

Some Kind Of Life

By Mantrid Brizon

Kneeling between the legs of a woman whose name I've already forgotten, I grunt with each thrust. She moans and pants, her hands firmly gripping her stunning C-cup breasts, which accent her slim, hourglass figure. Looking down at her as she lay on her back, legs up in the air as I rest my hands behind her knees, I wonder how it was that this all came to be. It's not that I wouldn't have enjoyed her if this were any other situation. On the contrary, she is the most beautiful and pleasurable of any woman I've experienced to date.

What bothers me, as I try to hold out, is if she would have even wanted me had this not been our job. A five-foot and one-inch tall rabbit Voeldahn with an exceptionally slim frame, barely weighing one hundred pounds, she has the appearance of the stereotypical high-school cheerleader. I'm actually somewhat surprised that the director didn't dress her up as one. Realizing this fact, I briefly worry that I might actually be having sex with a minor, but inside I breathe a sigh of relief when I suddenly recall that the studio staff card all of the female applicants.

The black and gray fur of my healthy and toned twenty-six-year-old body begins to mat from my sweat. My partner's fur, a very rare and bizarre smoke color with a

distinct and interesting hue of pink, thereby giving her a faded purple coloration, is also matting from her own sweat. Perhaps she's never had a man with my considerable talents or endowment? It's always possible, given this line of work. Most actresses are one-offs. Considering her inexperience and lack of a resume, I wonder if her body size and fur color alone is what earned her this job.

In this profession, that's really all you need as a woman; a good enough body and nice fur, if you're a Voeldahn, while humans need only a good body. My partner also has the most vibrant, jade green eyes that I have ever seen, and dyes her long and straight hair, and the fur of her fluffy bunny tail, snow white. She was guaranteed this job the moment she stepped through the front door, and I'm sure that she knew it. I, however, had to struggle to get the position, pardon the pun, and it was still a struggle.

As a male Voeldahn, I needed strength, stamina, speed, skill, the ability to maintain an erection for long periods of time, good overall looks, a pinch of showmanship, possibly a hook or gimmick, a strong stomach, and it's also preferable if I have a large penis and large volumes of semen. Unfortunately for me, I match virtually all of those criteria. As a five-foot and eleven-inch tall Voeldahn man with a wolf-like appearance, I'm often tasked at playing the overwhelmingly powerful male in these sorts of films.

Thankfully this script doesn't call for a rape scene, not that they would listen to my objections anyway. Leaning forward, I rest my hands over her shoulders and snarl,

bearing my sharp teeth. I don't disappoint as I follow the director's instructions. This film, a thirty-minute hardcore porn titled 'The Wolf & The Rabbit' is exactly as it sounds. I often chuckle when I read the scripts, wondering who the people are who draft such things, but as I adjust the speed of my thrusts and raise a leg so that the cameraman can get a better shot, I find myself sullen.

This isn't exactly how I pictured my life turning out. I may be a porn star today, but I had dreams at one point. Somewhere between struggling with college and several family tragedies, I found myself penniless and with no prospects. By sheer chance, a rather perverse girl that I had often slept with while still in college liked to run her mouth. One day, a very attractive human woman knocked on the door of my cheap apartment, the rent of which I could barely afford.

To my surprise, she made herself at home and asked to audition me for a job right there in my living room, which also served as a kitchen, dining room and guest bedroom, if I laid back the futon. As my twenty-three-year-old eyes looked over the well-built frame of this tan-skinned human woman, who appeared to be roughly in her late-twenties or early-thirties, I felt a stirring below my belt and it forced me to speak. I agreed without thought, though looking back I might not have, had I known what would happen.

At that time, I probably would have done anything to wet my dick in one of her orifices; she was certainly the most appealing human that I had ever seen. At four-feet and

ten-inches tall, this voluptuous Hispanic woman with wavy black hair and big brown eyes was the most beautiful creature that I had laid eyes upon. Her ample breasts, at least a D-cup, if not bigger, were absolutely perfect and probably fake. “Good!” she exclaimed as she rose to her feet, opening the purse that was nearly the size of her breasts.

To my surprise, she pulled out a compact tripod, two small but high-quality cameras that could easily pay my rent if I were to pawn them, a string of XL-Canine condoms, designed to fit my size and knot, and a bottle of water-based lube. I asked her what sort of job this was as she began to set up the tripod and a camera.

“Remember Sally? Well, she’s a friend of a friend who works at our studio and she had an awful lot of good things to say about you. We want to cast you in a porn, if you’re good enough.”

“Wow.” I choked out. “So... How will you determine that?”

“I’m going to film you fucking me.” She rather nonchalantly replied.

I said nothing, but inside I gleefully shouted “Okay!” And so it was that with one camera mounted atop the tripod as it faced my couch, and the other strapped to her hand, she gave me oral sex, measured my size in comparison to her hands and forearm, and then tested my oral skills. After thoroughly licking her shaved pussy, she sighed with

pleasure and informed me that I had passed all of her initial tests with flying colors. Next was the “skill and endurance” test. I had a pretty good idea of what that entailed.

