Never stick your own dick in crazy. Same went with American crazies.

I’d driven my Fjord truck to the city limits of Ludwig, North Dakota. My anticipation for rest could not have been any higher, not with the prospect of being inside a five-star hotel again. Named the ‘Tundra Cabin Resort’ and built to take after a massive hunting cabin overlooking a small hill and bridge leading to some suburbs, its façade made me feel like a hunter in the middle of a dense forest. Except, everything inside had modern accessories like great Wi-Fi, TVs, hot shower stalls, etc.

Other amazing amenities included a hiking trail nearby, great room service, an indoor swimming pool as well as listening to the sound of wildlife nature surrounding the hotel resort. A small corner of modernity in the middle of a woodland paradise, it gave guests the sense of being out in the rustic wilderness without needing to rent an actual cabin. Yet it still offered enough amenities to keep them from going to the other few neighboring hotels a stone’s throw away.

 Plus, there was a local pocket mouse from the neighboring township to meet. His name was Mark, at least according to his Howlr profile, and he was aged twenty-eight yet had the light, gray-furred body of a high school graduate, working as a deliveryman. Sounded mature for his age, based on the texts. The unfortunate catch involved him being deep in the closet. So deeply closeted in fact that he could not risk us being seen by anybody, not at his place or even the hotel staff. So, we orchestrated a discreet hookup somewhere off the hiking trail between his township and the hotel resort. Of course, I made sure to bring both kinds of protection in the form of a condom and mace, the latter hidden in the back of my shorts pocket.

 It had been a semi-cloudy day with warm weather. The rest of the resort guests were sleeping in from their hangovers early in the morning while I went for a recreational jog. The only noises surrounding me were the chirping crickets and infrequent caws of wild birds in the distance, as well as rustling leaves from the wind. If there were any other furs out hiking at that time of day, it would’ve been loud enough to hear, for either me or for Mark.

 Speaking of whom, I found the pocket mouse right where he said he would be; sitting on a wooden bench somewhere in the middle of the trail. He wore nothing but a drenched white T-shirt that barely hid his slim stomach and some tight green shorts. I remembered grinning like a horndog the moment Mark squirmed in excitement at the sight of me.

 Fuck, he was such a perfect twink. The mouse lad’s round ears barely reached up to my chin, the only ounces of fat I could see being in the supple, white-furred rear as he peeled his shorts down his hips. What made it better was when Mark wasted no time to bend over the bench to present himself for my ravishment.

 “Hey, kiddo.”

 “H-Hi, Sebbie,” he squeaked shyly. “Glad to finally meet you.”

 Kneeling on the trail with his arms around the bench, I felt him shiver as my cold nose kissed his pucker. His drying sweat from the day’s hike left a musk between his ass cheeks that entranced me. It compelled my tongue to lick all over the crack and probe past his tight defenses. I slurped and slobbered to the point Mark practically melted onto the bench and could only reply in whimpers. My teeth left a love bite on his right butt cheek, emitting a half-restrained moan from the mouse.

 “Are you sure you’re not a virgin?” I deeply chuckled and licked his ‘wound’, pulling my slobbered finger out to replace it with my cock. It thrusted in easily. “You’re—Mfh! Tight as fuck. Snug as fuck.”

 Mark bit his lower lip and nodded, raising his rope-like tail to give me further access to his quivering, winking hole. “Yes sir! My neighbor deflowered me years ago. I’m no virgin.”

 Yet he felt like one when I got to my feet and slowly inched my shaft past his ring. Thank God I remembered to at least bring a condom. Otherwise, my better judgement would have prevented us from rutting like a pair of bitches in heat. My cock hammered in and out of the mouse at a delicious haste, fully aware a random jogger could come across us, but still reveling in the risk as my hips drove right home. Back and forth, back and forth, our sweat accumulating until I felt the pressure build too much to handle.

 “Faster now!” He pleaded between huffs, “So close…Close!”

 My fingers dug deep into his cheek fur and laced between my thrusting knot, preventing us from being tied as I came into the condom. We lay together for what felt like eternity, but like all good moments, it needed to end. Especially as I’d pulled my knot from the mouse, who squeaked at the sudden absence.

 “That was fun!” I chirped, then offered him a paw. He accepted, but I grew concerned at him staring up at me without so much as blinking. “So, uh…I hope you have a nice day, Mark.”

 “Don’t you wanna invite me back to your hotel room?” He asked adoringly. “We can go shower, watch some TV, cuddle on your bed, really get to know each other!”

 I folded an ear at the way he spoke to me. Earlier, he’d wanted us to do a simple No-Strings-Attached hookup. Instead, he wanted me to bring him to my room to do normal dating stuff, a small red flag.

 “Sorry, but I’ve got a call to make,” I tried letting him down easily. “It’s very important.”

 “You could give me your phone number,” he suggested without even acknowledging what I said, eyes shining brightly. “We can keep in touch and maybe do long-distance, if you’re interested, Sebbie?”

 More red flags.

 “Sorry, but I must go,” I told the mouse while hastily getting clothed. “See you around.”

 After turning tail back down the trail, he didn’t follow me. I returned to the Tundra Cabin Resort minutes later, pushing it out of my mind until I felt notification after notification pop up in rapid succession on the Howlr app. Multiple messages from Mark telling me to have a good day, then go into the stages of grief starting with denial, followed by anger at him ignoring his messages each minute I didn’t reply. By the time he started bargaining for another chance or to give him being my exclusive boyfriend a shot, I’d finally decided to block the mouse.

 As much as I hated to burn that bridge, it was for the best. Neither of us were compatible as romantic partners, let alone dating. Plus, he needed to deal with his own issues that went beyond finding a boyfriend to take him away from his living situation, whatever it was. Fortunately, I still had my next night at the Lodge to distract me from the drama. Thank God, I also didn’t tell him which of the other hotels I’d stayed at.