



Nights Like Tonight

When people find out Desdemona lives with *two* men, they give her that look. The one that starts with a raised eyebrow, drifts into a smirk, and ends with a conspiratorial whisper: *"How do you get any rest?"*

She usually grins and changes the subject. They have no idea about nights like tonight.

It started innocently enough. Or as innocently as anything in this apartment ever gets.

Iron Dragon was sprawled across the couch, bare-chested, with a can of ginger beer sweating in one

hand. Surgat was in the recliner, all thick muscle, blue skin, and so much body hair it looked like he was smuggling a shag carpet under his skin. The two had been trading verbal jabs all evening — about push-up counts, who had better stamina in bed, and whether Iron Dragon’s “dragon” was more garden lizard than fire-breathing beast.

Then Surgat leaned forward, horns catching the lamplight. “Let’s settle it,” he said.

Iron Dragon raised an eyebrow. “Arm wrestling?”

“No,” Surgat rumbled. “Penis measuring.”

From the kitchen, Desi froze mid-sip of her tea. “...I’m sorry, *what?*”

Iron Dragon didn’t miss a beat. “You’re on.”

She set her mug down and padded in, her thick leather belt-top creaking as she crossed her arms under her breasts. “Do I even *want* to know how we got here?”

But it was too late — pants were coming off.

Iron Dragon shucked his with the swift precision of a man who’d engineered mech armor and knew how to strip for efficiency. Surgat took his sweet time, thumbs hooked in his waistband, lowering the fabric inch by tantalizing inch — until the weight of what lay beneath yanked them down the rest of the way.

Desi perched on the couch arm. “Do I judge this? Is there scoring? Are there rounds?”

“You can judge,” Iron Dragon said.

“No,” Surgat countered, “she’s biased toward you.”

Her brow furrowed. “Biased toward me? Since when?”

“Since the hot tub incident,” he said.

Iron Dragon froze. “...What hot tub incident?”

Surgat tapped his temple. “Deshrouder powers, buddy. I *know* things.”

They squared off, cocks already half-hard from the competitive tension alone. Surgat’s was thick and veiny, with a faint, almost pearlescent blue tint to the skin; a tuft of darker hair at the base framed it like a decadent dessert. Iron Dragon’s was smoother, tan, and uncut, and already pulsing with “put me in, coach” energy..

Desi handed them a measuring tape like a referee tossing a coin at the start of a match.

First round: numbers announced.

Second round: demands for a redo because “cold hands.”

By the third round, they were standing way too close, their cocks brushing as they bickered.

Surgat's eyes narrowed. "This tape measure's worthless. You've got to factor in curvature, angle, demon warmth — too many variables."

Iron Dragon tilted his head. "So what's your solution?"

"Eyeball it."

Before Dragon could reply, Surgat took a half-step forward, closing the gap until the thick, blue-skinned length of him was flush against Dragon's smoother, tan shaft. The contact made them both inhale sharply.

Dragon smirked. "Scientific method, huh?"

Surgat rolled his hips forward, just enough for the twin lengths to grind together, skin dragging against skin. "Purely for research purposes."

The heat between them spiked instantly. Both men hardened further, cocks swelling against each other until the friction was slick with shared precum.

Dragon's hand slid down between them, wrapping around both shafts at once. His palm moved slowly at first, stroking from root to tip, squeezing just enough to make Surgat grunt. The difference in texture was intoxicating — Surgat's ridged and veiny, Dragon's smooth and tight-skinned, the contrast amplifying every motion.

Surgat braced a big, clawed hand against Dragon's hip and started grinding in earnest. Their cocks slid together in a steady rhythm, smearing each other with more slick, the heat building with each thrust of their hips.

"Not... exactly... conclusive," Dragon said between breaths, his grip tightening as he stroked them both faster.

"Feels... pretty... conclusive to me," Surgat shot back, the words breaking on a groan.

