Vermont was famous for two things: Mount Vernon, and the production of maple syrup. I learned about that not just from the Internet, but how much the state loved selling homemade syrup in its convenience stores and gas stations.

Believe me when I say I did not expect to hook up with the polyamorous owners of one of the farms that regularly produced homemade maple syrup. It was called Meadow Ridge Farm, existing on a 1.4-acre property where they manufactured tree sap into boiled sugar and filtered syrup, which then made its way onto the shelves of local grocery stores as well as farmers markets. One not creating pure maple syrup, Meadow Ridge made different flavors like strawberry, honeyed butter, and Canadian bourbon—their newest flavor lineup. What surprised me the most about the farming operation wasn’t that it was headed by only three mammals (plus a few paid workers), but the three mammals in general being in a triad, or ‘throuple’. Not that I could ever judge.

Having just finished a day of exploring and touring around the nearest town, I drove out into the wilderness until I finally found the right address. An old rustic gate separated the gravel road leading into the property, where are large log cabin and two warehouses lay in the center, with what felt like hundreds of unnaturally planted and old trees surrounding the three structures. Being a Sunday and given the lack of cars in the larger gravel lot, it didn’t look like any workers were present.

I parked the Fjord truck over there, then sent a message that I arrived before quickly getting a reply to come on in. They were getting ready.

The one to answer the door happened to be a beautiful she-cheetah in her late thirties, wearing a bathrobe that matched her blue eyes, and a female physique worthy of old WWII posters featuring Rosie the Riveter. Meanwhile, the other similarly aged yet more limber she-cheetah standing right behind her, dressed instead in a white-laced nightgown and having two emerald eyes widening at my appearance on their front porch.

“Didn’t know if you would show up,” she smirked. “You must be Sebastian,”

“And you’re Patricia?” I asked, then turned to Rosie the Riveter. “Emily? Nice to meet you two.”

“Same here,” her girlfriend chimed, smiling with a waving tail.

“Close, but no cigar,” Rosie chuckled as she held the door for me, and I walked inside. The muscular she-cheetah jabbed a thumb at herself, then her girlfriend. “I’m Patricia and she’s Emily. Our hubby’s still in the shower, cleaning himself out.”

Patricia and Emily Coleson-Smith lived a simple life with their husband, Billy. An antelope who first met them while applying for a job as a business marketer, he didn’t get the position, but something better after Patricia felt bad for the tough decision, deciding to make it up to the herbivore with a date. And many more after that, before eventually he popped the ultimate question on their fourth anniversary. Years later, Billy and Patricia invited a long-time friend of theirs into their relationship, making three.

“How is Billy feeling?” I asked, placing my light jacket on a nearby rack. “From the few times I talked to him on Howlr, he seemed meek.”

“He’s always like it, whether it’s in person or on a screen,” Patricia snickered. “Wait until he sees you naked. Then the horny bastard in him will show up.”

“Horny?” Emily spoke up cattily. “Yes, but I wouldn’t call him a bastard, hun.”

Like a klutz, I wasn’t looking where I walked. I nearly tripped on a forgotten toy fire truck lying in the middle of the living room, and theatrically waved my arms until I regained balance, leaving Patricia annoyedly picking up the fire truck up off the floor and hissing in embarrassment while Emily apologized profusely.

“The kids are staying with my grandparents,” she trilled. “Damn kids never put their things away, even when we tell them. Are you alright?”

“I’ll live.” Thankfully, I hadn’t removed my shoes. Otherwise, the front toe would have likely been bruised by the metallic toy. “So, you have kids?”

“Two boys.” Emily beamed with pride. “Danny and Robert are such angelic hellions.”

“You can say that again, sweetie,” Patricia commented while reaching into the kitchen refrigerator and grabbing four water bottles. “Now, c’mon. Let’s get things started, shall we? I’ve been looking forward to this all week.”

“Same.” Emily purred.

“Same.” I agreed too.

Thus, the she-cheetahs led me up a staircase going to the second floor. By the time we reached the bedroom, I could hear shuffling behind the half-closed door.

