**Wyoming:**

I liked calling Yellowstone National Park the United States’ crown jewel of nature. A gemstone of what made the North American continent such a paradise on Earth. At least, before it became a landscape of shopping malls and superstore parking lots. Yellowstone didn’t just possess magnificent geysers, interesting landmarks as well as hiking trails for days.

Seriously, I didn’t purchase a camping lot for five days just to simply hook up with the first gay twink stud lucky enough to show up on any sex apps. I really enjoyed nature. I wanted to hike along the Yellowstone valley, here owls hooting, smell the rich scents of the forests, witness Mother Nature’s wonders, and feel the cool gusts of wind brush over my fur. All of it ignited something primal in me that made all the troubles of the world wash away.

When a notification did pop up on Howlr, I’d expected to see the profile of a handsome camper or married stud looking to lift his tail, not a Yellowstone park ranger. A raccoon in his mid-thirties and sporting a ranger uniform I desperately wanted to tear off, the profile said his name was ‘Bud’, and he wanted to, “Have fun on boring nights in my watch tower.”

We exchanged a few messages before he finally offered instructions on where to find him. I meandered later that night down an isolated hiking trail and through a gathering of dark trees until I spotted a wooden structure jutting brightly beyond the tree line, which in turn overlooked a good portion of the park. I spotted movement through the lit windows of the watch tower. As instructed, I found a wooden staircase and meticulously walked up it after sending a message that I finally arrived. My phone buzzed in my shorts, yet I ignored it, instead admiring the rising view as I further reached the top. Gathering my breath and momentarily distracted by the sight of a disappearing sunset on the horizon, I turned to the front entrance, and knocked four times. It opened, so I stepped in to see a raccoon ten years younger than me, nervously smiling at my presence as he pocketed his smartphone. The raccoon’s bushy tail wiggled like he’d finally discovered gold.

“Hey,” Bud greeted awkwardly. “How, uh…how’s yer time at the park?”

“Wonderful, sir,” I replied with a genuine smile. “Simply wonderful.”

“That accent of yers…ya from Europe or something?”

“Greece, but born in Germany,” I answered. “How about you?”

“Born and raised in Forest Springs,” Bud stated as we stepped forward in mutual growing comfort of each other’s presence. “It’s a really small town just east of this place.”

I glanced around the watchtower and its surrounding area. “Don’t get much action up here?”

He quipped, “Not during this season and certainly not on this side of the park.”

The interior of the watchtower could be best described as a mixture of a college frat house and a hunting cabin, save for more technical equipment like radios and whatnot. One corner of the impressive space contained a couple of beds, with some posters covering up the windows around it while the rest around the structure looked out into the surrounding area. Among the more notable things on the nightstands were tissue boxes and the noticeable aroma of spent spunk. One of them smelled strongly of raccoon.

Bud graciously stepped forward to pull me into a light kiss. We sensually tested the waters with our tongues, enjoying the taste of male on our lips until I felt the smaller mammal begin to unzip my jeans. He kneaded at my growing bulge but didn’t wait long to simultaneously drop his pants while yanking mine down.

Embarrassingly, I did giggle a little when my cockhead bounced off his nose. “Shit,” he murmured, rubbing the spot.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be.” He mumbled, “…shit, you’re thick.”

Bud did not spend much time servicing my member and orally probing my sheath. His virile tongue spent too little instances prodding beneath the taut skin, lavishing my shaft until it was hard and soaked with his spit, then promptly stood to lean against the wall closest to what I presumed to be his bed.

“Ohohoho,” I laughed deeply at the familiar scent, sight, and sensation of dripping cum. “What do we have here?”

“Another stud came in me half an hour before ya did,” Bud trembled into my back, flexing and pushing his exposed rear end against the tip about to spread him wide open. “Heh, a coworker. Claims to have a girlfriend, but d-don’t mind using me. This…This don’t bother us, does it?”

“Being sloppy seconds?” I questioned, only to smirk. “Nah. What species was he?”

“Grizzly.”

