After booking myself into a three-star motel when I arrived in St. Clarke, it had already been noon. However, I had still been driving for several hours and neither had the chance to fully sleep nor a second cup of coffee but didn’t feel the full effects of it until after I’d arrived at my hookup’s residence; a beautiful boathouse docked on the Mississippi River.

He was a lithe otter named Franklin Delaney. Twenty-eight years old, worked as a freelance programmer, a former member of his college’s swimming team with the athletic body still remaining years later, and didn’t care who knew that he frequented gay hook up apps. Now, it didn’t mean he gave away his personal information willy-nilly, but he found it almost pointless to keep a hard line between his personal and sex life to do a belief in complete online privacy being dead.

Blunt and to the point with wanting sex, I immediately liked Franklin. Not just because he had the athletic swimmer’s body of an otter pulled right out of college, let alone shining green emeralds for eyes and a cute smile that I knew would look/feel spectacular wrapped around my cock. He seemed very friendly, teasing, and playful without dancing around what either of us wanted.

Unfortunately for me, my lack of sleep and caffeine took its toll ones he invited me into his home, and we lay naked down on the bed. No sooner did I rest the back of my head onto his incredibly soft pillows did I lose consciousness. Stupid old dog.

Fortunately for me though, Franklin Delaney wasn’t a sketchy otter who took the opportunity to rifle through my wallet in my pants pocket. He didn’t even touch my clothes as I slept. What he did do was patiently wait an hour or two, checking his phone for job openings or chatting with friends, until he decided to wake me up in the most wondrous way possible for me. He knew I liked it because I offhandedly mentioned that as being a kink of mine, so long as it’s done to me consensually.

“Mmm?” I stirred awake to the sensation of a cold nose kissing my sheath.

Drowsily but not fully awake, I moaned at feeling Franklin’s tongue dance up and down my package, from the emerging tip to my scrotum shivering in delight. Those brown lips sucked on each ball beneath my hardening shaft and lavished them like they were a fine Missouri breakfast.

“Hehe,” I murmured half-tired. “Naughty otter. I was having a pleasant dream.”

He slurped off one of my balls to giggle deviously. “What was it about, Sebastian?”

“I was in the middle of an orgy full of Russian foxes,” I coyly described to Franklin while he continued giving oral treatment to my revealed dogcock. “It had at least four more of you, plus a ferret, a koala, and the actor who plays Jacob Candle.”

“Jacob Candle, huh?” He parted reluctantly from my member. “In that case, why don’t I leave you to go back to sleep, old man?”

“Old man?” I snarled with a lewd grin.

“Yeah, old man,” the otter stuck his tongue out. “You’re over forty and you fell asleep in my bedroom before we could have sex. Like an old man, hehe.”

Oh, he was going to get it. Sitting back up and pulling the rudder-butted mammal closer to my muscular body, I growled while staring into the frightfully aroused, smirking otter about to cum all over my chest. It seemed he loved shows of dominance as much as teasing it out from his partners.

“Now that I had my power nap, let’s have some fun then?” I proposed, my tail wagging against the bed sheets. “Let me show you what this old dog can do!”

“Y-Yessir!” He squeaked happily.

Minutes later and I was fucking him inside that houseboat. My paws clasped around his butt cheeks, gripping each brown-furred globe in my kneading fingers as he ground himself against me, bouncing atop my hardened cock. Hell, we didn’t even need to provide much exertion in an effort. Nature had its own way of helping us fornicate. The vessel rocked back and forth with the Mississippi’s waves as I used the swaying momentum to slowly thrust in and out of river otter straddling me. I teased his pert nipples for squeaks, clasped his ass for more, then nibbled on his skinny neck to elicit an adorable gasp from the otter twink melting like Venetian gelato atop me.

One delicious round later, Franklin had an idea for some later fun. He invited me inside the vessel’s bridge after we’d put minimal clothing back on. Watching the otter guide the boat back up the wide channel, I partly wondered what it was like for European settlers who made it to St. Clarke. How did they feel as they braved their way across the Mississippi River to begin the long trek westward. Did these mammals fear the unknown? Did they wonder what the western most regions of the North American continent looked like? In preparation for their long journey, did they stare at the winding River before them like a metaphorical gateway to the Wild West? Most likely. I bet they never could have imagined St. Clarke eventually building a tall skyline like the one I saw from the boathouse’s starboard railing. The skyscrapers, the overcast sunset mixed with light clouds, and especially the city’s magnificent gateway arch.

“I’m planning to go there sometime tomorrow,” I mentioned to Franklin, pointing to the metallic structure visible along the river. “Ever been inside?”

“Oh, God, too many times,” he groaned Wilder his paws remained on the steering wheel. “My little brother was obsessed with history and architecture—got it from our dad, growing up—and pretty much forced me to accompany him on the weekends whenever he wanted to go visit the damn thing.”

Laughing slightly, I sipped on some coffee he’d offered in the kitchen earlier.

“By the way, thanks again for this,” I told Franklin as he steered the houseboat past a small yacht going up the river. “I’m sorry I fell asleep earlier.”

“No problem, dude!” He laughed honestly. “That was among the top five best sex I’ve had in my life!”

“Top five, huh?” I murred as I wrapped a strong armed around his bare, sweat-stained shoulder. “Where are you bringing me anyway?”

“I know this wonderful spot down the Mississippi where there’s hardly any houses that are occupied and barely any roads,” he craned his neck to look at me with that devious smile from earlier. “It’s almost wooded with no one else around. I’m thinking we could go skinny dipping, if you’re up for it?”

“Ohoho, you’re fucking right I’m up for it,” I chuckled before groping his cum-stained ass with my free paw. “Because I’m still going to make you pay for calling me old downstairs.”

Franklin trembled as his tail swayed against my ankles, doing his best to suppress a moan as he gripped the wheel.

I had a great feeling that even though it started off awkwardly, he and I were going to end the night with traded contact numbers and sore muscles everywhere.