I meandered outside of my comfort zone by trying something new. Or rather, someone new, who didn’t fit my sexual preferences. As reluctant as I started feeling towards the situation at first, it wasn’t like I had better options.

Miles into Idaho, and no gay twinks in sight on Howlr. Or Pred8r. Mostly burly men my own age seeking long-term relationships or unkept slobs too entitled for sex to have a decent conversation. I found plenty of spammer bots too. What I did find the war halfway to Idaho’s capital city was a handsome male hyena dressed in denim shorts with the top half of his ass presented to the camera, and a cheeky grin that belonged to a frat boy about to get laid. The football jersey partially covering his slim midriff added to the illusion. Only calling himself ‘Sam’, plus the emoji for eyes and another for an eggplant, he replied quickly when I sent a message showing him detailed photos of my Doberdane cock in the bathroom stall of the nearest gas station.

Sam: That looks so juicy.

Me: You going to bend over for me?

Sam: Fuck yeah I am!

Me: What’s your address then? ;3

Sam replied to me minutes later with instructions on how to get to his apartment in a small town in an hour or so away from where I’d filled up. It was called Iron Vale and existed south of Arbres at the bottom of an immense valley in the Rocky Mountains. He worked as a bartender but fortunately lived across the street. All he asked was that I not park my truck in front of his place, then wait until his shift ended around midnight. Curious about the small town, I accepted his requests.

Iron Vale certainly lived up to the stereotype of rural small-town America; sparsely populated, boasted a thriving downtown Main Street, a strip mall where everyone shopped, at least two tourist traps (one a giant antique store, the other a cryptozoology museum that Bram Heathcliff would no doubt enjoy), a post office sitting opposite of a densely packed church, and friendly locals graciously welcoming tourists while insulting foreigners behind their backs. Not to mention a dozen or so bars competing for customers.

So, I shopped for a few small souvenirs and waited. The minute that midnight finally arrived, I parked a block or so away from his apartment opposite the bar, mammals all the drunkenly walking out after the lights turned off. Among the more sober was a hyena dressed in denim jeans and a red plaid shirt. He lit up upon seeing me, though I also noticed apprehension in how his mocha-colored ears splayed downward.

“Hey.”

“…hey there. Didn’t know you’d show.”

We made small talk. I listened to him rant about some unruly customers as he led me upstairs, then opened his aged door to a tiny one-room flat. His nervousness became visibly more shaken as soon as I closed the door. I asked him what was wrong.

“I’m an idiot,” he finally said, looking up to me. “I…haven’t been fully honest with ya. Most of the guys I hook up with are straight married men looking for a female hole to fuck, but I don’t think you’ll be interested in…in me…not at all.”

“What makes you think that?” I tilted my head in mild confusion.

“I have a pussy.”

A surprised blink crossed my vision. “What?” I asked dumbly. “You have a what?”

Only once had the blunt hyena dropped his pants did I finally understand. The lack of a bulge, his shyness around me, and why he skirted around the issue of sending me nude pictures: the lad was an andromorph, or what some on the Internet crudely liked to call a ‘cuntboy’. Instead of a scrotum and shaft between those scrawny legs, he possessed a vulva with well-trimmed folds that emitted an exotic musk which filled the room.

“Before ya ask, here’s the short story: Born this way and raised as a girl for several years before doctors told my folks what was really going on,” Sam explained nonchalantly to me, kicking his dirtied jeans away. “I ain’t gonna get pregnant, no I’m not trans, and I’ll let ya have my ass? So long as ya gimme attention down under.”

“Oh?” I maintained interest in the straightforward hyena. “Well, that’s going to be difficult,

The truth was that I did have experience in thrilling women. Multiple women in fact. Despite identifying as 100% homosexual most of my life, there had been a few occasions during my early years where I was expected to date and inevitably sleep with female networkers. Those three or four instances didn’t excite me as much as if they were men like me. I completely respected women, but they as a whole gender didn’t click with me. However, that didn’t mean I wasn’t familiar with how to pleasure a vagina the best I could.

“So whatcha say then?” He inquired when I didn’t speak up. “Your profile said her gay, so ya still interested, even if I don’t got a dick?”

“Sure, why not?” I shrugged, wearing a soft smile for him. “Besides, I’m more of an ass man than a dick man.”

The hyena whistled amusedly, “Duly noted, Mr. Sebastian.”

Sam invited me over to his bed nearby. He let me lie down on my back after stripping myself from all articles of clothing, my dogcock half-hard and apprehensive of what would happen next. What happened next was that the hyena straddled my head with both legs on either side of my heated ears, heels touching the headboard as I felt the full blast of his leaking vulva mere centimeters from my nose. The scent so strong I wondered if it could be a pungent perfume from France. I waited to feel Sam’s lips curl around my cock, begin to service it, then finally made him squirm when I gave the food between his legs a long, tentative lick.

His vagina fluid definitely tasted bitter, but not in the same way as if it were from a cock. The dollop on my tongue felt creamier. Less salty. Either way, I felt inclined for giving another lick, then another, and even more until my nose practically parted those folds open for the trembling hyena. He seemed to be enjoying it. However, what got me particularly excited was when I saw a bottle of clear lube on his nightstand close by, and I snatched it without a thought. Soaking one pair of fingers in it before snapping its container shut, I intensified my licks as my middle and index finger probed Sam’s second hole under that wagging tail. It sent jolts of pleasure up his spine and out the mammal’s occupied mouth wrapped around my revealed shaft. I felt each moan vibrate through my sheath, making me lap that black vulva even further. Something about fingering a young man’s tailhole made me stay hard.

Anyway, Sam spread his cheeks wide open for me as promised. He let my tip sink down past his loosened ring inch by inch, forcing him to bite on a pillow so as not to wake the neighbors. There, I did my usual thing. I fucked the lad hard. My hips slammed against his as our grunts turned sweatier and more carnal. I heard him whimper at how he leaked like a faucet between those legs as his velvet back entrance accepted my dick. I could’ve hilted him to the whole knot, but a paw reaching back to push at my bulbous muscle made me resist tying him then and there.

We said very little post-afterglow. He instead suggested that I use his shower to clean up quickly, then leave for the night so he wouldn’t be subject to any rumors from nosy and conservative neighbors. As much as it felt anticlimactic in a sense, I didn’t debate the matter. Even a European like me knew a U.S. state like Idaho didn’t exactly promote tolerance for our kind, no matter how many positive buzzwords politicians often used.

Still, I didn’t regret it. Although it ended on a bittersweet note, are you still enjoyed the experience greatly. I felt certain that the hyena did too. I even got a kissing emoji from Sam on Howlr afterward, wishing me luck on the rest of my journey.