

Zig Zag's Grand Fanservice

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Zig Zag opened her mouth wide, and swallowed down another load as it came her way. The guys working over her two other holes were close, she could tell, but she did her best to relax and keep herself from expending too much energy. She had a long, long time before she could rest, and as it was, things were behind schedule. She tried to keep both her hands going, but it was hard, and by now her wrists had begun to cramp a little from rubbing and stroking. She put them down on the mattress below and kissed the forehead of the very happy squirrel underneath her. Enjoying the dazed-fanboy look she was getting from him as her tits filled his field of vision, she felt him start to spurt hard down below.

"Only three more now..." she thought "Then on to the next batch." Each guy stayed on her only as long as it took to get him spurting, but rather than just an endless procession, they came along in sets of five, all crowding and piling their nude bodies around Zig Zag's soft, black-striped fur. At this point, even with the quick wipe-and-rinse sessions between groups, much of the fur between her legs, up her tail, and even over most of her torso was coated and caked with dried semen. Parts of her body even crackled as she moved. She wondered if this was what it was like to be covered in papier-mâché.

There seemed to be three kinds of guys coming through the door. The first group was so eager and so ramped up they were ready to burst, and they usually did a few moments into their turn. Next up was the group who had gone soft with the long wait in line, and who were furiously trying to get hard again. She had specifically requested that these guys receive any help necessary to give them their chance, but she was now beginning to regret it. Some of them were so worn out, or so intimidated, that they took considerable fluffing before they were ready to go. And after all, this was meant to be a marathon for her, not for her staff.

The last group, though, was the worst. These guys were experienced, usually handsome and well-endowed guys with a big ego and something to prove. These professionals, some of them even pornstars or notable swingers (Zig recognized a few here and there) were here to show off at the expense of all the other guys in line. They invariably tried to take too long, tried to drag things out or change Zig into a more camera-friendly position, or otherwise just make a nuisance of themselves. While Zig knew they meant well and just wanted a chance to star in a movie with her, she was thankful that there seemed to not be too many of them.

Zig looked at the big board off to her right. It said "232 down, 768 to go!" Zig was amazed that things had gone on this long. She was rapidly approaching the end of day one, and she knew that she only needed to keep going for two more hours before she'd call it a day

and pick things up again tomorrow. As she felt the one in her rear buck and cum hard, spurting thickly into her already well-stretched tailhole, she relaxed, and rolled herself over, encouraging the two remaining to take her breasts and mouth for a ride. She was tired, thirsty, and desperately needed a shower, but she just had to keep going. This 1000-man marathon fuck, entirely captured on camera, was going to be both a publicity stunt and an once-in-a-lifetime chance for all her fans. She just couldn't let them down.

The boys on her face and tits had already been so heavily stimulated that it was only seconds before they started shooting off. They both smiled, and Zig smiled back at them, though she didn't have time to speak. As they got off her, she weakly sat up, and let her crew come by to wipe her down. Someone offered her a bottle of water and she cracked it open, chugging it down, trying to wash down the taste and mess as well as hydrate herself. She knew that she was going to be tasting cum in her dreams for months to come. At least she liked the stuff.

The latest batch had finished a little early, so Zig Zag had a few extra minutes to catch her breath before the next one came in. She could hear them eagerly talking to one another about what they'd be doing in there, though Zig knew she was too tired to go along with the crazy positions and costumes several of them seemed keen on. Still, she knew they'd appreciate the chance to fulfil their fantasy, she just hoped that the reality of getting sloppy 235ths wouldn't break their enthusiasm. After all, it was just going to get more and more difficult from this point on.

The whole idea had come to her when she was sitting at her desk, browsing through various adult DVD outlets in an attempt to figure out what the competition was up to. January was always a slow month at ZZ Studios. Sales tended to plummet after Christmas and before Valentine's, and other than the staff New Year's party, Zig made it a point to schedule as little as possible. Cold and Flu season, along with nasty weather, meant that the staff would be burning through vacation days, or at the least not feeling well enough for anything intimate and hardcore.

