At first, I had my doubts. The message only appeared in my OnlyFollowers inbox minutes after I posted a new video, and given my line of work, I needed to be careful about being taken advantage of. I’d read enough horror stories from retired or veteran porn stars to know plenty of obsessed fans would do anything.

Luckily, a quick search of the sender’s name disproved any doubts. The representative, named Cameron, had been watching me for some time. Specifically, they’d been watching ‘Eva LeBlanc’ on OnlyFollowers and thought I’d be a perfect participant in a day-long livestream happening at an upscale apartment all the way up North in Minnesota. In the Gemini Cities, or West Gemini, to be exact.

See, Prey-Cum Studios had an annual tradition going on since its founding in 2007. As a slight middle finger to his traditional Chinese parents after they disowned him, the gay porn studio’s then-CEO decided to create his own way in celebrating Chinese New Year. On the day of the new moon starting after January 21st each year, the handsome dragon had his studio host an exclusive live-streaming event starring actors themed after that year’s lunar animal. 2008 hosted an orgy for rat and mice porn stars, 2009 hosted an orgy starring bull actors, 2010 for tigers, and so on. Well, 2023 happened to be the Year of the Rabbit.

The studio representative promised to pay for mostly everything, from hotel accommodations to food, water, medical testing, transportation between my room and the set, as well as both flights. What they couldn’t pay for was what I spent outside the studio itself. How can I honestly say no?

My fans on OnlyFollowers went insane to hear me participating in Prey-Cum Studios’ annual Orgy New Year live-streaming event. A minority were concerned about how I would handle it given my rookie status, but most were ecstatic to see me go beyond private hookups and public cruising. Quite a few even congratulated me. So, I spend the first half of January getting ready for the trip.

When my flight touched down in the frosty airport, I only felt overwhelmed by how fucking cold it suddenly got. My entire life had been spent growing up in the Louisiana boonies. The Southern Cajun blood coursing under my ashen bunny fur had never felt the bitter cold of temperatures below forty degrees Fahrenheit, let alone -5 with a -8 windchill. It really made me regret not buying a bulkier coat for myself when I stepped out of the terminal and hailed for a cab.

My hotel room certainly made up for the ungodly freezing temperatures, but that luxury pad was only a walk-in closet compared to the massive apartment complex I went to early the next morning. Having learned my lesson, I only packed my risqué clothing in a backpack and was driven there only in a long-sleeved sweater and denim jeans, looking more like a tired college student than an emerging porn actor. When I went to the top floor and knocked on the entrance door, I showed my ID to an uninterested bouncer and was invited into what could only be described as a millionaire’s penthouse. Massive corridors, well-furnished rooms, incredibly decorated kitchen filled with free snacks and food, plus A spectacular view of the Gemini Cities and Minnesota and Wisconsin’s tundra-like landscape on each side of the Mississippi River. The apartment felt more like a modern ice palace from a fairytale.

The other male actors had gathered in the outfitted living room. I recognized quite a few, like a slender, toffee-furred hare with a friendly disposition for joy enough called ‘Toffee’ on his OnlyFollowers, plus a forty-something batch of veteran muscle gay pornography historians knew as Augustus Hasemann, aka Herr Barron. He flew all the way from Berlin just a few days prior but was too outgoing and laid-back to have me feel intimidated by his large presence. It was his deep German accent though that left my knees trembling with each conversation. Other notable faces and asses were Robbie Rutt, Henry Hancock, Kyell Bronze, Jazz Valentine, and one very androgynous, very diva hare named Lucas Luscious. Even after he apologized for getting my pronouns wrong three times, I didn’t like his attitude. However, I still had to acknowledge why he had been invited.

The rest were all newcomers like me who were nevertheless welcoming and nice to have pleasantries with before the livestream started.

Twelve rabbits, twelve asses, twelve cocks, twelve pairs of balls, several dozen bottles of lube, and twelve pairs of cameras surrounding the cushioned living room for all to see at $12.69/hour. Safe to say, my expectations were blown completely away. Literally and figuratively.

Over the course of five to six hours, I think I went through another sexual awakening. I was used and abused and all the very best ways. With all eleven other participants, I spent the better part of a whole day being consensually fucked, sucked, jerked, spit-roasted, rimmed, butt-slapped, groped, molested, then facialed all over. I was there to witness the older, muscled Herr Barron pop the cherries of all my costars, including me. I was already moaning out ‘Daddy’ before the hulking rabbit filled me up after a rough joyride on his cock. Another memorable thing happened when the other eleven participants decided to knock Lucas Luscious off his snobbish superiority complex, and we each roughly fucked a load out of him. He halfheartedly pretended not to be into it, but after giving each costar a wink as he played up the childish resisting, Lucas’ moans practically echoed all over the penthouse. Everyone else had fun with each other while waiting their turn on the diva rabbit, but I especially enjoyed my time with him. The guy was often a traditional top in his movies, but he only bottom for events like this, so I didn’t wait. I held him against the soft carpeting and stared mischievously into his eyes as I thrust inside him with an effortless push. He squealed beneath me, pulled me into a lustful kiss, and huskily begged me to fuck him harder. Whether or not he played it up for the audience watching, I could care less.

The biggest difference between an orgy and one-on-one fucking came down to variety. Two guys having sex could only do so much at once with their respective partner. The top had the sexual choice between playing with either the bottom’s ears, back or tailhole during a blowjob, depending on body type or tastes. When fucking doggystyle, the top could either kiss his partner’s neck, rub his nipples, or stroke the bottom’s cock as he fucked him. During an orgy however, anything could go. I went on to personally learned that one non-binary Cajun bunny like myself had the ability to do so much in a single position. I found myself getting fucked by Herr Barron (again) on my back, my hind paws rubbing at the neglected cocks of two other rabbits using their noses in tongues to worship our German costar’s upper body as he fucked me. Meanwhile, my head hung back to focus on Toffee’s mocha-colored cock pushing past my soft lips, all as I jacked off Robbie Rutt and Kyell Bronze as they heavily made out above my throbbing cock and heavily breathing chest. I came twice during all of that, but overall? Five! I lost count of how many loads gulped down though.

Once the livestream ended, every single one of us felt sore and thirsty and tired all over. I am legs felt like spaghetti. Some of us barely even possessed enough strength to move a muscle and required time to catch our breaths. Twenty or so minutes of lying on the ground later, everybody else started to clean themselves up in the penthouse’s multiple bathrooms, among them me. In fact, helping wash some of my fellow costars was almost just as fun as the sex. Of course, we were chaffing and too tired to do anything else but chat, yet nothing compared to having other arms scrub the sweat, cum, and grime from your fur. Another person’s fingers can go places you can’t even reach on your own, after all.

“Hey Eva, me and several of the guys are thinking of going out for breakfast at this restaurant near the airport. Wanna join us?”

“Sure thing! And please, call me Evan.”

Spectacular sex and an outing to a Minnesota restaurant? Happy Chinese New Year to me!