I drove north out of Florida and made a beeline for Georgia’s most recognizable metropolis of Atalanta.

The very first thing I did after booking into a motel near the downtown area was plan two things: plan my next sexual conquest and enjoy as much of the cosmopolitan scene as possible. I shopped for a few souvenirs that one no doubt excite the boys back in Greece, indulged myself in a bit of personal shopping for a nice polo shirt that matched the color of my brown fur, then decided to go out into the countryside. I learned of a popular peach farm that produced some incredibly tasty jam I wanted to try. Plus, I never visited a peach farm before. If anything, I hoped it would be similar to the vineyards I’d frequented once or twice during several trips to Sicily. I took plenty of photos (including one of me playfully licking up the curve of a freshly fallen peach, just for the sake of a good joke) and even purchased a small jar of peach jam. I could hardly wait for the first opportunity to use it on breakfast toast. It would be very tasty!

Speaking of tasty, the twink to catch my eye in Georgia called himself ‘Delilah’. The professionally taken photos on his Howlr profile made him look like a typical southern belle, almost like a character taken from an antebellum romance novel. Yet the information inside said profile’s description revealed quite the fascinating premise: ‘Name’s Delilah, and I’m just a typical ingénue from the antebellum south. More than once, I’ve encountered a queer or two in desperate need of fixing, and I’m the perfect lady to help you. DM me for a message if you’re in the Atalanta area, be kind to me, and I might just be inclined to be your cure. No nudes or spam, please and thank you!’

Usually, it could be seen as a red flag or a homophobic troll account, but the last photograph in Delilah’s profile’s album collection revealed a notable detail: it showed the southern belle dressed in a girdle and nothing else, with a pair of dainty male nipples exposed and small bulge pressing against the thong. A crossdresser in love with a strange roleplay fantasy. Certainly, one that intrigued me a little, so I sent a direct message to ‘Delilah’.

He replied a few hours later and pretended to be that southern belle wanting to cure me of my homosexuality. I played along, acting repentant and desiring the warmth of a woman to keep me from straying down a sinful path, before Delilah finally sealed the deal with a nice selfie of him lying on a luxury bed.

Delilah happened to be a beautiful androgynous thing. A French poodle in his early twenties, with soft and white fur brushed neatly along his sylphlike arms and cotton-like curls of long, shoulder-length hair, with a shaven scrotum and plump cock nestled between graceful legs. A ruby pair of albino eyes matching a soft blush on his cheeks, and and an innocent smile that bent genders. Not to mention the curvy backside of a snow-white peach.

I found Delilah in the same position when I was given the address to an apartment complex in downtown Atalanta, then past an unlocked door and a path of carefully discarded clothing that led me to finding the French poodle lying before me on the master bed. He did break character at one point during our conversation and mentioned being just off work when messaging me. The demanding occupation tuckered him out to the point of not wanting to go into full costume, instead skipping over to the amazing sex. Still, it didn’t prevent Delilah from performing the role-play fantasy for himself.

“So, Mr. Drakos,” he reached down to squeeze his ‘breasts’ while speaking to me and I breathy voice almost reminiscent of Dolly Parton in her younger years. “I reckon that a poor, old, sinner dog like yourself has never I had the opportunity to feel the touch of a woman.”

“Are you that willing to help a poor, old, sinner dog?” I smirked while slowly unbuckling my belt and peeling off my recently acquired polo shirt. “Like me?”

Help me, he did. After unzipping my fly and pulling out my pulsing dogcock, Delilah drooled like a starving canine upon seeing it, and crawled hypnotically to the foot of the bed. He felt it once with a soft, limp stroke, then held it firmer to give another, and another. As Delilah continued to stroke further in rhythmic fashion, I held my head back in a deep sigh, then gasped at feeling the softest pair of lips touch my shaft, then cover it all in a single go. I felt certain that lipstick stained the fur on my quivering sheath, but I wasn’t able to tell. What I did feel though was the poodle’s silky paws caress the muscles in my strong thighs as soon as my pants dropped to the floor. During which I couldn’t help myself from running my fingers through those cotton-soft dreads atop his bobbing head, my palms fondling the back of his skull for encouragement. He needed very little though, because it was obvious that Delilah wasn’t the ingénue he loved to role-play. He had experience in ‘curing’ men across many years. Nobody sucked cock as well as he did it without physically learning the ways to bring a man to powerful orgasm.

Well, almost. I pulled my cock away from between his velvet jaws minutes before I fell off the edge. At first, Delilah gave me begging eyes as to why, only to brighten up what I motioned for him to turn around. He obediently did so, his poodle tail raised high and lubricated tailhole winking at me.

“My, my,” I chuckled with a lick of my snout. “Aren’t you the good girl?”

“Mmhm,” he giggled and spoke in that same voice. “You ready, big guy?”

“Yep, spread that pussy for me,” I panted while kneeling forward onto the bed. “I’m going to fuck you so hard that your daddy’s going to insist I raise your pups.”

It drove Delilah hot and bothered under the collar. He spread his legs as wide as he could, then fight back a high-pitched moan once I filled his boi pussy. I reveled in clutching on his cotton-soft hips with each wild thrust, drooling all over his back once my knot buried deep inside that beautiful lad. We lay together for what felt like hours, my nose nestled into his luscious cloudy hair as I hummed sweet nothings into his neck and then finally his warm ears.

I almost laughed when Delilah raised his head from the pillows and whimpered in embarrassment at spitting out feathers from his teeth. I couldn’t help but plant kisses all over his sweaty neck afterward either, especially as we were stuck for quite a while afterwards until my knot deflated free. We ended up having quite a few intellectual conversations, mostly about fashion and American history. It turned out that Delilah worked here at a historical park nearby and often dressed as a southern belle if one of the actresses couldn’t make it that day.

He never did cure my homosexuality. If anything, he cured me of my remaining heterosexuality. When I told him this, Delilah couldn’t have sounded any happier, and invited me over for the next time that I found myself in Georgia.