

What Friends Are For

Story by [Sleth](#)

“I’m sorry, my Lord, but he says he’s busy,” the guard stated, blocking the door.

“But he just came back from-“

“Sorry,” the guard repeated, cutting the young dragon off by raising his palm, “his orders were that he was not to be disturbed by absolutely anyone. That includes even you, young Master.”

Lior sighed. The golden-scaled dragon’s whole body drooped in disappointment. His father was so close. The adorned wooden door leading to his study, however, could barely be seen behind the wall of muscles and scales that was his father’s personal bodyguard. Lior himself was relatively tall, as most dragons usually were, and at nineteen years old he had no growing left in him, but the armored bodyguard? The small horns growing from Lior’s head barely made it to the dragon’s neck. All the young dragon could do was nod in agreement.

“Maybe tomorrow morning,” the guard still said. He seemed somewhat sympathetic. Lior didn’t blame him for not wanting to risk letting him through.

“Maybe...” Lior grumbled turning around to leave.

He had been excited. Mastering spells didn’t come as easy for the young dragon as it did for the rest of his noble family, so when he finally got one down to perfection he had been eager to show it off. Catching the high and mighty dragon noble at home though was another matter entirely. Lior had waited the whole day for news of his return and now

that night had fallen? His father was still too busy. Typical.

“Whatever... the dragon mumbled under his breath. He made his way through his family’s large manor, navigating the hallways all the way back to his own bedroom.

When Lior arrived there, however, he was surprised to see the door to his room slightly open. The dragon raised an eyebrow. He usually kept it locked given how many valuables and magic items he had in there. The only ones that had the key were the trusted cleaning servants, but they wouldn’t clean that late at night. As the dragon approached the door he heard sounds coming from inside. Steps? And fumbling too. Someone was definitely in there.

For a moment, Lior’s heart sped up. He was a mage, not a fighter, and even though he had plenty of spells he could use to deal with an intruder, being part of one of the city’s most esteemed and noble families had made him aware that a lot of bad people could want to do them harm for their own gain. Inside the dragon’s head, he knew it was wiser to call for one of the many guards spread around the manor, but the sound of something breaking inside his room startled him. The dragon took a deep breath, placed his hand on the door handle, steeled himself, and stepped inside.

What he saw made him breathe a sigh of relief.

The young wolf clad in black leather armor down on all fours was familiar to him. Too familiar, in fact. Ven was his own bodyguard after all. The surprise on his face to see Lior was followed by an expression of guilt. The wolf quickly finished gathering the shards of the vase he had dropped and lowered his ears.

“Lior!” the wolf exclaimed, “you’re already back! They said you were with your dad! I- Look, I can fix it! I know a guy that can mend *anything* with magic in town! Guaranteed to look almost as good as it was before!”

The dragon noble just sighed but waved his hand in dismissal with a small chuckle.

“It’s alright, Ven. I didn’t like it very much anyway.”

Lior, not in the mood to think about vases at the moment, just closed the door behind him and made his way to the large bed at the center of the room. It sank down under him as he sat. On the side, the wolf made a little pile with all of the vase’s pieces at the same place it used to be.

“What were you doing inside my room anyway?” Lior asked. Personal bodyguard or not, Ven was usually supposed to stand *outside* of his door.

“I- uhhh...” Ven stammered. The dragon looked at him, then his eyes fell on the platter of sweets sitting on the table next to the wolf. Some of them were missing.

“I see,” Lior said with a soft smile and a shake of his head. “You could just have asked, you know.”

“Then can I have some more?!” Ven asked with his tail quickly going into a wagging frenzy.

Lior just waved a hand towards him. “Suit yourself. I’m not in an eating mood anyways.”

The dragon decided to lay back on his soft bed rather than watch the simple wolf devouring the carefully crafted sweets. From the corner of his eye, he could still see Ven, though. The wolf was so different from him. Lior’s golden scales were polished and shiny, but Ven’s black fur was shaggy, especially around the mane. While Lior wore his soft robes draped over his body, his bodyguard’s leather armor was full of wear marks and scratches. The wolf was not the most usual bodyguard, but a mercenary was still a mercenary and at least he could enjoy Ven’s company some. He wasn’t stiff like the regular manor guards either. Most of all, Ven was not particularly *afraid* of him.

