New Carnaval celebrated Mardi Gras the same way a Super Bowl is won.

Making my way out of the apartment complex and into a cab, I could already spot various furs wearing purple-and-green beads out on the hot sidewalk. A few even wore the traditionally kitschy sunglasses one often saw worn during clips of the parade. I couldn’t help but smile, then glance down at the notification flashing on my phone screen.

*Will be there in fifteen. Don’t forget some poppers, little hare. ;p*

The smile turned into a smirk. I reached into my short’s right pocket and heard them move about in the small bottle. I texted back, “On my way, big daddy.”

OnlyFollowers changed my life, safe to say. It opened many doors in front of me the moment the exit from my previous job closed wide shut. After endless shifts spent serving as a waitress for impatient families of Yankee tourists and the lofty businessman on break, the prospect of doing something new seemed bright. After returning home from his trip to New Carnaval, Jonathan (better known as J-Dawg69) kept in touch with me to answer any questions I might’ve had. I got a part-time job at a Buy-Mart a few blocks from my apartment complex, which helped pay for the electric bill and groceries, as well as give me enough time to build a dedicated enough following.

The videos started off softcore. Very softcore. After putting on a plain black facemask and even purchasing some blue-eyed contact lens to change my appearance, I just stripped off in front of my smartphone’s camera. A simple session of that eventually went to sensual positions like my ass jutting out as I leaned against a wall, or flirtatiously undressing down until only my paw covered my crotch. Somewhere between thirty of forty well-earned followers, I decided to kick it up a notch. Displaying myself led to playing with myself, playing with my cleaned tailhole, lubing it up and splitting the video into separate parts behind a paywall, trying on different sexy underwear for the camera only to strip them away. The money really came in after that. Even my retail job didn’t happen to be as bad as expected.

Things went well after six months. I even celebrated my hundredth follow by jerking off while teasing myself down there. Further on, I continued enticing my audience for more votes and follows, promising to do more after reaching a certain goal. It wasn’t until my hundredth patron that I finally gave them the ultimate prize: an unobstructed view of my favorite canine dildo slowly entering my tailhole for all to see. It even came complete with a bulbous knot.

The new money meant I could indulge myself in better luxuries. My tiny apartment remained the same, but it meant I could buy some posters, a better, more professional camera to use for my exclusive videos (though I still relied on my phone sometimes for the odder angles), as well as food that didn’t come from a dollar store. By golly, I was getting quasi-famous already, I felt like a diva hare on top of the world.

A bump on the road pulled me from my daze, and I blew away a patch of my long, dark magenta headfur obstructing my eyes. “Ack,” I muttered when some strands stuck to my nose and lower lip. “Ew.”

“You ought to cut your hair.” Commented the burly canine driver. “You’d look more natural with it short. It’d be more natural.”

Perking an ear up, I stared deadpan at the distracted driver through his rearview mirror. In my haste to get to the destination, it didn’t occur to me my driver had a rosary cross hanging from said rearview mirror, let alone a small picture of the Virgin Mary pasted on the inside corner of the cab’s windshield.

My reply was, “…right. I’ll keep that in mind.”

In all honesty, it’d be less of a hassle if I ignored that comment the rest of the ride over. Still, I decided to be the better fur and bother tipping the dog. Even offered a smile as he sped off to insult yet another potential customer over gender roles.

I shook my muzzle and turned around. My tail twitched with excitement as my paw smoothed out the noticeable wrinkle in my jean shorts, then swiped away a mosquito. Heaving a deep sigh, I wiped off the gooey stain from the fur in my arm, hoping the German shepherd I planned to meet didn’t notice. First impressions were important for a debutante fur of my less than reputable profession, especially when it came to actually producing content with other OnlyFollowers users.

The average historian and random tour guide considered Marais Park an emerald jewel of New Carnaval’s French Quarter. It didn’t have the size or scope of a botanical garden, but it made up for it in bleeding personality. Marais Park stood out on the stage, screaming ‘New Carnaval’ to the tourists; an old Antebellum-era bridge overlooking a lush pond, musicians playing their instruments with passion, cracked but beautiful water fountains and thick willow trees encircled by cobblestone paths. Surrounding the park were also historic landmarks like a vintage theater, a couple voodoo shops, a statue dedicated to the father of jazz, and a small hiking trail. Said hiking trail included an itty-bitty side tangent leading into a clearing hidden by dense thicket.

