

“Emerald Eyes”
by Lucian the otter

“So tell me Lucian, have you ever given thought to my sculpting proposal?” the fox said to the otter as he took a sip from his drink. “I know you definitely seemed keen on it when I brought it up with you and showed you what I did with my sculptures in the orgy room.”

“I don't know Eric.” Lucian replied, “It's flattering that you suggest I'm hot enough to be the inspiration for a statue, but do you really think my figure will work in that venue?”

“I'm sure it will be fine. Everybody loves to see some otter cock. Now, how's about we strip down so I can get some photos for referencing, if you're still willing of course?” Eric said as he took out a camera.

Lucian obliged and took his clothes off, revealing his burgeoning erection, “I am certain that more than one part of me really wants this.” He struck various poses as Eric took pictures from all angles.

After several poses Eric interrupted and said, “Alright, that should be enough photos for me to go off of. Now I'm just going to need you to get knocked out so we can make this fantasy a reality.”

“Alright.” Lucian said as he closed his eyes, and then the cloth came over his mouth and nose and he slipped into unconsciousness.

Eric went to work, slipping a gag with a hole for a feeding tube into the otter's muzzle and fastening it on and taking a couple of straws and sticking them into the otter's nostrils. He then took the otter's cock and locked it up in a chastity device and then slid a catheter into him. After that the fox selected a butt plug with a sizable enema hole, lubed it up, and slipped it into the otter's tailhole. Once all that was accomplished, the fox fitted various bits of tubing onto him and slipped the otter into a latex catsuit with holes for the tubing to come out of.

The otter was placed on top of a pedestal, and Eric used harness implements to get him into a position where he appears to be offering up something. Eric then took the tubing and ran it into key holes in the pedestal and then got out some concrete mix. After mixing it in with water the fox used it to cover up the otter from the feet up, removing restraints as he went and the concrete dried and positioning the tubing along the otter's body as he went. He covered up the otter's rudder in a relaxed position. He covered up everything from the neck down in a mass of concrete that he would chip away at.

At this point the otter woke up, moaning around the gag.

“Well look at who just woke up.” Eric said to him as he went over to a drawer and pulled out a pair of goggles and a latex hood. “And just in time for the best part too my rudderbutt friend. You'll get to see me carve your form out of the concrete and you'll also get to know exactly how you are going to get a front row seat to the world around you.”

The fox held up the pair of goggles, which looked like dark emeralds to the untrained eye. “These beauties right here, they'll make it look like you have jewelled eyes. However, thanks to some special reflection trickery you'll get to see out of them, but nobody will be able to see in. Oh a few people already know there's someone inside the display piece. Some of them are people you know yourself and I've told them that it will be you specifically inside.”

The fox snapped the goggles over the otter's eyes. “There we go, I'm sure that folks will really dig how those look in the candlelight of the orgy. Of course, even though some of us know the truth behind our little cuckold in the room, nobody else is ever going to know because those of us that do won't let it on. They won't even be able to hear you breathe through your nostrils even with the usual ambiance, let alone the moans they let out as they writhe on the floor in pleasure. And the best part is, any moaning you let out won't even be heard.”

The otter started to moan a little more around his gag as the fox continued, “That's right, all those bodies on the floor, many of them bodies you've fucked or wanted to fuck, will be in full sight for

your viewing pleasure. You'll get to see them penetrate, get penetrated, and all sorts of other bizarre kinky shit." The fox then chuckled to himself, "Well, maybe not as bizarre as what we're doing with you. You're probably going to be the kinkiest fucker in the room for the next month or so."

He then leaned in close to the otter and whispered into his ear, "And the best part is, you won't even be able to squirm a little bit in protest." He took a latex hood and then used it to cover up the rest of the otter's head except for two holes that let the straws go into his nostrils, and then continued to speak with the otter at normal volume, "After all, isn't it better that way rudderbutt? To want to take part in the orgy you have a front row seat to, and to have nobody know that you're even there in the room with them? I'll bet you'd be so hard if you weren't already locked up down there. I know that the anonymity excites you."

A latex band was then slipped over the otter's head and used to tighten the hood around the otter's neck. Some material used to deaden sounds was also placed over the otter's muzzle, so nobody would be able to hear his moaning from within. "Goodbye for now friend. I know you'll be given plenty of food and drink through that tube of yours by way of the pedestal, and the pedestal's got a built-in enema that will clean you out daily. And thank goodness for that catheter too, since it would be pretty hard to take a washroom break in this getup. And don't worry about safety, I've got ways to monitor your vitals via the catsuit and if anything goes wrong I can get you out of that concrete fast."

Eric then took out his concrete and began carefully applying it over the otter's head. He took special care around the muzzle, making sure that the straws stayed in place so that the otter could breathe properly. When he was done, the rough outline of the otter in concrete stood before him, the deep emerald eyes staring back at him. "And now for the fun part."

