I drove across Wisconsin and stopped by on the west side of Nicolet Bay, completely unaware of the traffic chaos I’d find myself in.

It turned out that a football game was scheduled at the same time I arrived. No, not football, but American football. Between the Nicolet Bay Packagers and Minnesota Norsemen. The historic rivalry between the two Sports teams meant almost everybody in the city was a bus for the afternoon game, and anyone living near the stadium was either making money by selling parking space or hosting lavish tailgate parties in anticipation for kick-off.

Of all the types of events I really wanted to see for myself in America, it came down to tailgate parties. Beer, burgers, chips, potato salad, watching the game and laughing at some comically over-the-top commercials while sexual tensions build up; only in America, unless the sport was real football.

I checked into a hotel several blocks from the Packagers stadium, a white building decked with stripes the colors of the city’s team and relaxed in my single room from down until mid-morning.

The party I found myself being invited to was hosted by a college aged red fox literally named Red (“Answer your question, Red is short for ‘Redmond’, so no teasing…unless it’s the fun kind ;3”). I met him on Howlr a couple of days prior, and he mentioned planning to have a few friends over to watch the football game. They insisted on it due to an ex-boyfriend apparently cheating on him and running off with the guy, so he wanted a rebound to unwind with. At least that was what he claimed. When I exited my Fjord truck at the end of a long line of parked cars on the street, then made my way to the address and knocked, Red answered the door in a very shy, almost reserved manner.

“Hey…” he meekly waved me in.

“Hey, Red,” I greeted with a nod, stepping inside the threshold. “So, is this your place?”

“Nah,” he answered wow guiding me towards the kitchen, which had more mammals present besides in the living room. “This is my dad’s. He’s letting me stay here while visiting the grandparents down in Iowa…”

We fell back to an uncomfortable silence. I couldn’t help but give momentary glances to the young fox and feel for him. He felt more confident behind a screen than in real life, it appeared. Rather than get up and leave the party though, I decided instead to stay for a while longer. If not to be polite, when to at least enjoy his company as I watched American football with him and his buddies.

At some point, the American national anthem played, and the first quarter started. I sat down at the far end of a large couch while Red plopped himself beside me. The lack of a heater or Wisconsinites’ tolerance of the cold made me cover my lower half with a nearby blanket. I wasn’t the only one to do this, as some massively eight snacks a top a layer of quilts wrapped around them, but it did embolden a certain fox to act midway through the first quarter. Specifically, when his left paw went under the blanket.

A fly unzipped. Some jeans shimmied down in quiet anticipation, thanks to the help of their owner. A paw contemplatively reached back towards a warm canine member slowly coming to life beneath the blanket, fondled the hardening shaft, before finally giving it a nice stroke. Then two, three, four, and many more.

We continued watching the game, daring not to look away. With each slowed stroke, Red’s nervous but bold fingers felt my throbbing heartbeat as my cock pulsed out of its sheath. His pinkie finger went so far as to caress my furry scrotum underneath, exciting me further. Nobody objected or said anything about noticing our behavior, either thanks to the blanket or how close enough the scores were onscreen to keep everybody distracted.

Eventually though, Red had enough. Looking at me for a brief moment, a subtle grin formed on his muzzle. He abruptly stopped his paw treatment , withdrawing his firm fingers fast enough to not be so sudden. The teasing and bashful fox then stood up without warning, leaving me painfully erect and pent up. By some luck though, the Packagers earned a winning touchdown two minutes prior to the beginning of halftime, causing football fans and watchful partygoers alike to wildly cheer and pump their fists in the air loud enough for me to quickly and quietly pull my pants back up, zipping my fly up and discarding the blanket as I joined everyone in the busy kitchen. While most one went to get refills for their plates or cups, I searched for a certain red fox.

Suddenly, the bathroom door opened on us, and we both turned mid-kiss/mid-thrust to lock eyes with a bewildered, blushing badger. One who likely didn’t expect to find the vulpine host being railed by an older, mixed breed canine in the bathroom. Yet the moment I looked into his needy eyes, I saw a familiar spark flash behind those widened green irises. They stared first at me, followed by Red, his ass being stretched, then my cock partly kissing his quivering pucker, then back up to me.

When a loud cheer echoed down the hallway from the living room area, the nameless badger immediately closed the door behind him. Without looking away from us, he scooted around me and went from the toilet. He dropped his shorts and sat down, silently begging us to keep going. The entire time, Red’s horrified (but still aroused) embarrassment didn’t escape his frozen face, until it ultimately melted away when I thrusted back inside him. In fact, his tail hole clenched tighter around me even more so. In fact, his wagging tail wouldn’t quit tickling my chin at the exhibitionist situation we found ourselves in.

The badger went number one and flushed the toilet, allowing me to let out a mild crescendo of dominant moans, if only for several seconds. Without looking away from us inside the narrow bathroom, the badger pulled out his erect, ebony boner to give it a light stroke. Two, three, four, and more as he hit his lower lip.

Using one paw to muffle Red’s cries, and using the other to possessively grip onto the toned muscles of his slender hips, I decided to heighten the speed of my thrusts. My hips expertly crashed into his without making too much noise. His moans vibrated into my palm, slobbering it with lustful licks, instinctively clenching harder around my shaft. The badger meanwhile masturbated faster at the wonderful sight leaning against the vanity in front of him. If a wooden door didn’t separate us from an entire party of people, I certainly would’ve knotted Red first, then the badger next. Maybe twice over if they were up for it.

All good things came to an end though, literally and figuratively. I unloaded inside Red with a satisfied grunt, and the red fox thanked me by giving me a long and sensuous kiss afterward. All as the badger came inside the toilet bowl with a sweaty snarl.

“Fuck, that was hot,” he muttered, licking his lips as we did too. “You two…Thanks for that, you two...”

“No, thank you for not spoiling our fun,” I chuckled.

“Please don’t mention this,” Red whimpered in sudden shame. “My friends’ll never let me live it down.”

“I don’t know who either of you are so don’t worry,” the badger smirked.

The three of us got dressed quickly, then left the bathroom one by one. Everybody was too preoccupied with the third quarter to bother seeing us. Either that, or Nicolet Bay had zero chill with two men having sex in a bathroom. I felt it was more of the former instead of the latter. Whatever the case, life went on like normal for me and Red, who started to be more animated during the final half of the game. I did too. As for the nameless badger, I didn’t really see him again until after the final touchdown marked a decisive win for the Packagers. Red privately thanked me again for the experience, exchanged my number with me, then accepted a friendly goodbye kiss from me before I decided to leave the post-game party.

I literally ran into the badger outside the empty house. He wore a light jacket over his t-shirt, and his legs shivered due to his denim jeans being torn around the knees. He lit up upon seeing me walk out the front door.

“Hey, it’s you! Listen, would you…uh, could you tell me where you’re going? I heard you mention something to that fox, that you’re traveling to the U.P.?”

“Let’s say I am,” I carefully told the badger, who walked beside me towards my truck. “What? Do you need a ride or something?”

I meant it as a joke at first. Only, I hit the nail on the head with my lighthearted assumption.

“Actually, yes. Could you, please?” The badger asked, trying his best to give a coy smile directed at me. “I’ll do anything to get there. Anything.”