Their hips moved in sync now, shafts pressed so tight together it was hard to tell where one ended and the other began. The head of each cock nudged the other on every upward stroke, a jolt of sensation that made both of them gasp.

Surgat pulled the smaller man even closer. Dragon leaned forward, their breaths hot and ragged as the slick friction turned into something less like measuring and more like a competition to see who could get the other to break first.

"Think you're... gonna fold... first," Dragon murmured, voice shaky but smug.

"Not... a chance," Surgat growled, thrusting harder.

The sound of their cocks sliding together filled the room, wet and obscene, and Desi — still watching from the couch arm — found herself licking her lips despite herself.

Desi sighed. “Oh for hell’s sake — just kiss already.”

“What?!” Iron Dragon said.

“You’re circling each other like tigers in mating season,” she said. “Get it over with.”

There was a pause. Then Iron Dragon stepped forward. Surgat didn’t back away. Their chests bumped, their breath mingled, and the kiss hit hard — messy, hungry, all teeth and heat.

Desi arched an eyebrow, settling back as the two men lost themselves in it.

Hands roamed. Iron Dragon’s fingers tangled in Surgat’s chest hair, tugging hard enough to make the demon growl. Surgat’s claws trailed down Dragon’s sides, leaving faint red lines that made him shiver.

They broke the kiss only long enough to strip the rest of the way, hard cocks slapping against thighs.

Iron Dragon dropped to his knees first, wrapping a hand around Surgat’s shaft and licking up the underside, tasting salt and something faintly metallic. Surgat exhaled sharply, his claws cupping the back of Dragon’s head, guiding him deeper. The demon’s hips rolled, slow at first, then harder, until Dragon was taking him to the root, jaw working around the girth.

“Fuck...” Surgat groaned. “Didn’t think you had it in you, little man.”

Dragon popped off with a smirk. “Oh, I’m sure I will before the end of the night.”

With that, Surgat seized him by the waist, spinning them so Dragon’s back hit the recliner. The demon’s tongue was hot and wet as it wrapped around Dragon’s cock — literally *wrapped*, curling in ways human tongues couldn’t. Dragon’s hands gripped those curling horns for leverage, head tipping back, gasping.

By the time Surgat pulled off, Dragon was flushed, leaking pre down his shaft.

They hit the floor together, mouths meeting again, hips grinding. Cocks slid against each other, slick with spit and precum, the friction making both men groan.

Desi made a low “mmm” sound, legs crossing lazily as she watched.

Then Surgat shifted, pushing Dragon down to all fours. “You lost the contest, you take it,” he growled.

“Who says I lost?” Dragon shot back — right before Surgat’s hand landed on his ass with a sharp *smack*.

Dragon’s retort dissolved into a moan as the demon pressed the broad head of his cock against his rim,

pushing past resistance with steady, unrelenting pressure. Dragon's fingers curled against the carpet, the stretch pulling another deep groan from his throat.

Once buried to the hilt, Surgat started to move — slow thrusts that quickly built into a steady rhythm, the sound of skin meeting skin filling the room. Dragon met each thrust, muscles flexing, cock bobbing between his legs.

Surgat leaned over him, voice low. “Think you’ve got me beat now?”

“F-fuck you,” Dragon panted.

“That’s the idea.”

The thrusts grew harder, sharper, until Dragon's arms trembled. Precum dripped to the floor beneath him.

Surgat reached around to grip Dragon's cock, stroking in time with each thrust. Dragon's voice cracked on a groan, and he came hard, spilling across the carpet. His body clenched around Surgat, and the demon snarled, pulling out just in time to finish across Dragon's back, streaks glistening under the lamplight.

They both stayed there, catching their breath.

Iron Dragon turned his head toward the couch. “Desi — get over here.”

“Yeah,” Surgat added, still panting. “Your turn.”

No answer.

They both glanced over.

