The badger’s name was Pete Stewiski. Born and raised in a small U.P. town located along Lake Superior, he apparently ran away from home a few years back and retreated down to Northeast Wisconsin for a better life. Homophobic parents and all that absolute, unfortunate crap. Or at least, one violently homophobic father and an old-fashioned mother who voiced skepticism by calling it a phase.

Anyway, after it became too much for the badger to live through, especially in such a ‘podunk shithole to live in’, Pete opted to move out immediately on his eighteenth birthday. He hopped from couch to couch until it eventually led to him moving in with a supposed friend in Nicolet Bay. The roommate had been a classmate of Redmond, but the badger never really befriended the red fox. However, what did happen was that the friend got arrested in drug bust, had been secretly using his money to pay for said drugs instead of the rent, which forced Pete to spend all of his savings in order to avoid being evicted. Despite deciding not to renew the lease and having few options left, Pete didn’t seem too keen on returning to his hometown…at least, until he heard the news on MuzzleScroll of his asshole father divorcing his distraught mother, then running off with a woman half her age.

Simply put, Pete’s only possessions were in a single suitcase, and he’d been perusing through his quasi-circle of friends trying to find someone willing to help him travel back home in order to support his mom. His options were very limited until our chance and counter in the bathroom, and hearing about my cross-country travels during the party.

“Sure, I’ll help you out,” I shook the desperate, relieved lad’s paw as we stood outside of my Fjord truck. “You seem like an honest kid, but if you cause any trouble or it turns out you’re lying, I’ll drop you off at the nearest gas station. Deal?”

“I ain’t lying!” He frowned in visible insult, but nevertheless agreed to my terms. “But it’s a deal.”

Thus, he joined me in the passenger seat, giddily watching out the window as Nicolet Bay’s nighttime skyline disappeared behind us. Nothing much actually happened in the first few dozen miles. Sure, me and Pete made idle and animated chit chat, but the weary badger wanted to sleep. By the time I crossed into Upper Michigan and the requirement of sleep started to take its toll, so did I.

We took a power nap in the parking lot of a 24/7 gas station, sleeping side-by-side in the Fjord’s backseat under a warm blanket as I held him in my arms. By early morning, we woke up, freshened up in the bathrooms, had a small breakfast in the form of microwavable burritos, then continued on the road.

“Did you take care of that morning wolf of yours, kiddo?” I joked, merging my truck onto the highway as Pete fought back a harsh blush. It made me laugh for a minute or two. “Don’t worry, you literally caught me fucking one of your friends and jacked off to it. There’s no need to be modest here.”

“Maybe…yes,” he nodded with a relaxed smile as he squirmed in his seat. “I didn’t notice you uh, taking care of yourself before we left.”

“I am not into ‘taking care of myself’ as you put it,” I hummed with a smirk, “when I can simply have a handsome man like you do it for me.”

“Boy, you sure do have a high sex drive for an old pervert,” he commented, snickering.

“I’ll take that as a compliment, thank you,” I grinned at the badger.

I look of mutual understanding flashed between us. He didn’t need to do it in order for me to drive him back home, but it would make the driving go by faster for both of us. Keeping my eyes geared towards the road, I reached down to unzip my jeans, then shimmy them slightly until my sheath freed itself from the confinement of my boxer shorts. Pete positively drooled at seeing my dogcock peek out the pouch of dark fur.

“C’mon,” I tried imitating the Wisconsin accent, “it ain’t gonna bite ya. Give it a touch, a taste, whatever ya wanna do, Pete.”

Without waiting any longer, Pete hungrily leaned down to my crotch. His soft lips smeared all over my shaft with kisses and slobbery spit. His head bobbed up and down along my length as I fought to keep focused on the road ahead. He certainly had the enthusiasm but not the experience, based on the few noticeable moments when he nicked me with his teeth. It didn’t stop me though from encouraging the badger’s efforts, using one paw to rub between his hot ears as I held onto the steering wheel in a tight grip. His resting paw on my thigh squeezed with equal strength too, especially when those soft lips kissed my emerged knot, grinding said lips against the pulsating flesh as he drove me insane with pleasure. He also love to try licking at my warm balls bouncing due to the uneven roads.

Pete remained in that position for close to an hour and a half, once in a while pulling back if a car or van drove too close for comfort. When we did reach his hometown in surprising record time, I required us to travel to a secluded spot along the road, where I pump for a hot load down the badger’s receiving throat. He sipped it all off without so much as gagging once.

“Shit…” I exhaled in my post-nut afterglow, chuckling alongside the satisfied badger as he wiped his chin. “If you’re up for it…eheh, I’d be up for driving you down to Lower Michigan?”

“Thanks,” he said with a melancholic grin, “but no thanks. As much as I enjoyed that too, I think my family’s worried about me long enough.”

“Right,” I nodded. Pointing to the deodorant and cologne in the glove compartment, I mentioned, “Let’s get you freshened up then. I doubt you’d like to smell like me as your first impression.”

“Nope,” Pete vehemently shook his head, laughing like I’d stated the obvious. “My mom’s gonna still freak out, but fuck, she’ll have a heart attack if she ever found out what we just did!”

Long story short: I dropped him off a few blocks from his mother’s house, wishing the badger luck for his future before inevitably driving back around onto the main highway. When I glanced at the rearview mirror and watched Pete wave me off, I reached out the window and waved back.

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After a long drive across the Mackinac Bridge and an even longer drive across Lower Michigan, I finally booked myself into a hotel in downtown Rivière, where I decided not to check Howlr. Instead, the thought of taking a break from sex felt appealing, and I decided to spend the rest of the afternoon recovering from my long drive. I still perused through some sex hookup apps the next day but decided to celebrate arriving in Michigan’s most famous city by watching a few “Robocopper” movies in the hotel room.

What? The events of the previous day had been exciting as much as they were exhausting.