` The best non-sexual part of Minnesota wasn’t just the delicious food, the endearing yet indecipherable accent, or the incredibly friendly hospitality towards foreign tourists, but going through the Mall of America itself. It had almost everything, at least compared to the other shopping centers I had encountered during my travels. While the Mall did cater mostly towards the PG-13 crowd, it didn’t make traveling from the food court to emporium shops and the central amusement park any less fun. It made me feel like a quintessential American in a weird sense. The only thing to nearly make it complicated was the high number of notifications I received from nearby perverts on Howlr. Most of them were suggesting that I find them in a dressing room or in the outside parking garage itself. Why? For public sexy times of course!

I might have been horny, but I wasn’t stupid. I didn’t plan on risking deportation or worse just to get a blow job in a random bathroom in an incredibly public venue like that. Especially one that catered for families with children. A U.S. senator fell from procedure for doing a similar thing in the city’s airport too, once. So, I ignored them. I indulged myself to a mild dosage of capitalism by doing some light shopping.

One profile nearly tempted me, however. I couldn’t recall the exact name of the user, except that it belonged to a thirty-something Timberwolf who wouldn’t quit sending me lewd pictures from one of the bathrooms. Without so much as being subtle about it, he sent me candid photos which showed him wearing nothing but his sneakers as text after text filled my inbox. I did my best to ignore the following photos and messages as text after text filled my inbox. Inevitably though, when the pictures became too frequent and his messages more desperate, I found no choice but to block him.

Later that same night, I ventured to the Flamingo. It was a trendy gay nightclub flashing like a neon sign in downtown West Gemini. I went there specifically for some dancing and fun, with a nighttime hookup included in the package.

After some perusing and idle chitchat at the bar, I eventually befriended Mikey and Finn, a badger and bobcat respectively. The former dressed like an athlete trying to look classy at a dinner party, when he’d rather wear minimal clothing at the gym. The latter clearly enjoyed his slim pants and t-shirt while trying not to stare too long at my handsome features. He also blushed like a virgin but walked like an experienced player.  By the end of the night, they were trying to subtly ask if I were interested in a threesome.

My answer was rather obvious. Around eleven in the evening, I drove the two horny lovers back to their humble abode, which happened to be an apartment several blocks away, near the river dividing east and west. In fact, their apartment had a decent view of the Mississippi from the second-to-last tallest floor.

I whistled at the glass door leading out into the balcony, asking them, “What do you work as?”

“Computer engineer,” Finn answered.

“Fitness trainer,” replied Mikey. “Both really help pay the bills, but as much as I’d like to talk about our personal lives,” the badger seductively discarded his t-shirt trivial impressive packs on his chest, “I’d really like to get this going.”

“Agreed,” I shrugged in understanding. “Lead the way then.”

Finn slapped each of our butts into their master bedroom near the back of the apartment. A king-sized bed complete with lube on the nightstand and some scented candles already set the mood.

Mikey eagerly wanted to fuck me while I did his boyfriend from behind, but I didn’t want to lift my tail for anybody. Mikey tried to persuade me. I insisted otherwise. So instead, we came to a rather enjoyable and exotic compromise: sheath play, or ‘docking’ as the Americans called it. An activity I’d have loved to do multiple times a night if it didn’t often result in a sore, nearly bruised inner wall of skin within my sheath. Still, the potential need for an ice pack didn’t mean the sensual, sexual fun wasn’t worth it.

I readjusted alongside Finn, who turned over to lay on his stomach with his legs hanging off the side of the bed as I reinserted my cock between his spread, quivering ass cheeks, then helped Mikey to kneel over Finn’s back, facing me without sitting down on him. Pulling me into an oral battle of tongues thrashing for control, I slowed my thrusts and Mikey shifted closer, lining up his badger dick along my hardened shaft. We throbbed together, then moaned together once his cock tip slid between the fleshy knot and the interior foreskin of my tight sheath. I felt him shudder at the new sensation. Me? I’d have been lying if I didn’t say my dogcock wasn’t extra tingling from feeling a dominant badger fuck the velvety inside of my hybrid sheath.

“Oh, god… this is amazing,” Mikey muttered breathlessly as he patted his occupied, literally and figuratively, boyfriend’s hip when I went to mid-thrust. “Fuck…Fuck…Dude, you’re…mfh, missing out on this.”

“I’m quite—ahhhh!” He gasped mid-sentence, uttering another moan. “Fine, where I am, Mikey. Nnmm, fuck me harder! Harder!”

“Heh,” his feline boyfriend chuckled above him, then glanced back up to me. “Whatcha waiting for, buddy? You heard the bitch, didn’t ya? He needs a good fucking.”

“I don’t know,” I let my German accent shine through a tiny sliver in my voice. “I’m not sure the bitch wants me to fuck him. I only deflower—”

“Just fuck me already, please!” Finn cried out; his whimpering now turned into whines. He tried to push his hips onto my crotch, only for me to have my hips retreat for the femboy. “P-Please fuck me, Daddies…Please, please!”

Mikey and I obeyed the begging bobcat. I pushed my cockhead past his welcoming velvet tailhole the very same time that his badger boyfriend beautifully thrusted inside my slickened sheath.

“Ahhhh, right there! Right there, s-sir!”

“Nguhh, so fuckin’ tight!”

“F-Fuck, keep it up!” I gasped in salivating pleasure. The cock spread the inside of my sheath wide open, and I could feel it plunge between my knot and the skin within. “Just like that, just like that—ahhhhh! Just like that! Riiiight there!”

There we were in a warm apartment, a stocky badger and me, an older Doberman/Great Dane mix, fucking together at once. Thrusting his member inside my sheath’s inner walls as my emerged canine knot spread his feline lover wide open.

By the end of the evening, we both got our rocks off. We also finished the night with sore limbs and incredibly sore regions that were penetrated. My own sheath needed a day or two to heal due to the sensitivity of my own skin inside. Mikey apologized profusely for it, but I reassured him not to worry. It wasn’t the first time I’d even done sheath play, so I already knew the risks of pain after pleasure. Meanwhile, Finn needed to call off work the next morning due to cramps and his backside, we ended up trading numbers, and actually did start to talk about our personal lives after all. Overall, a win-win.