

“Now, Sagria, I understand that you might have some trepidations about your first contract. But you must understand that these arrangements are vital to the continued prosperity of our House and in time you will see...” I blink twice and the image of my mother’s carefully controlled expression vanishes from my field of view. Nagging me about breeding contracts again. As if there weren’t already enough black and white foxes under the three suns, but no, I have to contribute my Founder-given ovaries to the continuation of the species.

What’s worse, most of the men she’s been considering are the kind of traditionalists who would insist on a “natural” conception and pregnancy, without even the convenience of modern uterine vats. To screw some rich guy I barely know and carry his cub for nine months, how can they expect me to go through with something like that? But mother’s patience will only go so far before I’m disinherited, I mean I might not mind so much if it were on my own terms but...

A plan begins to form in my head, I run a search for open parties with plenty of eager young males in the city.

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After picking a semi-random event in the university district I set about choosing my wardrobe for the night. The most important part is not actually the clothes, but my fur. Purebreds are rare enough on Secland, silver foxes even moreso. I would rather not be noticed for my family connections this time so I bring up a pigment transformation. I start out with a natural-looking red fox tricolor, orange coat with a white underbelly and brown socks, but then I add black tiger stripes over the orange parts. I consider getting my ears or tail reshaped, but after a moment’s thought I decide not to overdo it. After all, I’m not trying to fool security scanners or anything. That decided, my clothes are simple: a green halter top that stops just above my navel,

and a miniskirt with the same patterning as my fur and a tail-hole far down enough along the back to tease on-lookers when I lift my now striped brush.

I set the microbots to my new fur pattern as I get into my skimmer and fly over to the transit hub, they're finished by the time I land and take a short monorail to the university district. On the train car I am reminded of how limited my view of parahumanity is from the family estates. I see all sorts of body types around me, fur, scales, feathers, red, blue, brown, white, muzzles and beaks, tails both long and short. The bewildering variety blends together into a mass of multicolored appendages.

I finally make it to the apartment block set aside for the party just when I think I've finally become accustomed to the diversity, and the outside looks like a monoculture compared to all that's inside. A bat with the muzzle of a horse dancing with a deer-raccoon taur and an uplifted chimpanzee, a parrot swooping around a tiger with the hind legs of a kangaroo. I hesitate just inside the door, surveying the wide selection of species, trying, and most often failing, to imagine what my cubs with any one of them would look like.

Unexpectedly, my eye is drawn to one of the least exotic-looking party-goers. A tan-furred canid, probably a wolf-mix to some extent, wearing a plain white shirt and grey slacks. Just standing there in the corner nursing a drink, watching the crowd with a shockingly familiar expression of shocked bewilderment. Curious, I bring up my overlay and scan him.

Shigeto Terryn, Wolf Clan, Tau Ceti student exchange program. Oh, that figures. I find the one parahuman at this party who's even more inbred than myself. But, then again, what choice of mate would piss off my mother more than some offworld hick? I cross the room with an affected air of confidence. Weaving between swaying or embracing groups I try not to look

like I'm headed straight for him. At some point I stop at the drinks' table and pick up a cup of some sweetened blue liquid with just a hint of alcohol.

Once I reach him, he just barely lifts an eyebrow in acknowledgement as I sidle up next to him. "Enjoying the sights?" I ask as means to start a conversation.

He sighs, takes another drink, and tells me simply, "yes, it's true."

Confused, I ask the obvious. "What is?"

"We do castrate hybrids on Tau Ceti." He replies with practiced ease.

I admit, that comment catches me off guard. I wasn't expecting him to be so direct about it. "I thought the terms of our treaty banned that practice."

Terryn shrugs, "the king might have decreed that his subjects must abide by the treaty, but his ability to enforce it is limited outside the capital. Many of the provincial lords and priests feel they should take such matters into their own hands. Though they were already rather selective in applying that particular custom." He takes another long drink. "That's why I'm here actually, our king and your praetor think that exposing the next generation of lords to your Republic's 'enlightened sensibilities' will help to reform the kingdom."

"Do you believe it will work?" I inquire.

"They're wasting their time with me." Terryn continued. "My family was already making plans to designate my brother as heir before I left. I figure I'll just have as much fun here as possible while I have the opportunity."

