Miles had been obviously against the idea at first. Tag held some reservations about it too, especially with what getting an account would actually entail. Fans and strangers from all over the world would watch him perform on livestream.

Risqué did have promise though. Unlike other emerging social platforms, Risqué primarily catered to pornography consumers and sex workers, especially for those with a high public profile. Specifically, the sexually liberated celebrities; porn stars, musicians, actors, athletes, and even racers. In fact, past and present RGP racers could often be found on the app. Some called it prostitution. Most called it a lucrative way to make much-needed side money.

Tag told himself and an extremely skeptical, slightly prudish Miles he’d only experiment with the Risqué app for about a week. He wouldn’t do anything too suggestive. A week later, if it didn’t produce any cash needed for repairs or maintenance to the Ripper, he would delete his profile. End of story.

However, the tiger never did get the chance to. Not that it ever came to mind. It turned out that quite a few devoted (perverted) fans and profitable sponsors were more than willing to shell out cash to see Tag in his birthday suit. They loved to see him strip, try on more seductive clothing, take off said seductive clothing, pose on camera, pose on video, perform a striptease on the video, test out sex toys on livestream, and much, much more.

Tag certainly didn’t view it as demeaning himself or ‘being exploited’. If anything, he felt like the one exploiting his fans of their own money whenever he flashed bare tiger butt to the camera. He expected to feel incredibly embarrassed and humiliated after the first week, but by the week after, Tag not only didn’t feel that way, but he felt…calmer, more animated. More confident too. Not even Sonny, Meelo, or Meika’s ribbings about it referred him.

As for Miles, he begrudgingly didn’t complain too much about Risqué’s monetary results, only asking Tag that he kept it separate from him. Hey, it certainly beat wearing an oversized mascot costume for foot cream.

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“I better not see you awake when I get back,” the old owl mumbled as he walked out of the garage door and towards an elevator to ground level. “you need your sleep for tomorrow’s race.”

“Yeah, yeah, I will, Mom,” Tag rolled his eyes as he followed him to the doors. “Enjoy the movie! I saw it last week and you’re definitely going to enjoy it!”

“Probably not but whatever,” Miles gruffly sighed, “And Tag?”

The tiger perked his ears up. “Yeah, Miles?”

“Don’t mess up anything while I’m gone,” he said while pressing the elevator button to go down. “Good night, Tag.”

“Night, Miles!” He waved his father figure off and exhaled and relief when the doors closed shut. A mischievous glint reflected in the feline’s eyes as he made a beeline for his room. Closing the door shut and locking it, Tag muttered, “Finally…”

Tag thought the old owl would never leave. Not only did he need privacy from Miles inside their shared apartment on the Ark, but he needed privacy in the garage for what he had planned. The hard part had been convincing Miles he was working too hard. He deserved a break from the garage after all the races they’d been through and needed a night off. Now that the miracle had been pulled off, Tag didn’t hesitate to get straight to business.

He went straight inside the garage and locked the door, and for emphasis, included a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sigh. Then, the tiger pushed his trousers down and kicked them aside, revealing a beautifully sexy jockstrap. A gift from one of his more devoted fans on Risqué, the innocent white fabric clashed against the orange and black stripes lined along his torso, toned hips, and bare backside, as well as the silk pouch cradling his crotch.

A quick glance over to a mirror along the wall caused a lewd grin to appear. If Tag were honest with himself, it felt more like a lace bikini rather than athletic undergarments. It certainly felt comfortable. It made him look and feel sexy too.

Moments later, he turned on the camera drone and waved as a hovered from above the garage’s short balcony. “Heya, guys! Tag’s back for a special treat tonight!” He greeted the nonexistent fans would later watch the recording. “Firstly, I wanted to thank the twenty new subscribers who joined since my last video I posted, and I can’t thank you enough for your generous donations. I’ve been reading all your comments and suggestions for what I should do next, and one of the more popular once I read was this: film myself on the Ripper itself. Well, guys, here’s your wish!”

Tag it allowed the drone to hover and circle around him as he uncovered the Ripper from its repair tarp. A certain thrill ran up the feline’s spine. Technically, he wasn’t supposed to do this, not that Miles knew anything about. As far as the old owl was concerned, the night off was so Tag could film himself somewhere that wasn’t in the tiger’s bedroom. If he ever found out Tag filmed himself in and atop the Ripper, Miles would skin the young tiger’s striped hide and turn it into a luxury carpet. At worst, he’d insist on getting the race car an extremely expensive paint job right out of the tiger’s pocket.

“Let’s do this.”