“Good.” I gripped his raised tail and aimed my cockhead to its intended, snug target, “Then you’ll be able to take me easily.”

I easily fit inside of the raccoon like a glove. One paw gripping the base of his twitching tail and the other fondling the swell of his right ass cheek, my singular thrust made him emit a delicious gasp. Bud arched his back against my chest, moaning loud enough for us to be heard outside the watch tower’s overlook. I even felt certain that a few birds flew from the trees due to the lad’s echo. It rang in my ears like a happy chorus, then shriveled into a whimper indicating for me to begin fucking another load inside him. I felt it too when his fingers reached backwards to grab his bushy tail from me, then give an approving nod towards the window’s reflection.

“F-F-Fuck me…” he whimpered.

“What was that?” I teased the ranger bent over for me. “I didn’t quite hear you there?”

“Fuck me!” He growled, pushing his rear against my cock until it reached the base, making him wince and moan. “Oh, fuck…harder! Go harder! Be rough on me!!”

“As you wish,” I snarled with a lewd grin. “The safe word is ‘Yellowstone’.”

True to my word, I brutally fucked him against window looking out into canopy of trees. Anybody looking up from ground level would see a park ranger with his paws gripping the windowpanes while sporting a drooling expression of euphoria. They’d perceive him moaning from far away, his cries combined with my feral growls as I felt his ass convulse around my cock, followed by his climax. They’d hear my hips loudly slam back and forth against his bare ass cheeks, reddening due to my rapid thrusting. They’d also have definitely heard me pushing one final time to knot the park ranger, pinning him to the window as I bowled to the moonlight.

Ten to twenty minutes of lustful making out later, my knot deflated enough to pull out, and I lied on the nearest bed with my arms relax to behind my ears, humming as Bud cleaned my cock up. Boy, did he clean it up well. Those dedicated lips stroked my still erect dogcock up and down. They feverishly suckled on the tip, kissed the shaft, and nuzzled into the scrotum before returning to the tip once again. Bud knew what was doing, clearly. He must have swallowed quite a bit of my load that hadn’t leaked out of his ass.

“Woah,” he chuckled while wiping his chin of my seed, then wiped it on a towel nearby, “Aren’t ya a rival Old Faithful, eh?”

My post-afterglow mind didn’t understand at first. “Old Faithful—oh, right!” I panted in amusement at his analogy. “Yeah, plenty of lads before you have told me I shoot like a geyser.”

“I think you shot into my colon,” Bud chirped before joining me on lying along his own bed, fitting perfectly along my chest as my ankles hung over the shed footboard.

“I take it you’ve invited guys here before?” I asked the raccoon, whose ears perked up.

Bud faked a shocked gasp. “How did ya know?”

“Intuition, I reckon,” I smirked at him as his snout lay on my rising and falling pecs. “Plus, this bed isn’t collapsing under our weight, and you sucked my dick really good there for a park ranger.”

“Been practicing since high school,” he laughed, as did I. “Ya sleeping in a tent tonight?”

“My truck,” I answered, fully knowing what the raccoon would ask next. “Why? Do you wanna see it for yourself?”

“Well,” he proposed, “I might be interested in seeing what camping in the backseat is like. I hear it’s going to be chilly tomorrow though. The kinda chilly where ya need to keep warm and tasty, if ya catch my drift?”

I licked my chops and replied, “I certainly catch your drift, and it’s a date.”

**Idaho:**

I meandered outside of my comfort zone by trying something new. Or rather, someone new, who didn’t fit my sexual preferences. As reluctant as I started feeling towards the situation at first, it wasn’t like I had better options.

Miles into Idaho, and no gay twinks in sight on Howlr. Or Pred8r. Mostly burly men my own age seeking long-term relationships or unkept slobs too entitled for sex to have a decent conversation. I found plenty of spammer bots too. What I did find the war halfway to Idaho’s capital city was a handsome male hyena dressed in denim shorts with the top half of his ass presented to the camera, and a cheeky grin that belonged to a frat boy about to get laid. The football jersey partially covering his slim midriff added to the illusion. Only calling himself ‘Sam’, plus the emoji for eyes and another for an eggplant, he replied quickly when I sent a message showing him detailed photos of my Doberdane cock in the bathroom stall of the nearest gas station.

