

dddddddddThe leopard shifted his posture in his seat, the last fifteen minutes of the professor's lecture already gone from his head. His mind was elsewhere, as it had been since his first errand before class this morning; he had wanted to take the day off because of that errand, but what little good sense he had got the better of him, and here he was. One paw on his desk holding his pen and the other in his pocket, fiddling around with the goal of that errand, he couldn't help but think about and plan what would come once he got out of class here in a few minutes.

It felt like something out of a dream, really, some kind of science-fiction phenomenon. This small startup company recommended to him by a friend, found through countless hoops jumped online, and then... well, it was all a little suspect. He shifted again, running the pad of his thumb in along the inner ring of the device in his pocket, the little palm-sized square of metal and mesh. Someone had contacted him via email discussing a meetup time and place, halfway between himself and the distributor, which meant he'd had to drive a good forty minutes off campus to get it; then, once there, it had been a simple handshake with the package exchanged between them, between himself and the slim, pretty – handsome? somewhere in between – avian who had come to meet him.

A bird? A blackbird, with bright gold highlights. Not a crow – the voice didn't fit – and not a raven either, as the plumage was distinctly more blue-black than violet. That was just something else distracting him all day, though. The leopard flipped the device over in his pocket, his thumb easily slipping into the divot in the one side... and then immediately felt the cooler air inside, the smoother surface of the other side, the stack of paper nearby.

It wasn't really *inside* the device. That was what made it strange. He wasn't feeling around past the metal ring, wasn't feeling whatever lurked within the plastic and metal case: instead he was feeling *through* the device, through the other endpoint still sitting face-up on his desk in his dorm. That's what it was, what he didn't believe until the bird had demonstrated it right in front of him. It was a wormhole or something like that – a "personal portal device", the blackbird had said. Then with a glimmer in their violet eyes, a slyly murmured "make sure you clean it off before returning it to us" before the rest of the agreement: "I'll be here at this same time tomorrow morning, as agreed upon in our twenty-four hour contract", et cetera, et cetera. Like usual the leopard had just scanned through the terms and conditions.

He had *plans* for the thing, of course. Those plans and schemes had begun as soon as his friend had told him about the device, describing in enticing detail all of the things he had done with it. "*I know you, Kopa,*" the red panda had said to him, showing him the pictures. "*You're gonna love this thing. You're not gonna tell anyone about it, but you're gonna love it. Here, I'll send you the details...*"

So wrapped up in his own thoughts it took him a moment to realize the period had been dismissed. Startled, the leopard glanced around, slid his thumb back out of the device in his pocket, and wrapped up his things as quickly as he could, pants already tighter again from the thoughts and plans from before. The night after he had learned about it, he'd drifted off into fantasies and scenarios of his own, revisited then in dreams that night – and then yet again the following night... and now here he was, bustling back to his room ready to indulge in those ideas. On his way there, books clutched under one arm, he couldn't help but slide his thumb back into the thing in his pocket, just reminded himself that it did indeed work.

Not that he doubted it, of course. On the drive back he had obviously slid one endpoint of it into his pants under his tail and kept the other one in his palm, stealing a lick or two at red lights or along the

long straightaways of the highway... had he not already been fifteen minutes late for his first class, he might have run off into one of the bathrooms on campus and explored it a bit more in there instead of waiting until he had made it back to his dorm. If he curled his upper lip up against his nose he could still pick up some of his own scent, clinging to the fur there.

He had thought about sliding one of the rings down around the base of his length, of course, and riding back to use himself like a dildo; he had thought about forgoing a shower today and just using his tongue instead, plump sheath pushed through the device to figure out his own scent right from the source; he had thought about finding out just how good he was at sucking dick, by going down on himself... and now, making the walk back to his dorm, another idea popped into his head. An idea that had started at the slight pressure making itself known during the last half of class and now pushing its way more into the forefront of his mind, reminding him of its presence with each step taken.

That brought up an entirely new slew of ideas and memories both. For this kind of thing he had gotten used to stripping down, fully naked, and kneeling in the shower, or the bathtub, or out in the backyard the two or three times he had gone to a playmate's house for it: taking a shower of sorts straight from the tap, sheath aimed across his muzzle and shoulders, or leg hiked over his head if it the giver were not equipped with a sheath. He had even done it by himself before, rolling up onto his back with his footpaws against the wall behind him, trying to rely on gravity and need to drain his bladder across his waiting muzzle and mouth. With *this* thing, though, all he really needed to do was slide one of them down around his base and keep the other in his palm. No need to take off his clothes, so long as he treated his sheath like a straw.

