My sheath stirred in my pants at the thought of attending a Colorado orgy.

As I drove the Fjord truck down the highway leading north towards the suburbs of Mountainburg, I reminisced about the previous times I’d flown to Colorado’s bustling capital city. What it didn’t have it in the glamor or prestige of the East or West coast, Mountainburg made up for in business networking, as well as recreation. Simply put, it allowed cannabis to be legally ingested. A luxury not found where I lived in Greece.

My previous venture to Colorado happened in 2015, during a business trip to a NASDAQ shareholders conference. Three years have passed since recreational marijuana use had been legalized statewide. A colleague invited me to an after-party occurring at a private home near downtown, and slightly curious about trying the American brand of marijuana, I acquiesced. To make a long story shorter, I somehow ate a whole pizza and ever bags of chips in one night, plus drank a whole pack of crude beer before waking up on the couch.

It had been a wonderful night. Even if it was a sharp pain in the ass to lose all the gained weight afterward. So, I promised to myself not to overindulge again.

After booking into a vintage motel by late evening, I made the usual preparations for myself while cleaning up for the next morning. Between a quick breakfast at a conservative diner, then a shopping trip to some tourist attractions, I’d already found a Howlr profile advertising a ‘420-friendly orgy’, emphasizing though to ‘BYOBLAR’. Bring your own bongs, lighters, and reefers. A social would begin around five o’clock in the evening, with the sexual event in question beginning around an hour later. Condoms and lubrication would be provided by the host and hostess. Gay, straight, bisexual, transgender, questioning or pansexual didn’t matter, so long as everyone remained respectful and gave consent.

I never asked for an invite so damn quickly, only hoping though that a few submissive gay twinks would be in attendance. Knowing Colorado though and the fact it was being hosted in a Mountainburg suburb, it felt vaguely like fate. Cities were more often liberal, and some residents liked it to be, as well as full of more LGBTQAI+ citizens than some church or political organizations like there to be, no matter the state let alone country.

Plus, I had more options. At least if I didn’t get laid, I could get baked.

I arrived at an average upper middle-class home near the outskirts of the city, deep in suburban wilderness. A vixen in modest clothes answered the front door, and I feared about a wrong/fake address until she asked, “Are you Sebastian?”

“Yes,” I grinned as much as she did. “I take it you’re the hostess?”

“Watching upstairs for the shift, yes?” She licked her lips. “Come in, come in.”

A system came in place for those who had specific preferences for sexual partners. It involved colored wristbands so given by the clothed door greeter, a blushing vixen waiting for her turn downstairs; blue for boys, pink for girls, and multi-colored for both. I choose blue without even blinking twice, much to the rueful disappointment of the watching vixen.

“All the good-looking guys are either married or gay,” she sighed. “Still, welcome to the party. Hopefully, I’ll at least catch a glimpse of your butt downstairs, eh?”

“We shall see,” I winked back at her. “Where should I put my clothes?”

“In the guest rooms down that corridor,” she pointed. “You can’t miss it.”

Minutes later, I waltzed naked down a staircase leading to the home’s lower floors, the sounds of music and moaning becoming louder as I approached the door. Without waiting any longer, I opened it, only to be violently assaulted by loud noise of all kinds somebody expected to hear at an orgy, and it deliciously grew even louder after I stepped in and closed the door behind me.

Bodies writhed amid a tempo of moaning and hip-hop music playing loudly in the corner. Men and women of every stripe and species copulated as God intended. Breasts bounced and cocks thrusted in and out of asses or vaginas, each partner taking different positions. However, as much as it looked like they all had fun, I simply waited by sitting down on an unoccupied beanbag chair, legs spread with my emerging knot pulsing in the humid air, waiting for somebody to see my wrist band as I inhaled the thick atmosphere of burning incense around me.

Thankfully, I only needed to wait for half an hour. Otherwise, I would have only left the orgy with a mild high, plus a few appreciative stares from several females who didn’t interest me. Who did interest me though were this pair of deer walking aimlessly inside the basement until our eyes are locked. One was tall and jacked while the other was short and slender as a ferret, yet they appeared to be the same age as college graduates.

Obvious boyfriends, based on how the taller buck held the other’s paw. What did (or in later hindsight didn’t) surprise me the most was seeing the shorter of the two sporting a silvery chastity cage around his adorable package.

The three of us exchanged glances. First to our wrists to see the colors of our bands (both blue, so hallelujah!), then to our handsome bodies out on full display amid distracted ecstasy surrounding us, and finally to each other’s faces. No words needed to be said.

Somebody already lit up another bag of marijuana as I let the slender buck suck me off dry, his ass raised in the air behind him as his muscular partner rimmed his tailhole like a starving man. This caused the little back to tense around my throbbing dogcock, suckling me further as I gasped and trembled from his expert attention. It made her to breathe much more heavily, making the pot work its magic.

What followed would be another haze of pleasure and good company. The buck couple and I traded enough spit and teasing enticement to drive all three of us wild. I ended up letting the smaller buck ride me cowboy style, bouncing up and down on my needy knot with his back turned it to me. Meanwhile, his sexual partner—the muscular buck who arrived with him— fucked his muzzle hard while standing in front of him, Gripping the bases of his antlers for support as two other indiscernible males were given handjobs. I wish I knew where who they all were, but my brain was too preoccupied with extreme happiness and the sensation of soaring like a kite. Our moans of ecstasy grew louder and louder and louder…

Falling asleep at some point into the night, I remembered waking up the next morning cuddled up beside the two deer on the floor, feeling absolutely parched and incredibly satisfied. My fur was encrusted with dried cum. Others were in a similar position. I even found both the host and hostess happily cuddled together on one of the couches. At some point, I noticed them wake up, stretch sore limbs, then tell those of us already awake in the basement, “If you’re up for staying a little longer, Will be willing to serve all of the breakfast upstairs?”

God, I loved Colorado.