Desdemona was slumped back on the couch, legs tucked beneath her, head tilted back. Eyes closed. Gentle, steady breathing.

Fast asleep.

They stared.

“...Is she seriously — ?” Iron Dragon started.

“Yup.”

“During *this*?”

“Yup.”

There was a long pause. Then both men started laughing.

“She’s never gonna believe she missed this,” Dragon said.

“Oh, she’s gonna believe it,” Surgat grinned. “She’s just gonna *hate* it.”

And with that, they collapsed together on the floor, still chuckling, still tangled in each other’s arms — already plotting round two for a time when the devilgirl wasn’t halfway through a chamomile coma.

The Morning Games

Sunlight spilled through the blinds, striping the apartment in pale gold. Desdemona padded out of the bedroom in one of Iron Dragon's favorite T-shirts. (It was his favorite because it barely covered her hips.) She found both men in the kitchen, shirtless, flipping pancakes and frying eggs like nothing unusual had happened the night before.

Nothing except the "measuring contest" and what it turned into.

They were still at it — verbally, at least.

"I'm telling you," Iron Dragon said, stabbing the spatula toward Surgat, "I had the better stroke."

Surgat snorted as he stirred the eggs. "Power without finesse is meaningless. I had control *and* stamina."

Desi leaned against the doorway, sipping her coffee. "For the last time," she said, "it's not about size — it's about how you use it."

Both heads turned toward her.

Dragon grinned. "So... who uses it better?"

She took another sip, considering. Then her lips curled in a slow, wicked smile. “You know what? Let’s find out. Olympics style.”

That got their attention.

Within minutes, the stove was off, the food forgotten, and the kitchen became the arena for the inaugural Throuple Morning Games.

Event 1: The Sprint

They started with speed — Desi perched on the counter, legs spread, inviting them in turn. Dragon dropped to his knees first, licking her through the thin cotton of her shirt hem before tugging it up and burying his mouth between her thighs. His tongue moved in quick, practiced flicks that made her toes curl against the cabinet doors.

Surgat, not to be outdone, took his turn — slower at first, then ramping up to a relentless rhythm, his long demon tongue curling in ways Dragon’s couldn’t. Desi gasped and braced herself on the countertop, judging form, stamina, and how many moans they could wring out of her before she pushed them away to avoid *premature* victory.

Event 2: The Wrestling Match

She hopped down, ordering them to strip the rest of the way. They circled her like predators, cocks hard and ready, until she commanded, “On the floor.”

She straddled Dragon first, lowering herself onto him with a sigh that made his head tip back. Surgat knelt behind her, grinding against her back, one clawed hand on her breast, the other tweaking her clit as Dragon thrust up into her. They traded positions — Surgat taking her from behind while Dragon kissed her, their bodies tangling on the kitchen floor, sweat making skin slick and warm.

Every swap was a new point scored in her mental tally, each man trying to impress her with depth, angle, speed.

Event 3: The Team Relay

Desi decided the final event would be cooperative.

She leaned against the fridge, one leg hooked over Dragon's shoulder as he fucked her hard, while Surgat crouched beside them, stroking himself and leaning in to kiss her, his tongue curling into her mouth in perfect sync with Dragon's thrusts.

Then they switched — Surgat's thick cock filling her, stretching her open, while Dragon pressed against her from the side, stroking himself against her hip, his breath hot in her ear.

It built fast after that. Dragon came first, groaning as he spilled across her stomach. Surgat followed moments later, pulling out to cover her ass and lower back in hot, thick streaks. Desi shuddered through her own orgasm,

gripping them both by the hair as she cried out, her knees nearly buckling.

Closing Ceremony

They collapsed against the cabinets, panting, laughing breathlessly.

“Well?” Dragon asked, “Who won?”

Desi traced a finger across the cum that had pooled in her belly button. Raising it to her swollen lips, she licked the thick nectar languidly.

“Boys, that should be obvious,” she said through a fanged grin.

“I did.”



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