I look him over one more time. Still just standing there with no company but myself and a drink. "You don't look like you're having much fun." My tail swishes up below his chin, wafting a bit of concentrated pheromone-rich musk towards his nostrils.

He staggers back, eyes widening. “I was planning to take things slow. After all, I still have eight years on the program left.”

“Why, that’s barely any time at all.” I inform him. “You don’t have time to take things slow. If you want to work your way up to the more exotic, why not start by having some fun with a fellow canine before you try other species?”

Terryn considers me like he doesn’t quite believe what I’m saying. “Back home,” he begins to explain, “I would expect a strange woman throwing herself upon me to be a spy from a rival house.”

I scoff indignantly at the insinuation. “I assure you, I have no relationship to the offworld barbarians your kin would consider rivals.”

“And what of the Silvers?” Terryn rounds on me. “You share the species of this world’s ruling caste, no matter how much they try to deny it, but not their coloration. I don’t have much loyalty to the world of my birth but I would at least appreciate some honesty.”

Considering, I realize the best way to catch him off his guard again, he is somewhat right after all. “Hmm, I suppose the descendants of Argentum do have a bit of a stranglehold on our political structure. They have managed to leverage reverence for their illustrious ancestor into all sorts of power. Not just public elections but also the highest ranks of the bureaucracy, great estates, investments tracked by brokers across the system, now the telepath program...”

“I’m honestly surprised the telepaths are real.” He comments, “it seemed like just a peasant superstition when I first heard about them. The silver foxes from another world can speak to each other at any time from any distance? It seems too strange to actually exist.”

“Well,” I admit sheepishly. “There are only a handful of telepaths among the thousands of Silvers, the only verifiable psychic connections between individuals have been pairs of identical twins and those are rare enough as is.”

“I suppose that the Silvers’ lack of genetic diversity might help with that?”

I shrug. “That’s a popular theory, though they tend to word it in some way that emphasizes their connection to the Founder. Personally though, I think they were just in a position to intentionally produce the most telepaths.”

“Intentionally produce?” He asks in response. “You mean they practice arranged matings? Just like our own noble caste.”

“Something like that.” I reply. “It’s probably not exactly the same, but I think it’s pretty safe to say that neither your family nor the Silvers would approve of our coupling now would they?”

Terryn looks around quickly, as if expecting something to be watching us. “Perhaps,” he says, “we should take this somewhere more private?”

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He leads me to a room towards the back of the suite, practically a closet with a well-used mattress on the floor crammed against the walls. The stink of a dozen species and sexes permeate the durable fabric as we sit down in there. I flop back on the bed letting my skirt flick upwards in the wolf’s full view, yet despite the obvious invitation he sticks his fingers beneath my skirt slowly, with trepidation. I reach below to grab my panties by the crotch and pull them aside, Terryn takes the opportunity to instead pull them down from the waistline, drawing them over my thighs. Working with him I bring the undergarment further down my legs and fold back at

the hips and knees so that I can reach them as I pull them loose of my feet. Wadding them up in a ball and stashing my panties in the corner I start on my lupine partner. The front of his pants come undone with little effort and I tease out his swelling cock as he fingers my own parts downstairs. My index and thumb slide back his sheath while he circles my clit. I rub on his growing shaft to encourage it further and he inserts his fingers, one by one, into my slit, spreading those nether lips apart slowly and carefully to give them the time to properly lubricate themselves. My left hand undoes the old-fashioned buttons of his shirt as my right massages his glans, the strap holding my top up comes undone so much more easily and my nipples slip out from under the thin fabric. His muzzle reaches down and extends a wide tongue towards my left areola. Terryn's tongue laps over my nipple, sending waves of pleasure reverberating up my breast with each lick and I can feel his cock swell more quickly in my grasp. Extending from its' sheath, widening with blood, bulging out at its base.

Surprised, I let go of his "handle" and glance down at the appendage between his legs. It is tapered at the tip with a phalange jutting out the lower side of the glans. Towards the base of his cock I see it beginning to bulge outwards. "Really?" I say with incredulity at the thing I was planning to stick inside of me. "They bred that trait into you offworlders?"

Terryn looks back down at his crotch, the erection already starting to subside. "Do foxes not share this variety of genitalia?"

"Wild foxes do," I start to explain. "Some actors in size queen porn, or young idiots who want a big dick, have their junk modded to be like that. But most parahumans on Secland retain the baseline human configuration downstairs."