Zig Zag, however, was hard at work. She'd never been too keen on taking time off, and she always made a point to put out a little something during the lull in releases. Something usually small, simple, and rushed together by around mid-January, it nonetheless always did well amongst her fans, and was usually appreciated. Granted, it made having something ready for Valentine's all the harder, but Zig had never let hard work slow her down.

As she was scrolling through various bargain-bin releases that had were all DVD re-releases of old VHS tapes, something caught her eye. "Brooke Tease Takes Five..Hundred!" was something that had been made, with much fanfare, back in the 80s. Apparently a blue-furred,

pink-haired bunny, whose clothes and hairstyle looked more 80s than an NES, had allowed five hundred of her fans to fuck her, in succession, over the course of a weekend. A rough, tumbled, clumsy affair, the entire event had been compiled into a full ten VHS tapes, plus an eleventh that had behind-the-scenes footage and a highlight reel. Now compiled into eight DVDs for sale at only \$20 total, it was a testament to how far a professional could take amateur porn. Granted, most of the guys had been edited out at this point since they hadn't contributed anything of value, but still. Who knew that at least SOME of the men off the street could fuck almost as well as the trained professionals?

The concept intrigued her, and after downloading a few samples, she knew that this had to be her next big project. To her, the little January projects had always been about the fans, and what better way to reward them than to let them be in a movie with her?

But 500 had already been done, and in any event, Zig Zag felt like she had to one-up this now-retired Brooke Tease. She was, after all, the queen of porn, and in any event, a full thousand felt more complete. One thousand guys...Some quick math let her know it would take three and a half days, and that's if she only went at it for fourteen hours a day. Could she keep it going that long? It was a bit of a numbers game, and she knew that she'd never done anything like this, but she was Zig Zag. She could do this. She had to do this. It would be the best-selling adult box set, and possibly even a world record. And all she'd need is some hand-cams and a few close friends to wipe her down. Getting the volunteers would be easy.

Two dogs, a fox, a horse, and a raccoon. All eager, none particularly photogenic, but she knew that every one of them would, at least, be shelling out for the box set when this was all over. Whether or not this was a financial success, she knew she'd sell at least 1000 copies, plus whatever these eager fellows pushed on their friends. They were the last batch of the day, and Zig was glad to see she'd passed the three hundred mark right on schedule. She just needed to get through this one last group of guys, and then she was free for a much-needed eight-hour sleep.

The raccoon was the most eager of the lot, and he quickly stepped up behind Zig Zag, hardly giving her a perfunctory fondle before pushing his shaft against her sex. The dogs and the fox decided to stand back and wait, and the horse was courteous enough to simply nudge her nose with his massive length. Considering the size of his equipment, Zig Zag was glad that he was the nice one.

She gently licked and lapped at his enormous length, trying to think over what to do with it all, when she felt the raccoon behind her begin to buck and thrust hard. The poor guy was obviously beyond inexperienced, and as he grabbed onto Zig's frazzled but still quite fluffy tail, he clearly had no idea that he was hurting her. This

wasn't even the first time it had happened today, and she had to at least admire his enthusiasm.

She gently slid the horse's big, hard member into her mouth, slurping and sucking on it gently. She was tired and had to go slowly, but she used her time to enjoy his thick, salty flavor. She felt his fingers running gently through her hair, scratching lightly and tickling her behind the ears as she trilled along the underside of his shaft. Finally, someone with experience. She made a mental note to check the rosters for this guy later. With his size and skill he might make a good stand-in or even a regular actor.

The raccoon finished himself in a meager burst all over her rear, and was quickly shoved aside by the very eager fox. She felt his big, thick tongue dig into her sex, and she had to admit the guy had balls to bring it in like that after so many people had gone before him. She took her time with the shaft in her mouth, enjoying the deep, thick laps at her sex, before the horse gently rested his hand on her head, prompting her to kick it up a notch. Somewhat invigorated by the surprisingly warm and cooperative behavior of her two most current fans, she obliged, bobbing and sucking with increasing vigor. Soon she was deep-throating the big fellow, slipping and pushing him past the gag reflex with relative ease. She had, after all, sent a good number of guys down that far earlier in the day, and throating was just something that got easier the more she did it.

