

Section 1: Intro (word count: 774)

Scene	Text	Imagery and SFX	Technical Notes
1-1	The first thing you hear are the birds chirping softly outside of your window. With your eyes still closed, you roll over, curling up extra tight under your bed sheets. You yawn. Just five more minutes...just get five more minutes of sleep...	Black screen SFX—birds chirping in the background	
1-2	Nope, your bladder feels like it's going to explode. You've got to piss like a racehorse. Grumbling to yourself, you crack your eyes open, trying to see through the blinding morning light streaming in through the gaps in your blinds, and you reluctantly crawl out of bed before stumbling, bleary-eyed and groggy, to your bathroom.	Scene: Bedroom	
1-3	You flick on the bathroom light switch and wince in the harsh glare, then stand over the toilet. Your mind still cloudy with sleep, you fumble to fish your semi-erect morning wood out of your underwear, but manage to get it out not a moment too soon—the stream hits the bowl before splashing into the water, and you lean your head back and sigh in blissful relief. While evacuating everything you drank last night (jeez, how much did you have?), you think back on your evening at the bar. Your friend Felix had been celebrating finally completing his degree program—six years later, and he had his diploma in hand at last. It was a big achievement for him, which of course meant a big party with you and everyone else in your social circle. Fortunately, you could feel that today's hangover wouldn't be enough to put you	Scene: Bathroom	

	completely out of commission for the day, but you knew that you were right to schedule a “personal day” off from work, even if your manager said he and the team needed you for that big project. After last night, you just weren’t in the mood to go into the office bright and early this morning. Speaking of this morning, what time even was it? While still letting the firehose of piss fly into the toilet, you yawn again as you flick your wrist up to your face to check your smart watch—the LCD reads 9:17 AM. Damn; even though you’d spent last night drinking and having fun, you hadn’t meant to sleep this late in the day. Still, there was time for at least a couple enjoyable activities on your day off...but what? You turn the matter over in your mind as you finish and flush the toilet.		
1-4	When you step in front of the sink to wash your hands, you catch sight of yourself in the mirror: a jaguar with golden eyes stares back at you. At 5’10”, you’re on the stocky side with a little extra meat on your bones, and your firm stomach just barely juts out over the waistband of your briefs. You can see that your whiskers are drooping a little, and there are puffy bags under your eyes—you squeeze your eyes shut, trying to will yourself awake, but you can tell that you’re definitely going to need coffee soon.	Scene: Bathroom Sprite: PC leaning over to wash his hands, wearing his briefs, tired expression on his face, and looking at the viewer as if he’s looking in the mirror	
1-5	When you return to your bedroom, you flop facedown onto your mattress, burying your face into your sheets in an attempt to doze...but sleep doesn’t come. You sigh, then stretch, growling and groaning loudly as you extend your arms, legs, and back to the limit, as if you’re trying to push out of your own skin, before you finally relax again and turn over on your back. Fine, if you’re not going to	Scene: Bedroom	

	sleep the rest of the morning, then you might as well find another fun way to spend your day off.		
1-6	You pluck your phone from your bedside table and stare at the screen for a moment, considering your options. You could kill some time by surfing the net...you're feeling a little frisky in the morning, after all. Or you could actually get out of bed and hit that hiking trail you'd been wanting to do once the weather turned nice. Speaking of outdoor activities, you could go to the botanical gardens; your friend Vince works there, and there's an upcoming exhibit he's been putting together. Plus, it'd be great to catch up with him. Or you could text Felix to see if he and a few other friends are feeling up to doing brunch. Then again, there's also that text from Master Bruno—it's been a while since you had any play time with him, and he always knows how to push your buttons. At the very least, just getting out of your apartment would probably be good—grab some coffee and think more about what to do on the go. Who says you need a plan right now?	Scene: Bedroom Show: Phone screen	
1-7	You sigh and rub your face thoughtfully—what are you going to do today?	Scene: Bedroom Show: Phone screen OST: What are you going to do today? Button options: Stay in bed and surf the net Go hiking Hit the botanical gardens Text Felix about brunch Get back to Master Bruno	Button option destinations: Stay in bed and surf the net—go to A-1