In fact, this thought and idea dominated all of the others in the last two or three minutes it took to get back. A quick flash of his student ID to unlock the door, a brief indecision between elevator and stairs, a mixed discomfort and pleasure coming from each step up those stairs with the pressure inside of him jiggling around, a growing urgency as he made his way down the hall... and then, finally in his room, a moment of wonder and curiosity when he picked up the other end of the device and saw through it the ruffled fabric of the interior of his jeans.

His roommate was still out at class thankfully, but just in case, Kopa still locked himself in the bathroom for it. A glance in the mirror was more than enough to show him that he had gotten visibly worked up; *who can blame me?* he thought, *I've been thinking about this damn thing all day...*

Standing there, watching himself, he placed one of the devices facedown on the counter, then reached to undo his pants fly. The pop of the button and slide of the zipper, with his jeans and boxers shimmying partially down his thighs... and then, double-checking to make sure the link was still open – it had never closed throughout the course of the day, but he still felt nervous about it – he watched it, pulled in a breath, held it, and then started to lower it down. In the mirror, the warm cream-white of his sheath disappeared behind the metal casing of the device. His mind braced him for contact, for resistance, and it felt strange when he found none. At least, none until he had settled it in place around the base of his sheath, the lower rim of the portal just barely brushing across his sack. Then, all he felt was the cool, flat surface of the bathroom sink.

*Here I go.* The tip of his cock briefly retreating back into his sheath against the unpleasant cold of the counter, the leopard tugged his pants back up and redid his fly, and only then picked the other end of the device up. The first end didn't quite disappear within his clothes, showing a somewhat boxy outline against the front of his jeans, but he thought it might be sleek enough that nobody would notice

unless they were specifically looking for it; with the other end in one paw he ran the other down his front, smoothing his shirt against his belly fur, sliding his thumb and palm over his fly, running it further down. There was a brief pressure of the rim of the portal digging in against his body, but other than that, nothing.

Still watching himself in the mirror, Kopa licked his lips, swallowed again, and then turned the other end over in his paw... and frowned. There it was, hanging out of the flat surface of the box, the base obscured in the shadow of the interior of his pants. He could *feel* the air stirring around his sheath and sack when he moved it, could feel the slight differences in gravity and momentum... and when he raised it to his muzzle and took a tentative sniff, it was definitely his own scent that washed over him.

That in itself was enough to earn a response from him, which made itself known right there against his nose. A small pulse, felt both in his loins as well as against his muzzle, with the little point of glistening pink flesh slipping out of the lip of his sheath. It *was* a bit weird watching himself nuzzle his own dick in the mirror, though, so before long Kopa took another step over and slid down onto the toilet, the cool surface of the porcelain sinking into his skin even through his clothes and fur.

It was just strange picking up his scent, his musk, from something that definitely felt like him yet that his mind told him belonged to someone else. Each touch of his nose, to one side of his sack and then the other, vibrated back up through his body in the same places; the lift of his muzzle beneath his balls, the puff of hot breath across his front, the dragging of his lips along the side of his sheath... the gentle kiss to his tip. A thin string of slickness hung between that and his lips and when he pulled away, and when he flicked his tongue across it to break it, the taste there was familiar too. The same taste as when he'd slide a fingerpad inside his sheath and swirl it around after a long, pent-up day, gathered sweat and pre from getting worked up.

The leopard sat back and breathed a gentle sigh, idly running his other paw down between his legs. But nothing was there other than the flat back of the device. That would take some getting used to, too; he turned his muzzle to the side and pressed up into his own sack and sheath, feeling the same stirring there that his brain told him he should feel between his thighs.

*I'm getting distracted...* He shifted, swallowed past the slickness of his own musk on his tongue, and brought that other paw up along his belly. The slightest of presses from his fingers and palm reminded him of the pressure there, just barely held back from his growing excitement. In the morning Kopa had intentionally down an extra bottle of water with this very plan in mind, and then he had gone and forgotten about it until just a little bit ago.

