PP4 - River & Hugh

The room lay under a haze of dim ambient light, casting long shadows across the faces of CharnCo's most esteemed. A table adorned with a velvet cloth stood at its center, an alabaster island in a sea of murmuring elites. Upon it, gifts wrapped in shimmering paper whispered promises of forbidden delights to those who dared partake.

Hugh, a male Siamese cat with a coat as sleek as his scientist's mind was sharp, approached the table with quiet grace. His blue almond-shaped eyes surveyed the offerings with the meticulous care of one accustomed to analyzing the most complex of equations. The annual year-end party was more than a celebration; it was the unveiling of their bonuses, each uniquely tailored for the receiver. Hugh's whiskers twitched with restrained excitement—this reward was not merely a reflection of his labor's worth but also a key to indulging in unspoken fantasies.

The host of the hour had greeted the siamese, a warm paw guiding him to the table, and a coin slipped into his paw. He could have his pick. At the end of the night, Hugh would be leaving the party with all of the pleasures of another's genitals, but with none of the responsibility. Or at least, with only as much responsibility as . Hugh had "Quite the collection this year," he murmured to himself, his voice a soft baritone that did little to carry over the hushed conversations around him. It was his turn to choose, a privilege and a puzzle, for the selection laid bare one's deepest cravings before voracious, judging eyes.

His gaze meandered from box to ornate box, from ribbons that curled like serpents to tags that bore cryptic symbols instead of names. And then it happened—a scent, subtle yet insistent, drew him closer to gift #9. It was smaller, flatter, almost inconspicuous amidst its more ostentatious companions, but the musk that emanated from it was anything but. It was a scent that spoke of darkened rooms and even darker desires, of a primal allure that clawed at his senses.

"What could you possibly be?" Hugh pondered aloud, leaning forwards, his breath stirring the air just enough to bring the fragrance closer.

His thoughts raced, cataloging possibilities, discarding them just as quickly. The scent was familiar in a way that aroused curiosity and a remembered pulse of heat through his body. It was more than a perfume; it was a marker, a signature that grasped at the edges of his memory.

"Curiosity," he mused, the word barely escaping his lips as he reached out a tentative paw, "did kill the cat, but satisfaction brought it back." The package felt heavy with promise under his touch, and his heart quickened in response. He had made his choice without fully understanding why, compelled by an invisible thread that seemed to tie his very being to the enigmatic gift #9.

The musk beckoned, potent and rich, inviting him to unravel its secrets. As he lifted the gift, his fur bristled with the thrill of the unknown, anticipation coiling tight within his chest. Hugh was about to embark on a journey dictated not by science or logic but by the raw instincts that lurked beneath his composed exterior.

The sheen of the package's surface gleamed under the soft lighting of the room as Hugh gently peeled away the layers that concealed the bonus within. The smooth, skin-like texture beneath his fingertips unveiled a featureless groin—a cipher of flesh that beckoned with an enigmatic promise. His breath hitched as he brushed over the supple anal star, an offering nestled amidst the mysterious musk that now swirled insistently around him.

"River," he whispered, the name a silken thread in the tapestry of scents and sensations that enveloped him. Recognition dawned like a slow burn through his veins. It was them—River the androgynous fennec, whose investment in CharnCo had been as much about pleasure as it had been about profit. And now, here in Hugh's hands, lay the softness of their groin, the warm short fur tickling against the tips of his fingers as he stroked along it.

In tandem with Hugh's unfolding realization, River's slender fingers danced across the surface of box #3. With effortless grace, they coaxed open the lid to reveal the contents—a red lizard cock, glossed with a sheen that hinted at a darker hunger. The sleek shape seemed almost alive, and River's touch was both reverent and possessive, claiming it for their own. They lifted the lizard's cock up, gripping it around the middle, an ear of corn waiting to be husked.

"Oh, you'll do perfectly," River said. They stroked their chin with one hand as they examined their gift, stroking their thumb casually up the underside of it to press into the slender, narrow tip of the red lizard shaft. It was cooler than they would expect, but no less firm than a mammal's shaft, throbbing with excitement at being held after hours spent in that cold, empty, boring box. "But I wonder... Charn, darling, are we allowed to play with our gifts immediately, or do we have to wait until the swap is done?"

"My dearest River, you know I would never withhold anything from you." Charn's eyes shone with delighted maliciousness. "You can do whatever you want with your present, as soon as you get it. Someone might steal it from you before you're finished, of course, but all that means is you'll get something new and fun to play with instead."

