

Day Two: Glory Hole

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featuring Vidra

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/vidrakrem/>

and Flo

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It's just an hour, Vidra silently repeated to himself. One hour. Maybe no one will come, and at the end of the hour, you can collect your hundred bucks and leave.

Still, Vidra couldn't help but let out a shiver as his fur bristled. *How did I let them talk me into this?* he asked himself – though he knew the answer as well as anyone. More than once, he'd shared his secret fantasy with friends, to set up camp at a glory hole and offer his maw for anyone who might want to use it.

Still, the snake/otter hybrid was surprised when his best friend had offered him a hundred dollars along with the sardonic cliché, "Don't let your dreams be dreams!" And perhaps that financial grease was just the encouragement Vidra needed to go out and fulfil his fantasy, because it was later that very evening that he found himself stepping into a washroom well-known for its cruising culture.

As the hybrid stepped into the bathroom, he glanced around suspiciously. Even going so far to check under the toilet stall dividers, he let out a sigh of relief when he ascertained the room was empty. Stepping into the toilet stall on the far end, he was satisfied to find it pristinely clean aside from some graffiti scrawled across the walls, and a tell-tale hole carved into the divider between his stall and the next one over. He turned and clicked the lock shut.

Vidra had barely a moment to orient himself before he heard the bathroom door swing open and the sound of footsteps approaching. Closer and closer, the stranger strolled. Then he stepped into the stall right next to Vidra's!

Shit, shit, the orange-furred hybrid thought to himself. *What do I do?*

After a second which felt like an hour, Vidra knelt down on the tile floor and slipped two long, clawed fingers through the hole, beckoning to the stranger and checking for interest. He had seen it in a porno before, though he really wasn't sure it was a gesture people used in real life.

That's why Vidra was almost surprised when he heard the sound of unzipping, and was greeted by the sight of a steadily-swelling shaft poking through the hole. As intimidating as the sight was, the snake-otter was equally excited. The growing shaft was clearly draconic in origin: light blue, with a defined, yet tapered head and myriad pleasant ridges running along both sides. It was light blue at the tip, almost white, but each emerging centimeter was darker than the last.

Vidra grasped the cock with black paw pads, fully encircling it to stroke up and down its length. Each time he thought it must have been fully hard, it throbbed again and grew a little larger, until finally, an impressive 10 inches of draconic dick were jutting into Vidra's stall. Even the beginning swellings of a knot were faintly visible at the base of that long shaft, a promise of Vidra's eventual reward if he worked hard enough.

"Wow," the snake-otter murmured silently to himself. By this point, all self-consciousness had fled the hybrid, and he craned up to give the engorged tip of that shaft an appreciative lick. It pulsed, squeezing out a hearty dollop of precum in response. Vidra reached down to unbutton his own pants, beginning to stroke himself as he took the tip into his maw.

As Vidra bobbed up and down on that shaft, teasing its sensitive ridges with his black, forked tongue, he jerked off without shame, stroking his twin hemipenes with both hands. He slowly took more and more of the dragon's cock into his maw

until it bumped into the back of his throat. Adjusting his position, he began to deepthroat the cock and was swiftly rewarded with the sound of the stranger's soft, pleased moans.

Before long, Vidra was swallowing that large length to the knot. His lips bumped against the bulbous swell of the stranger's knot each time he swallowed that cock. The knot was easily thicker than his wrist! Vidra thanked his reptilian heritage as he unhinged his jaw, swallowing the draconic shaft fully to its hilt.

Based on the increasing frequency and volume of the stranger's groans, he had to be close. If that wasn't enough, Vidra felt like he could bust his own load at any moment, he was so turned on! He redoubled his efforts, teasing that sensitive knot with his tongue as he swallowed and massaged the entire length. Finally, Vidra felt the cock throb mightily and begin to spurt deep in his throat, depositing the first of the stranger's load directly into his stomach. All pretenses were gone as the stranger moaned orgasmically, the sound of masculine pleasure echoing throughout the bathroom.

With his "client" making so much noise, Vidra was as fearful of being caught as he was aroused. But the risk and thrill of public sex, and the joy of servicing such a delectable cock, quickly outweighed the fear of getting caught as Vidra's own cocks began to twitch and throb, and he shot his own load across the floor, cum spurting from both his shafts.

With his knot slowly deflating, the dragon withdrew his cock through the glory hole. Wiping it clean, he stuffed it into his pants and unlocked the stall door, swiftly exiting the bathroom. Vidra's friend Flo had a wide grin as he stepped out to meet the rest of their friend group.

"He's still got 40 minutes in there. Who wants to go next?" the dragon asked his and Vidra's friends with a smirk.