Compared to its southern sibling, North Carolina didn’t seem as vastly different, being more urbanized and cosmopolitan at the very least as far as I could tell. I drove the Fjord truck mostly along the gorgeous Atlantic coastline, deviating inland once I enjoyed enough of the scenic views. My destination? The city of Queensbury, the most populous metropolitan area in North Carolina. Famous for being the financial center of several major corporations’ headquarters, plus an interesting museum dedicated to the US mint. I never knew that the US dollar one through so many different, radical designs throughout the centuries of the country’s existence.

Meanwhile, I had been flirting with a handsome elephant on Pred8r during the tour. I remembered once hooking up with an elephant twink during a stay in South Africa, but it had been so many years since. His profile name went by ‘EliLooking4Cuddles’, and as said in the description, ‘Eli’ wanted somebody to cuddle with. It would start out SFW, but it might become more NSFW if the vibes between him and his cuddle buddy felt good. No strings attached either.

The photographs he provided in his profile album showed a elephant twink in his mid to late twenties, having a stocky build with meat on his bones, but a charming smile and the most adorable of white underwear clinging to his huggable midsection and smoothly shaven body. As far as I could see in each picture, Eli didn’t have a single piece of furry hair growing on his limbs, stomach, chest, or ass. Not even around his dick when we exchanged lewd pictures with each other after a couple hours of cordial talking. For being young, he sounded very mature and well-spoken for his age.

We continued to chat, about our day, our interests, his hopes and dreams for his future, as well as telling him about my travels across the United States. He didn’t believe me when I mentioned sultry details of my hookup in the Speak Easily Theatre during my stay in Ohio. After an afternoon and evening touring around Queensbury, shopping at its main mall, and enjoying a morning cappuccino at a quirky little café the very next day, Eli finally asked if I could stop by his apartment. He desperately needed to ‘get a cuddle fix’ after a particularly stressful night shift. Happy that I wasn’t left hanging, I told him yes.

The elephant lived several miles south of downtown Queensbury, almost within walking distance of the South Carolina border, in a neighborhood that I could best describe as sketchy. The kind of village park which American media often like to make fun of when referring to the Deep South; urban decay mixed with patches of dying, littered woodlands in a concrete sea, boarded up shops, dozens of homes with bars on the windows, quite a few roads in need of maintenance, and apartment complexes that reminded me of Soviet architecture. One of them included Eli’s place, which at least had some color on the outside…thanks to graffiti artists.

I went up the elevator to the correct floor, waited after knocking four times, then waited again. I almost wondered about having the wrong address until frantic steps came from the open elevator doors nearby.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Eli groaned grumpily as he wiped his forehead. Far from ready, the elephant still wore dirty cargo pants, a short-sleeved shirt with ink and sweat stains, plus a tired limp in the way he walked. “I’m so sorry for being late and leaving you out here for me, my goddamn boss insisted I stay a extra hour because these douchebag foxes at the other side of the warehouse forgot to do their overstock tasks an RANDY thought it would be a great idea for me to…to, ugh!”

“Woah, hey there now,” I held up my paws defensively. “You can take it easy, okay? I just got here, so it’s no big deal, okay? Do you…need a moment?”

Eli managed to calm himself down by taking some deep breaths. I began imitating him throughout to reassure him I wasn’t angry, and I didn’t judge him for having a shitty boss. Everyone did at some point or another. I did too, but that was another story. Instead, I joined the apathetic elephant inside his sparse studio apartment, sitting down atop his bad and beginning to take off my pants as instructed by him. I didn’t mind giving him control of the situation.

“I’m…I’ll go take a shower, and you can just relax, okay?”

“Sure thing,” I nodded empathetically at the lad, wagging my tail in a wave. “Go take as long as you need.”