River smiled at this, tail flicking as they felt a caress of fingers against their own flesh. They glanced down automatically, but saw nobody between their legs - just the telltale bulge of the ring, and the hint of a glow along its edges. They glanced back to the table, but their own package was gone, already claimed. Claimed, but by who? They glanced around, finding a slender feline watching them intently, their hands holding something between them like one might a bowl of soup.

Hugh felt the weight of River's intent across the distance between them, a silent conversation carried by glances and the quickening pulse of shared secrets. He delved deeper into the gift, exploring the dimensions of the void before him, each stroke a whispered seduction meant only for River's perception.

Then their eyes met. In that moment, there was no CharnCo, no party, no other guests—only Hugh and River, suspended in a world of their own making, where every movement was a word, every silence a thought, and every touch a story waiting to be told.

The tile floor of the large room reflected the flickering candle light from the wall sconces and chandeliers, casting an otherworldly shimmer across River's intent figure. They watched Hugh, shuddering as gentle fingers caressed against them, painting finger strokes along their soft fur. It was pleasant, intimate and secretive, a feeling that only River could feel and only Hugh could see. Fur bristling with goosebumps, River reached into their pack pocket and tugged lost a small cloth bag that was tucked in there. The bag rustled with the soft scrape of glass spheres against each other, a collection of marbles that River has been collecting for over a decade. Some were gifts, and others stolen, and some had been carefully crafted by the fennec's friend, each entombing some small sacred relic from memories past inside them.

With deft fingers, River selected one of the smallest marble, cool and smooth against the warmth of their fingertips. Gently, they pressed it against the entrance of the red lizard cock, the flesh slick with excitement. It hadn't taken long to bring the needy shaft to full erection, bright and solid and yearning for affection. The tip was slick with precum, yielding as the orb slipped inside it. The flesh within bulged gently, a slight visible bead moved down as River took another marble into position.

"I wonder how big you can take," they sighed, watching another marble disappear into the supple depths. "And how many..." They enjoyed the click as the second marble pushed into the first, goosing it deeper down inside the lizard's flesh. They reached for a third, letting their fingers slide through the glass balls, seeking out the smallest one.

Hugh, meanwhile, was held captive by the sight, his sensitive whiskers twitching with arousal. His eyes were half-lidded, entranced by the unfolding tableau. The null bulge of the gift he had chosen beckoned him, its fur as soft as the down of newborn chicks, inviting exploration. His fingers traced softly over the soft, short fuzz, and with each stroke, Hugh's mind swirled with fantasies of how it felt to the other.

"Do you like this, River?" Hugh whispered to himself, his breath hitching as his paw caressed the faux-fur, feeling the texture as if it might hold the essence of River themselves. He knew that River couldn't hear him, his voice too soft to carry through the raucous crowd. Other gifts were being opened now, with exclamations of pleasure or laughter, and occasionally a grunt or wheeze of pain. "Can I touch you in a way nobody has touched you before? Would you care, if I did?"

His inner monologue was a tumultuous sea of wonder and longing, waves crashing against the shores of logic and professionalism. This was more than a bonus; it was a connection, as tangible as the fabric under his touch and as ephemeral as the scent that lingered in his nostrils. River had visited the CharnCo research labs several times over the year, always with that clever smile on their face, their large ears pinned back behind a padded collar. Hugh had been struggling with a formula to bypass the natural tendency of 4 dimensional shifts to 'correct' themselves and align with the normal three physical dimensions, and River had rested a hand on his shoulder, looking over his formulas, and asked how he was factoring in bounding regions. That gentle curiosity had led Hugh to realize that it wasn't the portal technology that was the issue, it was the portal containment that needed to be solved.

That was why he was here today, and why he was able to hold River's groin in his fingers like this. There could be no better actualization of his work than this, and it was all because of River. The underwear attached to the package, a simple piece designed to accentuate rather than conceal, drew Hugh's paw next. He traced the hemline, envisioning the play of tension and release on River's lithe form. The thought of the fabric conforming to their body, hugging curves and valleys with silent promises, sent a shiver down Hugh's spine.