Not anymore, though. The leopard sighed again, lifted the portal device up over his head a bit, then thought better of it and lowered it back down close to his lips, as though he were about to take a sip from a mug. His scent and shape distracted him, so he closed his eyes and held his breath; then he straightened up, swallowed again, and relaxed, imagining and pretending that he was just going about his business normally... and then, taking him somehow by surprise, the wet warmth splashed against his nose and muzzle and startled him into opening his eyes.

Again there was confusion and wonder – he was still wearing all of his clothes, after all! – and then he leaned forward, lowered the device a bit further, and clamped his lips shut around his own tip. Just as he could feel the pressure lightening behind the so-familiar relief of draining himself, so too did he feel that

very same warmth spreading and pooling around his tongue, filling his muzzle with the salty-sharp taste and dry musk.

For a moment Kopa couldn't decide whether to pretend he was taking this marking from someone else, or if he should treat it as it really was. Again his paw slid down his body to try to rub at himself, and again he felt nothing there against the back of the device; the thought, the experience, the *sensation* certainly still earned a reaction out of him, and as he tightened his throat in downing that first mouthful, he felt his sheath part between his lips as his tip started to slide out again, spraying his own piss more forcefully back into his own maw.

Usually when he gave himself a shower, the leopard just let it wash over him, allowing the warmth and the scent to soak into his fur so he could enjoy it more after. This time, though, he had intentionally left his clothing on, which seemed almost like a mistake now. It meant he *had* to swallow down every drop, meant that he *had* to slip his tongue into his sheath, pushing past the soft bumps of barbs along his shaft, to keep himself cupped on his tongue and angled into the back of his throat. This put his nose just an inch and a half away from his pubic fur, his own musk warm, strong, familiar, *enticing*. Again he felt a throb in his loins at the precise same time he felt it against his tongue.

Kopa leaned back a little bit more, nearly bumping his head against the wall behind the toilet. His jaw and throat churned and worked with rhythmic swallows as he drank his own mark down from the source, the taste muted from that extra bottle of water but still there – in the space between swallows he could feel it on his breath, just as he could smell it on himself from that first spray. The heat poured down his throat and into his belly, filling him up with a slightly different kind of pressure; he came forward again, wrapping his lips further down along his sheath, slipping his tongue more deeply in beneath the warm, supple skin, until that stream started to dwindle down to a dribble, and then nothing.

Mouth still in place there, Kopa swallowed one last time and then worked his lips against his own tip, pushing his sheath back a bit, slipping his tongue back out to swirl around. Whether that interruption had been from him fully emptying his bladder, or just from him working himself up too much to continue, he didn't know. Neither did he care, though: already he had gotten wrapped up in working at himself, still wondering at how he could feel *everything*.

It was everything he'd thought, expected, hoped, and fantasized it would be. His own scent washing in over his nose and senses, the wet heat of his length twitching on his tongue, the gentle barbs he was so used to feeling on his fingerpads now pulling lightly along his lips. The strongest part, of course, was the musk, so familiar and so enticing, straight from the source. The leopard moved back, suckling as he went, and then slid his muzzle off of his own length. Then, he just *looked* at it for a moment, watching how it twitched through the portal whenever his body gave a throb.

He swallowed again, the taste of his piss and musk still fresh on his tongue and breath, and came forward again to run his nose up along the underside of his own shaft. Just as he felt it there on his muzzle, so too did the same sensation slide up against those barbs of his underside, again pulling a throb out of him. *Like I'm between my own legs...* he thought, then reached into his pocket for his phone. *I've only got this thing 'til tomorrow morning. Might as well make the most of it I can.*

His friend was right: he *did* love this thing. Kopa tilted the portal to the side for the sake of the picture, grinding himself up against his cheek; then he turned his head and buried his nose between his own

balls, letting the heat and scent wash over him until a thick drip of pre oozed down between his ears; then he started to come up, leaving a line of gentle kisses as he went, until he wrapped his lips around his tip again; and then he tilted the device down a bit more to push himself into the back of his throat.

Along the way he actually forgot about his phone in his paw, letting his arm drift down to rest along his thigh. Kopa bobbed in place there, paying close attention to the way everything felt on himself: this opened up a *lot* of options, as he could just change the position or angle of the device itself instead of needing to move his head.