Tag went about having his fun, enjoying himself as he kept various items on a table nearby. The first scene he filmed involved giving the drone several seductive poses. Giving the hovering camera an award-winning smile, Tag leaned over the car’s windshield with his bare ass presenting, then looked away to pretend he was inspecting the Ripper’s paint job. A subtle wag of his cropped tail sent another thrill up his lithe back. Spreading his lithe legs out a little wider would make them drool (and ruin the surprise for later).

Tag even made sure to toy with the jockstrap’s waistband to test its elasticity. A sharp pull and snap against his hip really spiced things up.

Next, Tag propped himself on the hood. Draped across the front of the car as if he were advertising it, the tiger started mewling to the drone. He flirted with the camera. He wiggled his hips at it and either arched his back and forth to give it a good view of his ass or shifted around to stretch his limber limbs. Give the viewers who would watch the video later a real show too fap to. The noticeable six-pack forming underneath a thin layer of well-groomed stripes. The way his pert mounds bounced when they wiggled under a cutely tuft tail. The technique he recently learned where his claws ran through his stomach fur, kneading it like a kitten. The nipple piercings she happened to have gotten weeks prior, which really drove his kinkier fanbase wild when it first appeared on Risqué. This all inevitably made Tag feel his covered cock harden underneath the white jockstrap, much to his and the future viewers’ delight.

One of the items he had brought into the garage was a cup of ice water. Mainly, it it was to keep him hydrated, but seeing the ice cubes clink against the glass gave Tag an idea. A sexy idea. Leaning against the Ripper’s front bumper, Tag winked at the drone’s camera and drank a large sip until the two cubes remained in the glass.

“Ahh! Refreshing,” he joked with a slight giggle. “I’d make a ‘feeling hot’ comment right now, but all of this is just warming me up!”

Tag reached into the emptied glass cup to pull out the ice cubes with his fingers, then set the glass back on the worktable, going straight to work in order to distract from that bad pun. The effects felt almost immediate for him. Especially below the waistline.

“Ngh, oh fuck!” He gasped. “Ngh, that’s…mmmm, cold…”

Freezing ice cubes on the nipples often caused a certain reaction. For tigers, and nearly caused a pleasured roar to erupt from the back of his throat. The tenting erection under his jockstrap was at full mast, nearly to a painful extent. How it straightened against the fabric without slipping through an opening, Tag wondered at the back of his lustful mind. For now, all he could focus on where the circling movements he made with the ice cubes around his pecs.

Tag exhaled deep breaths. He struggled to resist moaning a little louder. The tingling sensations affecting his piercings made the purring feline leak through his one article of clothing. In fact, he felt pretty certain the camera drone had caught it and would need to check the footage later.

Once the frozen cubes finally melted away into his fur, Tag replaced them with his own fingers. His nipples felt more sensitive to the touch. He pinched them. Another purring moan erupted from him. His tongue licked his fangs, then his lips while trying to control himself. He tried it though. Fucking Hell, he tried, yet the simplest brush of his fingers were enough for his barbed cock to throb harder. Tag did the even remember where he was until he fell backwards onto the Ripper’s hood, staring directly at the drone.

He pinched and pulled and toyed with his nipples further. He moaned and grown and mewled until drool crept down his shuddering chin. The two hypersensitive nubs each felt like the knobs of a vintage radio, each twist or accidental turn left or right causing music to be emitted. All of that being directed from Tag’s mouth.

“Phew, I’m really, really worked up now, folks,” he said without letting his purring distract from his quasi-script. “Now, let me show you a little something…”

Tag raised both his legs up high. The viewer would marvel at the RGP racer’s flexibility, followed by gawking at what lay between those two striped ass cheeks.

The butt plug possessed a simple design. It wasn’t too big and wasn’t too small, but at the same time helped test Tag’s limits for what he could fit inside his lubed tailhole. Enduring bumpy racetracks in the simulators certainly didn’t help. Neither did that awkward moment when Krom jokingly slapped his butt forward while getting off the elevator, causing the plug to send a sharpness of pleasure to his prostate, and Tag nearly panicked at the crocodile’s shocked face. The tiger then had to immediately overexplain his reaction as a sore tailbone from falling down. All of it awkward as fuck, to say the least.

As far as butt plugs could be compared, what helped it stand out were the specifications made by his donor fan on Risqué. The eight-centimeter-long silicone sex toy had been dyed in orange and black stripes in a non-toxic spray paint, and the end cap modified with an emblem of Tag’s racing logo. Each centimeter Tag carefully pulled out spread his anal ring, and the feline felt relief in expressions a deep moan. This went on until Tag heard and felt an audible plop.