River, caught in their own world of tactile discovery, let out a contented sigh. The marbles' dance had reached its peak, with six of them now nestled snugly within the lizard's cock. The tip was spread wide, the tender urethral skin stretched near to tearing with the smooth, wide diameter of the glass bead. The ones beneath it, nearly as wide, but continuously tapering inwards, created ridged ripples in the lizard's shaft, reaching about halfway down its length.

The lizard cock flexed in River's hand, and the marble at the tip bulged outwards, the flesh strained white as it stretched over the marble, but the fennec wasn't about to allow the lizard so much control over themselves. They pushed their finger tip against the marble, nestling it back in, and reached for another. The balls had so much further to go, and River had at least a dozen more to insert into their little prize. They stuffed a seventh, an eighth marble in, force feeding the red shaft its glass morsels, and then stroked slender fingers down its length to help it swallow the glass balls down into it. Already, the smallest bulges were sliding down into the lizard's groin, past the normal length of visible shaft and into the hidden recesses of the creature's masculinity. River thrilled.

Hugh shared in the thrill, the fennec's underwear, soft and peppery, held to his nose as he took in the intimate sweet musk of the small fox's groin. There was no corruptive scent of urine, or precum or estruus, it was purely and only the smell that the fennec's groin created, pure pheromone and sweet, soft musk. Such a brilliant mind, carried in such a soft, velvety body.

He looked down, at the taut flesh captured in the grasp of the ring, his fingers having caressed down to find the single interruption to the soft fur; a fur-less belly button, a tender ring of pink skin that his fingers instinctively wanted to press into.

Hugh's own erection throbbed, bent and curled down around his balls in his snug undies. He had intentionally worn tighty whities tonight, wanting to keep his own equipment discreetly tucked away. He had no reason to think that he, himself, would be on the menu, but he had heard from others that he worked with that CharnCo events all too often turned into a feeding frenzy that would mortify a shark. Hugh had no intention of being one of the plates on display at this buffet of the lewdness.

Still... as he caressed River's butthole with his fingers, he felt entertained by the idea. After all, when in Rome, right? He brought the portal to his groin, pressing the smoothness of River's groin against the front of his pants, his cheeks flushing hot and red with excitement. His cock throbbed, hard, and he wondered, as he stared wistfully over to River, if the fennec could tell what was being pressed against him.

River was out of marbles. The smallest ones had been nestled down that slender urethra, one after the other like ants, and River knew from experience that at this point that the glass beads threaded down all the way down the urethral canal, deep into the groin, and that somewhere a lizard with a portalled groin was squirming as their prostate bulged with the smooth, round glass beads that stretched it out from the inside. River had no idea quite how full that prostate would be, but they doubted it would have ruptured from it, not as long as the lizard was themselves of regular size and health. They held up the marble bag, sighing wistfully. The tenderly powdered pouch had held thirty at one point, and the largest and biggest one, as smooth and solid as a plump cherry but with none of the yield, was positioned at the stretched, bleeding lips of the lizard's shaft. It was wider than the tip of the cock had been when River started. The tip was corked, stretched excruciatingly widely with a marble just slightly smaller than this one, the corners of the urethra tearing with small seeps of blood oozing out to trickle down the hot, slick length of the lizard's shaft.

It could handle one more, right? River's shoulders bristled as they felt the warm bulge of a male's shaft, hidden behind coarse fabric, pressed against their groin. They traced the edge of the marble up along the throbbing vein that was visible along the edge of the lizard's shaft - it pulsed with a heartbeat, the internal pressure of the glass beads having forced it to bulge against the taut skin of the lizard's shaft. River tapped glass against glass,nestling the embedded marble further down with a firm press of a delicate thumb against the largest of the marbles, the *last* marble.

They pictured what would happen, if they pushed down just a little harder. The cock couldn't bend away; despite the marbles inside it being loose, they acted as a flexible brace, keeping the shaft pointing straight upwards, bulging outwards like a meaty trumpet around the ever widening girths of each of the marbles. It would have to stretch further, and it couldn't. River could see how it would play out - the small tears at the very lips of the lizard's shaft widening, tearing and splitting with a spritz of fine blood. Once the tear started, the flesh would unzip, bursting open and spilling slick glass marbles onto the floor with a clatter, the entire shaft unfolding like a blooming flower. It would be a delightful experience to watch.

The stroke of something along their nethers brought them into a more tawdry, sensual inspiration instead, though. They could feel the warmth, a thick ridge of a maleness pressed against their sleek furred taint, a grinding of need from their hidden paramour. River reached down, feeling only the smooth, unyielding metal cap where their groin would be. It was so exciting, to not have the control they were so accustomed to, over their own pleasure.

