

Wolffy double-checked the house, with the map on his phone, with the address he had been sent in the email. It certainly seemed as though this was the place, though it didn't quite look like what he had expected... but, then again, he'd never been too sure *what* to expect from those first emails. That was what had caught his attention in the first place, emails instead of the regular thirsty private message on the video site.

*Hey there, it had opened with, we've had our eye on your account and postings for a while, and you've caught our attention We'd like to step you up and add you to our own repertoire of actresses – a typo, he had assumed – and content creators. Message us back and we can talk out the further details, or if you'd like some verification (since we know that things like this can sound like a scam...)*

*"Show me your dick and I'll believe you,"* Wolffy had sent back. Sitting here in his car on the curb right now, he closed the map and went through the gallery on his phone. Two of his own taken from different angles, a full-body, three from behind with his tail raised... and then the one that he had received in return for that verification. Looking at it now of course brought back that same stir, from excitement and arousal both.

*Which one of us? ;)* had been the message attached to that one. In the middle sat a small, slim mongoose, arms stretched up over the shoulders of a pair of Doberman dogs on either side of him, with a lovely broad-shouldered paint stallion past the one on the left and a rich-furred German shepherd dog on the right. Each and every one of them had been naked and hard, the stallion's coming halfway up his chest, one of the dogs pointing straight forward and the other leaning to the side, the shepherd with two fingers and a thumb at the base of his shaft, and the mongoose showing just a little bit of pink.

There had been a second "verification", too, sent in a separate message: *Our cameraman wanted in, too.* That one showed a leopard with chocolate-brown markings, naked from the waist down with one finger keeping his barbed cock in view of the camera. Wolffy had kept that one too.

*I'm the mongoose in the middle, the follow-up message read, and the spokesperson and owner of our little group. Can I get your personal account handle to talk to you about more specific details?*

All of that hardly a week ago and here the wolf sat now, waiting in front of the "recording studio" which looked to him like just another house. A rather nice house, but a house nonetheless. He pulled his gaze away from it and back to his phone to get back to scanning through the contract which Keen, the mongoose, had *really* wanted him to read. In its entirety.

Wolffy had received it right as he arrived, and he was scheduled to go in as of two minutes ago. So he flicked to the bottom, tapped the check-boxes, sent it back, then spent another few seconds gathering himself and his confidence and stepped out.

Again, he had no real idea what to expect today. He had been posting his own homemade videos and playtime recordings online just for fun, and since he enjoyed the response and reactions it got from other members of the site – and he had made a *lot* of connections through his content, more than a few of those connections leading to him and that new conversation partner to meet up and get to know each other better.

At first he had expected this whole thing to be the same, with the mongoose and his friends trying to lure him in for some group fun. That still seemed to be on the docket, looking back at the first

“verification” photo, but then he and Keen had gotten to speaking more, and the mongoose had explained his little setup and his position as one of the highest-profit semi-amateur adult video creators on the site, and then there had been the contract.

*Just show up at this address:* had been the mongoose’s last message the previous night. *We’ll send out the contract tomorrow morning for you to look over and sign. Make sure you read all of it. Remember, it’s a donation stream, so we’ll try to go on as long as we can. Rub one out before if you need to, but if you do, make sure to record it. All you need to bring is yourself and your performance, particularly with the energy you had in that video with the otter boy. We’ll provide everything else. See you then ;)*

He sighed, slid his phone back into his pocket, flattened down the front of his shirt – though it would probably come off in a couple of minutes – and then headed up the sidewalk towards the door. Wolffy had hardly knocked twice before it opened, and he had to crane his head back to look up into the face of that stallion.

“Oh,” he said, a smile touching his face. “It’s you.” Then, over his shoulder: “Keen! He’s here!”

Wolffy looked past the broad shoulders and bare chest of the stallion, noting that he wore cutoff shorts today and probably nothing beneath, judging by the way the front bulged forward over his sheath. The main room of the house had indeed been fitted out as a video set, complete with stand lighting and boom microphones. There sat the leopard, relaxed in an armchair as he fiddled with an expensive video camera; his little ears flicked and he glanced up as Wolffy stepped in, bright eyes gliding over the wolf’s form before he smiled and nodded his greetings.