He carefully placed it on the garage floor. “Phew,” Tag played it up for the camera drone. “I dunno about you guys, but I’m feeling a little empty back there.” A lone finger of his drifted down there as the tiger shifted onto his stomach to face the Ripper’s windshield and present his now-vacant, gaping tailhole to the drone.

Eventually, finger touched home. “Hhahhh!! Nngh!” Tag winced and then moaned. “Oh, fuck…”

His relaxed tailhole, still slick with lube and stretched wide thanks to the butt plug from earlier, already accepted an index and middle finger by the time his imagination ran wild.

Potent lust filling up the garage did little to calm the tiger’s raging boner, and inevitably, he pulled the leaking member out to furiously stroke it. His toes curled at the thought of various cocks taking his fingers’ places. Tag imagined a stoic hunk like Axle leaning over him atop the hood of the car, gruffly saying what a rookie he is before unceremoniously spreading him open with some eagle dick. Tag imagined Wrecks peeling off his racing tracksuit and showing off that massive rhinoceros dick, then huffing through his nostrils into his face as he hilted him in several brutish thrusts. Tag imagined Pike breeding him like a bitch in heat. How loud would the handsome wolf howl after climaxing inside him?

Tag next imagined Krom domineering over him, biting into his supple neck and fucking him until they both set off the Ripper’s car alarm. Tag even imagined King of all people giving him a rough revenge fuck with that hippopotamus tool tucked underneath those white trousers, much to his inner shame.

Every scenario led to Tag’s two fingers and masturbating grip on his cock pushing him over the edge. Within mere moments, the mental image that set Tag off was one of him in the middle of an orgy; Axle, Wrecks, Pike, Krom, countless other beautiful naked men stuffing both orifices and using his striped fur as a cum rag.

“Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, fuck! Ngh, hahh, hahh, hahh! HAHH! HAHH! AHH!!”

Tag could swear he shot enough cum to stain his stomach fur. He also lost his breath for several seconds as his ring convulsed around his fingers. The back of his head resting against the hood as the tiger’s heartbeat finally caught back up to him. After some time into the wondrous afterglow, Tag remembered the still-filming camera drone hovering a few feet away. He also remembered Miles not planning to spend the entire night out.

Wiping some dried drool from his chin and stretching his sore legs, he went to work on the final part of his video. Tag saved the best for last while killing two birds with one stone; he proceeded to give the Ripper a sudsy wash while wearing nothing but his racing boots. He made sure to get some good footage of him holding the industrial-sized squeegee, angles of him bare-ass naked as he soaked and soaped up the Ripper, as well as b-roll clips of his cock, balls, ass, and abs being wet.

“If you give me enough comments and maybe a little more donations, I might just make a sequel where I test out some new toys in the Ripper’s cockpit,” Tag said to his future viewers. The sudsy and damp feline suddenly giggled, “Hehe, ‘cockpit’. Anyway, I hope you all had fun watching me, and I’ll see you at the next race and hopefully my next video on Risqué. Don’t forget to like, comment, subscribe, and Get Tagged!”

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“Not gonna lie, that’s hot,” Meika commented to Tag as they sat in their corner booths in the lounge room of the Ark. “Still, it’s a real shame you’re not straight…”

“Why’d you decide to bring this up, Meika?” Tag ground as he ate into his specialty burger. “I’m trying to eat here, and you’re going to make me choke.”

“That’s what your fans said,” she quipped, then laughed as Tag nearly spat out his bite. “Oh, relax, will ya? You’d be awfully surprised what kind of dirty comment I’m getting on my own Risqué account. Quite a few people want to see my feet.”

Tag snickered and shook his muzzle after swallowing his bite. “Me too.”

“I’m still jealous though that your latest video is getting more views than my past several ones combined,” Meika pretended but failed to huff in jealously. She broke into a curious smile. “So anyway, how’d you convince Miles to let you perform a sex show on the Ripper?”

“Oh, Miles?” Tag scoffed with a waving paw. “He was completely on board with it.”

Meika stared at the tiger in a deadpan expression. “You didn’t tell him, did you?”

Tag’s ears folded downward.

“I didn’t tell him, no…” he confessed, only to shrug it off a moment later and give a self-assured grin. “I’ve got nothing to worry about. He never looks at what I post on Risqué anyway, so it’s not like he’s ever going to find out.”

**BANG!!**

The lounge room’s entrance doors suddenly burst open, and a furious owl barged past the startled bouncers. The instant that Miles saw him, saw how purple-faced and angrily embarrassed the mechanic was, the feline stood up in fright.

“TAAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!!!”

“See you later, Meika!”

The owl chased after the tiger straight from the lounge room and down some winding halls. Note to all porn stars: after filming at a location where you’re not supposed to be doing certain things in, make sure not to leave anything behind. Novelty butt plugs included.