

Sashimi Party - Part 4

"Not yet, Caleve," Gala growled. He licked his finger tip, and pointed to each of the friends who remained unmolested and intact, slumped as they were around the table. "Jason is next, and after him, we'll deal with that tawdry little slut, Max. But first, lest we skip him due to the.. inconsequentialness of his endowments, I want to ensure that Priam gets his just desserts."

Lazarus groaned in excitement, curling onto his side and resting his chin in his palm. "Oh, and what are *his* just desserts to be?"

"Priam really doesn't have all that much to give, honestly. After we looked over all of the parts we would need, for Colin's replacement, we didn't actually *need* anything."

Gala stepped behind Priam's chair. He chuckled, bringing a finger to stroke a tear away from the fox's chin. He licked at the salt, smiling wider as he grabbed the fox by the ears, using the grips to make the fox's head swing to the left and the right.

"Oh, but *Gala*, I only had a *nibble!* It's not *my fault* everyone else snacked and gobbled up your cheating boyfriend's junk, I'm *innocent! Above reproach!*" Gala said, mockingly imitating the fox's voice. "You know, I don't recall you saying that Colin was innocent. In fact, as I recall, you were fairly *adamant* that we should dig in. You knew that he was innocent, but you didn't care, because you were just *that hungry* to sink your fangs into my boyfriend's big, succulent cock. Was it worth it, Priam?"

Gala nodded the fox's head up and down, roughly yanking it up then down. "Ooooooh, yesss, it was made even tastier knowing that we tricked you into letting us do it! I *looooooved* that part most of all!"

"I'm sure you did. You always were a petty little bitch. Guess what, though, Priam, from one fox to another, I'm just as petty."

Gala circled around Priam's chair, and nestled onto his knees between the fox's limp thighs. He pushed his knees apart, and slid his palms playfully up through the soft red fur of the fox's inner thigh, until his fingers curled pleasantly and gently around the fox's scrotum. The white furred balls were quite plump, large and round and heavy, and they pleasantly filled Gala's paws as he kneaded them together.

"Hey, Caleve? I'm having a hard time remembering what exactly we were going to take from Priam. Do you have that little list handy?"

"I can get it, boss!" Caleve chirped. Gala stared up into Priam's eyes, watching the fox's lips tremble, his eyes oozing more sad tears. "Here it is. Yeah, it says-"

"Oh, don't tell me, I would much rather prefer to guess," Gala said. His smile darkened even more, his claws raking slowly, painfully against the flesh of the other fox's pouch. "He has such a nice, furry, fluffy scrotum, so I am guessing that I know what it was. I bet Priam's really, *really* proud of it."

Gala's left hand's fingers pinched into the underside of the fox's scrotum, gripping the furry flesh and yanking it tightly, firmly downwards. The rounded eggs inside were crushed against each other, and Gala wrapped his right hand around the two of them, squeezing them tightly.

"Oh, they're quite soft and juicy. Such plump fox balls. It's a shame they're being obscured by this soft furry pelt. I think... yes, I'm sure that Priam would be proud to show his big balls off, don't you?"

Gala sank his thumb claw into the middle of the white pelted scrotum, and dragged it down. There was a soft tearing sound, and the fox's ears twitched - but only slightly. Gala pulled down with his claw, until it tore through the underside of the scrotum, a deep gash cutting right through the protective holster and revealing hints of the glistening testicles within.

"Oops." Gala said, as he reached up with both hands, taking the sliced open flaps of either side. "Caleve, it wasn't Priam's *scrotum* that's being donated, right?"

Caleve checked the list, then shook his head. "Nope! Not his scrotum."

"Okay, okay. Well, let's simplify things."

Gala pulled his hands down and away from each other, fingers hooked firmly into the malleable furry musky scrotum skin. It stretched as far as it could, but the sound of skin being torn, ripping apart from itself, was a delicious crackling sound to accompany Lazarus' soft moan and Caleve's giggle of appreciation.

The fat balls were pushed up, out of the scrotum, and Gala used his left paw to gather them up by their pudgy gleaming cords. The bundle of both balls were slapped up and against the underside of the fox's sheath, while Gala used his right paw to gather and twist the now empty scrotum between his fingers. It was soft enough, loose and stretchy enough for him to wrap his ring and pinkie into it, twisting it around and curling them against his palm in order to make sure that he had a nice, tight grip. Then, he pulled that hand away from Priam's groin, stretching the root of the empty scrotum taut.