		Just get out and about	
Section A: Stay in Bed and Surf the Net (Ending: Lazy Day) (word count: 2,504)			
A-1	As you were considering your options, your morning wood had been stiffening more and more in your briefs—as it started to push against the fabric, your mind began drifting to that particular horny corner it often inhabits in the mornings you wake up with a tent in your crotch...which is most mornings. You grin; it's your day off, and you don't really have anywhere else you have to be, so why not take some time to treat yourself?	Scene: Bedroom Show: Phone screen	
A-2	You settle further into your bed and sink one hand into your underwear, pushing under your waistband and resting your palm around the base of your cock that's now risen to full mast on its own. Still holding your phone with your other hand, you tap on the web browser and navigate to your bookmarks, where you open a favorite link. While the SmutHub video loads on your phone's screen, you grasp your shaft in anticipation, and it throbs automatically in your grip. The video starts to play, showing a scene of two wolves—both of them have similar fur patterns, although one of them is in his 40s while the other looks just barely 20. The younger wolf is leaned over the back of a sofa while the older wolf has shoved his snout under his younger co-star's raised tail to aggressively eat him out. Wet lip smackings and snorts interspersed with huffs and moans play on your phone's speaker. You stare at the screen, taking in the view. "Oh fuck...ooh fuck, right there...please, more," the younger wolf whines plaintively, arching his back to	Full image: PC, wearing only his briefs, reclining on his bed with one hand in his underwear stroking his cock, his other hand holding up his phone so he can watch the video.	

	offer himself up even more to the canine rimming him. The older wolf growls and buries his snout in deeper; a close-up camera angle shows how he's gnawing and practically munching on the ass he's eating out, and his tongue lashes against his co-star's back door before digging in past the already-loose lips. Your eyes glued on the screen, you start stroking yourself, slowly at first. You're simply enjoying the show while you languidly pump your shaft in your hand. The warmth radiates into your palm as your fingers slide over the domed head of your cock, the ring of your digits pressing in on your glans as you lightly squeeze on yourself. Eventually, the older wolf yanks himself away from the young ass in front of him and roughly wipes his drool-soaked muzzle with the back of his paw while he growls, "Gonna put a big litter in you, son." "Oh yeah, breed me, Dad," the younger wolf begs, swaying his hips from side to side. You watch the older wolf—the father in this flick—sidle up behind his son. He dominantly grabs the younger wolf's hips and lines up the tip of his engorged erection with the loose hole he'd just eaten out. "You ready for me, bud?" he asks huskily. "Born ready!" the younger wolf replies eagerly. Your stroking speeds up as you watch father penetrate son, groaning as he plunges into his ass with the confidence of having done so hundreds of times before. The wolf's length—save for his knot—disappears smoothly under his son's tail, and the younger wolf grunts and pants needily as his father mounts him. All the while, your underwear rustles faintly as your hand glides up and down, and		
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	you can feel the strong pulsing in your cock as you tease yourself further. The older wolf begins slamming his hips into his co-star still leaning over the back of the couch. The two of them are going at it like animals in the wild, the father rutting his son as aggressively as he ate him out. Over your phone's speaker, you hear him growling and snarling every time he thrusts in and bounces his knot on the younger wolf's hole before he pulls out. "Hrrr...fuck, that's a tight hole...mmm...gonna breed that hole good," he lustfully mutters. For his part, the younger wolf pants and moans in pleasure. He wordlessly begs his father for more, for him to plow harder, to go faster—and the older wolf soon obliges him, speeding up so his pelvis audibly slaps against his son's rump. You can hear the plap-lap-lap-lap through your phone's speakers, and it just makes you squeeze harder and stroke faster on your own shaft. Your cock throbs in your tight grip from the friction of your palm against your sensitive skin. As you rub over your cockhead, you can feel a band of slick wetness form over your urethra as pre wells up out of you. You rub your thumb over the slippery film on top of your glans, getting some of the pre on your pad, and bring it up to your mouth for a taste—you purr to yourself, savoring that smooth texture and the perfect blend of semi-sweet musk. Your hand returns to your crotch, shoving into your underwear and gripping your cock again as the wolves on your phone screen tease each other with a fresh round of dirty talk. "Fuck, boy, you're always so warm and tight for me." "Huuungh...uungh...your cock is...so big, Dad...feels perfect in me."		
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“Yeah it does...that’s the cock that made you...it belongs in you,” the older wolf snarls between thrusts. “Oh fuck yeeeeaaah.” You can see the younger wolf drooling over the back of the couch, his mouth open and his eyes rolled to the top of his head. You stroke yourself quickly again as the dad keeps humping furiously, roughly stuffing himself into his son again and again. “You love having that dick in your hole, don’t you!” “Uh...uh-huh!” the younger wolf gasps out. You can tell that the older wolf is getting close (and not only because you’ve seen this video more times than you can count)—his tempo speeds up even more, to the point where he’s clearly starting to lose control and is simply using his son like a fleshlight. But he manages to keep up the dirty talk. “Who made...that hole, boy?” he grunts lewdly before he hunches over his son and wraps his hands around the younger wolf’s chest. He growls in his ear, “Who fuckin’ made you?” “Y-you did, Dad!” “Hrrr...and I’m gonna use you to make more sons just like you...all those brothers for you...got a fresh batch ready for you.” The older wolf’s voice shakes, but he keeps going, still teasing his son as he keeps rapidly humping him. “Do you want that?” he huffs in his son’s ear. “Want me to...put more sons in you?” The younger wolf is leaning his head to the side, nuzzling into his dad’s muzzle to get as close to him as possible. “Fuuuuck...yesss pleeeeeease,” he begs. You shift your legs to splay them wide in that classic masturbation pose, and grunt as your cock twitches in your grip; you wish you could be in the scene, and a fresh drip of pre oozes to stickily soak into your underwear as you tease yourself closer and		
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	closer to the edge. Like the wolves in the video, you're almost there, you just want that extra boost to really savor crossing the finish line.		
A-3	In the heat of the moment, you lay your phone to the side, the screen still up so you can see the video playing, and you ready your free hand.	Full image: Focus on the phone laying screen-up on the bed next to PC's leg, video playing on the screen.	
A-4		Full image: Focus on the phone laying screen-up on the bed next to PC's leg, video playing on the screen. OST: What do you want to do? Button options: Finger yourself Pinch your nipple	Button option destinations: Finger yourself— go to A-5a Pinch your nipple— go to A-5b
A-5a	You slide your free hand under your rump and worm your fingers under the tight fabric covering your taint. You distractedly feel and grope for your target while your other hand is preoccupied with stroking and squeezing your shaft and your eyes are preoccupied with the video on the screen. But soon the tips of your fingers find what you're looking for; you lightly swirl them around the rim of your ass, the textured pads on your digits gently teasing the tender, puckered skin for a moment, before you push a finger into yourself. You groan at the penetration and greedily, without thinking, insert a second finger to stretch and spread your hole. You involuntarily clench down on the digits you've pressed into yourself, and hiss softly—it feels so good squeezing around the intruding fingers and not being able to close your hole fully...if only someone else were doing this to	Full image: Focus on the phone laying screen-up on the bed next to PC's leg, video playing on the screen.	After this scene, go to A-6