A moment later the mongoose bustled in from the kitchen. He was the only one fully dressed, Wolffy saw, as the two Doberman dogs stood against the wall chatting with one another, one of them wearing jeans and the other in boxers – with his plump black-furred sheath just barely poking out of the hole in front and a good inch of flesh peeking from that.

“Good, good...” The mongoose brushed some crumbs out of his neck-ruff and popped the rest of his muffin into his mouth. “Good to see you finally! In person, I mean.” He extended a paw, which Wolffy took and shook. It was quite warm, and slightly damp; the wolf’s gaze flicked briefly back to the other Doberman in the kitchen. “I’ve seen plenty of you, otherwise.”

“You sure have.” Wolffy grinned, trying to quell his nervousness. Being in front of a camera really did get him going, but this would be the first time for it to happen in an official, professional context. “Every inch of me, I think.”

“Hell yeah. I had to talk out my decision with the rest of the group here,” said with a wave to the others in the room, each and every one of them male, “and we all decided that you indeed would be the best choice for our shoot today. You know what you have to do, right?”

“I think so. You said it’s a donation stream?”

“Yeah. Kyle over there’s getting the cameras set up. We’ll have it hooked up to the laptop and have that streaming to our channel. Since you’ll be the star of our show, you’ll be getting... um...” He counted on his fingers, then looked over his shoulder to the pair of dogs. “What did we decide on?”

"Sixty for the company," said the one without his dick out, "and twenty for each actor. Wolffy there and then Luca."

That must be the shepherd from the photo. Wolffy looked around and didn't see him, and then noticed Keen doing the same.

"Where is he, by the way...?"

"Down the hall getting ready," said the other Doberman, reaching down to tease his sheath back into his boxers. As soon as he did the other one reached down and took it back out. "It's about time we get started, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes-" Keen, slightly shorter than Wolffy, reached up to turn him around and push him towards the hall at the other end of the room. "You know what you need to do, right?"

"What? What's that?"

"I mean for the stream."

"Oh, yeah. What do I need to do to get ready?"

"You read the contract, right?"

"Yes. Of course I did." Only the first two of twenty pages. Enough to get an idea of it.

"Okay. Good. That's the most important part for this shoot. We need to get you changed..."

"Changed? Do you need me to get naked?"

"No, no, not yet. The donors really like seeing us strip our actresses."

One of the mongoose's paws dropped from his shoulder; Wolffy glanced behind himself and saw Keen rummaging around in his pocket. "Um... okay, here. This is the pill it mentions in the middle section. Take that with a full glass of water – a *full* glass, or maybe two would be better – and then come back out in ten minutes when it's all done."

"Oh. Um." Keen spun Wolffy around and had him hold his paw out, then dropped the pill into his waiting palm. It was *large*, and a bright metallic pink with swirls of pale blue in it. *Maybe I should have actually read the contract...* he thought, and then frowned; *did he say something about an actress?* "Remind me what this is for, again?"

Keen frowned too. Now the two stood in front of the bathroom, the door slightly ajar. Inside he could see the back of the German shepherd as he leaned in in front of the mirror.

"You *did* read the contract, right? Well, no matter, you've signed it and we're behind schedule. It's what'll start our stream. Go on, now." Then, through the door: "Luca! Come on! Let our other star get ready."

It took another few seconds for the dog to finish up, and then he came out through the door. In person he looked a lot taller and broader than in the photo, standing about even with the stallion in both measures – and Wolffy couldn't help but wonder what else about him would seem bigger in person. The dog flashed a quick smile down at the wolf and patted his shoulder.

"See you in a bit," he said with a wink. "Looking forward to seeing you changed. Keen?"

The mongoose hooked his arm in with Luca's and led him back down the hall. Wolffy watched as they went off. "Yeah, okay, so I'm thinking we'll start with her on the couch and you coming in, but we're not going for any kind of phony plotline or anything..."

There it was again. *Her*. Wolffy wasn't necessarily against doing anything with a woman, but that part had come as a surprise. He thought about it a moment longer and then shrugged, sighed, and stepped into the bathroom, surprisingly spacious and comfortable. Next to the sink sat a glass with a small amount of water still in it; maybe Luca had had to take one of these pills too.