The ripping sound returned, but it was slowly, accompanied by the soft wet sound of skin being peeled away from the fat and tissue underneath. Gala was merciless, stripping the scrotum away from Priam's groin, the soft flesh tearing free from the red fox's groin. Well, mostly free. A single strip about a quarter inch wide peeled loose and away from the fox's lower groin, all the way down to the fox's taint, before it finally *snapped* loose.

Gala smirked in smug satisfaction as he relaxed his grip, shifting to hold the dangling loose furry sack, now marred and torn and blood, in front of the fox's eyes.

"We don't *need this*, Priam, so I went to the effort to remove it. After all, there's no need to keep it around, right? I suppose I could have asked you, first. That's on me. Here, let me give you this back, as my way of apologizing."

Gala used two fingers to tuck the soft white pouch up into the fox's maw, threading it between the short, soft teeth and onto the fox's tongue. He pulled his fingers back out of Priam's maw, only to pinch and tuck a dangling strip of skin up into it. "There we go. Now you can enjoy your own flavor. When's the last time you got to suckle on your own ball-sack? Oh, there's no need to thank me. You just sit there and enjoy yourself."

Gala gave a little tug on the long strand of dangling scrotum still hanging like a bit of drool from the fox's maw. "Cute." Then he crouched back down, and re-examined the fox's groin.

"Not the scrotum.. Well, clearly, it **MUST** be these huge fox nuts. I'm sure Priam is proud of *these* fat eggs, right? Maybe it's *these* that we're going to be taking from him."

Gala paused, for a second, and then clenched his hands down with a savage intensity. His fingers dug into the flesh, forcing it to bulge around it as fingertips dove deeply into the soft flesh of the fox's big balls. Gala crushed, tighter and harder, his teeth bared in a savage grin as he clenched with all of the strength in his forearms.

The left one yielded. The bulging, gray and yellow flesh popped, one of the tight ridges rupturing. With the internal pressure now capable of finding a way out, the vulnerable, sensitive innards of Priam's left testicle violently and massively ejected itself, splattering out from within the testicle in a wet and gorey splattering spray.

"Oops," Gala growled, but he didn't let go of either of the balls. "I guess I should have taken my ring off first." He paused, taking a deep breath, and then crushed down with all of his strength on the right testicle.

The nut bulged more tightly, and Gala's snarling grimace got tighter as he struggled to rupture the huge nut.

"You gonna do it? You gonna keep your nut?" He grasped the nut with his other hand, crushing his palms together. The meaty nugget distended, flattening between his palms as he crushed them together.

"Come on, stud, you can handle a little playful squeezing, right? Am I squeezing too hard? Just say 'stop' if you've had enough!" The fox taunted. His palms were nearly touching now, the flesh bulging out with thin blue lines where the capillaries were being crushed into the outer membrane by the softening, squelching tissues inside. "Just-"

Priam's remaining testicle didn't yield, as much as it *exploded*. The inside burst out between Gala's fingers in thick blobby guts, clinging stickily to his wrists and forearms. Gala was sure that he heard the faintest wheeze of complaint from the drugged fox staring down at him from above. Was he trying to say 'stop'? Aww. The thing was, even if Priam *could* have said anything, Gala wouldn't have listened. He stood up, and frowned down at the greasy, slimy mess of nut goop on his hands. He held them out in front of them, frowning disapprovingly as he walked over to Caleve.

"Clean this up," he said, and the gryphon grabbed Gala's elbows, and began to lick and groom the ruined nut butter out of the fox's soft fur on his forearms. The big guy's tongue was pleasant, soothing even, as he happily lapped up the remnants of Priam's virility.

"So, Lazarus," Gala said as he was being cleaned. "We didn't need his sack, or his balls.. so obviously we must need his dick, right?"

"Well, not really. It's not much of a dick, you have to admit. The tip of it, especially, while *cute*, well... we couldn't really think of anything we could do with it."

"The sheath, then?" Gala asked, pulling his right hand away. It was spotless, not even damp, the gryphon's nimble tongue having lapped and licked and cleaned every trace of the ruined testicle from it.