	you, spreading you open against your will (and you'd be loving it the entire time, begging for more). You use your fingers to push against your tight sphincter, forcing it open again. You stroke the inside of your ass, pressing on the delicate folds of flesh within and lightly pumping your fingers in and out of your hole—you clench and relax, clench and relax while furiously stroking your cock...and you feel the pressure in your loins rise to the point of no return. This is it, you don't know how long you can hold off. "Mmmfff...ungh," you groan, leaning your head back against your headboard. You close your eyes, submitting yourself to the pleasure.		
A-5b	You raise your free hand to your chest, alighting on your pectoral. You distractedly feel and grope for your target while your other hand is preoccupied with stroking and squeezing your shaft and your eyes are preoccupied with the video on the screen. But soon the tips of your fingers find what you're looking for; you lightly pinch the hard, raised nub of your nipple. Your nipples are hardwired to your cock, and your shaft throbs strongly in your hand as you begin playing with the raisin-like bump. The textured pads on your digits tease the tender, sensitive skin, and the subtle ridges on your fingerpads grip onto your nip like rough clamps. You groan as you roll your fingers back and forth, tweaking and pulling the nipple away from yourself, almost to the limit, before easing up to alternate between pinching and twisting the little mound. You lick your lips, practically salivating as you tease yourself this way. If only someone else could be here, doing this to you...first actively avoiding your nips, rubbing	Full image: Focus on the phone laying screen-up on the bed next to PC's leg, video playing on the screen.	After this scene, go to A-6

