Surprisingly, the kiss didn’t shock me as much as the words spoken before it. Fargo and I were hanging out during our university’s autumn carnival, enjoying the sights of autumn leaves, lavish Halloween costumes, the giant Ferris wheel placed in the middle of the football field, as well as the haunted house set up nearby. When we entered, everything was dark and scary like any cheesy attraction. Ghosts, zombies, ghouls and vampires popped in and out of nowhere as courses of screaming sorority girls could be heard in different parts of the maze-like tunnel. However, it wasn’t until we were near the end of the haunted house that Fargo suddenly pulled me into a corner that acted as a blind spot.

“What’s going on, dude?” I asked confusedly. “The exit’s the other direction.”

Not to say we weren’t very close years ago. In high school, they called us the ‘Film Nerds’, all because our parents each decided to name their sons after their favorite films. Fargo got named after the Coen Brothers film and obviously, my dad insisted I be named after Tom Cruise’s character. Strangely enough, our mothers allowed it to happen. Bullies did what they did best and used it against us, only to slow down as we entered high school. Fargo’s stellar grades and my performances on the varsity football team meant we drifted apart in some aspects, but still hung out on occasion enough to remain good friends.

The fact we had a night to ourselves was a miracle in of itself, but it still left me wondering what Fargo planned on doing, especially as he’d normally be one to follow the rules.

We stumbled through the dark until only a wooden wall stood between us and the rest of the other carnival attendees. A hole in the wall caused lights to flicker through like a tiny spotlight, illuminating my friend’s nervous face as he stared at me. I wanted to ask again what was going on, but he filled it in seconds later.

“I love you, Mav,” Fargo stated.

My wolfish ears perked up high. “Huh?”

Then, the husky kissed me. The loud and bright world outside the lame haunted house temporarily ceased to exist the moment our canine muzzles connected. His paw gripped my shoulder. My paw relaxed against his chest. Our breathing hitched in utter surprise. Yet before the impulse to push Fargo’s lips away came to take over, something else did. An unknown instinct hidden deep within me compelled my body to not only accept the act, but completely embrace it. So, I did.

When we did part ways, a strand of spit still connected us. Blushing, I hungrily pulled the lovestruck husky back into another kiss, which then grew into fiercer intensity. He made me addicted.

Up until that moment, I’d only ever kissed girls. Despite how sweet they all tasted, most if not all my past girlfriends and dates had been submissive. They never possessed a masculine taste or subtle dominance in their growls or ravenous tongue movements that left me wanting more. Most of all, any kissing from previous girlfriends and dates never caused such a painfully hard erection to suddenly tent up under my belt line. The kind of pulsing, covered erection in someone’s pants that felt more like a throbbing muscle than a stiff pole. The strangest part? I didn’t object to feeling Fargo’s own hard-on press against mine.

Something animalistic and carnal within us silenced the rational parts of our brains. Rather than go somewhere much more private, we stayed in that desolate part of the haunted house. It possessed us to do something extremely risky; we unzipped our jeans, shimmying them to our glutes until only our boxers separated our cocks from rubbing. Then, after indulging in another feverish make out session as Fargo ground his scrawnier hips against mine, I slowly began to peel down my boxers. It distracted the horny husky somewhat from exploring our tongues, until I yanked down his underwear as well and felt his cock bounce in the open air. Without a single word, I used one paw to pull him back into my lips, and my other paw to rub our leaking shafts together.

It drove him wild. My friend whimpered like a bitch in heat into my muzzle, our wet lips drowning out any loud moans. The only noises I could be heard were our moist kisses and thrashing tails wagging behind us combined with blood booming in our heated ears. We were addicted to each other’s taste and feeling our manhoods rub together. We were full-blown addicts getting our fixes as Fargo’s grinding grew faster as much as I held him tighter to me. I growled like a train engine going faster and faster until minutes of frottage later, we came together.

Our sweet afterglow was short-lived, however. No sooner did I collapse next to Fargo in a panting, flustered, and semen-covered heap did a familiar face voice cut through.

“Tch, kids these days…”

Fear coursed through both of our veins. We stared like animals in the headlights at the towering dragon dressed in an evening coat sporting the college logo on the shoulder. Despite the darkness in the room, I recognized the voice and its owner’s towering silhouette.

“C-C-Coach!” I yelped, pulling myself and Fargo to our feet as we tried hastily zipping our pants back up. “It’s not what it looks like.”

To our collective surprise, he scoffed before tossing us a towel from nearby. We cleaned the cum from ourselves without questioning. At least, at first.

“Not what it looks like?” He sarcastically reiterated my claim. “On the one hand, I applaud you two for finally confessing your feelings to each other, but seriously? In this place? You’re lucky I found you like this and not another pack of students…”

Fargo and I tried forming coherent sentences to no avail. It only produced stuttering.

“Fargo Duran, Maverick Sterling,” Coach Drake addressed my husky (boy?)friend, then me with his arms crossed, “You both have some explaining to do in my office. I won’t report you two, but I’ll like to give a long talk about how having sexual intercourse on university grounds can get you into serious trouble, and how we can make sure an incident like this doesn’t happen again. Is that understood?”

Shame rushed to our cheeks, but at least we weren’t getting expelled for this.

“Well?” He asked. “Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Yes, Coach.”

“Good,” the older dragon uncrossed his arms, smiling for a moment before his face grimaced after sniffing the air. “Now let’s quickly get you both to the locker room showers. You two reek of sex…”