As he bobbed and swirled his tongue the leopard brought his free paw up his chest, running his fingers over the slightly damp section near the collar of his shirt when he had taken himself by surprise. Then from there he dropped it back down, pushing lightly into his belly while imagining he could feel the extra warmth and weight there of his bladder drained right back into his own body. Enjoying the idea, Kopa shivered and paused halfway down on himself, intentionally twitching and throbbing between his own lips.

*What else is there I can do with this thing...?* While he thought, he pulled himself back out of his muzzle and busied himself with lapping off the thick strings of pre and saliva, soft sandpaper of his tongue catching and tugging sweetly along the gentle barbs of his length. So far he had only found a very few partners who knew how to properly handle those in a way that felt good, and now that he had gotten to them himself he might have to rethink his scheme. Yet again the leopard leaned back, draping his other arm over the side of the tank. *I can set this thing on the floor and ride myself like a dildo... or I could push it under my tail again and use myself like a penetrable... is there a difference there?*

He swallowed and nuzzled down along his length, intentionally pushing his nose in against the soft skin of his sheath. It easily pushed back at the base, showing more slick pink flesh and giving way to a stronger, heavier, headier version of his musk. The leopard's thoughts briefly interrupted by that, he pursed his lips and sucked along that newly-revealed section of flesh, with his tongue digging in a moment later. A little sharper, a little saltier, but no less enticing or invigorating. Actually, perhaps a little bit more: he tilted the device so he could work his tongue around, the skin of his sheath bunched up against his lips as he slid his tongue in at the very base of his shaft, the cat unable to resist the sweet twitches of pleasure the action brought out of him.

Phone resting on his thigh, camera still open but no longer taking pictures or recording, he closed his eyes again and dragged his tongue back up his length. This time he held the device in place with one paw so he could wrap his other around his base, slowly stroking himself as he once again dove down a moment later. *I'm just pawing myself off*, he thought, *just like any other day, but now I'm also sucking myself off at the same time... God, this is just, so... so fuckin'...*

Already he could feel it. He had been able to feel it nearly as soon as his piss had dribbled off – the arousal and excitement, the approaching peak spurred on from the very *idea* of the thing. It *was* a little bit weird pawing off this floating dick in the air in front of him, but Kopa was too wrapped up in pleasuring himself to really think about much of anything anymore: even with his eyes closed he had no need to pretend it was someone else, since it was just *him*. Everything he did on one end he could feel through the other.

The pleasure doubled, the sensation strengthened, the arousal magnified... Kopa squeezed his eyes shut and thrust his hips forward, nearly forgetting both that he was still fully dressed and that, technically,

there was nothing between his legs right now. His toes curled, his muscles tightened, his heartbeat picked up – and then he jerked forward, nearly sliding off of the toilet as the first burst of his peak ricocheted through him. His knees still tried to squeeze together and his hips thrust, though instead of anything happening there, the powerful throbs pulsed between his lips and on his tongue, and he felt his own load spurt out into the back of his throat, rope after rope after rope, filling his mouth yet again with his own familiar taste. The leopard dropped his paw from the base of his length to squeeze at his leg, accidentally bumping his phone off onto the tile floor below. The sound startled him and he slid himself out of his muzzle, resulting in the last spurt landing across his face and immediately matting down his fur; as he half-blindly reached to pick his phone back up he lapped at the underside of his still-twitching length, loving the heightened sensitivity and reflexive shivers that it sent through him.

Spent and exhausted, the leopard leaned back against the toilet again and let his arm holding the device fall limp across his lap. Almost back where it should be: a tired smile lifting his lips, he shifted it around and angled it so it almost looked as though he were just bursting through his sealed pants. Then, though, feeling the thick stickiness dripping down his muzzle and still able to taste it in his mouth, he lifted it back up, held his phone camera up... and then snapped a picture, muzzle open and tongue out, of him having just caught a load from his own shaft.

*Only 'til tomorrow morning...* Kopa leaned his head back again, taking a moment to catch his breath. *Maybe I can find a way to persuade them to let me keep it a while longer. Maybe a week. There's so many things I can still do with this...* After a moment he lifted his head and looked at it, watching his shaft slowly slip back into his sheath. He slid his other paw down into his pants, and after a little bit of shuffling and adjustment managed to slide himself out of the device and the device out of his pants. It felt a little bit strange to have everything back in its proper place all of a sudden, but that in itself still brought a smirk and a shiver out of him.

*Maybe for the rest of the day I'll pass the other end along to a friend...*