Lior didn’t think he struck an intimidating figure. His father could make someone piss his pants with an angry stare alone, but him? Lior liked to think he was nice. Polite. Pleasant. Yet most people were still scared of him not because of who he was, but because of what family he belonged

to. Being part of the noblest family house was prestigious, sure, but sometimes it just felt... lonely.

And his father did nothing to help quell that. His father, one of the very few people that should understand how he felt, was just always busy. Always on duty, always making time for everything and everyone except for...

Lior sighed out loud.

If only he were better. Though his father had little time to revel in his achievements, he sure as hell made time to point out his shortcomings. How he wasn't as good in magic as the rest of the family, how he didn't know how to behave properly at formal dinners, how he didn't spend enough time hanging around important people. Ugh. If only he were better indeed. Then maybe his father would...

"Hey, Lior! You okay?"

The wolf's voice startled the dragon, lost in thought as he was. He sat up in a hurry to find Ven standing right in front of him. The wolf threw a last piece of sweet up in the air and caught it with his muzzle, chewing on it and swallowing it in a heartbeat. His eyes were still on Lior though and his expression had some concern in it.

"Lemme guess. Your father scolded you again?"

Lior scoffed. "Nah. He was too busy to even talk to me."

Ven tilted his head. "Then why are you so down?"

The dragon looked away. He just shrugged and shook his head. "I'm not 'down'. I'm fine..."

Lior let himself fall back on his bed again. Maybe a good, long night of sleep would have him feeling a little less bad in the morning. Nothing would change, of course, but at least he'd feel a little less bad. Maybe.

"Hmmm..."

From the corner of his eye, Lior saw Ven's paw coming up to his chin.

He wasn't sure the wolf was convinced, but he had half a mind to just ask him to leave him alone for now and go guard the door as he *should*, given his job description.

Before he could, however, Lior tensed up as he felt *something* touching his thigh. Under his robes! The dragon back up right away and looked at Ven who, in turn, had a mischievous smirk plastered all over his muzzle now.

"You know..." the wolf said and, alongside it, he moved his paw up in the air. When he did, Lior felt a touch on his thigh under his robes again. It caressed it in a motion that was similar to the one the wolf did on the air with his paw. "I think I know how to cheer you up, Lior."

What the sly wolf was doing was obvious to a mage like Lior. Ven's talents relied mostly on swordplay, but the dragon knew that some magic was within the wolf's disposal. Among the basic level spells he knew, Mage Hand was one of them. A simple conjuration that could create a floating copy of a paw with the purpose of performing simple tasks at range. The task the wolf was performing now, though...

Lior blushed slightly. "Ven, I'm not sure-"

Before he could continue, the wolf's smile grew wider. His hand moved up in the air and, following its movements, the hand under his robes moved up as well. Lior tensed up more when he felt a delicate finger trailing around his slit. The wolf's precision with the spell was kind of impressive. The dragon couldn't help but spread his legs just a little wider. The touching felt... good. The fire of arousal within him rose as the wolf played around and teased his slit. As Lior looked up at Ven...

It wouldn't be the first time he had fooled around with his bodyguard. Not by a long shot. As Lior's eyes remained on Ven, memories of the wolf without his armor and clothing off filled up his head. It made him yearn to see it again.

"What aren't you sure about, Lior?" Ven asked with a teasing voice. The wolf approached him until he was standing right in front of his bed. Right in front of him... "I know you. I know how you cheer yourself up

when you're feeling down..."

That mischievous smile only grew. Ven's hand continued to move in the air and, in tandem with it, its spectral counterpart under Lior's robes continued to tease right at his slit. The dragon couldn't help but groan in pleasure, closing his eyes for a moment when a single soft pinger pried into his slit to tease his dormant member...