He grabbed a chisel and hammer and got to work, slowly chiseling out the form of the otter from the concrete, but taking care to make sure he didn't disrupt any essential tubing or make it too weak in any given place. Some support rods were kept in so that the structure was not held up by concrete and the otter's body alone. Slowly but surely the form of the statue appeared, the otter standing up and looking forward with hands outstretched and an erect cock. The fox also took the liberty of prettying it up with golden details and gems in key places. A few tattoos in the style of otter tribes were also painted on him. Eric did this over a week.

After the week was up Eric stood back to admire his work, and put one last finishing touch of an ornate plate on top of the otter's outstretched arms and fastened it securely via magnets he integrated into the otter's arms. "Now my friend, it's time to get you into the orgy chamber."

Lucian stood on top of an elevated section above the cushions and large mattresses that covered the floor of the orgy room nearby the entrance. However, those not in the know would not have even known that it was Lucian standing there in the first place. To the average person attending the orgy there was only this decorated statue of a lutrine Adonis bearing gifts of condoms, lube, and other important accessories for an orgy night on a platter out in front of him. Anyone who knew Lucian well enough may be able to spot the resemblance, but even they wouldn't be able to tell without prior knowledge that it was Lucian himself encased in that statue, staring out over the room behind those emerald eyes.

The doors then opened, and the attendees of the orgy filed in. All of them stopped to pause and admire the statue.

"Well now Eric, you certainly have sculpted another masterpiece. I really love how he's 'at the ready' and eager to give us the gift of pleasure." a raccoon turned to say to Eric.

"Why that is the end goal of my creations." Eric replied. "They all are made to be eager to serve us as we contort ourselves together in pleasure. If you'd like, maybe some day I'll even show you my creative process." Eric said with a wink. "For now though I think you'd sooner want to perform some unspeakable acts with me as the emerald eyes watch us." Eric took a condom and a small packet of lubricant from the plate in Lucian's arms.

Both the raccoon and Eric went down to the cushions, stripped down and threw their clothes off to the side. Eric slipped the condom over his erection, gave him and his raccoon friend some lubrication and proceeded to fuck him missionary style right there.

Many of the other orgy-goers, all men, joined in and fucked each other right there on the floor. Many of them were people that Lucian had fucked before, and all he could do was stare out at the scene unfold in front of him from behind the goggles. He wanted so badly to join in with the other men out there, but the concrete prevented him from achieving his desire leaving him a decoration from which the orgy-goers got their condoms and lubricant from.

He witnessed many different scenes unfold from him. Some more submissive men would find themselves getting double-teamed by some of the dominants, getting fucked in the ass and in the mouth. This was one of the positions that Lucian was really envious of, and even though his gag was about the thickness of an erection it would not replace the sensation of an actual cock around his mouth. Same with the plug in his tailhole, which didn't even have a vibration sensation. And with that cage encasing his own cock it was clear that he was not about to cum anytime soon.

They also engaged in suspension play, lifting a coyote cuffed, gagged, and strapped into an intricate harness up and then everyone in the room got to take a turn at their ass. Lucian wished he could get a turn himself, but he also wished that he could get strapped up in that suspension harness and fucked above the ground by everyone there. His ass ached for a pounding as he stood there in his concrete shell looking out.

Nobody could hear Lucian, Eric's master craftsmanship made sure of that. But by the same token of craftsmanship Lucian could hear everyone. He could hear every moan, every bit of begging and pleading on that orgy floor. The night was still young though, and Lucian knew from experience that everyone's stamina would not give in for at least another couple of hours or so.

Lucian went on to witness submissives and dominants switch roles in their actions. He saw many furs strapped onto the bondage beds, and some of the more sadistic and masochistic among them used the very candles that lit the room to engage in hot wax play. The sound of paddles and whips striking against flesh and the sounds of furs crying out filled his ears. He wished he could be a part of it all, but he was forced to be spectator to all of this.

And Eric did hold true to his word. Nobody knew that it was Lucian underneath that concrete and looking at them from behind those emerald eyes. Those that were in the know didn't even show any sign to Lucian that they acknowledged the truth behind the statue. They all purposefully ignored him and focused on putting on an elaborate erotic display, and Lucian thought that they specifically nudged the group to engage in the sorts of acts that tickled Lucian's fancy.

It pained Lucian that he was not taking part in this orgy, but deep down he knew that he wanted to be in this situation more than anything. He wanted to both be a voyeur that nobody knew was watching, but at the same time a cuckold in the same room as everyone and unable to get release even though the people he wanted to fuck were getting release all over. The role of statue fit him well, and he knew that he would not have it any other way and that the memories of this and other orgies to come would bring him the best orgasms as he recalled these events in future orgies. He was grateful that Eric had shown him the secret behind his masterworks, and that he could become one of them for the next month.

Of course, nobody showed that they knew that Lucian was there and thinking any of this. They just resumed with business as usual and at the end of every night a great time was had by all, witnessed by the emerald eyes of the otter statue bearing the gift of pleasure.