Sam: That looks so juicy.

Me: You going to bend over for me?

Sam: Fuck yeah I am!

Me: What’s your address then? ;3

Sam replied to me minutes later with instructions on how to get to his apartment in a small town in an hour or so away from where I’d filled up. It was called Iron Vale and existed south of Arbres at the bottom of an immense valley in the Rocky Mountains. He worked as a bartender but fortunately lived across the street. All he asked was that I not park my truck in front of his place, then wait until his shift ended around midnight. Curious about the small town, I accepted his requests.

Iron Vale certainly lived up to the stereotype of rural small-town America; sparsely populated, boasted a thriving downtown Main Street, a strip mall where everyone shopped, at least two tourist traps (one a giant antique store, the other a cryptozoology museum that Bram Heathcliff would no doubt enjoy), a post office sitting opposite of a densely packed church, and friendly locals graciously welcoming tourists while insulting foreigners behind their backs. Not to mention a dozen or so bars competing for customers.

So, I shopped for a few small souvenirs and waited. The minute that midnight finally arrived, I parked a block or so away from his apartment opposite the bar, mammals all the drunkenly walking out after the lights turned off. Among the more sober was a hyena dressed in denim jeans and a red plaid shirt. He lit up upon seeing me, though I also noticed apprehension in how his mocha-colored ears splayed downward.

“Hey.”

“…hey there. Didn’t know you’d show.”

We made small talk. I listened to him rant about some unruly customers as he led me upstairs, then opened his aged door to a tiny one-room flat. His nervousness became visibly more shaken as soon as I closed the door. I asked him what was wrong.

“I’m an idiot,” he finally said, looking up to me. “I…haven’t been fully honest with ya. Most of the guys I hook up with are straight married men looking for a female hole to fuck, but I don’t think you’ll be interested in…in me…not at all.”

“What makes you think that?” I tilted my head in mild confusion.

“I have a pussy.”

A surprised blink crossed my vision. “What?” I asked dumbly. “You have a what?”

Only once had the blunt hyena dropped his pants did I finally understand. The lack of a bulge, his shyness around me, and why he skirted around the issue of sending me nude pictures: the lad was an andromorph, or what some on the Internet crudely liked to call a ‘cuntboy’. Instead of a scrotum and shaft between those scrawny legs, he possessed a vulva with well-trimmed folds that emitted an exotic musk which filled the room.

“Before ya ask, here’s the short story: Born this way and raised as a girl for several years before doctors told my folks what was really going on,” Sam explained nonchalantly to me, kicking his dirtied jeans away. “I ain’t gonna get pregnant, no I’m not trans, and I’ll let ya have my ass? So long as ya gimme attention down under.”

“Oh?” I maintained interest in the straightforward hyena. “Well, that’s going to be difficult,

The truth was that I did have experience in thrilling women. Multiple women in fact. Despite identifying as 100% homosexual most of my life, there had been a few occasions during my early years where I was expected to date and inevitably sleep with female networkers. Those three or four instances didn’t excite me as much as if they were men like me. I completely respected women, but they as a whole gender didn’t click with me. However, that didn’t mean I wasn’t familiar with how to pleasure a vagina the best I could.

“So whatcha say then?” He inquired when I didn’t speak up. “Your profile said her gay, so ya still interested, even if I don’t got a dick?”

“Sure, why not?” I shrugged, wearing a soft smile for him. “Besides, I’m more of an ass man than a dick man.”

The hyena whistled amusedly, “Duly noted, Mr. Sebastian.”