*Probably just a performance enhancer*, he thought to himself, rolling it over in his paw again. The swirls caught the light from overhead and glittered as well. *Make me bigger, or maybe it'll make it easier to take something under my tail. He's a damn good looking dog...*

Again the wolf shook his head, pushing his worries away. *I'm here now, I agreed to it, and hell, I'm gonna be making money from it*. And Keen was right: he *had* signed the contract. Wolffy reached forward to turn the faucet on and filled the glass nearly to brimming. He paused after that, feeling those doubts creep back in, but then forcibly shoved them away, tossed the pill onto his tongue, and tilted the glass back.

One gulp, a second – the thing nearly got caught in his throat – and then a third, finishing off the glass. He filled it up again and downed that one as well, feeling it pour down his throat and slosh into his belly. He could feel himself filling up near the bottom of the glass but finished it off anyway, then placed it back down on the counter with a *thump*.

"Ten minutes..." he murmured, watching himself in the mirror. "I wonder how I'll know when it takes effect."

Had Wolffy waited another few seconds, the question would have been pointless. While watching himself, just before he turned to sit on the edge of the tub to pass the time, he blinked... then did so again, and again, and leaned in. At first he thought it was just something getting in his eye and messing up his vision, but then he noticed, his eyelashes had *definitely* gotten longer. He reached up and pulled at one of his eyelids, brows coming down in concentration – and then his attention shifted again to his mouth, to lips slowly changing shape and growing, tilting, moving, all so subtly that he might not have noticed had he not been watching.

Then everything else started to happen at once. There was an itch between his shoulder blades that made him squeeze his arms up and back, then a pressure in his lower abdomen that half-hunched him over, and then an all-over tingling throughout his entire body. The wolf grunted, swallowed, and let out a groan, his ears perking at hearing a voice considerably higher than the one he knew to be his own. He half-stumbled forward and gripped the edge of the sink, trying to hold on to anything to balance himself,

and looked up in the mirror again... right into the sleek, streamlined face of a very female wolfess bearing the same charcoal-grey fur, lighter dots along his nose and brows, and blue eyes as himself.

"That can't be..." he began, and then stopped when he heard a woman speaking his words instead. Again Wolffy frowned and straightened up, then nearly buckled again in another wave of pressure and feeling, this time pulsing out from his upper chest. He reached up and pressed his paws against himself, trying to rub in against the strange feeling, and instead felt the skin and flesh that start to grow and push back out against his paws, stretching his loose shirt over a pair of breasts quite quickly swelling in size as well as heft. The warmth, the weight, the *sensitivity*... for a second the wolf, the she-wolf, forgot about what was happening and just squeezed and pressed in against them, marveling at the feeling of sensitive nipples rubbing in against the fabric of his shirt and the slight pleasure of his paws squeezing in around them.

"Go get changed," Keen had said. "*They like seeing us strip our actresses.*" The emphasis on the contract, that pill... Wolffy found himself – *herself* – wishing that she really had read the contract, but now it seemed as though it were too late.

"I just hope," she said to herself in the mirror, still getting used to her own voice, "that this is temporary, or I'll-"

Suddenly another wave hit her, this one again bending her over. One paw went to her stomach and the other pressed up between thighs suddenly straining against her jeans. There was weight and pressure there, too, the familiar shape and bulge of her – his? – sheath and sack, still in place, still present. As that shivering feeling grew, though, so did those two things palpably shrink. Wolffy's heart leapt into her throat and she straightened up, swiftly working at the button and zipper of her fly and shimmying her jeans and boxers, both much tighter, down her legs just in time to see the sheath draw the rest of the way back and smooth out across the short, soft fur of her groin, the tip of her length pulling and settling back into the nub of her clit. Her balls also shifted and melted back into her, the skin and flesh folding and thickening into smooth lips and soft skin inside, with the whole sensation surprisingly pleasant: still her legs shook and buckled beneath her, but this time it was from pleasure rather than imbalance.

Another pulse shot through her, from her footpaws up her thighs to her groin and then from there up over her broad, heavy chest and thin muzzle, and again she squeezed a paw between her legs – and felt the thick, wet slickness of feminine arousal gathering between those lips, dripping down along smooth fur. Surprised, a bit breathless, and certainly quite nervous, Wolffy looked down, felt at herself, ran a thumbpad between those lips, teased it along her clit... and nearly fell over from the wave of electric pleasure that that brought, too.