With Lior distracted, it surprised him when suddenly the wolf advanced upon him. With the dragon sitting on his bed, his bodyguard pretty much jumped over his lap to sit over his legs leaving them chest to chest. Lior opened his eyes just in time to see Ven's muzzle advancing upon his own. The wolf initiated a bold kiss that had the golden dragon gasping in surprise at first, but as the wolf's tongue made its way to meet his own, Lior relaxed into the kiss. He let himself appreciate it, responding to it with equal passion, but as the wolf's arms embraced him to pull him closer he realized that Ven's hand was still moving. The teasing on his slit under his robes hadn't stopped. If anything, it grew even bolder while they kissed and made out. The wolf's fingers pried in with more vehemence, flaring up the dragon's arousal and making his own member part his slit to grow erect little by little.

With the wolf's body pressed against his own, it wasn't long until Lior felt a bulge pressing against his stomach either. The wolf shifted every now and then clearly bothered by the tightness of his pants, but Ven only grew more passionate as arousal overtook him as well. To Lior, it was impossible to tell for how long they kissed until the wolf finally broke away, but when he did the dragon found himself panting in a lustful daze.

Ven only smiled at him. No words were needed between them. The wolf pushed Lior back to force him to lie down, then he jumped back to stand up and started unbuckling his leather armor in a hurry. The dragon wasted no time either, pulling at his robes eager to discard them.

Within a few moments, all of their clothes laid discarded on the ground. Both dragon and wolf stood fully naked and erect. As Lior propped himself up on his elbow at the center of his large bed, he licked

his own lips taking in the sight of the naked wolf.

Ven's body wasn't as muscular or impressive as some of the top-notch pleasure professionals the dragon was used to enjoying, but there was a certain... wildness to his slender form, to the small scars he had on his fur here or there, to the shagginess of it. It wasn't perfectly combed and groomed as the high-grade whores' were. Anyone would be able to tell the wolf was not of noble lineage from a glance. It was exactly that that made the dragon's fully aroused member pulse in the air. What would his father say if he knew who he was sleeping with now...

Ven grinned. The wolf's tapered member was of typical canine shape and Lior appreciated how even his knot at the base had already grown past his sheath. It wasn't fully grown yet but Lior was eager to see it become so.

"Ready, Lior? I know I'm supposed to protect you, but today I feel like pounding you hard instead!" The wolf's tail wagged with amusement over his own joke. Lior just chuckled. He rolled over the bed to lay on his belly and leave his round rear exposed, then he lifted his own long draconic tail up high invitingly. The effect it had on the wolf was instantaneous. His eyes widened just a little, his smile grew larger and even his cock gave Lior a little throb in reaction. It pleased the dragon greatly to see that.

Ven wasted no time. He jumped up on the bed and, before long, his hands were holding Lior's hips. The wolf extended his paw towards the dragon's nightstand and, for a moment, Lior wondered how exactly he knew that Lior kept his lubrication solution in the first drawer there. The wolf's Mage Hand, however, materialized, grabbed the vial, and brought it back to the wolf so that he could start slathering up his member with its contents. If only he knew how expensive that was... but Lior said nothing of it. The dragon felt a familiar surge of pleasant excitement growing within him. The anticipation before what he knew a session of pleasure would be. As Ven pulled his rear up, propping the dragon to support himself on his knees, Lior let himself fully relax to prepare for what was

coming.

Most of the whores were kind and gentle. They took it slow, taking hold of his member, whispering erotic yet trained lines on his ears and asking over and over if he was ready. They treated him as if he was made of glass, for they all knew that if he did come out of it with as much of a scratch and decided to complain, the dragon noble's father would be the end of them. Ven, though?

The wolf had no such notions. Whether it was bravery or just sheer foolishness, Lior didn't know, but Ven had never really shown that same fear. When the hired mercenary pressed his hard member between Lior's cheeks, the dragon had to grit his teeth and bite his tongue. As he felt the tip of the wolf's member line up against his entrance there were no questions, no caressing, no boring little lines. There was just the wolf's arousal, his urge to sink his dick into something, and that was exactly what he did.