Sam invited me over to his bed nearby. He let me lie down on my back after stripping myself from all articles of clothing, my dogcock half-hard and apprehensive of what would happen next. What happened next was that the hyena straddled my head with both legs on either side of my heated ears, heels touching the headboard as I felt the full blast of his leaking vulva mere centimeters from my nose. The scent so strong I wondered if it could be a pungent perfume from France. I waited to feel Sam’s lips curl around my cock, begin to service it, then finally made him squirm when I gave the food between his legs a long, tentative lick.

His vagina fluid definitely tasted bitter, but not in the same way as if it were from a cock. The dollop on my tongue felt creamier. Less salty. Either way, I felt inclined for giving another lick, then another, and even more until my nose practically parted those folds open for the trembling hyena. He seemed to be enjoying it. However, what got me particularly excited was when I saw a bottle of clear lube on his nightstand close by, and I snatched it without a thought. Soaking one pair of fingers in it before snapping its container shut, I intensified my licks as my middle and index finger probed Sam’s second hole under that wagging tail. It sent jolts of pleasure up his spine and out the mammal’s occupied mouth wrapped around my revealed shaft. I felt each moan vibrate through my sheath, making me lap that black vulva even further. Something about fingering a young man’s tailhole made me stay hard.

Anyway, Sam spread his cheeks wide open for me as promised.

He let my tip sink down past his loosened ring inch by inch, forcing him to bite on a pillow so as not to wake the neighbors. There, I did my usual thing. I fucked the lad hard. My hips slammed against his as our grunts turned sweatier and more carnal. I heard him whimper at how he leaked like a faucet between those legs as his velvet back entrance accepted my dick. I could’ve hilted him to the whole knot, but a paw reaching back to push at my bulbous muscle made me resist tying him then and there.

We said very little post-afterglow. He instead suggested that I use his shower to clean up quickly, then leave for the night so he wouldn’t be subject to any rumors from nosy and conservative neighbors. As much as it felt anticlimactic in a sense, I didn’t debate the matter. Even a European like me knew a U.S. state like Idaho didn’t exactly promote tolerance for our kind, no matter how many positive buzzwords politicians often used.

Still, I didn’t regret it. Although it ended on a bittersweet note, are you still enjoyed the experience greatly. I felt certain that the hyena did too. I even got a kissing emoji from Sam on Howlr afterward, wishing me luck on the rest of my journey.

**Montana:**

Montana’s landscapes reminded me so much of the old American commercials involving cigarettes. The ones featuring cowboys from the Old West stoically looking off into a perfect sunset. What set it apart from other rural states like Idaho and Wyoming though was how much infrastructure I saw while passing along the roads. I didn’t mean there was no farmland to be found, far from it. My Fjord truck clocked in enough miles so far that I felt certain the dealership I was renting it from would have his money’s worth. Not to mention how many podunk gas stations I needed to stop at an order refill afterward, despite the good mileage.

Unlike Idaho however, it didn’t take long for me to find a twink on Howlr. Named ‘KinkyBearBoi4U’, but insisting I call him Elijah when we started to DM, he was a farmer’s son Fortunate enough to have parents incredibly inept with digital technology. According to the lonely bear straight out of high school, his papa still struggled around understanding movie streaming, often relying on his son for help. The parents were also out of town to visit family on the other end of the state and trusting him to keep the farm running in their absence. It would appear that he often invited strangers over for some fun whenever he got done with his chores.

KinkyBearBoi4U: Very carefully listen. The nearest neighbor is several acres away on the other side of a cornfield, but his wife sometimes stops by unannounced to check on me. Park in the area between the barn and the house, then go straight for the barn. It’ll be open.

KinkyBearBoi4U: Understand sir?

Me: Sure thing, kiddo. Better get yourself ready for me~

I found the property easily enough via GPS. It lay a dozen or so miles outside of Last Chance. Composed of several acres and mostly catering to what I assumed were milking cows, as well as perhaps corn, The driveway led me to a ranch-styled home resting beside a large vintage barn. The recent coat of paint on it did well to hide the years, but what immediately caught my attention was the large door sitting ajar. Beckoning me to enter.

I parked the Fjord as instructed, then upon adjusting myself below the tacky cowboy belt I’d bought while driving out of Idaho, I opened the door.

