For once, I was glad I didn’t jerk off in the morning. I’d end up thanking myself later.

Up at Burns Field, Operation Huxley commenced. We discreetly outfitted an airport interrogation room into a makeshift porn studio, complete with a recording booth, microphone sets surrounding a king-sized bed and a table for snacks, lube, dildos and condoms. As I gazed through the two-way mirror and found myself wondering if the set would be available for use afterward, Madam Ella handed me a glass of brandy to calm me. Of course, I didn’t know it was brandy until I sipped and spat it out.

“F-Fuck, really? I gagged at the burning sensation on my canine tongue. “Why are you drinking this early?”

“Oh hush, Sarge, the day is young…” the husky chuckled before refilling the glass up again. How could she stay sober? “Now let’s bring the first lad in.”

Coughing still, I clicked at my radio. “Send Ross and…”

“Jeremy,” she reminded me.

“—Jeremy in.”

We sat down on separate chairs and watched two figures slowly enter the furnished room, a uniformed cougar and a handsome, slim hyena wearing a bathrobe. He seemed confident while the warrant officer nervously flicked her tail at the floor when her focus fell on the bed.

“You may begin when you’re ready.” Madam Ella pushed her finger on a nearby button. “And remember, don’t say names, or my editors might have to do overtime cutting the audio out.” The husky let it go, then flipped a switch. “Action!”

It felt weird witnessing it, even if straight coupling never interested me. Sure, they were all-too aware somebody was watching them in the act, but the mountain lioness gained initiative and had Jeremy pleasure her down there after disrobing. While this hyena was leaning down and lapping at her folds, their high moans and grunts being recorded, I couldn’t help but look at his wonderful ass jiggling. Or his tail as it wagged mid-fuck, his balls plump and cock straining upward between his legs.

It was difficult though finding a raccoon like Private de la Rosa, but he settled on a female squirrel that helped us get twenty minutes of decent audio. You know, for straight sex.

Private Dermot got his schoolvixen fetish, complete with a Catholic uniform, a ruler and rosary to defile, but we forbad them from doing verbal roleplay. It didn’t stop the mustang from eagerly undressing the ‘naughty girl’, who herself seemed as excited to take his long shaft. I didn’t know if it were real or a service requirement in the job description as an escort to be engaged in the line of work, but a twang of jealousy steadily rose in my gut.

Particularly when Corporal Cinder and Specialist Ghram requested they pair up. Those two secretly talked back in Evanston and wanted to do this assignment together. Literally. In the end, the mission did require seven to eight different audio recordings, so I allowed it. But now…

*Fuck, I regret it.*

After walking inside together, Ghram and Cinder locked their lips and shredded each other’s clothing in a matter of seconds. The frisky coywolf, in spite of his smaller size, managed to pull the bear onto the bed and push him onto his large back, then eagerly lap his tongue at Ghram’s swelling manhood. The grizzly growled and moaned loud enough to echo through the two-way mirror. The beautiful, sexy sight of Cinder’s lips wrapping around the thick head, licking and kissing the shaft like it was the most delicious hunk of meat on the planet, caused me to instantly harden.

Madam Ella didn’t comment, but I didn’t care. The luscious sight of Corporal Cinder’s bare ass hanging off the bed—and seeing his head bob up and down that impressive dark length—hypnotized me. I could stare at that tight tailhole for hours on end. The thought of barging in there and mounting the coywolf nearly made my nose bleed. I felt like a virgin again, unable to participate in a ritual I only saw on the other side of a glass barrier.

Unfortunate though, since Ghram got to test-ride him next, and I watched it all. I didn’t look away when the grizzly bear motioned for Cinder to turn his body around to face the window, then grab his tail up and snatch a bottle of lube off the table. True to their orders, they didn’t speak, but only moan when Ghram’s lube-drenched fingers stretched his insides.

I couldn’t see from my position, so I tried to imagine how tight his canine sphincter really felt like. The last time my cock stretched another male’s hole, it was when I took a Labrador cadet’s virginity the day before they shipped me to the Disputed Zone. The handsome lad wanted to celebrate his nineteenth birthday somehow, and now he’d currently be approaching twenty-five or so. The memory, plus seeing Cinder’s eyes roll back in unison with Ghram’s first thrust of his cock, sent a jolt of ecstasy up my tail.

Pinning the coywolf down, Ghram didn’t hold back. He grabbed the smaller canine’s shoulders, pushed him on the oversized bed and bred him hard. I saw that glint in the bear’s eyes as he dominated the corporal, as well as the blissfully glazed stare Cinder directed at us (if he could see us). There was no going back for either of them. They found heaven.

