My luxury penthouse apartment in Manhattan City didn’t have the greatest view, at least compared to the others out there. It didn’t face Central Park, Times Square, or even the beautiful New York harbor, but a small portion of Brooklyn on the Lower East Side. Certainly not one of the billion-dollar towers. However, it didn’t mean I regretted the purchase, far from it. I particularly enjoyed seeing the sun rise through my large window, providing an unobstructed view overlooking the Hudson River to my left, with the body of water snaking southward under the Brooklyn Bridge standing visible to my right. I also enjoyed the natural lighting, since no other tall structures of the building blocked the sun until it descended on the western horizon of Manhattan Isle’s skyline.

 After entering the foyer, I inhaled at being back in a familiar space again. The previous time I’d stayed for longer than a week had been the previous year for Christmas celebrations. My tail wagged excitedly at the prospect of two things after locking the door behind me: sleeping in a bed I happened to own, as well as seeing Zhao Ai, if he’d not finished cleaning.

 “Ai?” I stepped down the short corridor. “Ai, are you here?”

 “Mr. Drakos?” He called out, ears perked as the twenty-eight-year-old Chinese American dragon peeked around the corner, then gasped in pure delight. “Mr. Drakos! You’re here!”

 Faster than I could blink, Ai flung himself into my broad arms, his lower-half hovering from the floor thanks to his flying abilities as a dragon. “It is so good to see you again, Ai!” My smile beamed. “It’s been a very busy year for me, for all of us.”

“It has, sir.” He nuzzled my cheek, whispering, “Welcome back home.”

I squeezed the reptilian lad into a tight hug, rubbing Ai’s back as he continued to levitate, making note of him wearing the rainbow housekeeping apron I’d given him for his previous birthday. As well as nothing else. Just the way he liked working and how I preferred him. Zhao Ai had been in my employment for six years, living in the penthouse’s second guest bedroom as its caretaker and housekeeper. He could do whatever he wished and invite whomever he wished, so long as it never involved my private study. Otherwise, the affectionate dragon lad spent his days either flying freely around the apartment (and Central Park, once the flight license papers were updated, giving him permission from city hall to do so) or reading as many books as possible from the Manhattan City Public Library.

“I have missed you, Mr. Drakos. I have missed you so, so much.”

“I’ve told you before,” I whispered into his scaly ear fins, “you can call me ‘Sebastian’.”

“Sebastian,” he dropped the honorifics, pulling back to stare lovingly into my eyes with his beautiful violet orbs. “Sebastian, please don’t stay away so long ever again.”

I cupped my thumb under his chin, lifting it so my lips touched his. Cold-blooded or not, the dragon felt incredibly warm, pressing his tongue against mine not in lust, but genuine love. Ai intensified the kiss once my fingers laced around his bare hips, untying the housekeeper’s apron until it fell to the floor, leaving him wearing nothing but his lithe green-and-white-scaled birthday suit I’d been lucky to have shared my bed with on multiple occasions. Too many to count, that very same night included.

His horns might have reached up to my forehead, but I easily carried the lad bridal style in my arms. My left paw groped his ass the same time the fingers on my right paw held his ticklish middle back, making him giggle and causing his dragon tail to swish against my legs. I effortlessly led us to my bedroom. Dorky, romantic smiles etched onto our faces. Part of me wondered in Ai had been using his flight abilities to help me carry him in recent years, but I never questioned it, only going along with the roleplay as I brought him through the immaculately clean kitchen facing the large windows overlooking the Hudson, down a short corridor and into the master bedroom.

Unsurprisingly, the door lay wide open for us. Even more unsurprisingly, an array of rose pedals draped over the luxury bedsheets like a quilt, and I gently set Ai down atop them. His uncut dragon cock stood at attention for me. It shivered and throbbed for me when I leaned down to kiss his delicate inner thighs. I grinned at hearing him growl. I licked my lips at hearing him whimper from my slow pecks along his torso, then moan when my right paw held down on his stomach, and I licked up his leaking shaft’s foreskin. The lad finally voiced his heavenly snarls to me once I swallowed his manhood whole.