With a latex-free extra-large condom clinging to me, I drove my big pink cock home. After teasing her nether lips for a moment, just because, I swiftly stretched them with a solid thrust and deep into her brown, soaking wet pussy I went. She wasn't nearly as tight as I was expecting; thankfully the condom was not lamb-skin and would therefore prevent me from catching an STD, so long as I didn't catch anything from the oral sex we had already performed on each other. To my surprise, the older human woman came quickly and erupted like a geyser.

I had never seen a female squirt before, let alone the way that she did. It was breathtaking, and it really boosted my ego. We fucked for over thirty minutes in various positions; from missionary to cowgirl and then doggie-style, with used every variation of all of them, though I don't know their specific names. Position after position, she came again and again. I counted seven orgasms to my zero, three of which involved squirting. Either she hadn't had sex in years, or whoever she was with before had the world's smallest dick, no idea what he was doing, or both.

I actually felt a little sorry for her, as she was far too gorgeous a woman to go without good sex. When the time came, she sat atop my lap, my cock completely buried within her pussy as I sat with my back against the backrest of my cheap couch. This was the second time we were in

this position. Swaying and rocking her hips in little ovals, I gripped her ass cheeks tightly, my claws gently scratching her skin. She loved every second of it and I could tell.

“Give it to me, pappi.” She cooed.

“Yeah, I’m gonna give you all my hot wolf cum.” I growled.

“Oh yes, pappi!” She exclaimed. “Knot me!”

I was taken aback as I had never heard that before. Most women were intimidated by the prospect, and for good reason; most can’t handle it. I didn’t think that she was serious, but the primal part of me was more than happy to oblige. Pulling her down hard on my dick, I fucked her like I was trying to break her. Unfortunately, we did break the condom, but we didn’t stop and she didn’t change her mind. To my surprise, and probably hers, my knot grew as I was about to blow. It ballooned while still inside of her and locked us together.

Though she winced, she handled it like a trooper and even tilted her hips so that the tripod mounted camera could see the knot as it pulled at her thoroughly used vagina. I came harder than I ever have before, filling her body with the fertile seed of a young twenty-something Voeldahn, and I really didn’t care about the consequences at the time. If she became pregnant with triplets because of this, it would still be worth it, or at least that’s what I thought at the time.

“Fucking shit!” She cried out with an adorable accent.

She shivered and came an eighth time as I blew the largest load that I can yet recall into her supply body, washing her womb with my fertile sperm. Granted I hadn’t had sex since I last saw Sally a week earlier, nor had I masturbated since then. This nameless older Hispanic human sat with my knot in her pussy, feeling what could have been a full cup of my semen as it flooded her. It took a few minutes before I had calmed down enough for her to remove herself, and by then, most of my cum had found its mark; only a few drops managed to seep out and land atop the matted black fur of my scrotum.

“Holy shit...” She panted. “You are something else!”

“Thanks. I do what I can.” I winked, trying to act smooth.

“Well, if you are even half that good on camera, then you’ve got a career.” She grinned.

“Really?!” I asked in a combination of delight and shock.

“Oh yeah. You’re definitely in. I got your number from Sally. Expect a call from ‘Silent Night Studios’ within the week. I’m Maria, by the way. I usually work the front desk, but I also give auditions.” She explained.

“Lucky me.” I grinned.

“And it has been a *real* pleasure auditioning you.”

“Likewise.” I said.

“Anyway, I have to drop these tapes off at the studio and get home to my husband and kids.”

“... You’re married?” I ask, feeling a tinge of guilt.

“For ten years now.” She replied as she packed away the camera gear. “Don’t worry.” She said as she kissed my snout. “I won’t tell if you won’t.”

I was quite dumbfounded, and that should have been my first clue; a red flag if there ever was one. Unfortunately, I didn’t listen and waited for the call. Needing a second audition with a proper film crew present, I was given a young female “fluffer”, a person tasked with giving me an erection. The rodent Voeldahn fondled and even licked my penis as a group of men stood five feet away, prepping camera equipment and talking about someone’s restored Ford Mustang II. It was quite surreal.

Suddenly, a man dressed in the most blatant and stereotypical director’s outfit that I had ever seen yelled at someone on a phone. I was somewhat curious as this Stephen Spielberg wannabe chewed out the actress I was supposed to have sex with, but the fluffer was so cute and seemed to enjoy tasting me. As she opened her mouth, I placed my hand atop her head and between her large, round ears. Her fleshy tail swayed rather happily as I pumped my organ into her mouth, forcing her to take more of me; I simply lost control for a brief moment.

Finally noticing what was going on behind them, the director ushered the crew around us and rolled the cameras

as he let us do our own thing. To my surprise, the surprise of the studio crew, and the delight of my fluffer, I was more than able to perform in front of them. Within minutes I had my unprotected member squeezing into the little vagina of the eighteen-year-old mouse girl, who was quite pleased with how things were turning out for her. I'm not sure what shocked them more, how small she was or the fact that she was able to fit me; I could hear the crew in awe as I fucked her.