Some residual nausea followed, too, as the unseen elements of her body shifted and changed as well, but soon that disappeared too. Once it had all finished Wolffy leaned in over the sink again, pants and underwear still halfway down her legs, heavy breasts and perky nipples still quite visible through the thin fabric of her shirt, and looked at herself in the mirror for a moment longer. Shock and nervousness and of course worry showed there in that feminine muzzle, but at the same time she couldn't deny that parts of it felt damn *good*, and that she wanted to know what was to come.

So, after another few minutes spent letting the changes settle into place, the wolfess did her pants back up, straightened to her full height, and headed out of the bathroom and back down the hall.

"There she is!" Keen said as soon as he saw her. "All changed. How are you feeling?"

"Um." Wolffy hefted one of her breasts in a paw. Everyone on the team immediately looked at her. "Good, I think? I wasn't really... expecting..."

"Yes, yes. It was in the contract." The mongoose turned Wolffy towards the couch, where she saw that the dog – Luca? – had already gotten started, fully naked with his half-hard cock in his paw. "Here you go, love. Go ahead and get started."

"Oh." Little mongoose paws pressed against her suddenly much-shapelier rump from behind, pushing her forward. "What do I-?"

Keen walked back over towards the laptop, connected to the camera via a thick cable. "We'll guide you. Well, our viewers will. Why don't you just – yeah, sit right there next to him, and, y'know..." He pantomimed with a paw.

Wolffy understood, of course. She felt odd, felt shy, sitting here fully clothed next to this somewhat attractive German shepherd, who had his arms hooked over the back of the couch and his eyes on her... "You look good," he said, too softly for the microphone to pick up. "I wasn't so sure about you when Keen found you, but you cleaned up real nicely." As he spoke he reached for her paw and replaced his with it, at the base of his length.

The wolf swallowed and licked her lips, the stronger masculine musk of the dog having a more palpable effect on her and her body. For a moment she just let herself enjoy it, short whiskers angled forward and muzzle pointed down towards the dog's shaft, nose working in picking up the little swirls of scent with each stroke. He was thick, she noticed, and *very* warm. As her paw ran his length, the leopard's camera zooming in on the action, she could feel him throb and stiffen in her fingers.

Finally she came back to herself and looked back up at his muzzle. The dog opened his eyes after a moment. "Is this..." Wolffy continued stroking as she spoke, though after a moment let her paw wander down to cup and massage his sack. "...what you always do?"

"Start with a handjob?"

"No, I mean-" She was about to make the motion herself, and then remembered the camera on them and instead reached for Luca's other, and brought his to press in against her breast through her shirt. "This."

He licked his lips, chuckled, and straightened up. "Oh. Well. It *was* in the contract. That's why he makes such a big fuss about it."

Wolffy also turned to face the shepherd more straight-on – *God*, she thought, *he really is hot* – and then reached for his other paw. The sensation, the *feeling* of having him press in and squeeze at her breasts, squishing the sensitive flesh together and running his fingerpads up along her nipples through her shirt... she let out a soft, shivering sigh, and half-consciously dropped one of her own paws down between her thighs.

"Is it – permanent?"

Keen's voice interrupted their conversation, briefly startling the wolf. She looked over to where he sat, in the armchair vacated by the leopard with the camera. The mongoose held a paw up to them as he peered in close to the laptop screen.

"Okay..." he said, "that's a good start, guys. We've got our first donor request. Ten dollars to see her tits. Ten? Come on, chat, you can do better than... oh, hell, there's another ten. Fifteen. Okay." He turned and looked at them both, then pantomimed taking his shirt off. "Luca?"

"You got it."

The shepherd guided Wolffy down to the floor in front of the couch facing the camera, then position himself behind her. She could feel the intense heat of his shaft and sack behind her head, and then felt the scent wrap around her again as he leaned over. Slow, gentle fingers ran down her sides, across the fabric of the shirt and the soft fur beneath, and then curled up beneath the hem of that shirt, gripped, pulled... she lifted her arms up for ease and shivered as it drew up over her nipples.

