Something about New Carnaval spoke to me. Much of it not only had to do with the French culture descended all the way from the era of the Bourbons, but the overall party atmosphere almost reminiscent of Paris in some regards. A unique African blend of culture was apparent too, mostly in the food (Holy crap, did the jambalaya taste amazing!) while Franco architecture dominated the downtown buildings. It felt like walking through a pleasant mixture of French Gothic and Venetian aesthetic.

Truth was, I’d been looking forward to Louisiana for some time. Not only because its most famous city was a place I desperately wanted to visit, but because one of its residents was a Cajun bunny whom I’d been supporting on OnlyFollowers. A handsomely feminine, non-binary rabbit who called themselves ‘Eva’. After recovering from my eventful few days in Texas, as well as being a very willing bottom bitch for Carl and his harem bois, I would feel good to go back to basics.

Months prior to arriving in Louisiana, I’d already informed Evangeline ‘Eva’ LeBlanc about my plans in doing a cross-country road trip to each U.S. state. We had already been trading flirtatious banter and a few exclusive photographs and videos because I paid a large tier on their profile, but Eva did find the idea of bringing me along as a guest on one of their livestreams…very, very intriguing. I didn’t have any problem showing my face to cameras, but I did ask that they only referred to me by my first name. While unapologetic about my sexuality, I didn’t need colleagues or freelance clients to find NSFW videos of me.

“I hope you’re excited as I am for tonight, y’all!” Eva spoke in an exotic rural Louisianan accent. Together, we both sat completely naked on their master bed as a tripod camera faced us. “The handsome gentleman to my left is named Sebastian. He’s a longtime fan who’s been with me since the beginning.”

“That’s right, Eva,” I utilized my Greco-German charm while addressing the webcam facing us. “I’ve been a loyal fan on their account for some time now, and I thought we’d have some fun while I’m here on business in New Carnaval.”

Eva clapped their multicolored paws together and beamed. “And boy, have we got a treat for everybody this evening.”

Believe it or not, this wasn’t the first time I’d also been naked in front of a video camera. Years before websites like PornCenter or YiffHub became mainstream accessible, I once formed a short romantic relationship with an active gay porn star. He and I met through a mutual friend, and I helped fluff for and sometimes even saw in some of the ferret’s videos. Eventually though he needed to retire due to a tragedy in the family. Combined with us not being able to see each other as much and my own then-ongoing financial problems caused by the Great Recession in 2008, we broke up amicably. I believed he no longer worked in the porn industry, but somewhere on the Internet were discounted DVDs of his works where I appeared.

Anyway, being in front of digital cameras did make me feel nostalgic. It made me feel slightly self-conscious too, considering I wasn’t in my late twenties anymore. However, I still had enough of my prime inside me not to worry. There were more than enough Twinks out there to vouch for my sexual prowess.

Together, Eva and I explained the small game we came up with for the livestreaming audience watching. It was simple really. For every $100 that can be raised, Eva would be given an inch of my dick. Simple enough, but once the amount raised went beyond $900, that was when I would begin to fuck the androgynous Cajun rabbit.

“Are you sure my audience will be generous tonight?” I remembered hearing Eva ask me during dinner, before the livestream commenced. “Some don’t bother to donate at all unless they’re paying me on OnlyFollowers.”

“Trust me, they’ll be paying that much tonight.”

“Why?” They grinned teasingly. “Because I got a handsome hybrid daddy to fuck me?”

“No,” I crooned in the same teasing manner. “Because this handsome hybrid daddy informed his other daddy friends that they’ll get to see him on your livestream.”

True enough, it didn’t take long to reach the first goal.

When the first $100 appeared within four or five minutes, we already got prepared. I traded kisses with the delicate rabbit as they applied copious amounts of lubrication under that adorable tale of theirs. When I snaked my tongue out of Eva’s drooling mouth, they blushed brightly under that pristine white fur, but didn’t wait any longer. They had me lay down on my back and straddled my stomach, shifting backwards until my equally slick dogcock tapped his compact rear end.

“Ready, Eva?”

“Hehe,” they giggled. “The real question is: Are you, sugar?”

The Cajun bunny cupped my pecs as they lowered themselves an inch down on my positioned dick. They pushed down and I pressed upward until the tapered tip finally spread the tight ring open. Gasps and delighted groans erupted from our wet lips. Their soft fingers kneaded my sensitive nipples and the surrounding compactness of my pectoral muscles.

Meanwhile, my fingers dug into those feminine hips, caressing their backside as one paw played with Eva’s teardrop-shaped cottontail and my other paw playfully slapped their right butt cheek. It produced a wiggle from those same hips, which then descended upon my shaft once we noticed the counter reached $213.56.

$300 and another inch down. My balls swelled in pent-up anticipation, and so did Eva’s.

$500 and two inches down. It was no longer just the tip inside the bunny.

Six-hundred, seven-hundred, eight hundred, followed suddenly by $1005.25. No sooner did both me and Eva Bulger eyes at the digits on the nearby computer screen off-camera did we exchange a lecherous, excitable grin. Without missing a single beat, Eva turned to give a big wink to the camera, to their devoted audience, then arched their back as I grabbed each shoulder and switch our positions without removing my cock from between their legs. I did pull back slightly for a moment, allowing Eva to readjust their ankles around my broad sides, then heard them squeak as I bucked back in. The braying moan that chorused past the rabbit’s whiskers sounded like the singing voice of an angel, their ruby-colored eyes reflecting back tears. Out of concern, I almost slowed down my piston movements, until I heard the magical word: harder!

Harder, I went. By the time that the livestream ended, they were going to have trouble sitting down properly for a week. Maybe two, if they felt like going for a second round afterward.

Eva tried their best not to cum too early. Yet I felt the warm evidence spurt all over my sweating chest and flexing stomach has their cock emptied from too much pleasure. I reveled in how tightly they clinched on my Doberdane dick, squeezing on it like a hard vice as I thrust inside again, then again, completely forgetting the existence of the video camera. All I was focused on were Eva’s sugary lips as they pulled me down for a kiss, which then muffled my own cries as I came buckets inside the dainty, delightfully exhausted Cajun bunny.

In the end we raised a total of $2,163.69. The best part? Rather than pocket the money like some Internet sex stars would likely do, Eva planned to donate it all to a local LGBTQA+ charity within the New Carnaval metropolitan area. Ever since he started the tradition of doing that once every few months or so, I knew I needed to help in some way.

“Care to do this again in the future, Sebastian?” They asked once the camera turned off. “I would be more than happy to invite you into the next big event.”

Panting again for breath I coyly replied, “You know it, Eva.”

In return, they smiled brightly.

“Please, call me Evan. If you’re up for it, we can take a shower together and then we could possibly go out to do something fun? I know this little neat joint near the French quarter that has amazing jambalaya and plays some Dixie jazz.”

My tail wagged at the thought of a wondrous evening. “You had me at jambalaya!” I proclaimed and laughed with them. “I would love to, Evan.”