Ahh, Lakertown. The Windy City. Paris of the Prairie. The Third Coast. The Heart of America in a literal and figurative sense, nestled up close to Lake Michigan with an iconic skyline. It especially felt nostalgic seeing it slowly appear on the horizon as I drove from Garfield into Illinois, the lakefront stretching for seemingly endless kilometers along my right. Unlike last time, where I’d flown in by private jet and hailed a limousine to my hotel, I endured the claustrophobic traffic inside my Fjord rental truck, narrowly making it for a gas stop after being stuck in traffic. To pass the time as my vacation crawled to a snails’ paced halt, I phoned two old friends who were expecting me.

“Hello?”

“Hey, John, it’s Sebastian!” I answered him. “How’s the Big Bear doing?”

“Sebby!” cheered the fox on the other end. “He’s so excited to see you in town. I am too!”

“Mind putting him on the phone?” I asked whilst in the middle of moving two feet. “I’d like to talk to him about where he’d like to do the interview.”

“He’s in the shower getting ready right now,” John playfully whined, “but we can discuss it more during dinner.”

I could not help but grin, “And will the remote be brought to the restaurant?”

“You’re damn straight, Adonis.” The fox giggled. “It’s fully charged and so am I.”

Kurt and John Thornton, built as a stocky yet huggable bear and a lithe red fox respectively, were two Americans I had the pleasure of knowing for years. Kurt worked as an editor-in-chief for Patrochilles, a popular Lakertown-based publishing house while John operated as the company’s social media specialist, and together, both were the most talented duo in terms of multitasking publishers. Primarily when it came to a speculative fiction book and one novella-sized memoir (following my childhood and teenage years in East Berlin) I’d written in the past during some earned free time after my first million Euros were made.

In all honesty, meeting them had been a happy perchance. Years prior, I could have published under some of the major houses in either Las Estrellas or Manhattan City. However, after having been forced to endure some of their elitist publishing galas and finding out that one popular publisher had been mocking gay authors behind closed doors, I never returned their calls. I decided to go for a more…modest option: Patrochilles Publishing. They catered to LGBTQAI+ community readers, didn’t treat my own phone calls with them like a waste of their time, or ignore my suggestions on marketing.

Kurt and John were also talented in more ways than one when it came to the bedroom. My first memories with the duo could attest to that, and my stay in Lakertown for the next few days would be fun. After finally escaping onto the proper exit, I tiredly checked into a hotel suite on the southern side of the city’s Rosecrest neighborhood, then texted Kurt about wanting to catch some light sleep due to the stress of traffic.

First though, they invited me out to a well-liked restaurant deep in the Loop, where they served some of the city’s world-famous deep-dish pizza. Our conversations immediately became animated and jovial the moment we hugged for the first time in a few years. During dinner though, as we waited for our meals, I couldn’t help but grin at the sight of John squirming adorably in his seat. Neither could Kurt, who’d sometimes switch the vulpine’s vibrator from high to low and join me in quieting our snickers mid-conversation.

What a teasing bear. Then again, following a delicious dinner and some meaningful pillow talk, we ravished on the real meal; John’s ass, stretched by his husband and I in shifts.

“Ahhhh!” Kurt spurted an ursine-sized load inside the fox’s gaping tailhole. “Phew!”

“Is that all you got, big guy?” He teased, only to earn a spank to his cheek. “Yiff!”

“Your turn, Sebastian.”

A smirk grew on my hot and bothered muzzle. “My pleasure!”

I had been slowly stroking myself to full manhood while watching the burly grizzly stuff his dick inside the editor of my books. John knew how to make a manuscript beautiful as much as how to make delicious noises in each thrust. Giving a delirious sigh, then craning his neck to give me a needy, hot wink for the ages, his bear pulled out of that plump fox ass. The scent of leaking bear jizz filled the entire room, the off air conditioner making me inhale the smell of bear cum and fox musk like an aphrodisiac, and I stood up from the sweat soaked chair.

His slim waistline almost made my fingers touch. His tail tickled my nose in the expert seduction. John literally guided his used hole like a space pod from ground control until it lined up with my throbbing, rocket-like member, then wordlessly let momentum push the dogcock past that cum-filled ring. I thrusted once and easily brushed his prostate, which made the fox editor sing. hearing him moan and seeing his husband watch hypnotically from the sidelines as he recovered, it caused me to chorus a few loud moans as well.

After a few previous hook ups or I needed to keep quiet, it felt great to let my vocal cords loose. No more muffling my orgasms, or worrying if a neighbor downstairs, upstairs, next door, wherever they were, happened to hear me in the throes of a satisfied climax.

I groaned.

I moaned.

I snarled.

I growled.

I panted.

I yipped.

I barked.

Then, I ultimately howled to distant moonlight as I emptied a load inside the cushioned fox rump, giving each cheek a playful smack to feel him clench tighter around me. It caused him to finally spurt out his own seed. The first climax of many that night.

Sometimes, I watched while masturbating to a nice edge. Other times, I simply listened to the fox’s moans, waiting for my turn to fuck him senseless. Eventually, it became a race over who could fill enough loads into his husband.

“I win…again…” Kurt panted and boasted sleepily on the bed.

I smirked back at the bear and planted a kiss on a delirious John’s forehead.

“After tomorrow’s interview,” I proposed, “wanna try to go for two out of three?”

“Very much so, Sebastian!” Kurt laughed.

If only I had all the time in the world to stay with my dear friends-with-benefits of Lakertown. We could have done much more together than a couple of nights fueled by sexual debauchery. More public playing with the vibrator, an illicit tryst with a fourth or fifth member somewhere in the city’s parks, or perhaps a night of poppers and cooling pizza ordered between deeply intense sessions. All sounded wonderful to do for more than just a couple of days.

Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on someone’s point of view, I still had other states to visit during my American road trip. Kurt and John understood, but tried insisting how I could write about my sexual experiences in each U.S. state for a potential new project. A literary monument to my hookups and the gay lads happy enough to let me fuck them in each region of the massive country.

“How about ‘Twinks From Around America’?” John suggested.

“Or how about ‘Twinks From Around the World’ for its sequel?” Kurt snickered.

“We’ll workshop it,” I answered wryly. “For now, I wanna enjoy our remaining time together, my friends.”