"We could do the sheath, sure. I mean, we have enough sheath to go around already, but we could add it to like... the end or something. Who doesn't like a little extra sheath to chew on?" Lazarus said.

"Perfect, perfect." Gala said. He rubbed Caleve along his brow, thanking him for the efficient cleaning service, and went back over to the castrated fox. On the way, he picked up the steak knife laying in front of the slumping vulpine, and then reclaimed his space between the fox's thighs. "Now, where were we? Oh, that's right. Your tiny, useless dick. We want your sheath, so we might as well take that off right now."

Gala pinched the fox's sheath in his hand, forcing the tip of the peeking pink shaft back down into Priam's groin. He positioned the steak knife against the side of the fox's sheath, and pulled the pinched skin outwards, as far as possible. Then, he started sawing.

The serrated blade sliced into the soft, creamy furred sheath easily, splitting it away from the fox's groin and revealing the end of the fox's cock. Gala didn't bother cutting around the shaft, and the length that was still exposed was tightly enough gripped by the pinched sheath that it couldn't bend or flop out of the teeth of the sawing blade. Gala merrily sliced through it, along with the sheath, pausing only when he felt the scrape of metal against bone.

"Oops," he mumbled, squinting his eyes as he contemplated whether he should cut around the baculum. Then, shrugging, he continued to saw through it. After all, he wanted a nice, clean edge to his sheath.

The knife's edge splintered its way through the baculum, truncating off the last quarter inch or so, and then sliced through the last bit of penis and sheath. There was a hint of *give*, as it came free in his hand, the tip of the penis sliding out of the now removed sheath and bouncing off of Gala's thigh. He didn't bother to figure out where the conical bit of flesh bounced or rolled off to, he just reached up over his head and dropped the sheath onto the clean plate on the table behind him.

Then, he paused. He studied Priam's wounded groin. By pulling the sheath so tight, he had technically sawed off more than just the sheath - about a quarter inch of skin around where the sheath had been was now denuded, showing the fox's naked flesh underneath. More than that, though...

When he had pinched the sheath between his fingers, apparently it had pushed the trapped penis inside down into the fox's groin. Now that there was nothing to hold it down inside, and without its protective sheath to coat it, the fox's penis was slowly lip-sticking out into the open.

It was truncated, an angry red flat nub with a splintered, cracked baculum peeking out just above where he had been slicing, but it wasn't the penis itself that caught Gala's eye. As he watched, the vulpine's sleek knot pushed out into the open as well, the slim bulbs still dormant and uninflated. They were cute, though.

"Hey, Lazarus, how about some *knot bulbs*, you think we could fit some more of THOSE in the amalgam?"

"Well, I don't see why not. Maybe we could put some up near the tip, since those are so small? They could act as textural ridges. Penile enrichment, as it were."

"Perfect," Gala said. He reached down, and caught the slippery bulb between his fingers, squeezing it snugly. It tried to squirm away, but he merely tugged it again, dragging it back out fully into the open.

Cutting through the baculum was easier, the second time around. The wounded shaft was perfectly excised, the sawed off nub vanishing back inside the fox's groin as Gala stood up with the twin grapes held between his fingers. He dropped the knot (and the extra inch or so of tip that hadn't been removed with the first excision) onto the plate with the fox's sheath, and then pushed the whole thing across the table.

"There ya go," Gala said. "Go ahead and clean it up and add it to the rest of the gang's donations," Then, he grasped Priam's ear, and used it as a napkin, stroking the blood and such from the blade of the steak knife. He tousled Priam's headfur, crouching down to give a little smooch against the fox's cheek. "Maybe next time, you won't be *quite* so eager to capitalize on someone else's misunderstanding, hmm? What a great teachable moment, this is, for you."

"Enough with the proselytizing," Caleve groaned. "I want MEAT in my belly!" He looked meaningfully over to Jason, the massive black and purple dragon sitting indian style on the floor. "Do him next! I know you've been enjoying *taunting* me by leaving all that flesh just laying there, plump and heavy and demanding to be devoured!"

"Mmm, yes," Gala said. He circled around the dragon, grinning at the glassy eyes, the slight twitches of the big beast as he slumped slightly to the side. "Jason, Jason, Jason. Had no problem wasting through a massive chunk of my boyfriend's equipment, ripping out the juicy middle and discarding the skin. Maybe you didn't know any better; maybe you just saw a free meal and took it. I could almost forgive that. . but you had to be wasteful. Tossing chunks you didn't want to eat to the floor. Tossing pieces of *my* boyfriend's cock on the ground."