The handsome antelope lounging on a massive king-sized bed looked absolutely stunning. Straight-up stunning, with half-dried and well-groomed fur on a slender build, graceful horns pointing to the ceiling, and bashfully widened auburn eyes looking at me. Then, his wife and their girlfriend, who didn’t waste time in unfastening and pulling off their last article of clothing. The scent of female arousal suddenly filled the room, as did antelope arousal when Billy’s erection sprung to life at the sight standing before him.

I leered at the man of the house while his wife said, “Happy Birthday, Billy.”

“Happy birthday,” Emily and I echoed her.

“You just lay back and relax, hun.” Emily winked at him on the bed, then stepped closer with the other she-cheetah behind me. “Sebastian here’s going to take care of you today.”

“O-Okay.” He spoke up, excitement clear as daylight in his flustered voice. Tentatively, he waved a paw to my direction as I began pulling off my shirt, then discarding my pants without looking away from Billy’s ravenous gaze. “H-Hi, Sebastian.”

“Hello, Billy.” I flashed my fangs, then chuckled when he shivered in herbivore lust.

Stepping onto the bed, the sounds of two moaning, licking felines in heat joined me atop the mattress. I didn’t focus as much on the pair of she-cheetahs making out and fingering each other nearby as I did to the meek antelope. A burning fire sparkled in his eyes though, like he was itching to start tugging down my boxers with his flat teeth. I let him do just that.

“Don’t be intimidated, Billy.” I cooed him, scratching behind one of his lowered ears as he stared at my package and the cocktip peeking from the juicy sheath. “Go on then. Give it a kiss, birthday boy. It’s all yours.”

The antelope gagged around my sturdy shaft, his fingers digging into my firm ass as I hilted him in slow motion. When he managed to almost clamp down a few times too many times, I pulled my hips back until only my tapered head remained on his extended tongue, and Billy let go of my left mound to begin stroking my length with his thumb and index finger. All while not forgetting to nurse and suck on my offered dogcock.

Oral attention from herbivores came with pros and cons. On the plus side, I didn’t need to worry about sharp fangs, but on the minus side, it helped when the mammal giving head had a natural love of meat. Not to mention, the thrill of knowing the risks, yet being sexually amazed by how a predatory mammal could suck off without leaving a nick on the sensitive skin. Still, I commended Billy’s skills in wrapping his wet maw around my meat as if it were the tastiest thing in the world.

“F-Fuck me…!”

I perked an ear up, then asked, “What was that?”

“Fuck me!” He gasped around my dogcock. “Fuck me, please!”

I coyly smirked down at the lad. “As you wish, birthday boy.”

The two she-cheetahs joined us when I’d begun spreading his ass open, and the two exchanged sensual licks and purring tongue baths, with Billy lying in-between their dual breasts. When the two females made out with each other, he made sure to suckle each plump nipple, his lithe neck either between one pair of boobs or the next. He knew the right techniques. Both in how to clench around my large knot as well as how to finger for the G-spot of not one, but two women’s heated vulvas. The spot I’d never been able to find as a flaming homosexual. How he mastered keeping his cool in doing all of this while an older Doberman/Great Dane hybrid fucked his ass, I couldn’t figure out for myself.

I emptied one load into the lad after we changed positions, and he unloaded into each she-cheetah by the time afternoon turned into evening. Not that I cared for penetrating the bisexual cheetahs, but I did like seeing Billy thrust in and out of them. As expected from any foursome, we were all left out of energy, taking turns in the bathroom shower before rejoining into the downstairs kitchen to hydrate. Billy wouldn’t stop fawning over me like a lovestruck schoolgirl, much to his wife and their girlfriend’s utter amusement. He even gave me a couple batches of free maple syrup to bring with me on the remainder of my journey.

“Have a great evening,” he waved me off with a loving arm wrapped around each smiling she-cheetahs, both of them waving too. “Come back any time, Mr. Drakos!”

Hopefully, I would.