Alaska’s climate certainly lived up to its reputation. Flying by first-class airline from Hawaii to the most northern U.S. state felt like traveling from Mercury to Pluto. After stepping out of the terminal and hailing a cab, my first instinct was to immediately book into the hotel and enjoy my warm, comfy bed. If I didn’t freeze my fingers off first.

 Once I had made myself comfortable for the day, as well as enjoying a short nap in a sprawling bed once more, I had decided to clean myself up for the glorious evening to come. Literally and figuratively, hehe. Firstly, I opened my profile on Howlr, setting the location on so every user in Alaska City could see me. Then, I left the app open as I went to take a hot shower, dry my fur, and wash my teeth. If I was going to fuck another American twink, I couldn’t do it with grime, old sweat, or bad breath. I needed to smell like a gentleman after all.

By the time I exited the steamy bathroom and casually walked naked in front of the hotel room’s large vanity, dozens of notifications filled the phone screen. Rolling my eyes at a few cryptocurrency messages, I scrolled through the rest, filled with quite a mixed bag. As the rest of my fur air-dried and I leaned against the foot of the king-sized bed, I spent several minutes either dismissing some desperate hellos or trying to start conversations. Most just wanted me to immediately come to their place and fuck them, no photos required.

Thankfully, one Howlr profile did catch my horny attention. It belonged to ‘3someW/BF’, and his photo album gallery showcased a white-furred husky in his late twenties with black patches along his slender frame. The little tease had the audacity to include his photos with him wearing a pair of innocent white briefs that partially camouflaged into his crotch. It also what made his sweet ass look good beneath that curving black tail. I messaged him up and we exchanged pictures of our faces, which allowed me to see his. The lad had bright green eyes and a young smile that reminded me of college graduates looking forward to their futures.

Me: “Are you interested in visiting me at my hotel room?”

Him: “Can I bring my boyfriend?”

Me: “As long as he’s comfortable with sharing.”

Him: “He’s a top, so sure.”

I have been so excited about getting my rocks off that I didn’t even bother to ask about what his boyfriend looked like. I have this feeling though that he would approve of me, if him coming along indicated anything.

Half an hour later, several timid knocks signaled me to the door. When I opened it, wearing a bathrobe after having received a message that the duo had finally arrived, my eyes widened at one of two species I didn’t expect to see. Not in Alaska, at least. They consisted of a Siberian husky whom I’ve seen in the photos, plus a large rhinoceros almost as tall as the door frame. The former was skinny as a twig while the latter possessed dense muscles more than capable of snapping my spine in two. He could’ve crushed me in a hug or knocked me out with one angry punch.

I invited them in without question and they started shedding their winter coats to reveal thick denim jeans and long-sleeved shirts. A part of me considered asking where they bought their clothes, considering my ill preparedness.

“Wow,” the husky commented, “You look even more handsome than you do in your photos. I am Ricky by the way.”

“Mike,” the rhinoceros spoke in a deep, rumbling voice.

“Sebastian,” I replied, grinning as I began to loosen up my bathrobe. “I hope it wasn’t too much trouble getting here?”

“Nah, we were already expecting to go an hour or so than needed,” Mike explained, “Most of the gays here are either deep in the closet, married but wanting to cheat, extremely unhealthy, unhygienic, or all of the above. If anything, we’re lucky to hook up with someone from out of town.”

“Tell me about it,” Ricky groaned.

“Trust me, I’m neither of those things,” I reassured the two.

The sexual tension in the air could be seen and felt and tasted. The way our eyes traveled and glanced at each other as our paws kept restrained to our sides only made the anticipation feel greater. The three of us were hungry. I wanted to taste Alaskan cuisine and they desired a sampling of Greek and German meat.

“So then,” I asked as we sat together on the bed, with me and Mike on each side of a certain husky bashfully wagging his tail between our thighs, “what do you wanna do?”

“You can have his ass if you want,” Mike chuckled with a smirk directed at me, then down at the shy canine, “I’ll take his mouth.”

A lecherous smile grew across my muzzle. I’d already shed my bathrobe and knelt on one side of the bed as Ricky tore his clothes off to reveal him wearing a black sled dog harness that accentuated his slim figure, then crawled between me and Mike after the rhinoceros unzipped his pants. The hulking man’s beer gut brushed against the canine’s heated ears as those lips wrapped around his ebony dick. Meanwhile, that lithe husky’s tailhole easily accepted me with little resistance.

“Mfh!” I murred at the easy slide into his velvet entrance. The horn dog barely even made a grunt as I thrust again. “You prepped him just for me?”

My right paw grabbed the back of Ricky’s harness. I pulled at it once or twice, making him buck against me amid sloppy moans. A part of me wondered if the husky worked as a sled dog outside the hotel room, or if he simply loved the harnesses enough for roleplay. Either way, I certainly enjoyed feeling him squirm with each push past his tight walls. They felt so virgin-like.

“Ricky insisted on being ready,” Mike chuckled midway through another deep moan. He started to lean over his spit-roasted boyfriend, and I did too. “Now come here!”

His leathery tongue surprised me the most. So dominant and slithering within my maw like a snake, his spit tasting like tobacco mixed in with masculine vigor. It reminded me of one or two partners of my past I’d been willing to lift my tail for. Unlike them however, Mike possessed an impressive horn which brushed against the bridge of my nose as we fought for oral dominance. He also happened to be at least a decade younger than me. Around the same age as the pretty little husky expertly clenching around my thick dogcock emerged from its sheath.

Speaking of whom, Ricky did something which made his rhino lover flare hot breath from his nostrils. It washed over my snout and caused Mike to pull away from my lips, leaving only a trail of wet saliva to bridge between us.

“If you weren’t a top, I’d love to fuck ya,” he laughed between panting and groaning as Ricky continued to take us both.

I hissed amid a few beautiful thrusts inside him. “Me-Me too,” came my reply. “Oh, fuck! Fuck, that’s a tight ass…”

Mike got himself off after a while but needed to recuperate and catch his breath. So, he sat back and watched on the bed as I fucked a load out of Ricky on the bed, another against the wall, then yet another as I made him tremble in shiver beneath me by gliding my cock slowly in and out of his tight ring. He clenched around it as I bobbed out and in like an engine piston.

Only once Ricky came a third time did I finally quit holding back. With a loud squelch and a growling moan, I pulled my cock free from his boi pussy and feverishly stroke my swollen dogcock. A whimpering howl combined with his panting whines, and I came all over the lad’s lower back. I painted him white with my own steamy canine cum, much to the duo’s delight.

The three of us showered afterward, traded stories, and enjoyed the warmth of the hotel room before they had to return home for the evening. I made sure to wish Mike great luck when I noticed a small box with two engagement rings in his coat pocket.