Gala took a moment to compose himself, and grasped the big dragon by the shoulders. Hulking and muscular, he was nonetheless as much in thrall as the others as he was dragged slowly to flop onto his back. Doing so caused the full length of his cock to flop with a momentous meaty *thwack* against his belly. It was a deliciously heavy cock, with a plumpness and a smooth patina that *craved* the pressure of sharp fangs and serrated blades. Gala had both, but in this situation, only the knife would be used.

"Here we go, Jason," the fox said, to the glassy eyed dragon. "I hope you're enjoying your dream. It is only a shame that you won't get to say goodbye to your cock, as I section off pieces of it."

The sun made Jason's head feel funny. A bright blue sky surrounded by bright blue water was too much on the dragon's unadjusted eyes. The orange inner tube he was holding on to kept him afloat. It was nice. He was so tired, and the water and warm sun were rocking him in and out of consciousness. His body was heavy, too heavy for him to move. Not that he wanted to try and swim, Jason was enjoying the area in his solitude. The water was warm, and the current felt good as it trailed between his thighs, tickling against his huge, limp cock and his massive balls.

A splash caught his attention, dragging him out of his stupor. He glanced around, but he was in the middle of the big blue ocean, with nothing, not even a buoy, around to make any other noises. His squinted eyes only gave him so much vision, but once he stopped looking at the surface of the water, he noticed them.

Two blurred shapes circled underneath the surface of the water, their forms nearly as long as his own were. He wasn't sure if it was just his imagination, or if it was real. Then he felt the brush of one of the big blurry bulges as it slid across the tip of his tail. Perhaps Jason twitched in response, muscles jerking at the sudden awareness that he wasn't alone, and perhaps that was why the two triangular muzzles broke through the surface of the foaming ocean water. There was no fur on them, just the smooth skin of dolphins, whales... and sharks. One was a bluish gray, and one was a darker grayish brown, their eyes small and intelligent as they sized Jason up.

The grayish one smiled widely at the dragon, lifting one hand up out of the water to give a little wave. He was definitely a shark. His mouth was lined with rows upon rows of rough, triangular fangs,

"Damn, Crusher, he's a big one, eh?" The grayish one said, thumbing under the water between the dragon's legs. Jason felt a sense of alarm as the blue one nodded, a wide tongue licking along thick dull teeth.

"You ain't kidding, Ripper," The blue one agreed. "I saw a boat pass through earlier, I think they left this guy here for us, as a present."

The smile on Ripper's face curved even wider. "Oh, good. CharnCo Cruises always knows how to take care of us. I was wondering if we were going to have to board and pillage... again."

"Maybe we will anyways, after we finish with this big hunk," Crusher said. "Look, he's even into it. He's pudging up, thinking about our teeth sinking into his fat, meaty cock."

Jason grunted, feeling hot. Was he drugged? How had he gotten here? It didn't matter. He couldn't move, his massive frame wedged tightly through the hole of the innertube. He couldn't see past the rim of the innertube, could not see his big, dangling, vulnerable dick just floating in the water with his aching balls. He couldn't see it, but he could feel it. Even though the water was cool, it did nothing to satisfy the heat of his loins. He was getting hard, and he didn't know if it was because of the big sexy shark studs in front of him or if it was some drug he had been slipped earlier. Either way, he could feel his thick, juicy cock firming up, stimulated purely by the caress of water against his skin.

The sharks swam closer, dipping under the water, and smooth webbed hands curled around the underside of his big cock. They resurfaced, three or so feet away, and the broad, purple head of his cock broke the surface with them.

"Look at how that meaty ol' thing stands! It's like a giant dragon rudder!" Crusher snickered, and Jason could feel the shark's hands gripping and pulling along his erection. "It's gotta be what... five feet long?"

"Six. At least. Biiiiing boy," Ripper said. "Shit, I can't wait any longer, bro, I'm gonna start eating him!" The blue shark's hands stroked and squeezed along the other side, working in tandem with the gray shark's paws to stroke that big fleshy dark foreskin over the gleaming cap. Precum bubbled from the slit, the poor dragon's erection reaching maximum stiffness and total fleshiness with an embarrassingly small amount of that manual stimulation.

