My relaxing drive along Route 66 started off promising. New Mexico lived up to its reputation as a land of scorching heat, beautiful plateaus and buttes, a landscape worthy of a spaghetti Western, plus a mixture of American, Mexican, and Old European cultures blended together in a melting pot that made the U.S.A the U.S.A.

As soon as I stopped by a gas station a mere few minutes away from the city limits of Nueva Fe, my Howlr and Pred8r inboxes filled to the brim. I attracted men from all walks of life; twinks, hunks, fembois, creepers, lurkers, closeted married men, morbidly obese users, anorexic users, users trying to sell me something, users trying to scam me, and picture-less users who acted like I owed them sex.

One profile who seduced me by chance was named Bram. An American jackrabbit with handsome mocha fur, a slender body and an impressive appetite for fetishes, also advertising a paranormal investigations agency and podcast he hosted. He seemed like a charming fellow and definitely knew how to take the best photographs out of the other men in his area, so I agreed to invite him to a hotel room. A motel would definitely not do thanks to the heat outside.

However, my luck unfortunately changed the moment I checked in. The planned hours-long sex session being coordinated for the next day needed to be postponed due to some issues happening across the Atlantic. A French corporation I doubt any American had ever heard of what is having an emergency shareholders meeting. Long story short, the CEO wanted to make one important investing decision while the founding members of the organization did not. To make matters worse, I happened to have imminent stock, and I didn’t know how long the video conference call and discussions afterward would take.

It was Bram though who found a solution. Albeit, as a joke at first.

“Why not have me hidden under your desk? ;P”

That was how I found myself where I was: sitting at a desk in a hotel room, laptop readied, earphones readied, wearing a polo shirt with no pants on and a naked jackrabbit scrunched between my legs under the wooden barrier. He barely had enough room to not feel claustrophobic yet remain hidden from sight.

“Believe it or not this isn’t the first time I’ve done something like this,” he’d commented.

“Let me guess?” I chuckled, just believing that we were about to legitimately do this. “You did this while attending university classes?”

Giggling, his reply was, “Correct!”

“Professor?” I inquired, quite curious.

He sighed, “Another student.”

“Ahh,” I nodded, then straightened myself up. It was time. “Remember the rules.”

“Yessir,” he smacked his lips.

The video conference finally began. For the first minute or so, it started off the usual, only for a quick reminder to be felt on my cock on what me and Bram were about to do. He went straight to work while I did too.

Dear Bram didn’t simply kiss my sheath. His hot breath enveloped like morning mist around the tip of my emerging dogcock, followed by his lips giving a soft peck to the first half-centimeter to poke from my furry pouch, and his tongue lavishly caressing the veins. It made it hard to concentrate in the beginning. Nibbling had to be taken off as an option when I almost yelped out in pleasure at the start of the shareholders introductions, which I gestured down to Bram with a waving finger. He understood.

Multitasking didn’t seem at all difficult. I had a code in place to signal when Bram could and couldn’t keep servicing me below the waist. When I calmly placed my paws between his ears, he would continue unabated. He could suck me off at a leisure pace or simply lick at the hanging scrotum as if they were each the scoops of fine Italian gelato. If I needed to say an important speech, I would give a subtle tap on the desk with my free paw. Pulling my hidden paw away from his forehead meant I needed to give a speech or ask questions. Either way, the latter two actions required Bram to stop. Of course, the cheeky jackrabbit tried to skirt around the rules a little bit by huffing on or nuzzling at my ball sack, only for a squeeze at one of his folded ears to set him straight. Never groping too hard, I only did it enough to indicate I meant serious business in between pleasure.

“If only they knew what you were doing,” he whispered teasingly to me at one point.

I felt like a good small portion of the other shareholders were pulling a similar stunt. If not, then they were likely about to have sex with their husbands or wives or mistresses once the cameras turned off.

The entire time I managed to somehow remain composed. Call it experience from past encounters in public where I needed to pretend to be casual, or the fact it all happened during a live video conference call with hundreds of other speakers too preoccupied to notice one canine struggling not to pant. I managed not to get noticed.

Overall, the shareholders’ meeting went on for about three hours and forty-one minutes. They were three hours and forty-one minutes of glorious cock worship from the jackrabbit, who topped off the audible logging out of my laptop by suddenly deepthroating himself down my shaft. Speaking in French, I’d finished wishing the last colleague shareholder a pleasant evening when I closed the video call, then shut off the laptop in an audible click when suddenly—slurp! Bram sucked down onto my canine dick until his nose pushed into my pubes and my throbbing wet knot slipped past his velvet mouth.

“Sacre bleu!” I swore unexpectedly, snarling out a deep moan. Muffled laughter vibrated around my pulsing dog dick, growing harder as I his nose breathed in my accumulated pubic musk, further driving me over the edge. “Sweet Christ, B-Bram! Oooooooh…”

How he managed to take me without scraping a single tooth on my cock remained a paranormal mystery in of itself. Whatever the case, I found myself teleported to Heaven!

While before, we had been careful not to let his rabbit ears poke out from under the desk and in view of the laptop camera, they rolled out from under the wooden barrier. With Bram deepthroating me, pointed ends of each adorable ear tickled my upper chest, at one point brushing over my nipples poking through the polo shirt. His whiskers tickled my bare inner thighs. While the jackrabbit had been breathing steadily after I orally knotted his maw, he gurgled suddenly as I unloaded down his throat.

He emerged it out from under the desk minutes later covered in my hot seed. He wore an incredibly happy grin.

“Oh, you haven’t cum yet?” I asked, pointing to the large tent in his boxers. “Want me to help you out with that?”

His blushing face became even brighter. “Thank fuck I didn’t need to ask you!”

We had plenty of fun afterwards. Among one of the promises I kept, I not only had I wrote down the name of his paranormal investigation podcast but fucked the jackrabbit hard enough to have him walking back with a happy limp outside to his car. We even exchanged personal phone numbers in the event I returned it to New Mexico by chance. He was that good of a lay. Even though I didn’t believe much in the supernatural, I wished Bram Heathcliff the best in his paranormal investigation efforts. In anything, hearing his podcast stories would still be entertaining to listen to.

By early next morning, I happily went about doing all of the tourist landmarks around Nueva Fe. An exploration of the local history museum, a tasting or two of the local cuisine, a helping to the downtown shopping scene, plus a drive to some cheesy tourist traps eventually led me to something I absolutely needed to take a selfie next to: a Route 66 road sign with the final number spraypainted into a nine. Rest assured I found it vandalized that way.