The snow leopard lad kneeling before me didn’t simply just to kiss my sheath but made out with that until my legs were buckling and my panting became more labored. I could barely hear my own thoughts, let alone his purring, over the shrill roars of a dozen race cars speeding on the other side of the concrete barrier.

“Yeah, that’s a good kitten!” I panted heavily, clutching his warm ears in my fingers with each bob of his head. “Oh, fuck! Ahhhhhh! That’s the spot, kitten!”

John lapped at the underside of my shaft with a talented fervor. His throat vibrated around my cockhead with each frisky purr, driving me wild from the blissful sensations and pushing him near the edge with having a European dick spurting pre down his maw. That rough tongue as well send jolts up and down every part of my body, almost like a pre-orgasm orgasm. Goddamn, I loved felines!

After driving west from North Carolina, I found myself in the outskirts of Nashton, Tennessee, enjoying a blowjob from a mechanic’s apprentice son as various racers practiced for NATCAR scouts. John didn’t care much for his father’s driver, nor did he appreciate being forced to help him in lieu of a college education, so he rebelled the best way any (graduated) high school teenager did against their parents: by going slutty, specifically with older men.

I came into the picture both literally and figuratively. Going into Tennessee, I didn’t know if I’d be hooking up with Appalachian hillbillies or a farmer’s hot twink of a son, but never before did I expect to be drawn to a stock car racetrack, in an area where very few people came due to the incredibly loud noise. Plus, the area had a terrible view of the track itself. For me? I happened to be enjoying a much better view being sucked between my legs.

“Grrrrrr, here I cum! Here I cum, boy!”

John the snow leopard barely flinched when I hilted down to his cold nose and ticklish whiskers, shooting my Doberdane seed past his velvety gag reflex. I could even bark as loud as I wanted to, thanks in part to the passing race cars. I doubted anybody present watching would have heard me, otherwise.

I slumped back against the concrete barrier, winching with folded ears as they passed by us yet again. It left my eardrums ringing. Just how many laps did a NATCAR race have, exactly?!

John stood up after zipping my fly back up for me (what a considerate lad!), wiping his chin while giving me a glowing smile. The loud engines and banshee squeal of tires drowned out his words.

“What?” I asked as loud as I could manage.

“I said you’re a real shooter there,” he laughed, then leaned up to peck my lips. I could taste remnants of my own salty cum on the snow leopard’s raspberry ChapStick. “I don’t think we can be here much longer, so you wanna finish round two somewhere more…private?”

Without even consideration, I eagerly nodded my head, already feeling myself return to full hardness. Goddamn, feline twinks. They really knew how to tempt me.

We left the blind spot at different intervals. I waited five minutes after he left until I went around the corner onto the main pathway, walked through a sea of Southern stereotypes and gawking families. Most of them were full of kids either too interested in the sport or too pained by the loud noises to care in the slightest. Plenty of drunken sports fans as well, like at most games or races. Nobody was even aware that such homosexual debauchery had occurred, or that plenty more would happen as I nonchalantly followed the alluring tail of a certain snow leopard in the crowd. I followed it to the other side of the stanza and into an unlocked door once I felt sure nobody was looking, and down into an empty repair garage. One of many.

“Denny’s a friend of my Pa’s and lets him borrow some tools once in a while when he needs it.”

“Will Denny notice someone’s in here?” I cautiously asked, following the feline twink around the spacious concrete room. plenty of posters and awards filled up the shelves along the walls, if they didn’t have unorganized boxes in them. “What about the other mechanics?”

“Denny’s back in Alabama focusing on some relative’s will, so he’s out this season,” John inanely shrugged. “And The mechanics are too focused on their own racers to care who’s snooping around the other garages. Besides…”

He coyly stepped forward to wrap his lithe arms around my torso, clutching my ass cheeks and pressing me to his crotch. The bold feline wore only dirtied jeans and a t-shirt promoting his dad’s main racer. I felt certain he wouldn’t be wearing them for any minute, much to my own aroused excitement.

“You really wanna stick it to your Pa, huh?” I lewdly grinned down at him. “You ought to be spanked for inviting a stranger like me here.”

John unabashedly tapped his nose to mine, then slipped his paw into the front and back of my unbuttoned jeans.

“Punish me, Daddy.”

In return, I groped a paw full of his firm backside. He purred strongly like the engines on the racetrack outside.

“Gladly, kiddo.”

The slutty snow leopard at least had enough common sense to bring a pillow and his own blanket with, pulling it out from a hidden box in the corner and placing it in the middle of the cold garage floor. There, I didn’t hold back. I laid into him like a twink in need of a proper fucking, if not to teach him a lesson about how great anal sex with Greco-German mutts like me could be, then to stick it to his father for dragging him away from the prospects of greater education.

My cock spread John’s silky walls apart in rapid succession, making him mewl and writhe needy under me, pleading for his ‘Daddy’ to go faster. I happily did, inhaling the smells of it all. The scent of burnt rubber, putrid motor oil, and car grease filled my nostrils. As did the musk of an ejaculating snow leopard as he got filled with male cum like a stuffed holiday turkey on American Thanksgiving. It was so…intoxicating.

He wasn’t done after a single round though, far from me. The same went for me too, not with many more laps for the racers to go on the track.

I lay down on the blanket, the back of my head nestled into the pillow, watching John straddle himself on my lap. I leaned up to kiss him, then held my arms around his sweating upper body. He thrust his cock between the diamond-hard curves of my six-pack. The adorably horny snep fucked his barbed dick between my abs, no longer holding back his whimpers. Not even when I inserted my two fingers between those filled cheeks, driving him wild until he ultimately came together a second time. I came again as well, but only after frotting and carnally rubbing my dogcock against his curved behind. Next thing we knew, the energy to rebel against his father was completely tapped out.

We cleaned ourselves up, then I helped freshen up and remove any evidence of us being there. However, I did take some posterity photos for personal use. John asked if I could send them to him before I left, something which I gladly did. We traded a few kisses, sweet nothings, then walked out of the garage at separate times, going in separate directions. Satisfied smiles on both of our muzzles.

Yet another handsome twink’s number to add to my little black book.