River flicked the last marble away, and slid fingers down that rippled length, to grip the root of the lizard's shaft and bring it up and close to their maw. They licked their lips, as they felt the clothed pressure of the other's penis shift, lifted away and then flopped, naked and smooth and hot and firm, back against their taint. It was a feline shaft, not too thick, not too long, or at least not from what River could tell. They could feel the tip trailing sweet, musky seed against their groin, besmirching their soft musk with their own precum as the tip was dragged down, to nestle up against River's asshole.

Oh, yes. River hadn't known what to expect, volunteering their equipment to be portal'd like this. They had expected only that Charn would treat them to something marvelous, something befitting the exotic, ethereal feeling of being so helplessly *displaced.*

Hugh pressed into the ring, holding it in both hands and groaning as he stuffed his maleness into the portal. His cock had never been so hard, and the shy siamese tried to ignore the idea that there were people nearby, people watching as he bared his genitals in this public party. The part of him that was disciplined and focused and hyper self aware of the ways in which he could offend others tried to put up a fight, tried to bring his dick back into his sheath, to be *good* and *proper*, but Hugh only needed to glance across the room, where the host of the party was openly masturbating a horny, panting zebra, to subdue those thoughts entirely. This was his *bonus,*after all. Who would deny him fun like this, at a CharnCo event?

He knew that there were ways to disable the portal; that the ring might power down, severing his cock and leaving it embedded in River's rear end, but that just made it all the hotter as he speared inwards, watching the fennec's back arch as they were intruded into, silently and discretely.

"Do you like that, River? Can you *feel* how much I need you?" Hugh whispered to himself, and the fennec's ears flicked in turmoil, upwards and back, tail flicking as they were sodomized while standing next to two of the heads of accounting, while playing with their own red lizard toy. "Can you feel my hard cock inside you?"

Of course River could, and the fennec loved it, feeling the 'ghost' of a lover behind them, feeling them pressing insistently inside. River stepped forward, at the bulk of the maleness that was pressing dry and firm up through their backside, but moving away from their lover was impossible, no matter how River contorted, that hot feline thickness speared ever deeper.

"Fuuuuuck," the fennec said, and another marble extruded from the tip of the lizard shaft, bouncing and clattering away on the ground as they squirmed in delight. "Oh, Charn, this is exquisite."

They stared at the tortured shaft in their paws, their mouth *watering.* They had always thought about it; about taking the shaft of their lover, biting into it as they teetered on a crux of pleasure and pain. They couldn't, though; they were not a confrontational type, and they wouldn't want their paramour to hurt them in their anger or shock of being emasculated. There were, of course, those that could be paid to allow River the indulgence that the fennec seeked, but this wasn't what River wanted either. It was ever so much more scandalous when the idea was sprung upon the other, wasn't it? After all, what predator wanted prey that wanted to be eaten?

River pressed the bead-stuffed shaft between their lips, chewing on the tip with soft, sharp nips. Their teeth pressed fangily against the hot flesh, small needle pricks to let the lizard, wherever he was, know what was happening. The pain of the urethral stretching and tearing was probably subsiding by now, after all, and they were no doubt ready for something new and exciting. Perhaps, River thought, they would enjoy feeling themselves be devoured. River expected that they would.

The sleek red steak disappeared between sharp fennec teeth that pressed playfully into each dimple between each embedded marble. The fennec's tongue painted strokes of pleasure on the sleek surface. When River compressed the shaft between tongue and palette, the marbles were forced down, and the poor fellow could feel two dozen glass bulbs stretch deeper into him, making his prostate ache, being compressed outwards by the force of the things inside it.

"Does it... feel as indulgent as it looks?" Someone standing next to River asked, the well dressed red fox watching with slitted eyes and tented trousers.

River's eyes fluttered open, locking with the fox's gaze, while their mouth worked in answer, a playful hum vibrating against the flesh and glass entrapped within. "Mmm, more," they affirmed, their voice muffled, "each one is like a star slipping into orbit."

The sight drew out Hugh's breath in a slow exhale, his scientific mind appreciating the physics at play, the way River's cheeks hollowed to create suction, drawing the ring of the portal closer to their nose. It was a gravity well of sensation, pulling Hugh closer to orgasm, even as he pressed his own portal ring against his own groin. He sighed in deep contentment, feeling his cock throb inside someone across the room. It was magical, only it wasn't, it was extremely scientific. What his brain knew, and what his heart felt, though, were different things.

