



Getting Him to Talk

Dragons' Solstice 2

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Every year Travis accompanies Chen to China to celebrate Chinese New Year. This year Travis knows Chen's worried about going home. The stubborn land dragon doesn't want to talk about what's bothering him. But Travis has remarkable powers of persuasion...

Getting Him to Talk

It had turned into an annual trip. Travis accompanied Chen to China once a year, about a week before Chinese New Year. Chen donated his sperm to any willing female dragons who wanted to prevent wing rot but not have any disabilities. This year, it wasn't even Winter Solstice yet but Chen was obviously worried about going home. And because the stubborn land dragon didn't always like to talk about his problems, it was Travis's task to draw him out.

And there was no better way to do that than through sex.

So, on the morning of Winter Solstice, Travis caught Chen's hand as his lover passed the chair where he, Travis, sat, and pulled him down into his lap. Travis carefully turned Chen so that his beloved was facing away from him. This would make Chen feel less intimidated and more willing to talk. Not that Travis planned to start conversing right away. Instead, he crossed his hands at the wrists over Chen's groin and pressed down lightly. "Hi." He could feel his own erection growing and he smiled, knowing the expression would carry in his voice. "Want to?"

Chen had been tense; now he relaxed. "Always."

Travis held him in place when he would have jumped up and gone to their bedroom. "Can you feel how much I want you?" He bucked his hips a little, lifting Chen easily. He'd only been a land dragon himself for a little less than a year, but he'd already been strong as a human so there had only been increased strength, not having to develop muscles that hadn't been used much before.

Chen groaned and pressed Travis's hands over his groin. "You're dressed. So am I. We can't fuck right here."

"No, but..." Travis wriggled until his cock was pressed right between Chen's ass cheeks. "Can you feel me now?"

"Keep doing that and I'll spill in my trousers."

“It’s called ‘come in my pants,’ my dear lover. And I’d like to see that.” He was actually close himself; he spent many a day in a perpetual state of “let me ride you.” But maybe a not-quite-fuck would work just as well today for scrambling Chen’s thoughts. Travis began rolling his hips, pushing one cheek into the chair at a time and creating a rhythm that Chen responded to.

The cock trapped in his jeans and under Travis’s hands thickened and pressed against Travis’s palm.

“Quit teasing me. I want --”

“You’ll get what you want. After I’ve discovered if I really can make you spill, er, come, in your pants.” Travis rocked faster, bucking a little, almost unseating Chen even as he held his lover in place. His own orgasm was maddeningly close and he wanted to hold off until after Chen had reached his climax.

But that wasn’t to be. Travis’s balls tightened in hot need and he groaned, burying his face against Chen’s broad, muscular back. He smelled sex, his orgasm and Chen’s arousal, and he smelled a spice he couldn’t name, one that he associated with Chen’s dressier clothes. “What are you wearing?” He asked when he could speak. Then he immediately showed he didn’t want Chen to answer because he rubbed his palm over his beloved’s cock in a counterclockwise fashion.

Chen moaned and threw his head back, almost clocking Travis.

But Travis had been ready for such a move; it was the one that nearly always happened before Chen came.

“Sandalwood,” Chen gasped. Then he climaxed, his whole body shuddering.

Travis wrapped his arms around Chen’s chest to keep him in place.

“I’m sticky,” his lover complained.

“Just answer one question for me and then you may go.”

“Yes, I want you to fuck me up the ass as soon as we’re both hard again. Satisfied?” He sounded both disgruntled and joking.

“Why are you on edge about going home in two months?”

Chen hissed. “You’re a sneaky bastard.” And he tried to get up.

But Travis was just as strong now. He kept Chen a prisoner. “Tell me and then we’ll go wash together.”

“Fine. They, both my mother and her beloved Number One Son, are making noises about you being tested to see if you can also give unblemished *genese* to the females of our rival kingdom.”

“But I’m not part of your family.” In his surprise, Travis let Chen go.

“Ah, but you want to be.” He added quietly, “And I want you to be. I might have let that slip accidentally.”

“So...” Travis looked up at his lover. “You want to marry me but you’re afraid I’ll say no because that means jerking off for the purposes of sharing my sperm?” His heart was beating very fast. “Do you really want to marry me?”

Chen seemed to read the excitement that was surely in Travis’s face because he knelt, sticky jeans be damned, and took Travis’s hand. “I would be honored to call you my husband.”

Travis’s gut roiled and he fell forward out of his chair, nearly knocking Chen off balance. “Yes,” he said huskily. “Yes, yes.”

They didn’t make it to the shower, opting to strip and make love right there in the living room.

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