Mount Rushmore looked smaller than it did in the photographs, if I were honest. After a relaxing couple of days at the Tundra Cabin Resort, I drove southward into South Dakota.

A part of me wished for a high-quality cruising shag somewhere around the old monument, or at least a decent handjob by a fellow pervert, but unfortunately, the number of tourists made a chance encounter for a semi-public hookup almost impossible. Oh well, I still had the opportunity to take candid selfies with the sculptured mountain. No doubt that my boys over at Diamandis Isle would be jealous that they didn’t come along with me on the trip, so I decided to purchase them each history books of Mt. Rushmore and snow globes as souvenirs.

I drove five miles West, enjoying the passing landscapes and views of small towns until I came to Lakota Falls, the largest city in South Dakota. I helped myself to a small supper at a drive-thru when I ultimately decided to book into a motel for the night. The one I picked had more than three stars, contained a pool that didn’t need to be cleaned, plus a pizza place right next door. My only ailment of booking into the motel involved my room window being beside a large neon sign, requiring me to close the window blinds.

Otherwise, I had little else to complain about. Hey, I couldn’t be nitpicky. It certainly beat some of the worser hostels I’d encountered in Europe.

My hookup for the cool evening happened to be one of the first to pop up on my recommended profiles on Howlr. He was a French-speaking timber wolf/Arctic fox in his early twenties, dressed in a fur-matching white jockstrap beneath some skinny blue jeans, a punk rock t-shirt and dazzling with the bluest eyes in downtown Lakota Falls. He called himself ‘Zagreus’ on his profile (Greek mythology buffs were a winner in my book!), listed his age at twenty-two and mentioned being a college graduate in desperate need of a stranger’s dick.

As I sat in my dark motel room, chatting back and forth with the Arctic folf on the app, Zagreus was quick to jump at the chance to hook up with me, a Daddy-like Doberdane mix whose cock size wasn’t something to blink once at. He mentioned having a Canadian mother who raised him up north, then moved in with his father, an American timber wolf who worked construction to provide for him. He attended a public community college to earn as associate degree following actual university.

A knock at my door had me jumping off the bed. Opening the door to find him dressed in short jeans and a polo t-shirt, the folf pup was practically shaking with anticipation when I opened the door and led him inside.

“Hello, Zagreus.”

“Hello, Sebastian,” he replied in French. “How are you liking Lakota Falls?”

“It is wonderful,” I answered in his tongue, licking mine across my nose. “Very wonderful…”

By the time we got to the foot of the bed, he quickly dropped to his knees and yanked my zipper down with his canines. I almost staggered backwards onto the mattress, only for the

The lad was certainly no virgin. He had experience with large mongrels like me. Zagreus’ expert licks, gentle nibbling along my large shaft as he somehow managed to deepthroat my shaft to the back of his small throat; it all left me whistling to the heavens. The Arctic lad even accomplished the amazing feat of letting me knot his velvet lips as I came. Gulping it down while staring up at me with those lovely sapphire eyes, he spilled not a single drop, but that didn’t mean we were done just yet. Lying on his bare stomach with a raised tail and biting his lower lip in seductive fashion, Zagreus didn’t even need much lube for me to enter him. He’d already lubed himself before arriving at my hotel room, allowing me to fuck him hard right into the mattress sheets.

God, the lad knew his French. It ranged between high-pitched whines and panting, begging me over and over, “*Plus rapide, plus rapide, plus rapide, plus rapide!*”

Which I did. I eagerly fucked him faster until his French turned into mumbling whines. I turned the lad into an incoherent mess, as if his fur melted from the buckets of sweat dripping from us both. His shivering arms wrapped around my hard shoulders, writhing with each bucking movement into his passageway, that Arctic vulpine tail brushing softly against my low-hanging jewels that swelled for release. His own swollen member begged for release too. If not from my knot kissing the tight ring squeezed around the invading Doberdane rod, then from how I simply wrapped strong fingers around his smaller knot.

Zagreus was such a beautiful, romantic boy. He stared up at me with such lovestruck eyes, finding himself thrown into the deepest, unknown parts of subspace. The same destination I often brought my lovers to in each sexual conquest and lovemaking session. A place I had the fortunate opportunity to visit on occasion with much larger, more dominant partners.

What I enjoyed the most about twinks, especially those who were either experienced enough to know, or were naïve enough to go along with, were their ability to bring out the dominant side of me. Their squeals of delight sounded more gorgeous to me than anything by Mozart or Beethoven. And in Zagreus’ case, his inner walls’ expert grip on my shaft and the way he arched his back into the air, whispering for more. Well, I gave him all I got, and beyond.

If only I’d gotten the folf’s real name before he departed. I found it to be a good night, nonetheless. He needed to return to his home before his father worried. He then left, but not before giving my spent cock one final kiss before walking back out into the hallway and presumably towards the elevator. With my seed still nestled deep in his ass, he’d feel satisfied for the night.

However, I still felt bold enough for a second round. Not wanting to bother from getting out of bed to grab my smartphone though, I reached down to stroke my reemerged cock tip, then guide it back to a hardened erection. Images of what transpired flashed across my eyelids, and I remembered everything; the velvet softness of Zagreus’ white-grey fur, his incredible way to take my shaft down his narrow throat, stuffing said shaft under his tailhole, feeling his walls clench on my dogcock as it thrusted in and out like a well-greased locomotive engine’s pistons.

Minutes later and I came a second time. Hot seed erupted upwards, coating my shaking fingers, followed by my stomach and then the ceiling itself. It left me feeling the results of age, to the point I passed out afterward, waking up early and starved. Cleaning up before taking a nice shower, I packed up, then decided to spend the rest of the day looking around downtown before driving to Minnesota.

On a side note, I didn’t ignore my messes. I made sure to leave a note about the stain for whoever did housekeeping the next morning.