I made it to Nebraska, a state I barely remembered existing until I started driving around the Midwest. No hard feelings towards its residents or culture, but fifty states were hard to keep track of. In fact, the only reason I ever knew it existed was when I discovered a 90s sitcom (a farm boy from Nebraska moved to live in with his urban family along the East Coast, hijinks ensued!), and that was it. Ironically though, my road trip through the seemingly innocuous U.S. state provided quite a memorable sexual experience.

Yes, compared to my standards too.

No sooner did I check the hookup apps on my phone did a profile start messaging me from five counties away; ‘LookingForFluffer’, it was called, belonging to a skunk in his late twenties, showing off the biceps, toned calves, and the muscled ass of a strapping farmer’s body. I could tell from the dirtied denim overalls at his feet in a couple of the profile’s album pictures. His name was Bryan. At first, I assumed him to be a closeted farmer in need of a good dicking, only for our DM exchanges to reveal more than I initially predicted.

Short answer: Bryan wanted me to have a threesome with his wife.

Longer answer: Bryan went deep in the closet. Only his wife knew but didn’t care so long as he remained honest with her while staying a supportive husband and amazing father for their future children. Unfortunately, he couldn’t get it up for her no matter what kinky shit they tried, and she proposed he find a stud to breed him as he bred her in their bed. Except neither the missus—a cheerful young lady named Amelia—nor Bryan wanted to privately ask close friends. The quaint town they drove to for church on Sundays and occasional errands possessed a mighty rumor mill. Their colleagues, groups of friends, and extended family all lived for gossip. Why, according to Bryan during his explanation, “No sane man can take a crap in the town hall without half of everyone knowing about it. That’s why we need an outsider.”

The childless skunk couple required me as a Fluffer in order to keep him hard. Bryan promised to pay for whatever gas I needed or cook a meal for me as long as I helped him fully penetrate his wife during the lovemaking. If I wanted to fool around with Amelia afterward, it would be off the table. Not that I wanted to have sex with her anyway.

Me: Don’t worry about that. I’m more attracted to strapping young men like yourself. Do you think you can handle me?

LookingForFluffer: It won’t be my first rodeo, but feel free to surprise me.

A sense of déjà vu struck me as I drove past vast fields of yellow grain and arrived at a farmhouse along the county road. As instructed by Bryan, I parked my truck closely to the side of the nearby barn so that passing vehicles wouldn’t immediately see the strange Fjord which didn’t belong to the property owners. As mentioned earlier, their town’s rumor mill could be potent and vicious.

Stepping onto the wooden porch and knocking three times on the front door, I waited awkwardly for it to open. Twenty seconds passed by, then forty. I began to wonder if they chickened out, then turned back towards my truck right as I thought to check the app again. Right there, plain as day, an additional message asked me to come straight inside to the second floor; the door was unlocked for me.

I entered a realm trapped between being a married couple’s residence and a family’s dream home. Plenty of vintage aesthetics passed down from their families in the house’s decor. Childrearing items like small toys, a boxed crib, and decorations lay in the corner of the living room, while I remained focused on mumbling I heard coming from up the staircase. The voices grew silent as each step creaked under my weight, until I reached the top of the banister to discover an opened bedroom door. Inside, the smell of skunks was potent. Like perfume.

Slowly and without breaking the tension, I walked in to find two black and white striped mammals kneeling on the king-sized bed. Both stared contemplatively at me, smiling as if either of them expected half their town to show out of nowhere.

“S-Sebastian?”

“Yes,” I nodded with a teasing smirk, “it’s me. I see you got both started without me.”

After stepping forward to shake each of their paws, not even blinking at their nudity, Amelia commented, “I wanted to make Bryan here more comfortable, and our clothes weren’t helping in the slightest.”

“Is that so?” I coyly asked the nervous male skunk, who was notably transfixed by my presence. “Well, in that case I had better take my clothes off too.”

The shorter, monochromatic mammal wouldn’t quit blushing. He did his best not to stare ashamedly as I unbuttoned my shirt to reveal my stomach and pectorals. Bryan especially began to drool like a starving man when I kicked away my jeans and underwear, revealing the plump, emerging object of his repressed desires. All nine of it for him to see throb against the suddenly sweltering bedroom. Not even Amelia could resist tweaking the perked nipples on breasts while watching me stretch. She couldn’t stop rubbing herself at the sight. Not when said sight involved me gently coaxing the bashfully erect Bryan to turn around and face his waiting wife.

“Oh,” I chuckled once I caught a whiff of lubrication coming from beneath his bushy striped tail. “So eager for me to fuck you.”

“H-Huh?” Bryan tilted his head in sight confusion.

“He’s saying you’re already wet back there, sweetie,” Amelia giggled as she shifted backwards until her shoulders rested on the headboard, legs spread and ready. She glanced over her husband’s shoulder to beam happily at me. “And Sebastian? I already can’t thank you enough for helping us out with this, by the way.”

Aiming my tapered tip between his slick ass mounds, one of my paws reached to grope the right cheek, feeling the muscles under that soft fur and warm skin. Another grope or two later, I pulled the cheek apart to give my dogcock further access.

In return, Bryan vibrated all over against my broader chest, relishing each second while gasping for air. “Same here,” he sang whispers to me in a heavenly voice. “Thank you for…for helping me.”

My tail wagged behind me as I gave a genuine smile to each skunk. They seemed very friendly, even outside of the Howlr chats, and genuinely cared about each other enough to start a family in spite of orientational differences. I couldn’t help but feel admiration for the two mammals.

“Don’t thank me just yet,” I nodded, giving a vibrating growl that caused the nervous male skunk in front of me to immediately pop a a boner. Taking hold of his hips and guiding him forward until his nice dick kissed his wife’s pussy, I crooned for Bryan to relax. “Time for me to help you be a Daddy. If I go too fast or you begin to hurt, I’ll stop, but I’ll need you to tell me. Okay?”

The adorably handsome skunk in my arms trembled in affirmation. “O-Okay, just…please…do it,” he pleaded between huffs of breath. “Amelia, I love you.”

She gulped in anticipation as we leaned closer to her. “I love you too, Bry.”

Bryan held both her paws in his as he apprehensively pushed inside her, sinking past the furred lips and clenching from each tiny thrust I made. A perfect entrance amid a chorus of moans and eager gasps that filled the entire isolated farmhouse.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were more than kind enough to cook dinner afterwards, especially after Amelia insisted post-afterglow. Politely declining was hard enough, but it became impossible due to her whole body beaming like a candle. The same aura that often followed a satisfied person after amazing sex. Bryan too possessed this familiar glow, even after all three of us showered and cleaned ourselves up. Before, he’d been hungry for my cock and biceps. Now, he couldn’t get enough of the greasy hamburgers he’d grilled for us in the kitchen.

“Listen,” he mentioned during the lively dinner conversations, “I know I said we were looking for ‘no strings attached’ earlier, but…would you be up for trading numbers? It doesn’t have to be our personal phones either?”

“We’d be welcome to invite you again if we’re ever interested in giving Michael or Eliza here a sibling,” Amelia patted her stomach after devouring her burger. “What do you say, Sebastian?”

A single bite into their cooked meal had me already knowing my answer.