

Zig Zag: Workin' Late

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Zig Zag stared bleary-eyed into the computer monitor in front of her. Nights like this were, by far, the most unwelcome and uninteresting portion of her job. Unlike many corporate leaders, she took her job seriously, and made it a point to ensure all the books got balanced, all the actors got paid, and everyone got their fair share. While this hands-on approach helped Double-Z Studios to be one of the best companies in the business, it also meant that Zig went home very late some nights. Especially during tax season.

Zig leaned back in her chair, stretching out a bit, her breasts pressing up tight against the "no nonsense" business suit she wore on her non-shooting days. She was rather fond of getting dressed up, and loved the way the maroon fabric showed off her black-striped white fur, but after a long time it started to get more than a little confining. Scooting to the front of her chair and flicking her large skunk tail behind her, she unbuttoned the top a little, letting her cleavage spill out as she took a big breath.

Though she knew she wasn't alone (the night shift guards, along with a certain feline janitor, were still making the rounds) she certainly felt like it, bathed in the pale, artificial light of her office. It felt strangely large and empty at night. During the day, it seemed like there was barely enough room for her private casting couch, her desk, a few filing cabinets and some shelves that played host to her now-large repertoire of films. She even had a TV with VCR/DVD combo attached for the purposes of checking the quality of the final product, which normally came in handy on late nights like this.

She took another look at the spreadsheets in front of her and sighed. She needed a break. Badly. And this stuff wouldn't be past-due until noon the next day. She had time for something that would restore her energy a little. And she wouldn't need to bother warming up the coffee pot.

She walked over to her shelves and quickly began looking through them, her long her fingernail clacking against each DVD cover as she read the titles in quick succession. She was always amazed at exactly how many films she'd starred in, especially considering the fact that, like all porn stars, she had only been in the business for a few years. Her personal collection alone contained hundreds of commercially released films, the vast majority of which had been quite successful. But she wasn't in the mood for the pure, polished, well-edited-and-shot films that had gone to print. Right now she wanted something rough, raw and unscripted. Something personal, that she could really get in to.

Digging around in a cardboard box at the bottom, she found what she was looking for. A mix of old VHS tapes, mini-cassettes, and burned DVDs in cheap cases. These were her more personal films, things she had filmed for herself, with friends and co-workers, using whatever hand-cams were deemed unfit for making films and too filled with memories (or too worthless) to get rid of. Looking at the various hand-written labels, she hunted around for the one that would catch her interest.

She found it buried deep in the pile, sitting in the middle of it all. "2005 NEW YEAR'S PARTY" read the label. A little old, but not too old. Plus, she remembered how wild things had gotten, since the champagne flowed freely and the clothing mostly ended up in piles on the floor. Rough, raw and amateur, she knew that this had what she wanted. She just hoped it didn't have any embarrassing, drunk moments she had since forgotten.

Shoving it into the VCR and hopping onto her casting couch, she realized she was lacking a few things. Not just the remote (though she didn't mind sitting through various non-sexual bits of the party, her friends and staff were always great fun at get-togethers), but also something to help her recreate the experience. Going back to her desk, she pulled out the lowest drawer on the right side and started rooting through it. This is where she kept her most personal toys, the ones she didn't share with anyone, or even admit to owning. Not that they were unusual or kinky or anything, just that they were personal. Some had been given to her by friends, others she'd bought just for herself, and one was based on a certain male porn star whom she'd never been at all fond of, but who'd once completely satisfied her. On camera, even. This was the one she grabbed, along with a bottle of lube. She'd need it, the toy was comically large in size.

The video started out surprisingly fast for a home-made, very amateur thing. All of the cameramen were having a good time instead of operating the camera, so Zig had taken it upon herself to operate the camcorder. The thing was ancient and heavy and Zig kept letting it slip or go out of focus, but this proved to amuse more than annoy her. It was things like this that reminded her to keep her cameramen the best paid in the business.

Things began to heat up eventually. As the champagne began to flow, things got rowdy and relaxed, and the actors began to pair (or group, as the case may be) up and sequester themselves away from the main room. Zig Zag had encouraged everyone to "shoot for the New Year," and was even offering prizes for anyone who managed to have an orgasm right when the big ball dropped. Granted, it was on the honor system, but seeing as the gifts were all gags, there was no real incentive to cheat. Zig was pleased to see that a number of the staff members had a chance to get in on the action too. She was always worried the rank-and-file might feel a little left out at the end of the day, seeing as they weren't normally able to hook up with the people they made look good on camera.

Peeling her panties down and off and unbuttoning more of her blouse, Zig began to go to work on herself as she saw things slowly heat up on the screen in front of her. Brave and/or drunk co-workers were now openly fondling her on camera, as well as tossing bad come-ons and lewd proposals from time to time. All in fun, were she a little less bothered at the moment, she'd be laughing at her fellow staff and actors. They were good people. And in some cases, VERY well endowed. As she was flashed by one of her better-hung performers, she grabbed the toy and began slicking it up, sinking it in as she thought back to all the times she'd been with him, both on screen and off.

Deep down, there was very little which turned her on as much as seeing herself on video. There was just something about making the act of sex a performance that filled her with lust and vigor. Even more so when she was performing for herself. After gaining years of experience, she'd acquired a deep, longing taste for the smooth, supple motions, the flashing and positioning for the camera, and other such porn star behaviors. She loved the lights, the camera, the action, and even more she loved to see herself on the screen. The images in her eyes connected deeply with those in her mind as she continued to fuck and push herself, her blouse and remaining undergarments straining to get out of the way of her roving fingers as she began to touch and rub herself all over.

On the screen, the action had finally hit its peak, as the camera was handed off to a bystander, with Zig trying to not only shoot for the New Year, but to bring along three of her best actors simultaneously. Her hands and body were everywhere, and the trained professionals were certainly doing a good job of both showing off for the camera and pleasing their boss. She just wished every guy had a chance to get this good, and then to have it this good, as she pushed and plunged and fucked herself madly with the toy, working it around as well as pushing it up and down madly. She felt herself overcome by a thick, all-body heat, yet she shivered with arousal and intensity. This was what she'd been looking for, what her hidden animal instincts had been calling to for hours now. Just a damn shame no one was catching it on film.

She let out a cry as her orgasm struck her with tremendous force, blasting from the tips of her big black ears all the way to her toes, coming out in shockwaves from her sopping wet sex to her pinched and reddened nipples. It raced all over her, and when it finally began to slow down, she felt the slightly hazy high that came only when she was truly satisfied. A little session like this was worth a hundred quickies on the set when it came to satisfaction, and it was moments like this that ensured her charged libido would keep asking for more. She never knew when a big one was going to hit her like this, and she certainly loved when it happened.

On screen she saw that her costars had blown their loads at various times near midnight, or at least near enough for her to decide to hand out gifts and New Years kisses. Zig turned off the TV

and looked for something to wipe herself up with, content in the knowledge that both her suit and the couch had been specifically selected for their ability to remain unstained despite her activities. Getting up slowly, she moved back to her computer, not bothering to put her tits back in her bra or to button up her blouse. Her urges tended to come in waves, and who knew if she might need to take another "break" before these numbers finished crunching?