Florida: the Spain of the United States and North America. Much like Alabama, I first only knew about the state thanks to media stereotypes, such as it being both a very big party state (at least, in Cape Fiesta and around Park Beach) as well as A gathering place of retired old people and (reportedly) the craziest Americans to walk the face of our planet.

On top of spending a night bouncing between dance clubs throughout Cape Fiesta, then going to visit a few oddball tourist traps, I ended my last day in Florida by driving over to a gay-friendly nude beach along the Atlantic Ocean. The location certainly didn’t compare to other larger beaches, but boy was it well-accommodating. It came with almost everything; decent parking, and ‘adults only’ section divided by a large wooden wall, a locker room, and a few snack bars for people to eat/drink when not enjoying the beautiful weather. I’d already walked out with confidence from the locker room wearing nothing, but designer sunglasses purchased while in Cape Fiesta, then walked among the other beach goers either strolling with friends, playing games, or going out to swim against the incoming waves. All while providing incredible eye candy across various ages and body types.

Not all were there to just enjoy the sun though. Before even going into the locker rooms to strip down, a few instances of unsafe-for-work conduct could be spotted along the ‘adults only’ side of the beach. Like, a topless vixen bouncing on the beefy dick of a bison, or two instances of Frenching couples getting too frisky. Not even the on-duty lifeguard, most equally nude, objected to each sight.

Anyway, I found a free spot to set my large towel along the sand, then lay myself down to lounge for several minutes. The nude twinks and rambunctious hunks could wait. After driving around half of the country, I deserved it to appreciate a tiny nap in the middle of a Floridian beach. At the same time, it didn’t mean I wasn’t going to try and make some…new friends, but first I wanted to enjoy what the snack bar had to offer.

I decided to indulge myself with some ice cream; a waffle cone containing a large scoop of rocky road, some cookie dough, and a small drizzle of chocolate syrup. It was a miracle that I hadn’t gained much weight in the time it took me to reach the Atlantic coast.

After thanking the snack bar attendant and partly wondering if I could maybe flirt with the cute squirrel later, I returned to my towel nearby and sat down. My jaw drooled at a few succulent twinks running near the shoreline, then back to the ice cream in my paw. The former made my dogcock emerge from my sheath while the latter caused my belly to roar. Not wanting to let the treat go to waste, I decided to start licking. My large canine tongue sensually caressed and lapped up the sweet ice cream from the scoop, along the waffle cone, between my fingers, and sometimes trickling in driblets onto my bare chest. It was so tasty that I felt certain a small portion had thawed from my hot breath alone. Not simply because it was around 31°C at the nude beach. Or, just under 88°F.

God, why did the United States keep insisting on using Fahrenheit?

Halfway through my devouring of the ice cream, I got the dreaded brain-freeze, and decided to lay back down on my inviting towel. I continued holding on to the remnants of my ice cream treat, not noticing a presence nearby until I turned to my left.

The naked figure staring down at me had to be a Siberian angel descended from Heaven; a handsome and slender, white-furred tiger with bright fur the color of snow and ink stripes all over his feminine limbs. A pair of dainty nipples on his toned pectorals, a striped tail swaying hypnotically behind his bare ass, and a silver chastity cage snuggly protecting his family jewels while sporting a leaking erection underneath. After temporarily removing my sunglasses to see him better, I noticed the Siberian tiger hold back a lovestruck moan, his widened hazel eyes switching between my face and my naked physique, then currently stained with drying ice dream droplets. The fact he wore a collar around his neck didn’t faze me in the slightest.

“Hello there,” I utilized my German-Greco charm, smiling at the tiger twink as I showed him my half-eaten/half-melted ice cream cone in my right paw. “Would you like to have a taste? Maybe I could buy you your own?”

“No thanks!” He answered a little too quickly, then stammered shyly before adding, “I mean, there’s no need to buy me one, but…but I’d still like to try…it?”

“What’s your name?” I asked, pretending to mull over my next decision. “I’m Sebastian.”

“B-Blizzard!” He replied with an enamored giggle. “Do you get it?”

“I get it, a blizzard in Florida,” I laughed for a short moment.

“M-My master thought it would be f-funny to give me that n-nickname,” the white tiger mused, then whimpered in tiny shame when my eyes traveled down to stare at his Chasity cage.

“Would your ‘master’ have a problem with you trying my ice cream?” I asked.

“No?” Blizzard spoke honestly. “He’s currently talking to some friends at the bar but told me I’m okay to hook—I mean, try some ice cream…as long as I don’t go too far from him.”

“In that case,” I grinned while leaning my cone forward, then let some of the accumulating ice cream drip down all over my stomach. Again, the white tiger blushed fiercely at the same time his cock throbbed in that cage, and he stifled another groan. “Enjoy the ice cream. I hope you like it à la canine, young lad?”

He didn’t give me much of a response. Instead, Blizzard simply knelt to hungrily wash my pecs of half-dried rocky road using his rough tongue. A quality of felines I absolutely adored. That tongue went everywhere that I haphazardly spilled my treat, licking each scrumptious nipple, particularly giving it some through treatment, then between my sculpted pectorals, the muscles of my stomach abs, along my front waistline, then paused between my legs at a certain marvel. One he no doubt wanted to taste next. There, it stood proud at over several inches.

His mewling breath tickled my emerged knot and pubic fur. He whimpered between intensified purrs, leaning forward to give one of the ice cream drops a lick off my shaft. I elicited another euphoric sigh. I leaned my head back onto the small pillow and let the lad explore with his rough tongue, but not without giving the tiger twink further incentive. Again, I hovered the waffle cone over my crotch, some of the melting dessert dripping directly onto my sheath. Getting somewhat impatient, I poured what remained of the melted ice cream like a goblet of wine. I shivered slightly when a dozen droplets went between my red doghood and my patch of furry skin. Blizzard noticed it too, slowly pausing his tongue treatment to stare.

“Mm,” I deeply chuckled after eating up the waffle cone, “you better make sure not to miss any drops that went down in there.”

Minutes later, Blizzard’s tongue reached places not even I knew could be reached inside my sheath. It caused my manhood to grow fully out at 100% hardness. Pre leaked in sheer millimeters as the tiger twink cleaned up the remaining rocky road, then refocused on servicing my neglected dogcock as his purrs grew loud enough to be audible over his own moaning.

What made the event so memorable happened afterward, when I helped Blizzard clean off a bit of my own cum on his cheek he missed. Our show had garnered the attention of a few voyeuristic beachgoers, among them being his own master. A burly but incredibly jovial polar bear named Devon.

“You managed to get it on video?” I chuckled briefly as the three of us sat together on my beach towel, the white-furred bear placing his own right next to mine. “Shit, it must’ve been fucking hot.”

“You have no idea, Mr. Drakos,” Devon laughed deeply, then playfully smacked the rear end of his tiger boyfriend sitting between us. He smirked at Blizzard’s bashful yelp-turned-into-purring. “Bad kitty, for not informing me ahead of time.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy Devon,” the white tiger whimpered to the slightly older bear.

“Aww, I can’t stay mad at you, Princess,” Devon pulled him close to peck him on both striped cheeks, then wrap an arm around his smaller shoulders. “So, you interested in joining us for a swim, Mr. Drakos?”

“Call me Sebastian,” I held out my paw and let him shake it. “And sure! But uh, isn’t it a bad idea to let Blizzard here swim with that chastity belt on? Salt water and metal don’t mix too well together.”

That was when the polar bear winked at me. “Who said anything about him wearing the cage?” He asked, to which his feline boyfriend’s face lit up like a Christmas tree. So did I.