My absolute favorite kind of sleazy motel included those with decent Wi-Fi as well as functional plumbing. In all honesty, I could tolerate sleeping in old bedding so long as they bothered washing it. The same couldn’t be said for the Sleep-Inn I tried booking into after arriving in Peninsula City, New Jersey. It was the only place with a vacancy closest by, but I didn’t see the one-star reviews until it was too late, and I’d jumped onto a repulsive bed sheet that smelled like a murder scene.

I didn’t want to go through the trouble of booking a hotel room at the last minute either. So, I decided to book an Airbnb. It wasn’t an ornate vacation home, but neither was it an old shack between two buildings, just a one-story home with two bedrooms and a bathroom along a stretch of other similarly built structures within the suburbs. The cost of booking into it at the last minute certainly beat booking into a hotel at the last minute, plus I happened to really enjoy the interior decorating to an extent. The owner just so happened to be a massive fan of post-Cold War 90s culture, with even the furniture and cooking utensils looking like they’d been plucked from a forty-year-old infomercial. Every film reference I found framed or posted on the walls outnumbered how many young men had been smitten by me during the entire road-trip.

Speaking of which, the thought of hooking up with a handsome lad didn’t cross my mind at first. Following a restful sleep after a tiring night of misfortune in finding the Airbnb, I woke up wanting brunch. My stomach rumbled like a locomotive, having skipped dinner the night before due to the bad taste left in my mouth from a moldy bed, and opted to go into downtown Peninsula City. If not for the good taste of New Jerseyan cuisine, then to start over with my introduction to the state.

Peninsula City certainly lived up to being a resort town. The casinos and entertainment venues certainly piqued my capitalist interest, but not as much as walking along the Atlantic Boardwalk did. I enjoyed letting the ocean breeze tickle my face, waking me up as I explored the various shops and storefronts. Between a sketchy bar or two and a few generic-looking restaurants, I ended up settling on a New Age restaurant a few blocks from the Jersey Shore.

As far as ‘carnivore-catering herbivore dining’ went, I found myself surprised by how seriously the owners and staff went about business. Never did I think a black bean burger could taste like real meat, nor did I ever consider trying out a tofu salad until I read the list of toppings for it. By the time my legs carried me out the door with a satisfied stomach, plus some of the leftover burger in a bag, I’d already left the sweet lioness waitressing for me a twenty-dollar tip. She deserved it after impressing me with her German-speaking skills.

I spent my time further exploring downtown—getting a couple of awesome-looking t-shirts and a snow globe of the Peninsula City skyline—until a familiar urge led me to suddenly popping a boner while watching a ripped shepherd play his guitar on a street corner. Fortunately for me, I’d had my shopping bags to hide the indiscretion in my pants, then opted to go grocery shopping for some food to cook myself back at the Airbnb. I settled on mixing the bean burger into a stir fry, after some debate, but I’d end up regretting not buying more for later.

Low and behold, what do I find back there? A beat-up car parked in the driveway, and after unlocking the front door in confusion, a miraculous sight in the house’s living room: a mouse and an aardvark in their mid-twenties standing without a single stitch of clothing on.

The expressions on their faces could be best described as ‘shocked, horny horror’. I stared back at them trying to cover their erections, trying to apologize over the other.

“Fuck, we’re so so sorry!”

“—didn’t know you were here—”

“—see your stuff in the bedroom—”

“Please don’t tell my dad!”

“Calm down, boys,” I raised my paws up after setting down my bags, unintentionally soaking in the sight of their handsomely naked forms. “I’m not mad, just surprised is all. Now is anybody going to tell me what this is? Normally, I don’t look a gift horse like this in the mouth, hehe, but I didn’t know I’d be coming back here find a pair of gay lads like you two having sex, I presume?”

The gray-furred mouse and aardvark managed to calm down. At least, enough to not act like I planned on reporting them to the police for burglary. They still covered their crouching though, but the mouse (Sydney) did sheepishly explain how his parents owned the Airbnb I’d rented for two nights, and that he’d brought his ‘friend’ (Simon) over to this place often for ‘guy fun’. Evidently, because my suitcases were in the master bedroom and I had decided to go downtown with my Fjord truck, they’d assumed nobody had rented it. So, Sydney used his father’s spare key to get in. They’d only gotten naked for several minutes before hearing me from the driveway but were too engrossed to flee until it was too late.

“You know,” I licked my chops seductively, “I have absolutely nothing against ‘guy fun’. Hell, I actively promote it too. Tell you what, just pretend I’m not even here.”

“W-What?” Simon stuttered with his words. “A-are you s-s-serious?”

“Fucking right, I am.” My tail wagged behind me as I groped the prominent bulge in my pants’ crotch. “I’ll just be putting my groceries away, and you to get yourselves comfortable again. Be right back.”

Minutes later, I relaxed into the living room’s cozy recliner in the back corner, unbuckling my pants and watching with rapt attention as the duo returned to their sexual groove. They struggled at first, no doubt things to their nervousness about being watched, but Sydney took the dominant initiative. He pulled the slightly taller aardvark closer to his slender body, wrapping his mouse tail around the skinny mammal’s waist while pulling him into a prolonged kiss. Their fingers wandered wantonly in the throes of their passionate make-out. Sydney grabbed a paw full of aardvark ass while Simon played with the base of his lover’s twitching tail, stroking it in unison to stroking his cock. They were in their own little world, their kissing growing intensified. Then, the anxiety melted off Simon like snow, and the real show began.

The two of them fucked on the couch like they done it before. Seeing how Simon gripped the armchair’s scratched holes and the way Sydney thrust frantically inside of him had me believing they’d used the Airbnb for sexual rendezvous multiple times. I thought I’d caught a whiff of rodent spunk somewhere. It wasn’t just my imagination. It was something much much better. It involved sitting in the armchair with my legs spread wide and stroking my dogcock from its imprisoning sheath as a mouse twink screwed his aardvark buddy from behind. The noises they produced alone left me panting under the collar.

I couldn’t get enough of it, from the act itself happening in my Airbnb’s living room to how the mouse’s ass flexed with each shove into Simon’s clenching cheeks, to even watching their tails twitch and thrash lovingly in the air. Not to mention when Sydney deposited himself inside the aardvark, burying his cock inside his friend as he struggled not to fall on top of him along the couch. I myself ended up shooting all over the carpeting moments later, gulping and panting for air like they did.

Fortunately, they gave some good tips on how to get rid of the evidence. Sydney pointed out some of the cleaning supplies under the bathroom sink while Simon also helped with removing evidence of them being there. Beforehand, I tried to suggest maybe a threesome, but they happen to be exclusive for the moment. It didn’t mean I wasn’t grateful for the show though, or the tips on where to find cleaning supplies.

Oh, well. I still had another night left inside the Airbnb. There were plenty of ravenous fish in the sea too. Once I finishing my dinner, I could always find a booty call on an app.