hall right about...now.”

Ring ring, ring ring.

God, I love that party trick, he thought as the commissioner immediately looked down at his desk. The rest of the officers turned to look at him, narrowing their eyes. One huddled back a bit at his desk, his hand on a drawer, clearing on the verge of reaching for something hidden inside. A gun, perhaps? Another had his hands busy beneath his desk, and Draconicon felt a bit of magic starting to build in the air.

Hmmm, so it’s not just on the street. A few of them have started, too. Very interesting.

Memorizing the Doberman’s face, he waited for the commissioner to pick up the phone. The husky did at the last second, pulling it up from the desk and muttering into it. Draconicon didn’t bother trying to eavesdrop. He knew what was being said. The calls to the different precincts were probably going out one by one from city hall, telling all the cops what was going on, who the dragon was, and all the other pertinent information.

He could, however, tell when the husky got the information on who he was. Jurgen’s eyes went wide, and he twisted around, staring right at the dragon’s bracelet. Draconicon held it up a bit higher, wiggling his wrist from side to side. The husky snarled slightly, nodding to himself before putting the phone down.

“I believe that settles things?” the dragon asked.

“It clarifies them, yes.”

“Then I’m here to collect my first payment.”

“...Already?”

“I’m here, and I’m already limited,” he said, jiggling the bracelet again. “Do you want me to leave first and come back for extra tomorrow?”

The other cops looked at him as if he was insane, and those that weren’t were looking at the commissioner for some sort of clarification. That would have to come eventually, and rather than allowing the commissioner to spin it as he liked, Draconicon cleared his throat to get their attention again.

“Everyone, just to make this clear. I’m the expert that your city council has hired to attend to the ‘magic problem’ that you’re having right now. I’m going to be setting up a school to help with that, and ensure that you aren’t going to be running off the rails with all the new things that you’re dealing with. In return -”

“In return, the council lets him pick his whore for the night,” Jurgen grumbled.

“Partner, commissioner. I’m choosing a partner for the night. Sex may or may not be part of that.”

“Like hell it won’t be...”

“Well, that’s up to me and them, isn’t it? Now, if you’ll show me to the holding cells? I’d like to pick my payment.”

“Commissioner, this isn’t serious, is it?” one of the wolves asked. “This is bullshit, right?”

The black-scaled dragon turned to the commissioner. The husky looked at him, then at his men, then back at him. Draconicon refused to answer for the office, and eventually, the canine sighed, rubbing his head.

“No, it’s real.”

The furor that began right then was about what the dragon had expected. The cops probably didn’t want someone getting in their way, he imagined, and he doubted that they were happy about some outsider taking this out of their hands. Or maybe there were those that didn’t like the fact that he was getting to have fun with the prostitutes in the back rooms while they were pulling them in for a bust. Or maybe there was something else entirely.

Quite honestly, at that point, he cared less than usual. He was rather tired from the negotiations, and he wanted to get around to the fun part of the day. He waved his hand, drawing a few sigils in black fire, and suddenly, the shouting stopped. The cops moved their lips, yes, but none of the dogs could get a word out.

It took them a minute to realize just what had happened, and by then, he had already walked through the room and grabbed the commissioner by the arm. Jurgen looked up at him in shock.

“I know this is a lot to process, but the holding cells, please?”

Rattle-roll went the drawer from earlier, and just as he’d expected, the wolf who had been rooting through his drawer pulled out a pistol. By the time that the canine had his gun out and was swinging it around, Draconicon had his arm pointed back, his hand held up.

BANG!

Whoosh!

Hiss.

The bullet stopped in place, still two feet away from him. Draconicon turned around, grabbed the spinning tip with his claws, and tossed it off to the side. His little display had left most of the canines shaking in their boots, though for what reason, he didn't entirely know. Maybe it was just the fact that their guns had been proven useless on him.