Without much effort I brought her to orgasm as I loomed over her, and my persona was born. I heard the crew thinking up screen names for me as I plowed that girl's pussy with my long and fat cock. 'The Hung Knight', 'The *Big, Bad Wolf*', 'The Sex-ator', which I assume was a play on the word 'predator', and various other corny pseudonyms were thrown around. I paid little attention as I made the barely-legal girl orgasm almost as hard as the human woman, while a boom mic entered my peripheral vision.

Taking control of my partner, I rolled her over onto her belly and lay over her, holding myself up with my elbows and knees. I drove myself into and out of her tight hole, her legs nearly closed and running between mine. It must have been a sight, because I could hear stunned remarks about how beautiful it looked. Soon, I spread her legs apart, hoping that the camera would get a better shot.

"He's a natural." The director remarked to another.

I felt pretty good about that; almost as good as when my fluffer's exceptionally tight pussy brought me over the edge. Not even daring to try and knot her, as I knew she couldn't handle it, I simply pressed it against her nether lips as I came. She squealed and writhed in pleasure, tearing at the cheap bedsheets of the lone mattress inside of the fake bedroom that we were in. Jet after jet flowed into her and soon poured out onto the sheets. The director applauded, which somewhat disturbed me. This was a rather special moment between that girl and myself, and they were intruding.

Of course, I was given the job right away, and soon I found myself with actress after actress. Some had previous experience and came with medical charts to prove that they had no STDs, while I had to go to clinics every six-months for testing. I also learned not long after being hired that Maria's audition was not protocol; she had sex with me because she really wanted to, opting to film our encounter to make up for not giving me the paper application that she was carrying. I felt odd when I met her husband around two months later, especially when he excitedly revealed that his wife was pregnant again. He clearly believes that she is merely a humble secretary.

She kept our secret until I accidentally revealed it to one of the crew, but the studio is a good place to hide sexually oriented secrets. I was thankful that as a human, Maria will only have human babies, and we even share the same general eye, hair and fur colors; it still pains my conscience. Within the first two months of working at that studio, I had sex with twelve different women, ten of whom

were local girls who had never been in a pornographic film before. I didn't realize how damaging this career was until I tried to go on a date and the woman I was with knew about my job and seemed only interested in my sexual talents.

She actually had the audacity to ignore my questions about her personal life, a genuine attempt to get to know her, so that she could discreetly show me her breasts at dinner and ask me if I thought they were 'good enough' to be on screen. Needless to say, it didn't last much longer than that dinner. After two years with the studio and over one hundred different women later, some much more than once, I thought about dating another actress who knows what it's like to be in this line of work. Certainly, she would understand. As I had also had sex with her in about ten films, I simply assumed that would make the bonding easier.

However, on our first attempt, the woman that I was interested in broke our date. When I asked her why she had to cancel, she explained that it was so that she could be in a film with another actor. Shocked and upset, she went on to explain that it was just a job and that we could go out to eat after she was done having sex with him on camera; she just needed the extra money that this film would provide her with. I then realized that this was as fruitless a pursuit as finding a partner outside of the profession.

Resigning myself to loneliness, I decided to continue with my work as I had been. As a very popular and sought-after actor, as much for my talents and showmanship as my 'bad wolf' image, I find myself stuck between a rock and a

hard place. Even if I quit, too many people will know who I am and I'll never lose the stigma; I'll be out of work and alone. If I continue this work, more people will yet learn of who I am, I'll never lose the stigma, but I'll be earning hand-over-fist. This job provided me with a nice house, a new Corvette, and a flush bank account.

My thoughts returning to the present, I kneel behind the young bunny girl as she lay on her side, her back to my left and her breasts to my right. With one of her legs between mine and the other held tightly by the ankle in one of my hands, I rest her calf muscle on my shoulder and pump into her. Before long she cums again and the director tells me what to do next. Sitting upright with my back to the headboard, her hands gripping the wooden furniture behind me, I smack and squeeze her ass as she bucks atop my large cock.

I growl and snarl, licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples before necking her as I reach the climax. Now allowed to orgasm, as per the director's instructions, she and I cum simultaneously. Her white hair flutters as she quickly points her short snout toward the ceiling and squeals in pleasure, in a way that simply cannot be feigned. My testicles release a wave of semen that washes her insides. Bareback sex and creampie is something of my trademark.

After finishing, she rises from my big cock, her little pussy quivering as huge gobs of white ooze drip from her and onto the matted fur of my scrotum. She can barely move

after falling to my side, lying atop the mattress in the fake bedroom. The cameraman callously zooms in on her thoroughly used, cum drenched pussy. The director tells her that she can take some morning after pills, because she isn't on birth control, but they have to bring them to her because of the state that I left her in.

Rising from the bed as my erection rather slowly fades, another trait that I am known for, I head toward a bathroom to wash up. Standing before the sink, I take a minute to look at myself in the mirror that hangs above the faucet. This isn't where I imagined myself growing up and I'm can't say that I'm very happy with it, but at least it's some kind of life.