"We should let him cum, don't you think?" Ripper asked, rubbing his palm along the head of the dragon's cock. He traced his thumb along the broad, sensitive cum slit, sinking the thick fingers into the warm flesh and using it to hold the cock still. He pulled it down, stretching the dick out away from Jason's body, the solid column of dragon meat jutting out between the two hungry sharks.

"Nah. It's more fun to eat the cum before it leaves the body. I don't want to get into a feeding frenzy, trying to slurp up all his cum," Crusher said. He winked up to the docile dragon. "Sorry dude, but your last chance to use those huge cum tanks sailed with that boat that dropped you off."

"Are you gonna eat them?" Ripper asked, as he absently stroked and squeezed against the dragon's fat shaft. "Because if you eat them, I will eat all of his dick myself--"

"No chance in hell," Crusher said. "You know the drill." He grabbed the dragon's cock head, sinking two of his own fingers into the piss slit along Ripper's own, and pulling it towards himself and away from Ripper. He pushed a finger tip against the top of the cock, just above the slit, and began to drag it backwards, drawing an imaginary line. "We split this dick, right down the middle, fifty fifty."

"What, left side right side? Why can't I have the first half, and you have the second half?" Ripper countered, sliding the edge of his palm along the top of the dragon's cock, resting it loosely in the middle. "You know how much I love big juicy cockheads..."

"Because I love big juicy cockheads, too!" Crusher said. "And you always 'forget' how much half is, once you start eating!"

Jason was almost able to groan, his huge and powerful dick being handled so casually, being tugged and rubbed over by the two sharks as they negotiated with each other. He felt a tail fin slap against the underside of his massive cum tanks, the huge eggs floating weightless in the water and being pushed back between his thighs.

"Fine, we'll split it lengthwise. But I don't want to accidentally kiss you or something, while we're sharing this guy's cock. So how about this, you start at the base of his dick, and I'll start at the head," Ripper suggested.

"How about you get a *taste* of him first before you start demanding *tastes* first. Remember that guy about a month ago? The stallion with the weird tasting cum? You don't want to go to all the trouble of biting off a guy's cock and then not even eat it, right? We ended up throwing that huge horse dick away!"

"Well, technically," Ripper said, winking up at Jason, "We used it as crab bait. But I get your point. Fine, I'll *taste* him first."

Jason stared, impotently, unable to push or swim or do anything but watch as the two sharks ducked back under the water. He felt the wide, cool, rough tongue of one shark licking along the left side of his cock, and then another, slightly rougher tongue scraping slowly up along the right side. The two sharks were enjoying his flavor, tongues lapping over straining flesh and thick veins. There was just one thing, something that bothered Jason. He could feel the tip of a claw, dragging down along the edge of his shaft, between where the tongues were lapping. Did sharks even have claws?

Gala traced the tip of the steak knife down the length of the shark's erection, to around the middle. The dragon had gotten hard in a ridiculously quick time, that huge shlong burgeoning out with hot blood as if it was *excited* to be chopped to pieces. The fox glanced over to Caleve, the tip of the blade just pushing into the flesh, just in the middle. He lazily twisted the knife around under his fingertip, the tip pushing deeper and deeper into the resilient brown dragon dick meat. "Whatcha think, this about right?"

Caleve nodded excitedly. "From there to the base? Sure. Go for it. Sounds great."

Jason flinched as he felt a tooth puncture into the flesh of his cock, just around the middle, on the bottom side. It was just a pinch, but it was enough to pull him out of the pleasant reverie of being tongue bathed by two sharks.

The two sharks surfaced around him, and something was different about them. They eyed each other warily, the dragon's cock now being gripped by both hands. Their teeth were showing, but they were smiling at each other.

"My turn, brother. Let me suck him off, while you watch, and then you can have a turn," Crusher said, pulling the cock towards himself more adamantly.

"No, I insist, brother, ME first," Ripper countered. He grabbed the dragon's fleshy cockhead, wrenching it out of Crusher's grip. He raised it up out of the way, the huge purplish dome hard and aching, a spurt of precum shooting from the tip like a blowhole as it breached the water's surface. The shark opened his mouth, rows upon rows of teeth bared, that tongue slapping against the underside of the frenum as he guided it towards his mouth.