"Let's make something clear real quick. I'm not here to stop you from doing your jobs. All I'm doing is taking the most dangerous part of your job - the part where you have to deal with magical people - away from you. I'd like to think that you'd like not having to fight people that can throw lightning bolts and fireballs at you, but maybe you're the type of cops that like to have that sort of power, that want to take it further than you should. Maybe some of you like the fact that you can take a shot at someone just learning how to use magic and say it was self-defense. I don't know, and I don't care.

"I'm not here to fix you. I'm here to take care of the magical issues that you're currently dealing with. Now, I'll kindly thank you not to shoot me, and we can both get on with our evenings. We good?"

The cops slowly nodded, one by one. He knew that there'd be more than that when they had the chance to gather themselves together and not be so terrified of an easy display of magic like that, but for now, he had what he wanted. Back to the commissioner again.

"For the third time, the holding cells?"

"..." The husky pointed, and the dragon nodded.

"Thank you."

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They were at the back of the building. No surprise there, but they weren't exactly in good shape. Less windows, less air circulation, and just one toilet for the lot of them, and it was outside the cells without a door. That was all kinds of fun, and definitely emblematic of some of the issues that the cops probably had with their prisoners.

Unsurprisingly, the watch officer was absent from the desk across from the cells. Also unsurprisingly, he got a fair bit of attention from those in the holding cells as he walked in.

There were many different individuals that had been thrown in. One of the cells was the obvious drunk tank, set aside for those that needed to be kept apart from the others while they worked their way back to sobriety. A few others were marked out as individual cells, holding those that were twitching, either from coming down from something or still being on it.

In the middle were group cells, where males and females were tossed in together. Another breach, he supposed, something that the cops were doing to save on space. Most of them were rather scantily clad, from females that had little more than a mini-skirt and pasties and males in just as little. He looked between them, cocking his head to the side, while some of the

more savvy sex workers looked him up and down. There was a definite exchange there; they knew someone looking for business, and he knew what he was looking for.

“Alright.” The dragon clapped his hands. “Let’s get this little show on the road. Let me introduce myself. My name is Draconicon, and I’m the ticket out of here for one of you.”

“What, you some kinda John looking for a good time?” one lady mouse asked.

“Yes, and no. I’ve made a deal with the mayor and city council. In exchange for taking care of some of the magical problems that Darridge has, I get to make this offer to the bunch of you. One of you gets to walk out of their cell with me, right now, and gets to spend the night with me. No charges, no marks on your record, nothing. All you have to do is spend the night with me, do what I say, and you’ll be fine. And I’ll be going around the city, collecting someone from a police station for that every single night.”

That had the attention of the various workers in the cell, and more than a few of them were starting to take their attention from his face to his crotch. He knew what they were doing. Measuring him with their eyes, trying to guess the stuff he liked. They were wondering how big he was, how much he had to offer.

Most of all, they were probably wondering ‘is this worth it?’

“Now, I’m not going to say that this is going to be an ‘easy’ night for you, but I can promise that you’ll have fun. I’m not a sadist, and I want this to be willing. So, if none of you are willing, no hard feelings, and I’ll just head on to the next station. Fair enough?” he asked.

The middle cells had their fair share of those that didn’t believe him, but there were just enough that did to start crowding to the bars. He nodded at them, stepping forward as he looked over those that seemed willing enough.

That rat might be nice, but probably just a little bit on the twitchy side, he thought, looking over a rat female that had her chest out and her eyes blinking just a bit too fast for his taste. Might end up running, and I don’t want to chase her down.

Besides, he was feeling a little more in the mood for dick tonight. He glanced down the line, dismissing a couple of the smaller guys until he found himself in front of a much larger orca.

The bigger aquatic male stood with his chest pressed firmly against the bars, making them dig into the muscular flesh that was on display. Draconicon almost walked by him, but while the big guy was muscular, he wasn’t *too* muscular, and his tall frame carried it well. He was just a hair under the dragon’s own height, and the way that he pushed his hips forward showed off a healthy package between his legs. Humanoid, at a guess, though that speedo could have been making it look that way.