It was rougher than Lior was used to, but the dragon very much appreciated that. His hands grabbed at the silk sheets under him, clinging to them hard as the wolf sunk himself into him. Ven huffed above him, the experience intense for both of them as the wolf, eager as he was, went in hard and fast. The lubrication helped smoothen everything up so that the wolf's glistening member could sink itself into the dragon almost entirely in the first go. It wasn't long, however, until Ven groaned with pleasure and started pulling out, only to then drive himself in with even more force than before in order to spread the dragon's tight entrance wider for himself.

As the wolf thrust in and out of him, slowly creating his own rhythm of fucking, the dragon was in heaven. Lior's head rested against his pillow as he just reveled on the plethora of sensations the wolf's member provided him. He thought about reaching down to his own member throbbing between his legs, oozing pre-cum onto his own expensive sheets, but what was the hurry?

It had been a while since the last time he had decided to ask a whore to take him instead of simply taking them himself and with Ven? It was

even better. The wolf went as far as growling softly, a primal instinct of his species, as he thrust into the dragon particularly hard. The jolt of pleasure it brought made the dragon tremble. Being proficient in the matters of carnal relations, Lior allowed himself to relax his whole body despite the intensity of it all, making the wolf's thrusting smoother while at the same time letting him enjoy the experience to its fullest.

All of the dragon's previous problems ceased to exist at that moment.

As he continued to fuck with growing speed, Ven's arm came up to envelop Lior's chest. The dragon could feel the wolf's furry chest against his back as Ven leaned over him to get a better thrusting angle. The humorous part in Lior's brain wondered if all wolves preferred doing it doggy style, but he didn't say that out loud. Instead, he just propped himself further up to allow it. There was an extra spice to it in feeling the wolf's heavy breathing right against the back of his neck. To hear his own huffs of pleasure so close to his ears and know that each time that engorged member thrust deep into him, mashing against all the pleasure spots in there, the wolf took equal gratification from it. The dragon revelled in the intimacy of the act, pressing himself against the wolf's back as well as his own arousal grew high.

Lior couldn't hold back anymore either. He reached down to his own member with his paw, grabbing on to it and starting to jerk it off in tandem with the wolf's fucking. It wasn't long after he had done so, however, that Ven sunk himself deep into him and stopped for a moment.

Ven's paw trailed down from his chest to grab Lior's wrist and pull his own paw away from his member. The dragon was surprised for a moment, but as he glanced back at Ven he saw the wolf smirking again despite the fact that he was also panting.

"Let me do it," the wolf said, and even though one of his hands was on the bed for support and the other was still holding on to Lior's own wrist, the dragon felt a paw enveloping his member again. Gripping it tightly, rubbing it...

Lior smiled. He was borderline impressed that Ven was able to conjure the spectral hand even with all of the *distractions* surrounding him. Even more so that the wolf was able to have the hand start pumping his dick, stroking him with light but firm movements that, while simple and repetitive, felt pretty damn great for the dragon. Without saying anything else, the wolf pulled his cock back and then thrust back in to quickly resume his fucking where it had left off. The spectral hand stroking Lior's dick didn't stop either even as the wolf resumed his more intense activities. It made the dragon wonder how many times the wolf had made use of the hand during sex, with himself or others, to be so proficient at keeping it stable even through the distractions. He was glad Ven did, though.

The dragon was able to use both of his hands for support. The wolf let go of his wrist with his arm going back to enveloping his chest and the spectral hand continued to do its work. It would glide up and down the surface of Lior's draconic shaft, stroking it from the tip all the way to the base in almost perfect tandem with the wolf's own thrusts. The dragon felt himself getting closer to the peak of his pleasure, but he bit his lip and held back. He wanted to feel the characteristic high of doing it with a wolf before he came. He longed for it and, from what it looked like, so did Ven.