"That's fuckin' *good*..." she heard Keen murmur as soon as the shirt blocked her eyes. Another second and Luca tossed that to the side and leaned in over her again, this time wrapping her breasts in his paws with nothing to block them. He felt her up just as she did to herself in the mirror, fingers following the smooth curves, thumbs circling in around her nipples, forefingers coming in a second later to gently, carefully pinch and pull, igniting another spark of pleasure between her legs.

Wolffy tilted her head to the side the few inches it took to close the distance between her nose and the base of Luca's shaft. By now he had come to his full length, and that was an impressive amount on top of the girth she had felt in her paw. The wolffess closed her eyes and nuzzled there while he still played with her chest, breathing in his rich, heavy male musk, and both feeling and relishing the electric excitement that scent drew out of her.

She nosed down towards his sack and lifted up between his balls to taste the slightly different scent there, then came back up to purse her lips against the base of his shaft – and felt her ears flick over towards the armchair at Keen's voice again.

"That's a good call, Wolffy," he said, tapping at the laptop's touchpad. "Twenty to see his dick in your mouth. Oh, no, that's thirty."

"Alright," she heard Luca murmur. When she managed to open her eyes and look up at him bent over her, he smiled. "You up for it?" he then asked, with a slight thrust forward against her cheek.

In response the wolf pulled away and turned to the side to face him, making room for herself. That done she reached forward, took his shaft in her paw again, and gave a few slow strokes as she leaned in, touching her lips against his tip.

"You bet I am," she replied, and flicked her tongue out along his underside. Her worries and concerns from the change in the bathroom had all disappeared – or, at least, they had been buried beneath the more urgent, important desire thrumming inside of her.

The shepherd let out a soft sigh and pushed forward again. "Ever sucked a dick before?"

“Why don’t you tell me what you think?”

Fully conscious of the leopard coming closer with the camera, Wolffy tried to put on as much of a show as she could. Swirling tongue, pursed lips, slow and careful descent... Luca tasted as good as he smelled, the warm saltiness of musk and sweat gathering on her tongue and in the back of her throat, his musk already weighing down her breath. She swallowed around his shaft and started to bob along him, his girth suddenly a lot more apparent now that she tried to get him into her throat. The German shepherd let his hips work with her bobbing, pushing forward each time she dove down and pulling back when she did; a large paw settled behind her ears and rubbed there, coaxing her on.

Keen again: “Thirty – no, fifty – for a sixty-nine. Luca, why don’t you give our viewers a bonus and get those damn pants off her?”

“Yeah, sure, let me, just...” The shepherd sighed again, pulling Wolffy’s head as far down as she could go between his legs, and held her there a moment. She could feel him throbbing with the enjoyment, and could taste the slightly-salty pre oozing out onto the back of her tongue. After another moment he pulled out, tapped his cock against her nose, and then swiftly bent down to hoist her to her legs.

Then he was the one to drop down behind her, his muzzle even with her waist. Wolffy licked her lips and swallowed down his taste again, watching as the leopard brought the camera in *quite* close to catch the action. Luca, from behind, found the button of her fly, popped it through, moved on to the zipper, pulled that down... and then hooked his thumbs in beneath the waistband of both her jeans and her boxers and drew them slowly, steadily down, the lens of the camera following the movement.

Dark fur glistened with slick, sticky arousal. As he went Luca ran a pair of fingers in to brush over her lips, briefly spreading her for the camera; the leopard zoomed in to get as much of the warm pink as he could before he drew back again, allowing the wolf to step out of her clothes. For the first time she stood there in her new body, acutely feeling the different weight and heft of chest and hip and rump, and the vague awareness of all of these other little changes throughout her being.

Instead of the firm throbbing physical arousal she had gotten used to, now there just pulsed this eager *need* inside of her, this thrumming interest and electricity. Nearly overcome with the sensation she bit her lip, ran her paws over her breasts and down her body, and ran a pair of fingers up between those slick lips and over her clit.

“Hey, hey...” Luca breathed, returning to his full height. He rested his paws on her waist; she could feel the firmness of his arousal twitching at the base of her tail. “Save that for me. There’s enough room on the couch for the both of us.”