He paused, looking the sandal-wearing stud up and down. A long, fluked tail twitched behind the orca, the other man putting on an awkward smile.

“Uh...you like what you see?” he asked.

“I’m not turned off by it. You have a name?”

“Anton.”

“Anton, huh? Well, how many times have you been thrown in here?”

“Um...first time, honestly.”

“So, I bet you really, really want this wiped off your record.”

“You have no idea,” the orca said, shaking his head. “I’ll do anything, man. Just pick me, and I’ll do anything.”

Nodding, he glanced at the others that were showing off. Most of them looked rather experienced, or, like the rat woman, like they were looking more for a way to get out than to do the work that he wanted. Anton seemed to be the only one in there that was this weirded out or freaked out, and that meant that he was the obvious choice. As long as he did what he was told, that was.

“Alright, Anton.”

He drew a circle in the air, dragging it through the bars. As soon as he did, the black fire burned again, and everyone pressing forward jumped back in shock and awe. He drew a portal that went from floor to ceiling, and was just wide enough for the orca to step through.

“Come on. We don’t have all night.”

“You...you really...”

“Well?”

“Uh...oh boy...”

He half-expected Anton to back down, but instead, the orca stepped forward. There was some definite fear there, but Anton was soon on the other side, and the dragon dismissed the portal, leaving the others still in the cell. Not one of them stepped forward to try and get through before it could close. Clearly, magic still had quite the intimidation factor.

Even Anton was shivering after that, rubbing the back of his head and blushing up a storm. Draconicon patted his arm.

“You okay for one more spell?”

“Do we have to?”

“If we want to get somewhere comfortable for the night, yes.”

“...Oh, boy...”

“Anton, are you good for this?”

“I’ll try. Just...just not used to...fuck...”

“Just close your eyes, then.”

As the orca did that very, very willingly, Draconicon opened another portal. The cell-dwellers watched him with wide eyes as he opened a door in midair to their destination, leaving an opening to a bedroom that had a lovely, warm-looking bed, a view over the ocean, and an expensive-looking TV on the wall.

He stepped through and pulled the orca with him, and that was that. The rest of the people in the cells would have to wait for another day for their chance.

“Alright. You can open your eyes now.”

Anton did as he was told, and his mouth fell open almost immediately. No surprise there; they’d gone from a rather dirty cell to an opulent hotel room. The king-sized bed had no less than eight pillows at the head of it, and the floor, rather than being covered in the cheapest carpet available, was soft to the touch, and almost felt like it was being warmed from beneath. He smiled as he wiggled his toes against it, sitting down as the warm, rose-gold walls almost seemed to shimmer around them as he turned the lights on.

“Where are we?” Anton asked.

“No idea; some hotel on the waterfront by the looks of things.”

“You don’t know? Then...how...”

“I just aimed for an empty hotel room that had a nice view. I thought you’d prefer something further from the prison, just in case someone came looking.”

“I...you’re not wrong, but thank you.”

“Come on. Sit down.”

He patted the bed, and Anton sat beside him. The orca rubbed his arm, looking down and away. Draconicon cocked his head to the side.

“So, were you actually in for prostitution, or were you just walking on the beach and someone got the wrong idea?”

“Something like that.”

“Ah. Not really a sex worker, then?”

“Well, no, but...I was willing to work my way out of that...”

He'd wondered as much. There was so much shyness there that it seemed almost inconceivable that Anton had any actual experience, but he hadn't thought it was quite that bad. He rubbed the back of his head, sighing.

“I'm not sure I feel good about pushing that.”

The orca looked at him for a moment, actually looking rather hopeful. Draconicon didn't have to say a thing; Anton just sighed, looking down after a moment, and shook his head.

“That wouldn't be fair. I mean...at least let me give you a blowjob or something.”