When the horse came, he unleashed an avalanche typical of his species. Zig guzzled it down; a little glad she wasn't able to taste the salty, brackish liquid, which she'd gotten very tired of by this point. As a further testament to his nice-guy-ness, he even bothered to bend down and kiss her sore and cum-coated mouth, something which Zig flicked her tail to happily. Had she not been hoarse from all the work her tongue and throat had been doing today, she'd have thanked him.

Seeing the horse back off, the fox kicked it into high gear, sending his tongue everywhere at once, slurping and sucking up the flavor all over her rear. Obviously, HE hadn't been taking cum for fourteen consecutive hours, and he was genuinely fond of it. So much so, that she could hear him fapping and then feel the warm, heavy globs splatter against her underside. Well, another satisfied fan, that was for certain.

The two dogs were apparently friends, and had planned things out ahead of time. They knelt down together, cocks up, then picked up Zig Zag and lowered her between them, until she could feel their lengths slowly pushing into both of her now well-worn holes. She wrapped her arms around the one in front of her, her large breasts pressing up firmly against his chest. The cocks slowly pistoned up and down, back and forth, moving in smooth, gentle motions, one in, the other out. Zig groaned, glad that this pair would be the last of the day. They were so smooth, so gentle, so careful, that even in her exhausted state, Zig had no trouble enjoying herself.

Smooth canine hands gently rubbed and caressed her sides, their fingers knocking off dried flakes of spooage as they moved. She was surprised to see them so gentle and caressing when she was in such a gross state, but it was certainly welcome. She felt one of their big hands slide down between her legs, and begin to rub and push against her clit. Her body shivered, exhausted, but still titillated by the gentle full-body fondle of orgasm. It was a nice one, and wasn't even the first of the day, but somewhere deep down, she felt unfulfilled. Three hundred guys, several dozen of her own orgasms, and it still felt like just another shoot. As she felt one, then the other, blow off both barrels deep inside her flesh, she almost passed out in their arms from exhaustion. Still, part of her hoped that the next three days of shooting would scratch that itch she realized was welling up deep inside her.

The next three days of shooting were a marathon of epic proportions. The entire attempt began to wear at Zig and her crew, but she kept going on, capturing every moment on film. There was a seemingly endless parade of fans, of all species and sizes. Foxes, skunks, raccoons, dogs of all kinds, numerous reptiles and birds...Zig had the good fortune of finding out about species she'd never even heard of, as well as hybrids she never even thought possible. The hummingbird/donkey mix was certainly the most unusual; she certainly hoped that his mom wasn't the hummingbird.

What they lacked in experience and, more often than not, equipment, they made up for in enthusiasm and variety. Zig had never fucked so many guys in so many ways before, and each one was desperate to please, whether he was brash or shy, an old veteran or a young buck. There were even a number of guys who were clearly virgins, by the way they acted so unfamiliar and unsure, and more than one who was awfully old to have never had sex before. Zig took special care with these, singling them out and giving them as much time alone with her as could be allowed, they certainly seemed to appreciate it. After all, how many fan boys can say they lost their virginity to Zig Zag?

Zig had never encountered near as many dicks as this either. The sheer variety of dicks alone was staggering. She'd seen everything from dicks so short they looked more like nubs, to gigantic, almost third-leg shafts that could barely get it up. A few couldn't even fit in, though their owners certainly didn't seem to mind the way Zig used her hands. She found it to be a great relief, even if she almost drowned in the big showers a few times.

Still, as the numbers crept towards 1000, she was glad that it would soon be over. She'd have a nice long soak in the tub (with plenty of water changing and soaping up, her fur was caked with the stuff at this point) and then not fuck anyone for at least a month. Hell, she'd take some time off, leave everything to her staff for a

while, and let her libido recover. She was barely having orgasms at this point, her body was simply too worn out and too tired from all the stimulation. One tiny little bit of her wanted more, wanted something unknown that hadn't happened yet, and while it helped to keep her going, it was more of an annoyance than anything else at this point.