	everywhere except those two spots on your chest, making you beg for them to be touched...and then licked, and then nibbled and chewed between sharp teeth. You pinch harder to simulate that feeling while furiously stroking your cock...and you feel the pressure in your loins rise to the point of no return. This is it, you don't know how long you can hold off. "Mmmfff...ungh," you groan, leaning your head back against your headboard. You close your eyes, submitting yourself to the pleasure.		
A-6	Plap-lap-lap-lap. "Ungh! Hrrr...ungh!" The wolves in the video are growling, snarling, whining, moaning, and grunting, and you can still hear hips and balls slamming quickly against each other over your phone's speaker. Your underwear is rustling faster and louder as you keep pumping your hand up and down along your shaft. On every downstroke, the fabric pulls down against your sensitive cockhead, picking up sticky strands of pre, and a definitive wet spot has begun forming. But you keep going with your eyes closed, not paying attention to anything except how close you are and the sounds of the video playing on your phone. You've seen this flick enough times to have it committed to memory, but the sounds—and especially this last stretch of dialogue between the two wolves—get you every time. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum, son!" the dad grunts breathlessly. "Hrrff! Fill me, Dad...fucking breed that hole!" the younger wolf begs—his voice is filled with need. "You want it all?"	Black screen	

	“Every...last drop..you have...” “Hrrrrrr fffuuuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUUUGGGGHHHHH!” The older wolf howls loudly, and in your mind’s eye you can clearly see the camera angle in the video that shows his knot popping wetly past his son’s sphincter and lodging itself with a squelch inside. “Hnnghh!” You gasp as your chest heaves erratically and your stomach flutters, and your cock pulses hard in your hand while it shoots gooey ropes of cum into your underwear. Your mind goes blank while you ride through your orgasm, unashamedly soaking your briefs with your seed at the same time the wolves in the video climax together.		
A-7	When the flow eventually abates and you finally catch your breath enough, you open your eyes to see the mess you’ve made. Your underwear is thoroughly stained with still-warm globs of cum that have seeped through the cloth. Like viscous magma, droplets slowly roll down the front of your bulge, catching on the fabric before they can drip down between your still-splayed legs to your bedsheets. What’s left inside your briefs oozes down your softening shaft and over your hand still wrapped around your cock, clinging to your fur. You tiredly sigh; a fresh wave of exhaustion hits you, but you muster up enough energy to gingerly let go and pull your cum-laden hand out of your underwear; you raise your hand to your nose, bringing with it the slightly salty, pungently tangy and musky odor that you love. You hold your hand to your mouth and begin licking, cleaning your paw while the video still plays on your phone. “Hmmm...good boy...very good boy,” the older wolf in the video says, hugging his son close while his	Full image: Close-up of PC’s cum-soaked, dripping underwear with his hand still inside and holding his dick.	

	cock is still inside him.		
A-8	You keep licking the dregs of cum from your hand as the video eventually transitions to a new scene of the two wolves lying on their backs—the older wolf grunts and clenches his teeth as he pulls his knot out with a wet schlorp. The younger wolf moans softly while a dribble of cum leaks out of his hole and over his dad’s cock that’s flopped to the side. You watch the older wolf grin up at the camera while he fingers his son, and he starts promoting his channel as part of the video’s ending. “Wanna see me breed my boy even more? Subscribe to our channel, FenrisFam, and hit the bell to get notified every time we post a new video for you,” he says. “Oh...fuck me,” the younger wolf groans while his dad pushes his fingers deeper into his loose, cummy hole. The older wolf looks down at his son. “You want it again? C’mere, squirt,” he growls, and the two of them laugh as the video ends. While you lay on your own bed, basking in the afterglow, you try to think about starting your day properly. You could still go for some coffee...but having just cum, you feel so sleepy again. Well, why not just relax for a while? You sink further into your pillows, letting them cushion your head while you make yourself even more comfortable. Like you considered earlier, you don’t have anywhere else you have to be today—you could just spend the day by being lazy in bed. And if you happen to doze off while the semen in your underwear dries, then that just means more sleep for you—besides, you could use some more sleep. You yawn and cue up a podcast on your phone,	Scene: Bedroom	

	some boring show that you like to use to help you drift off, and let your eyes fall shut while a busy day for everyone else passes you by outside.		
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