“Gay or bi?” he asked.

“Pan, actually, but...yeah. I mean...you just got me out of the station. I can...I don't know...”

“Not that experienced, are you?”

“Not really, no. This is hard.”

“Want me to help?”

“Please.”

The dragon smiled, reaching down to tilt the other man's head up. The orca's eyes met his, and the dragon focused his attention purely into that stare. Almost instantly, Anton started to relax.

“What...what are...are you...”

“Don't worry about the what. Just focus on that feeling. That slow, drifting feeling, that feeling of sliding out of your head. That gentle feeling of sliding away, of relaxing, of going limp, and soft, and relaxed.”

As Anton did just that, slowly sagging forward, Draconicon made sure that they maintained eye contact. It was the key to this sort of thing, something that was made all the

easier as he gently nudged the orca backwards. Anton flopped onto the bed, staring up as the black dragon kept staring into his eyes. No matter how confused the orca got, he kept staring back, never looking away.

“That’s it,” he said, undoing the slight clasp on the speedos, loosening them so they could slide down. “Much better, isn’t it? Much better to let yourself drop, to forget all those fears. Just keep staring into my eyes, and all of those little worries will drift away.”

“Mmmph...”

“Just keep following my eyes...following my words...and drift...”

There was a haziness that was already rising in the orca’s eyes, a whitening effect that mirrored his own gaze. It was a simple little trick, one that was easier to do than most people expected. He just drew them in with his white-eyed stare, and it was something that he often had to focus on not doing with people. Usually, he ended up having to avoid eye contact to keep it from happening incidentally.

But when he did it intentionally, it worked wonders. Anton was smiling already, his body far less tense, and he looked like he was just about as happy as he could be. The orca didn’t resist as the dragon pulled his speedos down, revealing just what he was packing down there.

A decent-sized shaft popped out, one that was probably about seven inches long while soft. About an inch shorter than his while soft, he supposed, which meant that Anton probably had a decent size while hard, too. He smiled, giving it a few strokes, but the hypnosis had left it rather floppy. Anton groaned under his breath, trying and failing to speak.

“That’s alright. You don’t have to talk. It’s better if you don’t. Just relax. Relax and enjoy yourself. It’s so relaxing to be naked, so very easy to be naked. In fact, it’s easier than putting on clothes. You feel better when you’re naked, when you’re exposed. Being naked, being shown off, makes you happy.”

“Mmmph...happy...”

“It makes you horny.”

“Horny...”

“It makes you hard.”

“Mmmph...hard...”

And that little phrase was enough for the hypnosis to keep the orca’s body limp but release his cock from the same strictures. Draconicon smiled as he rubbed the aquatic male’s thighs, gently bringing him some little bits of pleasure, dragging out his enjoyment. He worked

his fingers up to the crotch, fondling around the base of those balls and that shaft, seeing it rise up.

Eventually, it reached a full ten inches long. A goodly length, though not as long as his own. He gave it a few strokes, drawing more moans from the tranced Anton, and he chuckled as he pulled his hand back.

“That’s a good orca.”

“Mmmph...”

“Feeling good?”

“Feeling...good...”

“That’s what I hoped. Now. Let’s take those sandals off.”

He admired the orca’s soles as he dragged the first sandal off, enjoying the white-soled underside. There was always something rather enticing about an orca’s feet, how they changed color from black on top to white on bottom. He lifted Anton’s leg by the ankle, putting his foot almost on face-level, and gave the flesh a soft sniff. Warm with a nice musk, a little sweat bitters with some salt under it. Very nice.

He kissed the arch, and the orca groaned.

“Heh, what’s the matter? Sensitive soles?”

“Mmmph...a...a little...”

“Don’t worry. They’ll be well tended to.”

Removing the other sandal, he lifted Anton’s legs up so that the orca’s feet were right in his face. A little spell of restraint held them there, harmless black fire glowing around the orca’s ankles. He leaned back, looking down, and he smiled.