Things had gotten very hectic around the time the counter rolled over into the mid 800s. In an effort to get things finished in a last-dash sprint, guys were simply permitted to come and go as space opened up, and Zig had spent most of the past few hours surrounded by a large, shoving crowd of men, all of whom got in close and came hard. The arrangement was clumsy and far from comfortable, but it got the line moving fast, as many of the fans simply came and went, as it were. About a quarter of them never even did anything more than a little rub-and-splurt, adding to the swimming mass of bukkake, though they missed out on an once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for real sex. Considering how tired she was, though, they weren't missing too much outside of bragging rights.

After what seemed like an eternity, the crowds finally seemed to trickle out to nothing. Zig laid down flat on the large dragon beneath her, who seemed to be the last one left. At the very least, there was no crowding any longer. She closed her eyes and let him thrust into her, almost falling asleep on her chest. The dragon was big and surprisingly soft, considering he was covered in scales, and he had a deep natural warmth that she found filled her entire body as he pushed and caressed. These gentle, experienced ones were just what she needed when she was so utterly exhausted. Her eyelids felt heavy, and as she felt him splurt, she slid off of him, intent on falling asleep right then and there.

But something wasn't right. Where was the fanfare? The cheers? If anything, there seemed to be an air of anticipation, of expectation. Something was clearly missing. She looked up at the big board, and saw that it read "999."

"What the hell?" Zig was rather tired at this point, and genuinely cranky. She had been at this for a long goddamn time, and she very much needed to end it. She was tired of fucking. She wanted to go on a long, well-earned vacation, with no men and no sex. "Don't tell me we've gone to all this trouble and we don't have a nice round number after all this! Quick, go get someone ANYONE, to finish this thing off. Shit, get some of the staff!"

"Well as I recall, you didn't want me to be part of your staff..." The voice was deep, masculine, and more than a little smug. Zig had heard it before. Often. Mostly over the phone, and several times in person.

"Norris Pole? What...Who the fuck let you in here?" Zig groaned, equal parts exasperation at this unwelcome surprise as from exhaustion.

The big bear smiled, and shuffled himself forward, his swaggering walk an outward show of his dominating, superior personality. Being a

polar bear he was all white, and on his right arm was a purple tattoo, a ring of icicles going around his biceps. He was ripped, his entire body heavily built and sculpted, and though Zig was hesitant to admit it, he was pretty damn handsome. If only he wasn't an insufferable prick on set and a complete asshole everywhere else.

Instead of bothering to speak, Norris just gripped his long black shaft, which was only half-hard, but still freakishly huge, even as far back as Zig Zag was. Norris made it a point to ensure everyone knew he was a full 14" long when fully aroused, something which was mentioned ad absurdum on every DVD he put out. He even had a chain that read "14'", something Zig Zag found both comical and quite childish, as well as probably a bit of an overstatement. Why was someone so obviously well endowed obsessed with overcompensating?

"Look, we need an even thousand, and if you wanna be it, be my guest...Just get to it, you've got fifteen minutes. Let's roll the cameras, and get this job done." Zig really didn't want to go along at this point, but she had never been one to quit, especially when she was so close to the finish line. She sat up on the stained and worn-out mattress, her eyes closed, not even bothering to look at the indignant Norris as he came over.

Zig felt a sudden pull on her hair, yanking and tugging her forward. The pain grabbed her attention, and shoved her eyes wide open. There was a light slap on her cheeks, nothing to cause pain, but as she opened her mouth reflexively, she felt Norris's thick black length start to snake into her. Being only half hard, he was able to jam and stuff himself inside her mouth. She felt him roughly work his way past her gag reflex, his moves rough, aggressive, in fact downright mean. He yanked and tugged on her hair as he pushed it down, his hardening length working up and down her like a roto-rooter. Zig started to gag and choke on the length as Norris mushed her nose up against his groin, but just before she could start up some genuine protest, she found herself shoved off, released at least temporarily by Norris.

"Now THAT'S what I'm talkin' about...Shit, fuck this one-cum-only bullshit, I'm gonna do you till I'm done..." Zig felt Norris grab and pull at her rear, straightening her up considerably, before he gave her ass a firm, painful smack. Zig whimpered, too tired to fight back, and on some level, unwilling. She had just fucked nine-hundred and ninety nine guys, and not a one of them had the brash, abusive enthusiasm Norris had. Where they had been polite, even to the point of being feeble, Norris was here to divide and conquer. She cooed as she felt him spank both her cheeks, hard, before slopping his dick up and down her sex. He pushed it in with a rough, deep thrust, so far from the slow politeness of her fans. Norris was no fan. He was here to fuck, and fuck he did.