"NO! ME!" Crusher shouted, and lunged forward. Jason gasped, as he watched, and felt the second shark's maw clamp down on the side of his shaft, right where the pinch he had felt earlier was. The serrated fangs sank up into the underside of his cock, sawing upwards as the shark bit down hard. He was living up to his name, using his jaws to crush the blades of his fangs up into the dragon's erection.

Jason wanted to beg them to wait, to not bite, to just give him one more minute, he was so close. He watched Ripper's nostrils flare as a bloom of red squirted into the water around Crusher's jaws, the shark clamping his own mouth down shut around the head of the dragon's penis. Jason couldn't even feel Ripper's teeth, just the teasing pleasure of the otherwise slick and firm maws slamming together around his cock.

Crusher pulled back, a section of Jason's cock just missing from the middle. A bit section, maybe a foot wide, shorn completely free of his dick. He stared at his wounded shaft, blanching at being able to see the inside of it, the whole straining length of it disappearing into the second shark's mouth.

Fwump.

A foot of sectioned-off dragon cock slapped onto the table, as thick and juicy as a strip steak. The other diner's stared at it in shock, as Gala peered over the edge.

"What do you think? That gonna be enough?"

Caleve's eyes narrowed, his beaked and grinning muzzle shaking slowly from side to side. "No, incorrect size. I think you're going to need to take another section. Maybe up near the top."

Gala pressed the edge of the knife against the underside of the shark's cockhead, one hand resting on the still erect, still throbbing cockhead. Precum pooled through the visible urethra that he could see in the partially-vivisected penis, in the middle of Jason's shaft, and a couple seconds later, it oozed out against his fingers.

"Fine, but, I'll have to remove this, too. You'll still be able to reassemble things afterwards, even if I slice them apart here, right Lazarus?"

"Of course," Lazarus said, watching with slitted eyes as Gala pressed the blade into the flesh of the shark's cock, just under the cap. "I would suggest using sections of both ends of the shaft, I can shrink and sculpt and smooth over the size differences to make it look good. As for the parts in the middle..." Lazarus grinned over at Caleve. "I think I know someone who can handle the excess."

Caleve leaned back, chortling and rubbing his belly. "I think I can come up with something to do with the excess meat, yeah."

Jason thought it would hurt, having his dick being torn apart. It didn't, though. It was visceral - tugging, ripping, yanking, crushing, as the sharks began to chow down on his flesh, but it wasn't as painful as he expected it to be. He watched in despair as his beautiful cockhead disappeared, rows of teeth scissoring together and shearing his flesh free like a plug of tobacco.

The shark gulped it down, jaws parting again to reveal a block of dark flesh slithering down the back of his throat, then he bit down again. The other shark did as well, the two of them each vying to get the most flesh between their jaws before biting and wrenching.

The big stud's prized cock was being truncated, piece by glorious piece, as fangs wrenched mouthfuls of flesh free from Jason's groin. He groaned, all he could do as he laz-ed in his innertube. Occasionally he would be yanked or twisted in one direction, and then back the other way, as the sharks ripped his cock to pieces.

In the midst of all of this, the dragon's balls lurched and tightened up against his groin. They were eager to unload, and the way that the sharks power holding and fighting over his cock, the way they were manically consuming as much for themselves as possible, even the sensation of them biting into his flesh with such wild and rampant abandon, all of those things were only driving Jason closer to the edge.

"Please..." he whimpered, though he didn't know what he was asking for. With a wet rip of shredding flesh, Ripper tore a long ribbon of meat free, skin stretching and snapping as he gulped the still connected flesh down his throat. It ripped free, the cool ocean water stinging against the dragon's exposed flesh. To his right, Crusher chomped another mouthful free, the flesh rupturing under the pressure with a wet, audible burst inside the shark's mouth.

Six feet became four far too quickly, which became two and a half, and then one and a half. The sharks showed no sign of slowing down, their appetites as inflamed as their feeding frenzy. Crusher pushed Ripper away, to bite down on the end of the shaft itself, chomping free a good eight inches. As he pulled back, the inside stretched and tore, leaving Jason with a conical meaty 'stump' jutting from his groin. His dick was now wider than it was long, the remaining flesh so fat, so thick and juicy that it couldn't fit entirely between the sharks' jaws.