And so there was. He was the one to lie down first, taking a moment to make himself comfortable – and the camera of course took his form in as thoroughly as it had hers, from shapely muzzle to built chest to formidable length and beyond. Wolffy enjoyed the sight surely as much as the viewers did and then started to get into position herself, careful not to step on the dog’s chest or shoulders as she wiggled into place over him. It took some adjustment afterwards too, with her scooting down to bring her muzzle more even with his shaft, and his paws on her thighs tugging her back into place right above his face.

Wolffy lifted her head up from nuzzling at his sack again and looked for the cameraman, but couldn't find him – until she felt a third paw slide up along her rump, squeeze the soft flesh, and then lift her tail a bit. She hiked it up further and pushed back for the sake of the camera.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the mongoose lean in towards the screen, then glance at her and give her a thumbs-up. She winked and wiggled her hips, then pulled in a soft gasp at the feeling of Luca's nose running up along her lips.

"That's some good shit..." Keen muttered, and waved them on. "Come on. Let's give our viewers what they want."

Luca's thumbs came in next, pads sliding through the slickness of her arousal and spreading her for the camera. "Don't have to tell *me* twice." He raised up a bit, sniffed at her again, then licked his lips – and hers; she shivered – and then dove in, immediately curling his tongue in against her and dragging it through.

At first Wolffy couldn't find the ability to do anything. Her thighs tightened around his head and her hips pushed down against his maw, reflexively pressing and grinding against the tongue as he worked it in and against her: the bright, pulsing pleasure bounced through her and made her legs shake where she had them braced on the couch, and pulled a breathy, hungry moan out from her chest. Before long she found herself rhythmically grinding against the dog's muzzle, soaking his fur in her slickness just as she could feel his saliva dripping through her pubic fur.

Vaguely she became aware of the leopard panning out from that view and coming up her side, which reminded her that she was supposed to be doing something here, too. So Wolffy got back to work on the shepherd, angling his hard shaft up across her nose and taking a deep breath of his scent before diving right back down on him, the angle allowing her to more easily bring him back into her throat.

Along the way the wolffess found that she could lower herself down and press her breasts against his body, too, so she did that with her paws keeping them squeezed together as she bobbed along his length, still glorying in and enjoying the differences of her new body. Having a tongue between her legs felt so good, which the leopard clearly picked up on: after spending a moment watching her fit Luca's shaft into her throat he slid back to get another view of her backside, Luca's nose firm against her body as he churned his tongue against her. Wolffy came up off of his length, swallowed, gritted her teeth, shuddered... pressed against him again, and felt a powerful shock of peaking pleasure shoot through her, leaving her footpaws tingling and her breath uneven.

"Oh." She glanced over at Keen on the armchair. Sometime during the action he had undone his pants and brought his own erection out into the air, idly stroking himself as he watched the feed. "Well, that's some good timing, we just got fifty to see her cum. Wolffy, dear, raise up a bit?"

She did so and shivered at the sensation of slick ropes of juice and drool dripping down between her lips and Luca's. The dog swallowed and licked his chops beneath her, panting audibly.

"Alright, I think we'll-" Abruptly the mongoose straightened up and leaned in. A second later he motioned for the stallion, who came forward and leaned in over the back of the chair; his eyes lit up, too. "Holy shit. Okay. That's enough of that. We just got a hundred to see a close-up of Luca sliding into her."

That thought ignited something else inside of Wolffy, something urgent enough that she pressed down against the dog's muzzle just to smear her slickness into his fur and then used that as leverage to lift up and turn herself around. She moved to position herself over his lap, so that she could sink down around his length just as she'd done for his muzzle, but right as she settled back the dog's paws gripped her chest and forcibly held her up.

"They have to pay to see you ride me," Luca murmured, again too soft for the mic to pick up. "Let's get you on your back here. Easy for the camera to get a close-up."

The wolfess, panting, swallowed and nodded. "Sure," she answered, and then rose back up to let him get into place too. A few seconds later she felt the weight of the couch settle against her back as Luca guided her into place, as though she were sitting there but with her legs hanging rather far off – and then wrapped around his waist, his strong paws sliding up her thighs to her sides, then in from there to her belly, and from there his thumb trailing down and running up over her clit.

