Finally, Madam Ella nitpicked the rest based on their sex sounds, stamina and enthusiasm, before gaining our eight candidates for Operation Huxley.

 Blaine Dermot: Private First Class, 6’ 4”, aged twenty-one. This mustang chose to stroke his impressive length to straight porn involving his breed and smaller species. His favorite video involved a male stallion and some slutty Catholic schoolvixen being ‘punished’ on his lap for missing Mass. Although immature and very verbal, his deep, baritone moans—as well as his clocked time of forty-three minutes and two seconds—earned him a spot.

 Björn Ghram: Army Specialist, 6’ 6”, aged thirty-nine. From what I knew, he and his family emigrated from Eastern Europe to the Western Republic due to rising nationalism, and the grizzly bear used to be in the military. Despite restarting as private, the grizzly had talent and was quickly rising in rank. Anyway, he went for gay porn almost immediately, stroking his thickly brown ursine cock to videos involving smaller canines and dominant bears. He clocked at fifty-one minutes. And shot far as well, almost hitting the ceiling.

 Laurie Ross: Warrant Officer, 5’ 10”, aged twenty. The female cougar gladly started rubbing her crotch the moment she finished reading her instructions, interchanging between straight and gay porn to watch. Her purrs and moaning growls helped earn her points from Madam Ella, though her time of twenty-three minutes and forty-eight seconds barely saved her for consideration. To be fair though, everyone here was pent-up.

 Goodspeed Beiler: Air Force Captain, 5’ 11”, aged thirty-five. The border collie sure had a wild sexual appetite. Me and the Madam couldn’t believe how fast he masturbated to various fetishes on-screen. He clocked out at a decent forty-nine minutes and five seconds, but I think he ran through almost all the videos loaded on the TV. His fondness for male/male/female threesomes was duly noted, particularly with having a cock in each hole of hers.

 Ash Cinder: Corporal, 5’ 11”, aged twenty-four. The fit coywolf went for the gay porn like a man dying of thirst in a desert, stroking and fingering himself with perverted abandon while drinking in all the videos that involved older bears, tigers, lions, etc. Seeing his spit-drenched index fingers go in and out of that pucker made my tail curl with delight. The fact that his time clocked out at an hour and fifteen minutes definitely earned him a position.

 No pun intended.

 Vincent de la Rosa: Private, 5’ 6”, aged nineteen. Despite his stature, the raccoon had a stamina that rivaled Corporal Cinder’s. One hour and thirty-six seconds, but this time to straight porn. Interestingly, it was vanilla and involved two raccoons just making slow love on a bed. No kinks, no verbal or role play. It made me wonder what the private would consider quirky.

 Carrie Lavern: Private, 5’ 10”, aged nineteen. She nearly walked out when entering the room but ended up staying. Like Warrant Officer Ross, the vixen loved switching between straight and gay porn, but preferred to stay in the canine category for who was in the video. Her moaning huffs and ability to be vocal definitely got the Madam’s attention, and her whines even made my member tingle slightly. I wondered if she had a brother. Her time for masturbating to orgasm clocked out to thirty-nine minutes and fifty-two seconds.

 The last one surprised me the most.

 Parker Sullivan: Private First Class, 5’ 7”, aged nineteen. When the tree squirrel walked into the room and read the instructions, he seemed more lost than a discharged veteran. Then his expression became addictive lust before he finally got to work minutes later. While stroking himself, Sullivan specifically searched for videos with a dominant canine and a submissive squirrel, then fingered himself and moaned to a decently prolonged climax of forty-two minutes and twenty-two seconds. Apparently, Sleeping Beauty played for the other team too.

 After reviewing the candidates, I radioed in for all eight candidates to report to a boardroom inside Hangar One at Burns Field Airport for a debriefing the next morning. Sure, they had to walk through the intense heat and were sweaty as hell, some of them pushing each other away to get to the water bubbler inside, but I think they’d find it all worth it.

 Everyone stood at attention the moment me, Madam Ella—wearing a nice grey sheath dress—and her mousy assistant walked inside.

 “At ease, soldiers. Take a seat.” They did so, but not without hurriedly grabbing a cup of water. “Now, what I’m about to tell you is classified, and *does not* leave this room. You’re probably wondering what the tests we’ve been conducting at the hotel are for, so let me explain to you the details of Operation Huxley.”

 A few of them murmured to each other before my expression silenced them.

 “As we speak, there are twelve different Lockheed military drones in outposts along the Disputed Zone. One is parked in the hangar to your left,” I pointed out the window to said hangar. “Each of ‘em is specially outfitted to parachute an auditory device some of our boys have been building in Silicon Valley. Think of it as a weather-proof, bulletproof boombox that can emit approximately 100 decibels with a range of almost two miles. Frankly, it’s something any popstar would beg to have in their front yard.