I idly waited on a bench looking at the hiking trail’s entrance, warily wondering if I’d been stood up. A few parkgoers wore the multi-color beads associated with Mardi Gras, while plenty of trumpeters or guitarists made the opportunity to claim a spot and play a festive piece reflective of the celebrations. One rowdy coyote with a deep Texan accent started arguing politics with his brother or cousin, only for one of their wives to chastise them about going to a restaurant reservation on time, but not before taking selfies in front of the trickling water fountain to my left.

No German shepherds in sight yet.

Glancing at my watch led to me heaving another sigh. It was getting hotter out, and I could already feel some sweat start forming under my pits. A soft breeze only did little to keep me from feeling hotter than a roast on an open fire. My ears perked each moment a random fur waltz down the cobblestone pathway or stopped to go down the hiking trail. None were him. I almost texted him when a large paw patted my shoulder.

My neck craned up to lock eyes with the greenest orbs that ever belonged to a canine. Dark chocolate and charcoal fur layered over a muscular yet friendly-imposed body underneath a thin blue t-shirt and denim jeans. If I hadn’t been smiling ear-to-ear at his arrival, I would’ve immediately asked how the hell he could even wear jeans to begin with out in the humid weather.

“Hello there, are you, uh,” he paused when a random jogger passed us by from the trail, and murmured, “…Eva White?”

Naturally, I couldn’t use my real name on OnlyFollowers. My parents would’ve had heart attacks had word ever gotten back to them of my line of work. At the same time, I needed something to be iconic and stand out from the other users. Doing research, I found the best name had to reflect my appearance. Then I had it: Eva White, after my first name being ‘Evangeline’ and my white fur being the most notable aspect of my lithe body. Well, aside from the teardrop tail above my entrance, of course.

“Sure am, honey.” I giggled at the German shepherd, standing up to shake his paw and looking over. Yeah, I couldn’t wait to peel his clothes off later. “I take it you’re Dylan Dominic. Hehe, why do you call yourself Triple Dee, anyway?”

Once again, the larger canine glanced around as if the FBI would appear from behind the bushes all around the garden. “Yeah, I am. Would you mind keeping it down though?”

I giggled again. “Sure thing.”

Without a beat, we went down the hiking trail and deep into the woodlands of Marais Park. During the jog, I couldn’t prevent myself from marveling at the canine’s taut rear end, the denim stretched over his muscular globes. Did they feel as strong as his biceps did?

When we made it to the isolated clearing, it didn’t take long for Triple Dee to turn around. I gazed down at the tent protruding in his jeans. Snickering at my reaction, he proceeded to unbuckle his belt and pull the jeans down.

“Whatcha think, Eva?” He asked, clearly proud of himself. “Yeah, it runs in the family.”

Beautiful. Eight inches long and as thick as a veiny soda can, complete with hefty balls filled to the brim with hot seed. He pulled his shirt over his head as I knelt on the warm grass to get a closer look, sniffing the hardening shaft pulsating against my thumb. Already, a bead of pre had formed at the tapered head, and I heard Dee whine for me to continue. Not before fishing out his phone though.

“You uh, don’t need to worry.” He panted, clearly anticipating for me to wrap my lips around that tender meet jutting upward in the warm air. “Got that app you asked of. It’ll filter your face.”

“Not the cock though?” I whispered lovingly, to him and said member.

“Nope. Not the co—ahhhhhh!”

My buck tooth narrowly scraped against his skin when I swallowed four inches. By the fifth inch though, I came under trouble. For the first time in recent memory, I couldn’t wrap my lips around an erection completely. I couldn’t fully go down on it. The cock was too big, too thick and bulging to fully go down as quickly past my mouth line. It couldn’t be forced. It needed to be slowly coaxed to down and my jaw delicately widened. The only thing I could do beyond lavishing along the length with my salivating, pierced tongue was kiss up and down it as Dee recorded everything.

“Don’t mind the piercing, sugar?”

“Mfh, n-no…oh fuck…”

In the meantime, Triple Dee using his free paw to hold my head down as my tongue and lips pulsated around the canine cock. His fingers writhed with his hips, tracing along my heated, blushing ears and accidentally yanking on one of the earrings on my left one. It caused me to forcefully pull back and gasp for air.

“Easy there!” I chastised him.