“Interesting,” the wolf considers. “I suppose the colonists of Tau Ceti must have designed it that way to limit the chances of interspecies mingling when they decided to abandon cloning. Did you want to stop?”

I think about it. The size of that knot is intimidating, yes, but I did want a unique encounter, and mother might not allow me a second opportunity. “I think, maybe I could handle it. Keep going.”

My lupine companion shucks his pants off completely, leaving his rising shaft and the ballsack dangling beneath in full view. In response I hike my short skirt up to my navel and spread my legs apart to receive him. My tail wagging in invitation with the white tip tickling between his thighs. He lays one hand on the bed beside my saliva-soaked breast and leans over me, his dangling shaft glistening with the first signs of pre-cum.

With his free hand he guides that uncannily canine rod towards my slit, which is starting to drip onto my tail despite my anxiety. A thick testosterone-laden musk rises from his crotch fur to mingle with the scents of my own artificially-induced heat. I wonder, do vixens and bitches on his world go into estrus naturally? His feralized cock doesn't seem to care about the origin of my hormones as it parts my anticipating lips. He is hard, as hard as the most rigid of my toys, harder than any of the men I've screwed before. But, then again, they were all baseline downstairs, and wearing prophylactics. I wonder if the atavistic rods his ancestors were given included the penile bone.

He thrusts into me, shaking the mattress and causing it to jump briefly off the narrow floor. I wrap my arms around his torso as if to hang on for dear life as I buck my pelvis back into the foam and then onto his shaft just as he begins his second thrust. I feel so warm now,

desperately I try to shift my halter up over my arms while encouraging him to throw off that heavy shirt of his. He hesitates for a moment, his hand on his sleeve, before conceding and pulling his arm out as a prelude to peeling the whole garment off his back.

When the shirt is gone, I see something else that makes me stop and think. His back is covered with a cape of black fur, interspersed with small specks of white and grey. I don't remember wolves having quite that color variation but before I can say anything it feels like a hydraulic press is prying open my canal. His knot has expanded again, swelling up to what feels like the size of a grapefruit to my sensitive vulva. I don't know if my baseline vagina will allow me to remove it now, but I'm afraid to find out.

Now stuck together as he pumps his seed inside me, we lay together on the mattress, him on top of me between refractory periods. I look over his shoulder again at the unusual pattern of his back and my overlay starts to search for species that have that cape. "Jackal?" I comment with the hint of a question.

Shigeto Terryn of Clan Wolf picks himself off of me and stares down straight into my eyes, still buried hilt deep in me. "I mentioned before that the provincial lords weren't always consistent in their enforcement of the speciation laws. For instance, if one of their sons shows a slight sign of hybridization that can be easily covered up by some dye or clothing it might be more embarrassing to summon a surgeon than to let it remain a mere rumor." He moves one hand to caress my face, but with a grip just strong enough to hold me there. "So tell me, what color are you beneath that dye?"

"My name is Sagria Geneweaver de Argentum." I confess, letting loose the secret feels like dropping a weight I hadn't realized I was carrying. "I'm obligated to enter a breeding



contract with a member of another house of Argentum to help consolidate our finances, and possibly produce new telepaths.”

Shigeto perks one ear in my direction, letting his grip slacken a little. “So, what am I to you? One last fling before the wedding?”

“A means of procreating on my own terms.” I explain, flatly. “And an attempt at introducing some fresh blood to the Silver genepool.” As he looks with some confusion I lay one hand over my stomach, in the spot where hours earlier I had injected the experimental compounds directly into my uterus. “The telepath program developed a drug called bovkanovskin that induces twinning in zygotes, as well as a delivery mechanism for introducing quantum-entangled particles like those in computers or the brains of telepaths to living cells. With both of those in my reproductive system any cubs I conceive now will have to be accepted by the House.”

He raises a hand, almost as if to strike me, but after considering a moment he lowers it to our joined crotches and feels the connection, I wince at the pressure. “Once my knot comes down,” he decides, “I leave, and we never speak of this again. You won’t try to track me down or contact me. You bear sole responsibility for whatever results from this meeting.”

I give the terms some consideration as I sit there, his sperm swimming through my drug-filled womb. “Yes,” I finally concede, some glimmer of wetness welling in my eye for some reason. “I agree.”