 “Speaking of front yards, that’s exactly where they’re gonna be deployed: out there, in the Disputed Zone for the enemy to find. I can’t discuss where it will be found, but…let’s just say the D.S.A. colonels over in the Casper Outpost will have trouble sleeping this week. Yes, what’s your question, Warrant Officer Ross?”

 Lowering her paw, the cougar nervously cleared her throat.

 “What’ll these…‘boomboxes’, be playing exactly?” she asked, then perked her ears up with a half-devilish cat grin. “Will it be something dirty?”

 “Hehe, please tell me it’ll be porn,” begged Private Goodspeed.

 “Or propaganda,” commented Private Rosa.

 “Didn’t we once do that in the past?” Corporal Cinder pointed out. “Not that I’m saying porn wouldn’t be a nice way to fuck with those Devout soldiers, but I once saw a news clip that talked about it like…five or six years ago?”

 I sighed in agreement. “Four Corners Outpost and Yellowstone Base did a similar form of psychological warfare back in 2012, broadcasting porn on loudspeakers a mere few miles away from the DSA’s border. Then…” a growl nearly escaped my throat, “Then the Devout States government retaliated by allegedly sending a message. They utilized technology to identify the pornographic actors involved based on their voices alone. In the end, a car bomb meant for one of the volunteered porn stars…it killed her parents.”

 “That’s fucked up,” Cinder commented.

 “You said it.” Grizz grumbled beside him.

 “Which is why the military is utilizing a different tactic this time,” Madam Ella spoke up. “My stars are willing to do many things for their jobs but risking assassination isn’t one of them. As soldiers of the Western Republic, you’re already putting your lives on the line to defend and protect this country, which is why you’ll be providing our audio…by having sex with my escorts while we record you.”

 Like that, everyone’s eyes transformed into white, flabbergasted dinner plates. They turned their muzzle to and from the others seated, half of them in slight disgust and the other half in hopeful awe. That mainly come from Cinder, Grizz and Sullivan, with even my subconscious wishing it were the complete case.

 “Oh my God…” Goodspeed muttered.

 “Are you serious, lady?” Private Dermot gawked at her. “What? We’re going to be your porn stars or something?”

 “That’s ‘madam’ to you, jarhead!” She bristled in annoyance. “And I am serious about business, especially with our military. I’ll let the Sarge here explain the rest.”

 “Thank you, madam.” I glared at the private, who shriveled right back into his seat despite his immense size. “Now before any of you ask: no, you’re not going to have sex with each other, not unless you want to. Your partners are some of Madam Ella’s escorts who have already volunteered themselves for Operation Huxley, and they’ve all been chosen based on your, uh…preferences, provided their identities aren’t told to you and their voices aren’t credited.”

 “Sir,” Private Lavern raised her paw, “permission to ask you a question?”

 I replied, “You do.”

 “I uh,” the vixen nervously lowered her ears, “…I can’t do this mission, sir.”

 Everyone in the room, exclusively Private Sullivan beside her, looked at her with confusion. “What’re you doing, Carrie?” the squirrel whispered to her. “I thought you wanted to do a mission together—”

 “Sullivan. Let her speak.” The private sheepishly sat back as I continued giving Lavern a serious look. “Private, would you care to explain why you are refusing this mission?”

 “Well,” the vixen cleared her throat, “it’s just that…I’m waiting for marriage, and even though I’m…open to sexual release, I believe in celibacy until the honeymoon. See, I’m a Mormon, and my parents would kill me if they learned I—”

 “Say no more, Private.” I offered her an understanding smile. “I mentioned before this was a voluntary mission, and if this makes you uncomfortable, you’re permitted to not participate if it goes against your religious beliefs.” My expression then suddenly became sharpened. “However, I’m serious that what you were told *does not* leave this room, and you will be expected to sign a non-disclosure form. Should you knowingly or unknowingly leak any details about what was discussed, and you will never hold a military rank again. Do I make myself clear, Private Lavern?”

 The fox’s tail, though intimidated at first, wagged sorely behind her. “Yes, sir.”

 “Good,” I nodded. “You’re dismissed then.”

 The vixen gathered her uniform coat and murmured something to Sullivan, then exited out the door with an aide of ours in tow.

 “Is there anybody else who wishes to eject now?” Silence befell the room as I grinned like a lottery winner. “No? Every one of you here are to report back to this building at 0800 hours, and we’ll get started. See you tomorrow, maggots!”

 As they were dismissed back to the barracks, I couldn’t help but feel anticipation for the next day. It was the kind of anticipation I hadn’t felt since the moments I first discovered the Internet had other uses for teenage boys.