Sounds of slapping body parts, squishing grunts, wet moans and sweaty gasps were all recorded until the grizzly bear eventually started to rasp harder. He visibly snarled his teeth and pounded into Corporal Cinder like a train piston, teasing his pert nipples and raising their own voices into a crescendo of moans. Before anyone could object, Ghram clamped down onto Cinder’s right shoulder, causing the coywolf to cry out in what sounded like a potent mixture of pleasure and pain.

“You did an excellent job, men,” I lectured them later through the speakers, “but you scared us back there, Ghram. We thought you really hurt him.”

“I told you, Sergeant, I’m okay,” he chuckled, wincing slightly at his rump. Cinder raised a paw to the bandage on his shoulder. “It’s just a nip.”

“Apologies, Sergeant,” Ghram bowed his head. “I was lost in the moment, and did not have control over my actions. I apologize to you too, Specialist—”

“Don’t be, big guy!” the coywolf laughed and eagerly wrapped an arm around the larger predator. “It was amazing! Probably the greatest sex I ever had! And please, call me Ash. All my friends do.”

“Thank you, Spec—Ash.”

“If you two lovebirds are done flirting,” I spoke up, half-annoyed and half-horny, “we have two more audio recordings to go, and we don’t have all day. Both of you grab your clothes and go to the lockers to get dressed, then report to your posts. You did well.”

“Sir yes, sir!” they hurriedly grabbed a customary bathrobe and exited out.

Leaning back, I almost adjusted my erection in my pants.

“I’ll admit, they are cute together.” Madam Ella commented beside me, taking another sip of her drink. “Shall we take a break, Sarge? I can order us some lunch while you go into a bathroom and jerk off.”

I sighed. “Sure…”

An hour and a quick sheet change later, Captain Beiler had his turn. The horndog’s dream came true in the form of a sultry doe named Lana being spit-roasted by him and a male white-furred wolf named Robby. Admittedly, seeing the border collie and another canine go at it with a woman in the middle was nice. The wolf was twinkish and had a nice, round butt that wiggled when he walked around to mount her, but I still felt jealous of them getting action instead of me. It didn’t help that Beiler was very verbal when it came to sex.

“Mfh, yesh, fuck yes! That’s a good girl! That’s a nice, slutty slut.” Madam Ella once again flashed the signal telling him to shut up, but he didn’t bother looking up. “Mfh, oh yes!”

In the end, we only had a portion of the audio left uncut, something that the madam continued to remind me as we waited for Private Sullivan’s partner to arrive. “I wouldn’t let him be my caterer, let alone a porn star!” she fumed. “Seriously, how does he get into the Air Force when he can’t even follow procedure?”

“Trust me, I’ll discuss this later with his supervisor,” I groaned, “but we got what we needed, right?” I turned my radio on. “Send in Sullivan until uh—”

“Landon,” she reminded.

“Yes, Landon finally shows up.”

The squirrel waltzed into the room shortly, eyes darting at the mirror and the bed before he nervously sat down. It seemed like the Private didn’t know whether or not it was appropriate to relax in such a setting.

“Hello?” Madam Ella suddenly answered her phone. “Kendra, you find and tell Landon right now that…what? Are you sure he’s…Oh? Oh, okay. Thanks for telling me. Tell him I’m not mad, alright? No. No, he’s not fired. No, he’s not going to have his pay docked, but I do want to have a talk with him about communication. Yeah, thanks for informing me. Bye.” The husky hung up, and sighed. “Landon isn’t coming.”

My tail twitched, annoyed. “Let me guess: he chickened out?”

“If by ‘chicken out’, he didn’t want to risk a Devout car bomb, then yes.”

“What do we do then?” I asked her and myself.

“Well,” she brainstormed for a singular moment, “I could try and get another of my more dominant boys up here for the little guy, but it could take a couple hours. Hmm, let’s see…”

As the minutes rolled on by, with the madam checking her watch and me staring into space, Sullivan somehow decided to take his shirt off. As far as lanky critters went, I couldn’t help but discreetly admire the private for having toned shoulders and a fluffy chest. His chestfur alone made me wonder how sensitive those nipples were, and here he was, thinking a handsome boy was going to fuck him into a climax worthy of the Cinderella Club.

Normally, fraternization between soldiers of higher ranks was frowned upon.

*Fuck it*, I concluded. *It’s not like I won’t have an excuse for it.*

“Madam Ella?” I spoke up to the husky, “Excuse me. I’m volunteering.”