Wolffy couldn't help herself. Arms up over her head gripping at the cushions of the couch, she wriggled and writhed her body until she could feel the underside of his shaft slide up between her slick lips; then, eyes still closed, she reached down to take that length in her paw, gave it a few strokes, and angled it in towards herself, teasing at that delicious warmth, wanting and *needing* it inside of her-

Luca held her in place again, though, grip firm around her wrist. When she opened her eyes she saw him chuckle beneath his breath and shake his head. "At least wait for the camera first," he said. "The way you've been acting, someone might think you've never had your pussy eaten before."

At that she rolled her eyes, intentionally rubbing herself along the dog's shaft while the leopard got into position with the camera.

"What do *you* think?" she said after receiving a nod, and then immediately began to pull herself down onto him. It looked like it felt as good to him as it did for her: the shepherd's head went back and his eyes fluttered closed, and the deeper he sank between her thighs, the louder his hiss of pleasure became.

Meanwhile, Wolffy felt like she wouldn't be able to hold herself back. Her legs tightened around Luca's body in attempts to pull him in deeper and faster, and her thighs squeezed in around his hips; she ran a paw up her body, over the smooth belly to the subtle lines of ribs to the soft, heavy breasts that hadn't been there a day ago, and her other made its way in the opposite direction. She ran her fingers over her clit and then spread them down along her parted lips, then continued forward to feel the shepherd's cock as it slid further into her; she ran her fingers in through his pubic fur and felt the heat of his body and arousal, and then began back up towards her clit again.

"Come on, now," Keen guided. Wolffy had a full view of the mongoose now, and could see that he had completely kicked off his pants and now enjoyed the show more comfortably. "Let's give them what they want. We just got seventy more to see him... 'rail her like she's in heat'. Can you do that?"

Luca continued working his hips forward until they pressed against the wolfess beneath him, hilted together. After a second he let out a tense huff of breath and opened his eyes, looking down at her. "You up for that?"

Wolffy thought about it a moment, thought about the pressure and pleasure inside of her, thought about the vibrating need... "Yeah," she answered, and nodded. To reinforce her point she pulled up off of him a bit and gave forceful enough of a push down that the German shepherd half-stepped back for balance. "I've taken a dick before."

The dog's face lit up in a grin. *Don't need to tell me twice*, he had said, and he hadn't lied: he bore down over the wolffess, one paw squeezing against her breast, and immediately started a quick, steady rhythm at her with his hips, never pulling more than halfway out. Each thrust back in redoubled that bright pleasure tingling inside of her, and combined with the movement of the action and the lurching forward and back along the couch, she all of a sudden found it difficult to keep the moaning from coming out.

"So you've – never been eaten out before..." he managed between thrusts. At one point he hilted himself inside her again and shivered all over, enjoying the depth and wet heat. "But you've gotten fucked before?"

"Sure, that's... not so weird..." Wolffy swallowed and shifted herself, trying to get him to resume his rhythm. "Although, I've only ever gotten it – y'know, under the tail..."

He leaned in over her again, this time dragging his broad tongue over her nipple as he went. That, too, was a brand new and different feeling, and one she immediately wanted more of. "That would make sense," he murmured, close to her ear. All she could do was laugh before the pleasure and rhythm overtook her again, her entire body reflexively tightening around the dog. "How do like it this way? Does it compare?"

Before she could respond another full-body shiver racked her. She sucked in a breath through clenched teeth, arched her back, gripped at the cushions beneath her... and was vaguely aware of the camera zooming in at Luca's shaft hilted inside of her once that pleasure washed back out of her. Across the room Keen nodded.

"Keep that up if you can, Wolffy," he said. "They love it when you cum. That just got us... five different donations of at least twenty each."

"Does it – compare?" she whispered once she had found her voice again. "Well, let's just see if they pay for anal, and I'll let you know."

Luca grinned again. He looked, he felt, so good. "Sounds like a plan to me."

From there he got back into his rhythm again, this time faster and harder, his breaths and moans barely audible beneath Wolffy's. She couldn't help it: this new body and all of these sensitive areas, all of these sensations, overloaded her again and again until she could do nothing but pant and grit her teeth and moan and shudder, again and again. Luca altered his pace along the way, bending over her so he could pull out further and sink in faster, harder, his hips clapping against her body with the force of his thrusts, the wetness of their mixed arousal soaking through their fur and likely dampening the couch cushion beneath her.