The smell of musty hay and animal manure didn’t distract me as much as expected. A working air conditioner on the wall took care of it plenty. Yeah, my eyes immediately fell on what stood in the center of the barn; a well-muscled yet slim-bellied grizzly bear with thick brown fur, leaning his backside against a large tractor while wearing nothing but a baseball cap and a pair of muddy boots.

Both of Elijah’s ursine paws rested on each side of those wide hips, and I felt the growing erection under that tacky belt buckle beg itself to be free through my jeans.

“Glad you could make it, sir,” he said in a wild but sultry tone. “How was your ride?”

“It was fine,” I almost stammered, but recovered to give a knowing smirk. “But no, I’m looking to give you one, boy.”

“That’s the spirit!” He laughed as he got off the tractor. “Right this way.”

Elijah turned to walk around the tractor, and I followed like a man in a horny trance. Once we came to a wooden ladder leading up to the second-story hayloft, the bear unceremoniously began climbing up as I trailed closely behind. Those mounds of his hypnotized me all the while. So round and firm beneath a layer of mahogany fur, carrying enough meat back there to still have it flex from each step up the ladder. It made drool trickle out of my lower jaw.

“Wait,” I spoke up. As Elijah paused a good two-thirds up. “Can I…taste you back there?”

Elijah gave a surprised look, only to then giggle. “Of course, big guy,” he replied. “I’ve actually always wanted to try it on here—oooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck!”

His moans were music to my ears the instant I lapped hungrily up his trench. I tasted remnants of pine-scented soap, a young man’s perspiration, and a drop of his earthly musk. The proper taste of a farm boy. Meanwhile, Elijah couldn’t get enough of my ravenous tongue, holding onto the ladder in an audible death grip as he pushed his rear end into my muzzle. He gyrated his crack into my nose as I spread him wider open for easier access. One I no longer needed to, I gripped onto the wooden ladder and used my free paw to hold onto his tail, which wiggled in my paw like a vibrating joystick on an old console. The comparison didn’t stop there, not when I clasped it in my palm, then rubbed it back and forth and around until he shuddered all over above me.

In the end, Elijah came out jets of his cum all over the hay underneath the ladder, and I had the opportunity to feel it all happen. However, a single awestruck glance at each other had us knowing we were far from over. Far, far from over. This was clear as day as soon as I scrambled up the ladder behind him and he was already tossing away his baseball cap and kicking off those boots to the foot of a conveniently placed blanket sitting atop a pile of hay. Me? I almost snapped off my belt buckle while tugging off my clothes in a feverish instant.

The truth was I didn’t mind my twinks having some meat to their hips. It made bareback (heh, ‘bear-back’) fucking all the more fun, particularly when I felt his ass cheeks bounce off my thrusting hips. He squeezed around my shaft in a vice, but not to the point where it became difficult to push into his warm depths, then drink in the sensation of my balls swinging against his. Elijah whimpered less like a bear and more like a proud bitch in heat as I went to town inside his presented tailhole, growling when I nipped at his round ears. He then growled louder and louder as I fondled one of his hanging pecs. When my cupping and teasing became too much, I went to the other. Tweaking each nipple of his, toying it and playing with the nubs and pulling them like the teats of a cow to be milked, I made the lad produce pleasurable noises. They rang and echoed throughout the barn.

Still, we needed to be careful, not to be too noisy. We were able to quiet down his snarls by exploring each other’s mouths, but it didn’t stop Elijah from arching his back and giving a mighty grizzly roar when I finally knotted the farm boy, and he came a second time all over again. Then, we collapsed together in a sweaty, musky, panting, sore heap.

“Say…” he asked me between deep breaths of air, “it’s almost dinner time. Want me to make ya some grub before going back on the road?”

That was around when my belly spoke up through a hungry growl, and I laughed,
“I’d love some of this ‘grub’. I’m starved.”

Seriously, I needed to hook up with farmers more often.

**To be continued this May 15th, only on Domus Vocis’ Patreon!**