“Oh God, I am so sorry, Eva.”

“Ack…I’m fine.” Coughing out some saliva and pre, I breathed in some fresh oxygen and wiped my snout clean. “Wow, I think you’re a personal record for me, darling.”

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“Boy or girl, you’re beautiful.”

“Huh?” I raised an eyebrow once I finished inhaling the rest of the poppers. Our small break of reviewing the footage was almost over. “Boy or girl, you’re beautiful?”

“Yeah” he shrugged, already waiting for me with an index finger stroking his length, “what do you think of that as a title for our video?”

“Boy or Girl, You’re Beautiful…” I mused on it a bit with a paw on my chin. “Eh, it’d make more sense if I were genderfluid, but I’m not.” A small and a shrug was directed at the curious canine, “Still, it’s not bad. We can keep it if we think of a better title.”

“Fair enough.” He stifled a moan, then licked his lips at me. “So, where we’re we?”

“You we’re about to deflower this innocent Southern flower?” I flirted, winking at the taller fur. “I’m gonna lean against the tree there. Don’t rush in.”

He chuckled, “I wouldn’t rush this if it was a busy spot.”

Neither of us had to worry though. Any furs making their way into the clearing would be long-heard ahead of time, and the willow trees and dense thicket provided great cover.

Smirking lustfully back at the cocky shepherd, I unbuttoned my shorts and let my lingerie follow, leaning against said willow tree and latching on the bark. A bottle cap could be heard being opened, and I sighed at the sensation of cold jelly along my crack. A tingle went down my legs and up my tail, wiggling. Dee went about prying my hole open with his fingers, his other paw filming every second of it for us to each advertise. Minutes felt like an eternity.

Lube hadn’t been successful in helping me take Dee’s cock, so that credit had to go to the poppers. He easily pushed in without much fuss from me. The small sting I expected from him entering my slick depths was thin to nonexistent. The only thing that could be found was immense pleasure. The pleasure of feeling his tip spread my walls open, his balls slap against mine, his finger kneading into my pert end each time he thrust forward. I could hear him practically loll his tongue beside my hot folded ear as he leaned further in. Then Triple Dee remembered to lean back up and keep filming the shot of him fucking me.

“Oh, oh, oh, fuck…Oh!” He groaned in heated pants. It only got better when he started lightly smacking my ass with the free paw, eliciting a receptive yelp he then silenced by covering my lips. “Mfh, we got ourselves a loud one, here.”

I was lost. Wherever I found myself, it led to me feeling weightless against the German shepherd. I could only feel his pubic fur tickle against my clenching ring, Dee’s knot bounced against my bubble butt the same time his tip brushed along the sensitive walnut sending electric joy throughout my joints.

Not all of us had the luxury to spend the day touring historical sites, gawk at the vintage shops downtown, or down a sip of Bloody Mary, but I was glad to just do something exotic for money without prostituting myself. Now, the debate on whether the pornography industry could be compared to prostitution was a whole different story. The fact I had an easygoing, fellow entrepreneur helping me out really made things much better.

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“I got a good name idea,” I spoke up by the time we waltzed out of the hiking trail and past the decorative fountain. “How goes ‘Fem Fairy in the Forest’ sound?”

“Hmmm, I dunno.” He said to me, “I heard it’s iffy to put alliteration in titles.”

Music traveled from the edge of the French Quarter all the way down the cobblestone paths we walked along. It seemed the carnival season already found itself in full swing, with furs dancing or waiting for the parade to pass by Marais Park. I could spot a crowd already lined up along the cleared street.

“Well then,” I proposed to Triple Dee, “wanna discuss it over some dinner? I know this dinner place not far that’s not as busy during Mardi Gras. Serves fine jambalaya to die for…”

Dee’s tail wagged against the ground behind us, picking up some leaves.

“Sounds like a plan, Eva.” He agreed, wrapping an arm around mine. “Lead the way?”

“Sure thing, Dee.” I beamed while guiding us to the restaurant. “Oh, and you can call me ‘Evan’, sugar.” I batted my eyelashes at him. “If you want to, of course.”

The large canine flashes his fangs down at me, still wagging that tail of his like a broom.

“Then you can call me Dylan, sugar.” He imitated my Southern accent in kind. I giggled.

It was going to be a fun, fun night for us. At dinner and especially at our places. We could edit our footage, then post it, or perhaps create more together.