The wolf grunted above him. He shifted his weight from his knees to prop one paw up and aim a little higher down on the dragon's ass in order to improve his angle even more. Each thrust from Ven came with increased force now and Lior could feel from experience how the large bulb of the wolf's knot bumped against his entrance every time the wolf went deep into him. It was too large to come in easily, however, requiring more force from the wolf who, in fact, seemed happy to provide.

It made the fucking get rougher. More wild and fast than any whore would ever dare go with him. Even when Lior hired wolves to knot him they didn't dare huff against his neck, growl, and just go harder and harder on him in order to shove it in rather than doing it with technique. Ven clearly wasn't thinking of any of that, though. The wolf wanted the

knot in and all of his body reflected that.

It became harder for Lior to hold back for he was sure that the speeding up of the spectral hand jerking off his member was connected to the wolf's eagerness to knot and finish. The dragon was used to holding back, to elongating his pleasure, and it was that expertise that allowed him to keep from coming too early. It was a losing battle, though. Lior knew he couldn't hold back for long, but then finally...

The knot going in was always a surprise. In one of the wolf's wilder thrusts, suddenly the dragon's tailhole gave in to it, spreading wider around the large knot for a moment to allow it to pop in. Lior couldn't help but tense up for a moment as it happened. The mix of pain and intense pleasure that came from it was one of his favorite things when it came to wolves. The dragon let himself moan out loud in response, enjoying the feeling of Ven's cock deeper into him than ever before and filling him up entirely.

The wolf's thrusts became quick and shallow. Ven's huffing became louder, a signal that Lior knew all too well meant the wolf was about to burst. With the intent of pleasing coupled with the intensity of it all, Lior let himself go as well. The dragon simply allowed the surge of high bliss to overcome him as his climax came. His rear clenched down on the wolf's invading member instinctively as he shot his first jet of dragon seed down on his sheets. Ven moaning out loud in surprise was like music to Lior's ears.

It was, of course, followed by the throbbing of the wolf's cock inside him as Ven himself came to the same overwhelming climax the dragon was feeling. Those few seconds of pure bliss were everything the dragon needed. He didn't care about the puddle of spunk he was making on his own bed, nor about which servants or guards heard both him and Ven moan out loud in pleasure. At that moment, there was only him and the wolf above him, entangled together in a high pleasure that reached its peak, then slowly wound down in tandem with the wolf's slowing thrusts.

The paw around Lior's member slowed down as well. It stroked him a

few more times as his climax finished, but then the touch vanished completely as Ven's own body grew heavier over his own. Lior spread his knees, not caring about laying on his own seed as he let his and the wolf's weight crash down on the bed. He could feel Ven relaxing over his back, then he felt the warm tingle of a tongue giving the back of his neck an appreciative lick.

"Damn, Lior... that was... damn."

The dragon didn't have to look back to see the wolf's bushy tail wagging slowly in the air in appreciation. Lior simply chuckled.

"Yeah, it was."

They both lay there like that for a few moments. Lior could feel the wolf's member still giving those last few throbs in its afterglow. It remained fully hard deep inside him given that the wolf's knot had reached full size.

"I'm, uhm..." Ven tried tugging at his knot, trying to pull back in a gentle motion, but it only proved what both of them already knew fully well: they were stuck together for a while.

"It's okay," Lior reassured him. "I'm not in a hurry and you're... well, you're on duty."

Ven smiled at that. The wolf nodded. "Uhh, y-yeah! If an assassin came right now I swear I could still fight him off, knot or not! I would just have to maybe drag-"

The dragon smiled, but he made sure to interrupt the wolf before he could continue on.

"Ven?" Lior asked with his eyes already closing.

Ven stopped to look down at him. "Yeah, Lior?"

The dragon let himself relax on his bed. The warmth of the wolf's body over his felt good. The intimacy...

“Can we just forget about everything and stay like this tonight?”

The wolf seemed a little uncertain at first. Yet, he smiled, his tail gave away a wag or two and ultimately, he nodded. Ven let himself relax again over the dragon, going as far as embracing him as well.

Lior smiled. It made him feel reassured over the fact that, at least in Ven, he knew he didn't have just a bodyguard. He also had a friend. And what a friend it was...