A softer smile grew behind his trunk. Without a word, he went inside the bathroom nearby, leaving me to sit in silence as the sounds of a hot shower vibrated through the closed door. It left me time to look at some stocks and currency exchanges in the meantime. Ten to twenty minutes later and Eli emerged from the bathroom, his body draped in steam as the elephant twink looked exactly as he did in his pictures; smooth gray skin, a hint of pudginess around his stocky stomach, completely devoid of hair, and those cute white cotton briefs that did little to thwart the lurid imagination.

He found me lying atop his full-sized bed, wearing only a tacky sunset T-shirt that I bought the previous day, as well as my favorite red speedo. I could hear Eli do his best to suppress and aroused trumpet fare from his trunk. Without any teasing or flirting, he waltzed over to the bed and climbed on top of my knees. My elephant twink packed me on the lips, whisper a thank you to me, then shifted around with me so I hugged him as the big spoon. My strong arms wrapped around his soft yet unwrinkled, shirtless body as we lay together in relaxed contentment.

“I mean it,” he murmured happily. “Thank you…for doing this, sir.”

“Anytime, kiddo.”

As much as I liked to go down and dirty, it didn’t bother me to cuddle closely with him in our underwear, Sometimes, people didn’t want to just have anonymous sex. They didn’t want to simply get their rocks off. They desired more. They wanted something more comforting, like Eli did. As far as I could tell, he wanted somebody to hold him after a long and trying day at work, someone who could sleep next to him and hold him close as a way to make him feel safe and warm. No different than how sleeping with my harem lads at Diamandis Isle helped me following a long business trip abroad. He felt so smooth and hairless, no fur anywhere except for between those large ears of his.

The only sexual activity that came from this happened to be a handjob. Not by Eli’s own fingers but that nimble trunk of his, which wrapped around my exposed dogcock at one point during our cuddling session, after catching me adjusting myself and growing curious. I wouldn’t pretend it was a thorough or talented handjob—or trunkjob— but the elephant lad certainly didn’t half-ass it. His caressing appendage knew how to apply the right amount of pressure while the end of the trunk itself blew air on and from my tapered tip in a way that felt so exotic. I didn’t even mind it resulting in me cumming early, or that Eli then wanted to fall asleep with me for a few hours in a power nap. We were so comfortable.

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“You’re stuck in credit card debt?”

“Yeah,” Eli shrugged. “After I moved out, Mom and Dad got tired of bailing me out so many times and told me to pay for it myself. So that’s been my goal for the past several years. The only reason I put up with my shitty job it is because it has helped me get rid of the debt very well.”

“I can’t imagine,” I sighed in disbelief. “So, your parents are…wealthy?”

“They are, but they won’t give me a single cent. Not after all the times I kept asking them to pay off my cards since high school,” he chuckled a little nostalgically, then exhaled. “In case you’re wondering, no. I’m not going to ask you for any charity or a check to help make this go away.”

“Huh, how did you know I’m—”

“Filthy rich?” Eli smirked amusedly. “I used to be that too, and I recognize the way you carry yourself like the weight of the world is beneath you. Besides, no average Joe casually mentions that they’re going cross country across America without having plenty of money on them.”

I laughed in agreement with his logic.

“But yeah,” Eli stretched his neck and set it back down atop my rising and falling chest once more. “You don’t need to worry about me. I ain’t starving or anything. I’m already two-thirds done with the debt so far, way ahead of the interest too, but I’ve still got some way to go. Besides, I’m afraid if I go the easy way and suddenly have it all wiped clean, I might get cocky again and fall back under the wagon, y’know?”

“I completely understand,” I told the sleepy elephant twink as we continued laying together on his bed like a pair of peaceful kittens. “You are a very pragmatic and honorable young man.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Please, call me Sebastian.”

Later that same night, I found myself soaked with a heavy sheen of sweat as I furiously stroked myself at the thought of fucking Eli. Him, lying on top that bad we cuddles in, the soft tuft of his tail wagging back-and-forth like a toy as I groped his ass mid-thrust. Bellowing my name out for all the neighbors in his apartment to hear, then cumming inside his warm tongue all as it squeezed around my dog shaft, which fueled me to finally ejaculate all over my bare stomach in the real world.