The bat femboi getting fucked on my dogcock didn’t dare to make a sound. If not because his species was able to screech to the heavens and cause me to lose my hearing, then to prevent the local cops from showing up at his doorstep. Not that they would likely show up anyway, given the state of things in Garfield, Indiana.

The nameless bat twink stared devotedly into my eyes and drooled a river down his chin, wings wrapped around my broad shoulders like a cloak and ankles resting behind my thrusting hips. We didn’t say a word, partly due to his mom and dad watching reruns in the living room downstairs. The same ones who didn’t turn to see or question him after inviting me upstairs.

The bat didn’t know me, and I didn’t know him, but it didn’t take a genius to figure out his personality and backstory from visual cues. Based on his choice of feminine, loose clothing in his Howlr photos versus the plain jeans and t-shirt he wore when opening the front door to quietly invite me inside, the bat twink grew up in a judgmental household. He desperately wanted to move out, even years after turning the appropriate legal age, but Garfield’s state of decline and sprawling abandoned homes/store fronts made it difficult to find better employment. I also chalked it up to a mom and dad who didn’t harass him over being…different so long as he helped pay the bills.

I slowed down my movements. Leaning down to sniff his shivering neck, the bat twink let out a soft squeak when my teeth grazed his skin. He moaned into my maw and orally surrendered to its dominant tongue, which then explored his sweet lips and beyond. By the time I did sadly part away to gather air in my lungs, my twink for the evening had ventured into sub-space. The beautiful space between pleasure and nothing where most bottoms found themselves in thanks to dominant men like me.

My muscular pecs grazed against his dainty nipples, both of which begged to be pinched and pulled and brushed at, the bat squeaked once again.

“Easy there,” he whimpered. “Don’t tease me too much, my parents are downstairs!”

“Kiddo, you’re the one moaning, not me,” I snickered whilst nosing his chin. “Besides, didn’t you say there are obsessed with the TV?”

The unnamed bat twink gave a half audible reply in the form of another moan, mixed with squeaking and chirping each time my balls slap against his perfect cheeks. If we weren’t comfortable already in our missionary position, I would have felt the need it to knead those surprisingly wide mounds like round balloons wrapped in well-groomed black fur.

“You’re also kneading into my shoulder blades back there,” I pointed out, only to feel his fingers pull back. “Hey, I didn’t say to stop.”

I kissed the winged lad again. I let his long bat tongue gain passage inside my muzzle, dancing lusciously around mine and suckling on my spit as if it were delicious ambrosia. His eyes watered in immense pleasure. I stared back into my eyes with such lustful devotion, my flexible appendage gliding and tasting the crevices of those teeth and long tongue literally capable of touching the pointed nose.

He was so perfect, like a mythological creature sculpted from fresh obsidian. Even though I knew a little about the lad, I had no doubt he would be a good little boyfriend for any lucky homosexual still living along Indiana’s Lake Michigan shoreline. Rich or poor, big or small, older or as young, fiercely independent or contend to live with his parents like him, any gay resident in his hometown would be thrilled to date him.

He seemed friendly, if a bit paranoid and antisocial, but the literature on his shoulders and the number of familiar band posters lined up along his wallpaper made me certain the bat liked to learn and listen to different tastes in music. The thought of inviting him to do a trial run as another one of my paramours did cross my mind. It flashed across my eyes when I finally ejaculating today inside his accommodating tailhole, during the afterglow when I cuddled him into my strong arms, as well as after he planted a sensual kiss during our shower in his neighboring bathroom. It felt nearly off, somewhat. It felt melancholic and sad, like the bat wanted it to last longer despite the opening for it to continue standing right in front of him.

“I’ll think about it,” he simply stated. Holding a paw up as I almost asked him what his considerations were, the bat said, “I appreciate the offer, but I’m not interested in dating or having a sugar daddy. At least, not right now. Besides, what will my parents think when I explain how I’m getting more money out of the blue?”

“That is absolutely fair,” I nodded in understanding. Dressing myself and thanking him for the good time, I told the bat to do his best on an upcoming online exam. “And good luck.”

He beamed like a lighthouse at my encouragement. By the time that he sneakily led me through the backyard out past a picket fence leading to where I parked, his smile started to slowly disappear. The poor bat almost looked on the verge of changing his mind, and I stood midway outside to glance back at him. Yet when I did, resolve hardened his gaze back to a determined glare, and the nameless bat disappeared inside the household.

I heaved a heavy sigh.

The best way for me to describe Garfield was by saying it resembled East Berlin once the decades-old wall finally fell. Sparsely populated, buildings either vacant or left to rot to the elements from uninterested officials, plus many areas full of rubble or littered trash. Vivid memories of abandoned homes and discarded cars came to mind when citizens of the east wanted nothing more than to escape into West Germany. If not to be reunited with their family after decades of separation between the Americans and the Soviets, then for a better life for themselves. I had been one of those mammals with nothing left to lose, but unlike back then, Garfield’s decline had been slow. Neglected homes and graffitied buildings left and right faced lake Michigan to the north, while toll booths stood westward between the once-bustling suburb of an automotive capital and the shining metropolis skyline of Lakertown. Those who left for a better life for mostly teenagers and young people who didn’t cling to the past, well those who stayed in Garfield either couldn’t afford to leave or outright didn’t want to. Seeing all the decay and smelling it for myself once I made it back to my truck, I did feel sympathy for both perspectives. As a former citizen of East Berlin, I did feel some nostalgic ties with the Soviet city during my childhood years, but when the time came to make a choice, I made mine.

What a waste of beauty, being trapped. Nothing personal against parents, since I happened to be heavily biased about them due to my lack of any growing up, but I couldn’t imagine someone with aspirations reluctantly giving up their future for a mom and dad who didn’t even love them for being who they were. How could anyone do that to themselves?

Not thinking too long on the subject though, I restarted the Fjord truck, looked one more time towards the bat’s residence, then drove west to Lakertown. All the while I wished the unnamed bat luck with determining his future.