That didn't stop them though, as they chewed in and through soft flesh, digging at the mound of ruined sex meat, peeling off stringy ribbons and gouging hard chunks of dick for themselves.

And then, all at once, it was finished. The sharks pulled Jason's hips to the surface, so that he could see what was left of what used to be the biggest fucking dick in the country.

It was gone. There was not even a stump, not even scraps left. There was a cavity, a concave hole in his groin, a shallow divot where there once was twenty cubic feet of beautiful, sensitive, and apparently tasty dragon meat. Jason knew that there was no possible way that the sharks could have actually eaten *all* of it, and that was when he saw them.

Chunks.

Large, bobbing dark hunks of his dick meat, torn free and then forgotten, pieces of meat that were bigger than the average man's full erection callously forgotten about to float in the water around the incapacitated dragon. He whined, deep in his throat, wishing for the willpower to move his hand, to reach out, to grab at even a single one of the dark hunks of his former penis. It could be reattached... maybe...

Pain swarmed up through his groin, then, as his scrotum was attacked. No, not attacked, sawed through, as the sharks pried his massive balls free of his body. Jason's mind boiled with shock, and anger. *WHY?* They didn't even eat his entire cock, why are they taking his balls, too??

The two sharks surfaced, but further away from him, and paddling further. There was something in the water between them, a balloon shaped shadow that was as large as either of them. The sting of ocean water hissed against the slash beneath his groin, where the dragon's heavy orbs had once dangled. Nothing brushed against his thighs, now, nothing was pulling down at his abdominal muscles with the sheer mass of their existence. He was denuded. Those were his balls that they were taking away, and they weren't even explaining why.

Caleve's chest was slick and stained with the runoff of the fat, juicy hunks of meat he was being fed. He, amazingly, was always able to find *something* wrong with each piece, as Gala sawed his sharp, saw-tooth serrated knife through the dormant dragon's massive penis. It's not like he didn't have length to spare; the huge dragon's dick alone weighed more than three of the other party attendees' entire bodies, put together. He'd be *fine*.

Caleve *loved* dick meat, especially getting to catch it out of the air. Perhaps he had a bit of gull in his heritage, for there was something so dynamically exciting about snapping jaws around a piece of warm, fresh *dragon* meat. Dragons were *basically* fish, anyways, right? Fish with legs and wings?

The gryphon leaned back, his stomach satisfied for the first time in a while, as Gala sawed jabbed the knife down into the base of the dragon's cock, sawing around as if he were removing the top from a pumpkin. The shaft was flesh was lifted up, as wide as a wheel of cheese, and thumped down on the table with just as heavy of a whumph.

"How about that?" The fox asked, sounding exhausted. He had hacked more pieces of meat apart from the dragon he had expected to. He had not planned on *leaving* Jason with anything, but he didn't think he would be dismantling it, foot by foot.

"Perfect," Caleve said, with a dick eating grin. "Can't see a single thing wrong with that piece. Excellent work, fox."

Gala narrowed his eyes. His brain whirred. He observed the gryphons bulging midsection, bloated with dragon meat.

"You could have used any part of it, couldn't you," he said, eyes turning to Lazarus. The sheep shrugged, grinning as well.

"Yeah. I could. But, you seemed to be having so much fun, and Caleve deserved a treat!" The sheep angel said.

Gala groaned, and looked back down, at the dragon's huge scrotum. "Fine. Do we need these? For anything?" He asked, as he began sawing through the neck, taking out his frustrations on the leathery scrotum.

"We don't," Caleve said. He watched as the vulpine clawed those two huge hunks of meat free.

"Fine," Gala said. He stood back up, the neck of the dragon's scrotum, freshly severed, caught between his paws. He lifted it up, biceps flexing under his pelt as he dragged the big soft stretchy flesh bag up and into the air. The severed testicles, still plump with unspent seed, remained on the floor. "Since you don't need it... please take these to the kitchen. Give them to the tiger chef. It is our, ahem, 'payment' for his cooperation. Then come back here, we still have Max's equipment to use."

"Not really," Lazarus said, as Caleve groaned and climbed to his feet. "Max really doesn't have anything to offer, which is kind of a problem, to be honest."

"How? Why?" Gala said, handing the bag off to Caleve. The gryphon fussed at the weight, the enormity of the massive scrotum, but began trudging towards the kitchen doors. The leathery sac dragged on the ground behind him, the humongous orbs squeaking along the floor with the sheer heft of their combined mass.