As Norris pounded away at her, Zig managed to make momentary eye contact over her shoulder, and even get a good look at his face. She saw a look she'd never seen in any of her partners before; a look of disdain, or even genuine disrespect. For so long, every man she'd

been with had put her high up on a pedestal, and even in the roughest "Downfall of a Queen" porn, there had always been a look of respect, admiration, and often even adulation or infatuation in the eyes of her co-stars. But Norris's big blue eyes regarded her as little more than a street-corner whore, and he fucked her like some half-drunk vixen he'd found stumbling out of a frat party.

Zig groaned as she felt his immense length push and shove inside her. He was rough and aggressive with it, jamming and thrusting it hard. He reached forward and grabbed her hair again, taking advantage of how much bigger he was by pushing her head down into the mattress. As she coughed for breath, he continued to pound her now more-upturned cunt. She groaned, closing her eyes tight, giving in to the rough, abusive sex as he poured it on thick.

Zig felt Norris pull out with a long, slow motion, and even over his grunts she could hear the wet, messy sound as his length popped free. She felt jet after jet coat her rear, soaking up her already messy and ruined fur with copious, now dry and caked spooze. His bursts were thick and heavy and put those who'd come before him to shame. He had clearly prepared for this, probably blueballed and even trained a little, so that he might best take advantage of the situation. Zig had no idea that Norris would go to so much trouble purely to sate his desire for superiority. His need to dominate, to control, to humiliate her was intoxicating. And as he flipped her over, his big dick shoving deep into her stretched ass, she drank it all in. Deep down inside, there was itch she just needed scratching, and it took a brash asshole like Norris to bring it out right.

Norris picked her up and spread her legs for the camera as he pounded her rear, reaming and spreading her already well-worn and somewhat over-fucked asshole. She whimpered as he reached around, pinching her nipples hard, twisting and turning them a little as he bounced her exhausted and limp form up and down. She was a rag doll in his hands, letting him move and push her as he needed, letting him feel and fondle and shove and pull and fuck...Zig's mind rolled and tumbled with the intoxicating abuse.

Her exhaustion, too, played a big part. It made her feel weak, almost helpless, as Norris tossed her from one position to the next. His cock seemed to be everywhere at once. As soon as she got used to it in one hole, he moved it to another, or slid it between her breasts. Whenever he slowed down a little, she almost fell asleep, but as soon as he got back to pounding the rush of endorphins shoved her back awake. In the middle of one of these dashes between almost-sleep and fully-awake, she felt her entire body overcome with orgasm.

Zig had received more than her fair share of such pleasures in her life, but every now and then, one hit her in the right way, or at the right time, that it approached being a religious experience. This was one of those times. Her entire body shivered and rolled, her mind seemed to blank out entirely as she felt complete and total sexual satisfaction. Her entire body savored the experience as it danced and

bounced around inside her. It would be a frustratingly long time until she felt anything like this again.

As she lay on the mattress panting, Norris shoved his cock into her face, and let out a very tired-seeming round of shots, barely enough to get into her mouth and bukkake a bit of her muzzle. Everyone applauded, and the big board was finally flipped to 1000 as the cameras stopped rolling. Someone threw a towel embroidered with the words "1000 Served" onto Zig Zag's chest, but at this point they might as well have tossed her a moist towelette. She needed a full-body, deep-fur shampoo and soak if she was going to have this mess cleaned up.

"Make sure you send me a couple of free copies with my check," smirked Norris over his shoulder. He had already turned his back on her, brashly swaggering out of the room, hi-fiving the few in the crowd that were his fans as well, though it was clear he was a lot more tired than when he had come in. Zig chuckled, but didn't have the energy to come up with a witty retort. Instead, she just closed her eyes slowly and let herself drift off to sleep. One thousand guys, in a mere three and a half days... Had she really pulled it off, or was it just some sort of weird, messed up dream?