Zhou Ai knew I led a promiscuous life. He knew how often I fucked other young men his age across the world, but he didn’t care. In fact, Cypress and Jaime were pen pals with him. They often called him whenever I didn’t have the chance to, then updated me on what he’d been doing. If Ai had wanted to, he could’ve returned to Mainland China after I’d helped rescue him from a perilous trafficking situation in Taiwan. He didn’t though, citing how he didn’t have any family to speak of. Ever since then, Ai’s devotion for me had been apparent. His love for me could be seen from outer space if it needed to be measured in kilometers, to the point the dragon turned down other offers for better housekeeping contracts. Not just from other sugar daddies.

When I asked why he didn’t take those contracts or consider returning to his homeland, Zhou Ai simply said, “I have more freedom and happiness working for you than I ever did in my previous life.”

Whenever I stopped by Manhattan City for business or pleasure, Ai and I didn’t have sex in bed. We made passionate love. As God as my witness, I gave my loyal dragon everything he wanted and much more. It involved nothing less than a one-hundred percent priority of his pleasure over mine.

At one point, Ai went adventurous, levitating over the bed and sucking my dogcock as I provided the same oral treatment to him. Our actions mirrored the other, having done the maneuver countless times over the years. We nibbled, divinely licked, stroked in worship, nudged our members with our noses, encircled the heads with our dexterous tongues, then heavily coated them in saliva until it mixed with the other’s pre cum. Ai certainly loved it and so did I, since it required little effort in keeping himself above me. He just floated in the air like a naked kite. During our foreplay, Ai nibbled and tugged on my sheath, and I did the same for his foreskin, taking the initiative to teasingly nip his taint in the process once his lithe body lowered down enough for me to reach. Ai emitted a high-pitched gasp. As I chuckled, my dragon lad retaliated by giving my emerged knot a firm yet unharmful bite.

Did I mention his teeth had fangs?

“Ow!” I yelped in surprise.

“Sorry, Mr. Drakos.” Ai giggled in high-pitched mischief. “Let me kiss it better.”

Seconds later, my toes curled into the bed sheets, feeling his dragon tongue expertly slither under the taut pouch of furry skin that was my canine sheath. It brought my pulsing member to Heaven. Whatever words I tried saying turned into incomprehensible moaning. I could only bark out a few praises to several deities.

Hours coursed by outside the bedroom window. I’d made out with and pleasured every centimeter of Ai, from his sweet lips to his supple neck, down past his sensitive nipples, the dragon’s cute navel, stomach, torso, and his legs as well as his paw pads. Ai enjoyed letting me suckle each one, kissing the creamy toe beans. For him, I pressed my nose into each ticklish toe, huffing against and slurping in the space between those digits. I didn’t flinch at tasting some perspiration. If anything, it made him more aroused to see me doing what he enjoyed. For Zhou Ai, I went so far as to intimately wrap my tongue up and down each smooth pad, letting him squirm and eventually squirt cum all over his beautiful face. Which I happily lapped up too, making the dragon giggle into another returned kiss.

By the time that sunset fast approached, I’d rocked a second load inside of Ai. Meanwhile, my dragon lad outpaced me with a fourth climax, then spooned me securely as we caught our breaths.

“I missed you, Ai.” I patted his head, panting as I kissed his nose.

Glowing, he stared at me with such lovestruck eyes. “I missed you too, Sebastian.”

With a few more days left before doing to Connecticut, I planned to devote it entirely to spending time with Ai. No going on gay hookup apps. Just Zhou Ai. He’d been such a dedicated worker and friend, he not only earned some time off, but deserved to be given some love. Wherever he wanted to go across Manhattan City, I wanted to go too.

Anything for my dragon lad.