"Well, for the spell to work, we need to include part of *everyone* who participated in the original story," Lazarus said. Gala snorted, as he crouched down behind Max, resting his chin on the folf's shoulder.

"This little fucker barely has anything left. I mean, first of all, he's so horny to be emasculated, that he lost his *own* balls while he was eating my boyfriend's." Gala reached down, cupping one arm around Max' chest in a 'friendly' hug, as the other palmed up between the white folf's thighs and against the blank space where balls once hung. "He wasn't even on the menu, he just couldn't help himself."

"Some guys get caught up in the excitement," Lazarus agreed. "He doesn't have his balls, but we can still use his cock. Maybe the tip? We could use it as a barb or something."

"I don't even think I want Max's flesh to be part of my boyfriend's big beautiful cock, though," Gala mused. "It would be like dumping vinegar into a barrel of fine wine." He stroked a fingertip along the scar, the seam where the scrotum had once hung. "This pathetic little nub can't possibly *add* anything. Maybe we should make an exception, just for him."

"We can't," Lazarus said, gently. "You will need to find a way to 'accept' part of Max, since he accepted part of your boyfriend originally. It's the only way it will work."

"His cock is too small to be of any use," Gala continued. "I dunno, maybe we can use the knot bulbs, and add them in, as like, stuffing, for the other knot pieces. Could you do that? Put them above and between the others, to add like, some pleasant bumps to the cock?"

"Of course I can. No matter how you arrange it, I'll fuse it all together, it will be beautiful."

"Great," Gala said. He manipulated the folf's small pink penis between his fingers, squeezing and twisting the rubbery flesh, pulling along it to drag it fully out of his sheath. "I don't even thinkin I'm going to need a steak knife, to be honest," he mused. "He's so eager and willing, I bet if I just squeeze down behind the knot and pull up, it'll shuck the knot right off."

"Don't be mean," Lazarus chided. "He can hear you, even if he's paralyzed, you know."

"Oh, he's hallucinating, I'm sure. He has no idea that his pathetic little dick is being so *graciously* taken from him, and rather than being dumped down the garbage disposal, it's being added to a better cock, one that could actually be appreciated, one that would actually have a *purpose*."

Gala pinched down with his finger tips, working them into the folf's sheath and bearing down on the narrow root of Max's cock. He pulled, feeling the solid bone of the baculum shift slightly under his tough, the skin and flesh that enrobed it resistant to his twisting, squeezing.

"Come on, little folf, just pretend you're a big, tough top. Yeah, that's right, lemme see you get all knotted up as you plunge your *big, thick, veiny bone* into some whimpering *pup*. Come on, let's get nice and hard," Gala said, whispering cruelly in the white furred sub's ear, nuzzling his snout affectionately up along the fluffy cheek. "You can do it, right? You can *get hard*, if you *want* to?"

Max could not, in fact, get hard. The fold's spindly pink cock, pretty in its own right, remained stubbornly soft and plastic in the larger fox's paw. Gala twirled his finger around the soft flesh, curling it up like a tress of hair, and then squeezed his fingers down. Gripping it tightly, he pulled, tugging insistently on the soft flesh.

Somehow, despite being as soft and flexible as possible, the fox was able to pry the stubborn gem of flesh free of Max's body. There was a bit of resistance at first, the folf's body trying to retain what little genitalia it still had, but in the end, Gala's fingers, and claws, overcame the folf's paltry resistance.

The pink length of folf cock slithered free of the baculum that it had clung to for so many years, pulling loose of it like a half melted popsicle sliding off its stick. Gala had the whole piece of it in his hand, four or five inches of folf cock, almost entirely intact other than a torn base and a hole going up through the middle of it. He tossed the whole thing to Lazarus.

"There's really not much of a knot on it. Maybe we could just integrate the whole thing, as, I dunno, maybe one of those ridges that dragon's have on them? That would work, right?"

Lazarus caught it, holding the cute pink appendage in his palm, and petting two fingertips along the edge of it. "Of course, that would work. We can even mold it so that it is a 'silent partner', just a patch of pink to indicate it's there at all."

"Great. Put it on the underside, near the knot, a little pink 'birthmark' - all that will tell the world that Max ever even had a cock."