That was a nice ass. That long, muscular tail ran down the edge of the bed, leading up to an ass plump with muscle, and with just enough give to it to really enjoy it. He ran his fingers over the cheeks, feeling the way that they gave beneath his fingers, and he grinned wider as he pulled the cheeks apart.

Might not have that much experience in whoring, but he’s got experience with toys...

He stroked his thumbs along the gaping asshole, a little bit more than a half-inch gape that came easily as he parted the cheeks. It would still stretch around his cock – he was a dragon, after all – but it would be able to take it without too much effort. He pushed his robes to the side, allowing his hard-on to slide free.

When he made contact with his partner's hole, Anton gasped softly.

"Something the matter?" he asked.

"So...big..."

"Yeah, well, that's what you get with a dragon," he said, gripping the base of his cock with one hand and the orca's legs with the other. "Now, I'm going to use a little more magic. Just...trust me with this. It'll make it so much better."

It was just a little spell, something that would make that hole a little more relaxed, a little more rubbery. He'd need to remember to take it off in the morning, but...well, they'd get to that later.

He leaned forward, his cock brushing that pucker. He felt the heat of the magic leap from him to that hole, and Anton gasped again, arching his back and breathing a little faster. Draconicon chuckled, grinding the head of his cock against that hole, feeling it clench again, feeling it pull tight against his brushing cock-head. Definitely more sensitive now, but slowly opening up, slowly getting more relaxed again.

A few minutes passed, during which he kept sliding his cock between those muscular ass cheeks. Every little thrust was another tease, every little nudge a reminder of just how big he was. The orca's eyes were hazy again, Anton floating on the happy comfort of the ocular trance that the dragon had initiated, and he smiled as he pushed forward. His cock tip kissed that pucker again, but this time, he kept pushing.

Anton gasped as he finally popped in, and the dragon kept sliding forward. Inch by inch he slid in, his cock pushing that newly rubber hole to its limits. The orca arched his back from the bed, his eyes rolling back slowly. Draconicon smiled, leaning in and giving his partner's bound soles a few licks, a few little laps.

"Mmmph...ah...ah..."

"How's that compare to your toys?" he asked.

"So...much...better..."

"We haven't even gotten started yet."

He kept sliding forward until he was completely hilted in that hole. It was nothing compared to some of the talented members of his harem back home, but the variety of something new was nice. It was nice and tight and hot, which was all he could ask for. He leaned down again, nuzzling his face between the two pale soles, then pushed his face between them, letting the little digits drum on either side of his snout.

They were soft soles, musky, and warm, and they kept his cock good and hard in Anton's ass. He smiled, slowly pulling back, and the orca did the thing that all of his partners did at some point or another.

“Please, please, don't take it out.”

Yep, there it was. That addiction was already well-established, and he worked his hips back regardless. Anton moaned the whole way, the orca drooling pre-cum over his belly as the dragon pulled back to the tip. He shifted his footing a bit, then –

Squelch.

All the way back in, and the orca almost came on the spot. Yep, definitely sensitive, definitely addicted. Draconicon chuckled as he leaned forward, holding his position so that he could look the orca right in the eyes.

“Enjoying yourself?”

“Mmmph...mm-hmmm...”

“Ready for a good fucking?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“You're not going to walk normally tomorrow.”

“Don't care.”

“Gooooood.”

Knowing that he could look away with the orca properly down in trance, he gripped the ankles properly. He started pulling out again, and as he did, he gently dragged his forked tongue along the soles. They were soft and damp, perfect for him, and he groaned under his breath as the combination of those helpless feet and that tight hole made him just horny enough to stay hard.

Variety was good, but it wasn't everything. He would have to work to cum for this zonked-out orca, but it would be worth it. Particularly if it got Anton to be eager enough for big cock to have the confidence to get more.

He started humping away, determined to enjoy his payment for the night. He was sure he would.

The End