*'Physics isn't supposed to be this seductive,'* Hugh thought, feeling his own body respond, his pulse quickening as if caught in an unseen tide. His thoughts fractured under the assault of sensation, the silky walls gripping him, drawing him further into this constructed cosmos where only they existed. And then, River turned, and their eyes met again.

This time, both knew exactly what was happening, and Hugh felt himself throb, a hair's breadth from releasing himself into the beautiful fennec, as the fennec teased and tortured the ever-reddened lizard's cock in their mouth.

It took nearly half a minute before Hugh could move again, but he made sure that River could watch, feeling completely confident as he began to pull the ring away from his groin, and then fuck back into it. He had always been a leaker, and while it had been a hot, dry entrance, the fennec's soft and supple backside was already slick and heated enough to take the flexibly barbed length of Hugh's cock. The feline moved with a languid rhythm, each thrust an exploration of the unknown terrain, his eyes never leaving River's. In that infinite space, their connection transcended the physical, a silent dialogue punctuated by shared moans and the slick sounds of their mutual, disjointed enjoyment.

The air was thick with musk and charged with the heat of forbidden fruit. River’s silver-gold eyes locked onto Hugh's cerulean gaze, a silent dare glittering within their depths. With a final act of brazen desire, River's teeth closed delicately around the base of the red lizard cock. The ridge between two bead-stretched bumps was the perfect place for the razor-edged, slender fennec fangs to sink into tender flesh. Somewhere, a lizard felt their anguish abruptly end, as the feeling of a sharp sensation burned into the root of their shaft. There was barely even a pinching sensation, as the flesh merely yielded rather than compressed. River bit down, and the lizard's cock came loose, spilling glass marbles from its root against the fennec's tongue and lips.

River pulled the portal from their face, and there were gasps, groans of appreciation from those nearby, those watching the fennec play with their toy, as their smiling mouth was revealed with a tinge of red against their lips. The portal had only a hint of length, a crescent-shaped bite delineating the very trunk of what had been someone's prized maleness. For River, their endowments were a donation to their pursuit of innovative self pleasuring. They felt a male's cock, severed, on their tongue. It twitched only once, as the pressure that kept it erect was severed, and it began to empty its blood against River's tongue. Their throat worked in a graceful ballet of predation and pleasure, the entirety of the scaled length nestled to the back of their mouth, into their throat, swallowed.

"Devour it, River," Hugh whispered, his voice hoarse with lust as he bore witness to the consummate indulgence from across the seething room. He pressed his maleness in, entirely, filling Fennec's backside as another male's cock filled the fennec's throat. Hugh came, then, and he spurted, wild and fully, up inside the investor's rear end, seeding the exotic fennec with his hot, virile siamese seed.

River’s eyes fluttered shut, cherishing the fullness, the slick resistance giving way to relentless hunger. They savored the satisfaction of consumption, warmth spreading through them as if they had swallowed a star about to supernova. They could feel the length as it slid down their throat, what had been a penis now just an hors d'oeuvre at this fancy party. They could feel the other shaft inside them flexing, spurting as well, as it spurted and filled their insides, their paramour overwhelmed from the casual debasement River inflicted on another.

Hugh felt himself caught in the gravity of the moment, his own body responding to the sight, the portal’d rear end that encased him clenching in empathy to River's voracious feast even as he fed it himself. He rode the waves of pleasure, each undulation an echo of River's internal dance.

"Beautiful," he gasped, the only word his mind could summon amidst the rising tide of desire.

River's body arched exquisitely, a silent scream of ecstasy painted across their features as they felt the final descent of the lizard appendage into their depths. The fullness inside them, the blatant openness of the emasculation they had just performed, surrounded by their peers, while being discreetly knocked up by someone that they didn't know. It was all too much, it was SO much. They clutched the well dressed fox's shoulder, pressing their lips wantonly into the vulpine's own, kissing and licking with their blood stained tongue as they climaxed and shuddered in a private pleasure.

As the two climaxed in tandem, the room around them blurred into insignificance. There were no gifts, no CharnCo intrigue, no other guests—just two celestial beings, entwined in an orbit of passion, spiraling together toward a shared singularity.