"God..." he breathed, teeth gritted. His tongue flicked out across his lips, and in that moment, Wolffy wanted that tongue on her nipple again. "Gonna have to... slow down if I wanna..."

Keen raised his free paw, his other still working rhythmically in his lap. “No. Go ahead. Just got a fuckin’ hundred for a facial.”

“Facial? I can...” He positioned himself to slide out of her, did so – Wolffy immediately dropped a paw between her thighs, shoving three fingers in to replace his girth inside of her – and hoisted a leg up onto the couch to position himself above her, one of his paws quickly taking up the stroking. The shepherd swallowed, closed his eyes, gritted his teeth again...

...and Keen straightened up. “Wait, wait! Hundred sixty – no, no, two hundred... two-fifty to cum inside!”

“God – *fuck*–”

Wolffy didn’t have any time to prepare herself. Only after the dog had buried himself inside of her again, nearly breaking her fingers in the process, did the thought of a condom cross her mind... and then she felt his thickness throbbing with his peak and the nearly palpable spurts coming with each throb deep inside of her, and that worry fizzled out for the time being. She clamped her legs around him and enjoyed the sensation, noting that she could definitely feel each of those spurts as they pulsed through the base of his shaft stretching her around him; she enjoyed the shivering of his body and his heaving breaths, and gladly watched along with the camera, held in close, as the dog finally, slowly pulled out of her a few seconds later.

The wolffess both watched and felt as the thick, milky white oozed out of her, rolling down along the cushion of the couch between her legs. Luca, unsteady on his legs, took a second to get out of the way so the leopard could kneel down with the camera close. Wolffy shifted her position, swallowed, then hooked a leg over the leopard’s shoulder – he glanced over at it and then met her eyes, desire evident in his look – and then she brought a paw down to spread herself again and gave a slight push, squeezing out more of the dog’s load.

Not all of it, though. That much was certain to her regardless. With his length and energy and how deeply, how forcefully he had pushed into her when he came, there would be no getting around that. Again those thoughts started to come back, but at the same time, she didn’t really mind the idea... and even worked a pair of fingers into herself again, relishing in the warm slickness of his load dripping out of her and, at the same time, staying inside.

Over in the armchair Keen nodded and rested his head back against the chair. “God...” he breathed, and a moment later gave his two actors a wide smile. It took Wolffy a second to notice the streaks soaking into the mongoose’s shirt. “That was good. I was right about you, Wolffy, you’ll be a good addition to our team.”

The wolffess nudged the leopard between her legs, waited for him to refocus the camera on her, and then brought those dripping fingers to her maw and lapped it off. She couldn’t help but smirk as he zoomed in.

“I’m glad to be here,” she said, her own voice unsteady. She held eye contact with the camera, fingers still across her tongue, and then looked up at the mongoose. “Will I have a chance to – you know, get changed?”

“Not yet, not yet. That was just round one.”

“Round one?”

“That was in the contract, too.” He winked at her, looked down at his shirt, sighed, and shook his head. “We’re gonna take a break to let everyone recharge and then get right back to it. Normally we’d have you sit out the next stream to catch your breath and, you know, refill, but we had not one, not two, not *three*, but five individual donations of no small amount to see you in every shoot tonight. So.” He spread his paws, one of them a bit sticky, and shrugged.

“Sure.” Wolffy watched as the leopard got another good close-up and then lidded the lens of the camera. When he stood up she saw quite a prominent tent in the front of his pants. “Luca again?”

“He’ll come back for round three. Chat really liked what you said about taking it up the ass. Nah, after our break you’ll be with-” As he spoke Keen nodded towards her. “The twins. That alright with you?”

That must be the Doberman dogs. Wolffy straightened up and shook herself off, still very able to feel the lingering shivers and echoing pleasure of the sex, and then suddenly caught a strong whiff of canine. Keen hadn’t been nodding at her, but rather just *behind* her: she turned and came face to face with not one but two plump sheaths, one still poking out of the front of a pair of boxers and the other just out in the open.

She looked up at them, genuinely returned their grins, and then looked back to Keen across the room.

“Absolutely,” she answered. Just like with Luca, their shared scents, so similar to one another yet so different, started to wrap around her head and muddle her thoughts... “How long is our break gonna be?”