I didn’t book a room for the night upon reaching Magnolia, Texas. No need to, not when an old friend offered to let me sleep in one of his guest bedrooms. He didn’t mind. In fact, after I mentioned in passing that I was traveling through every U.S. state, the Texas longhorn bull told me outright that I needed to catch up with him.

“After all,” he argued with a deep chuckle, “you must do as Daddy tells you.”

I choked back a gulp and sheepishly teased back on the phone, “Y-Yes sir.”

A good portion of my friends, colleagues, and lovers back on Diamandis Isle knew how I’d bottomed before in the past. Only a few special and select mammals had the opportunity to fuck my snug tailhole, with a jovial, well-built longhorn bull from Texas being one of them.

I encountered Carlos ‘Carl’ Estevez through a mutual colleague while at a conference in London. We connected easily over dinner alongside some other fellow business associates, but our friendship grew larger over the following weeks. Long story short, I ended up meeting him in a French hotel room several months later, learning firsthand how Carl proudly fit the stereotype of everything being bigger in Texas. Or in his case, from Texas.

He worked as a high-ranking corporate executive for EZ-Mart, one of the largest retail stores in North America. By keeping his professional and personal life extremely separate, and never falling into the same traps as most who accumulated wealth, the ambitious bull managed to be set for life by age forty. To everyone else working at corporate headquarters, Carl was a fair yet strict and demanding executive who barely had the patience for half-assed job performances. He didn’t tolerate name calling or bullies either, having once promptly fired a new hire after discovering she liked calling him ‘Bullshit-ler’ in the break room.

Anyway, it’d been close to almost two years since we last met, and I couldn’t refuse free lodging with an old friend and fellow ‘femboi connoisseur’ like him.

Carl’s private home lay several miles outside of Magnolia, in the rural part of the county. I had woken up very early and driven all the way there by the time it was noon. After following the interstate to a dirt road, then driving the Fjord truck to familiar metal gates, I waved it to the security camera and drove inside once they graciously parted open. To say the main house never ceased to impress me what has been an outright lie. Two stories tall and modeled after a ranch-style dwelling from old Western films, the mansion made me feel like a cowboy as I walked up to the front porch and saw a large silhouette in front of the massive doorway. It was a Texan longhorn dressed in a business suit, carrying a suitcase as well as a massive grin that I couldn’t help but mirror.

“Sebastian,” he nodded while giving a baritone laugh. “My friend, it has been too long! There’s some business I need to attend to at the HQ, but I should be back tonight after dinner. I told the boys that you have free reign over the place until I’m back.” Carl sent me a lecherous wink as we walked by, patting my shoulder. “Then we can catch up properly.”

“Heh, thank you, Carl,” I beamed at the tall bovine, waving to him as he reluctantly went inside the nearby garage. “See you tonight, big guy. Good luck with…whatever’s keeping you.”

No sooner did I step inside the doorway did two of Carl’s harem bois—a lusciously white fox and red wolf, both in their late twenties and wearing only rainbow-colored jockstraps—offer to take my jacket as well as my suitcase.

“Welcome to the ranch, sir!” The fox chirped with cheerful enthusiasm. “My name’s Adam!”

“And I’m Danny,” the wolf smiled brightly as he leaned closure. “Master has told us about you, Mr. Drakos. If there’s anything we can do to make your stay even more comfortable…”

“Then don’t hesitate to ask us if anything,” Adam the fox placed emphasis on the last word. “You must be starving, so would you like me to make you some lunch then?”

Oh yes. Definitely much better than any hotel service.

\*\*\*

Safe to say, I utterly exhausted myself from fucking each and every one of the lads living with Carl. Much like the lads living with me back home, they came from all walks of life, living with their Master as their sugar daddy. When he wasn’t being a strict supervisor at his workplace, Carl was an equally strict yet doting and kind man to his makeshift harem. Ten fembois in total. He never forced them to do anything they didn’t like (not that any complained in the first place about joining though), often letting them explore their sexualities with each other and restricting sex if anyone needed to be punished.

The first lad I eagerly fucked happened to be Adam, the white-furred fox from earlier, who joined Master’s harem after being kicked out by religious foster parents. He eagerly invited me to the living room to relax and receive a complimentary handjob as Danny went to make me a quick lunch in the kitchen.

The second harem boi called himself ‘Bianca’ but preferred to use masculine pronouns despite dressing and acting like a female housemaid. After eating a delicious sandwich, it felt good to take a shower, then exit it to find the shy cheetah bent over the vanity as a masculine antelope named Edgar nailed him silly. As I dried myself and patiently waited for Edgar to finish, we talked about the weather and his grades in online college before the antelope finally climaxed inside the submissive feline. Then I not only had a chance to get sloppy seconds, but also a chance to deflower Edgar when the antelope became too worked up to resist helping me clean up again in the shower.

An hour and a half of lounging later, I discovered the third harem boi vacuuming the basement’s arcade room. Sharing the same name and species as his Master, Young Carlos looked up to Carl as the father figure he never had the chance to grow up with, and often fell to his knees around older daddies like me. No sooner did it become evident he was getting hot under the literal collar he wore, did Young Carlos buckle to the floor and vacuum my balls empty.

Having grown tired of lounging indoors, I decided to hike around the property for some clean air, only to encounter Danny from earlier cleaning out the backyard pool as he sported one of those rainbow jockstraps. Seeing the red wolf jiggle his behind like a hypnosis watch, pulling the leaves out of the bottom of the pool with his long net, led me to inviting the lad into the nearby tool shed. To show off his oral skills from law school, of course. He happily obliged, but only after finishing his pool cleaning duties.

I encountered the sixth and seventh harem bois a couple of hours before dinnertime. A skinny raven and Mexican fruit bat dressed in nothing but cooking aprons, Frederick and Gomez were both excellent cooks who specialized in international cuisine. They had met while attending a reputable culinary school, with Gomez inviting Frederick to join the harem’s household after falling in love with him. While they did happen to be in an official relationship, neither complained about being open. In fact, they welcomed it greatly to both fellow members of the harem and strange guests. Neither the raven nor the Mexican fruit bat pro tested when I fondled and fingered their velvet tailholes as they cooked dinner.

The eighth harem boi happened to be the tallest of the bunch. A few centimeters taller than Carl himself; a slender giraffe with a long neck named Henri. Born in South Africa but raised in America, Henri was a freelance actor who came from wealthy parents who loved him more than anything in the world, supporting him no matter what. Little did his mother and father know that he enjoyed playing the role of the dinner table. On all fours and with his neck extended outward, the kinky thirty-something giraffe leaked like a faucet as me and the other twinks ate handcrafted sushi off his stomach and neck. I especially loved plucking some neatly made rolls of sushi off his bare nipples, my fingers brushing them and causing him to feel tickled.

As for the ninth and tenth harem bois I had the opportunity to fuck, they waited for me in the guest bedroom. Ian and Jack, a submissive pair of multicolored rabbits who acted like twins despite not being related. Their master in particular loved role-playing with them as much as they loved pretending to be brothers. It turned out I did too, especially as I relaxed on the bed and wrapped my paws around their hips, gripping their soft yet muscled curves as both fought over my sheath with their lips and tongues. When they weren’t lashing at each other in feisty Oral combat, The duo brought me to a powerful climax that left me feeling the effects of my age overall. They also loved to cuddle with me as I lay back to rest my head, falling asleep soon after.

Safe to say, I came too many times in a matter of hours. My dogcock felt the effects of it for the next few days or so, but Carl didn’t seem to mind. Not when he returned to find me asleep with the rabbit twins cuddled close to my chest.

After all, Daddy had other ideas on how I could spend my time in Texas. He proved that straight away after waking the three of us from our slumber and commanding me to service him after a long day of work.