

WARNING: This story contains scenes of penectomy (removal of the penis), castration (removal of the testicles), snuff (killing of one or more characters), has scenes which are of a gay sexual nature and nonconsensual. If you don't like any of these, you may be best closing the document now ;)

The year was 2613 BCE. A slender, 19-year-old cat boy with sleek, short black fur sat on a wooden stool in a dimly lit room. The sole source of light came from a single clay oil lamp perched on the edge of a table, its flickering flame casting long, dancing shadows on the mud-brick walls. The room was small, with a low ceiling and a simple reed mat covering the earth floor.

He wore a beige kilt, its fabric coarse against his fur, and nothing on his upper body. He was hunched over, intently examining two scars on his right leg, where the fur had refused to grow back. One scar marred the front of his leg, the other the back, both contrasting against the darkness of his fur. His golden eyes glinted in the lamplight as he traced the small furless patches with a clawed finger, lost in thought.

Around the room were woven baskets filled with unseen items, a couple of small rough clay bowls sat along the lamp on the table and pride of place on the table a small figure of the deity Seth, its fierce features illuminated by the flickering light.

Across the room, on a small raised area from the floor covered in woven blankets of various colours and designs, lay Twomasks. He wore a long black sleeveless shirt, cinched at the waist by a black sash with gold trim, and a black kilt with a gold-trimmed hem.

"Menni.." Twomasks finally spoke up with a sigh and turned looking over to the cat "It isn't growing back."

"I don't know.. I think I can see some fur poking through..." Menni replied trying to sound optimistic

"See it as battle scars. You went out there, put yourself into a nest of guards and came out alive with an arrow through your leg. Not a bad story if you leave out the begging not to kill you bit!" Twomasks grinned

"Maybe I should see a priest." Menni said still looking at the small bald patches.

"If the gods were going to help you, they'd have done it by now. It's been six months. We are out of the Inundation and mid-way through Emergence... You're lucky to still be here. There are people who die of fever after wounds like you had." Twomasks said with his voice tinged in a little bit of frustration. "So how about you get your tail off that stool and go out and make use of the night!"

Menni turned and looked round at Twomasks "Okay! Okay." He said before standing up and stretching "Sundown wasn't too long ago, plenty of time to go for a hunt. You heading out tonight?" He asked the raccoon

"Yes. I saw someone cute in the market today. I'll be paying him a visit," Twomasks smirked.

"Oh? What were they?" Menni asked.

"A falcon. Cute hooked beak, pretty feathers, fancy clothes. Heh, Seth will be watching me later, that's for sure," Twomasks snickered.

Menni picked up a belt with several leather pouches hanging from it and secured it around his waist. "I'll see you later, Twomasks," he said, opening the door and stepping out into the cool night air.

Menni padded down the street, past the mudbrick buildings. Most were completely dark, but a few had light glinting through small open windows. He began to think about where best to go tonight.

The full moon was high in the sky, casting a silvery light across the city of Thebes as the dark-furred cat moved quietly through its streets. Menni wondered why it was so quiet. It wasn't that late, but he had only seen one person the whole time he had been out. He sighed and started up a street that led out of town. Just a short 15-minute walk up a winding path to a rocky outcrop that overlooked the whole city. He often came here before he met Twomasks, as it was the last place he'd been with his brother. The last time he ever saw his brother alive.

He stepped off the path and made his way to the very edge of the outcrop of stone. He looked around and sat down where he had always sat, gazing over the city. Its temples, barracks, and palace were dotted with lit torches flickering around their grounds. Beyond the buildings, he could see the moonlight reflecting off the Nile, with the occasional small felucca making its way down the river.

Menni had never talked to Twomasks about his past, about why he was out on the streets that night. But in the stillness of the night air, looking over the city, he felt as if nothing had changed. Everything was as it was before and always would be—as if nothing would change and all the buildings in front of him would be there for eternity.

"One day, Seni, the bandits will answer for what they did to you," Menni spoke quietly to himself. "And that day will be a good day... and my friend and I will have wiped out every last one of them," he said, clenching his fist tightly, a single tear running down his cheek.

Menni sat there for another hour or so, looking over the city and up at the stars before finally getting back to his feet. He set off back down the hillside, returning to the path and back into the city. He felt calmer and more purposeful. He was doing this for Seth and Twomasks, but he was also learning how to stand up for himself. One day, he would use his confidence and skills to get back at those who had hurt him... though he did enjoy taking dicks too...

"Where the heck is everyone?" Menni muttered to himself. He continued walking down the street and was starting to think the night was simply cursed when he spotted a dark figure crossing the street and heading down an alley.

Menni narrowed his eyes, deciding that anyone was better than no one, and decided to follow. He quickened his pace, hoping to catch sight of the figure, but as he turned into the alley, the figure had vanished.

He sighed and continued down the narrow backstreet that led behind and along the sides of some of the larger buildings in this part of town. He kept his ears alert, scanning the smaller side alleys that branched off. Something seemed wrong, though he couldn't pinpoint what it was. He slowed down, wondering if he should head back to the main street.

Without warning, he heard a whistling noise from behind him. He ducked just in time as a metal knife embedded itself into one of the mud bricks of the building to his right.

Menni spun around to see the dark figure he had been trying to find. The figure, seeing that they had missed, began to run further into the alleyways.

"HEY!" Menni shouted, sprinting after the figure as fast as he could.

"Don't follow me!" the figure called back, his voice young and male.

Menni was closing the distance with every step. "You tried to kill me!" he yelled angrily, gaining ground.

The figure glanced back, seeing the cat closing in on him, and turned down yet another alley. "Don't follow me! You'll be sorry!" he called out.

Menni pursued, turning the corner, now just within grasping distance. He could make out more details of the would-be attacker: pointed ears, dark fur, and a canine appearance.

The figure looked back once more, his eyes widening in panic as Menni grabbed him from behind and threw him against the wall. "SHIT!" the figure cried out.

The figure smacked into the wall hard, hitting his head against the mud bricks and falling onto his back. Menni panted and looked down at him. He was a jackal, about the same age as Menni, wearing a dark sleeveless tunic and brown pants. Menni leapt onto him, pinning him to the ground.

"Did you think I was some kind of practice target?" Menni hissed in the jackal's face.

"Get the heck off me!" the jackal boy shouted.

Menni growled and grabbed the boy's tunic, hauling him back up to his feet. "Oh no, you are mine," he hissed.

Taking a piece of cord from one of the pouches on his belt, Menni pushed the jackal boy face-first into the wall, pulling his arms behind his back and tying his hands together. He then turned him around and hooked his wrists onto a wooden log sticking out from the side of the building.

The jackal struggled, trying to push himself free, but the cord was tight and not budging.

Menni grinned, looking over the jackal boy. "Looking handsome."

"Go feed yourself to the crocodiles, cat," the jackal spat back.

"Nah. They don't like cats. They end up coughing hairballs up for weeks," Menni said, stepping closer. "But look what the cat caught!" he added, grinning and gently petting the jackal's cheek.

"You are a piss-poor thief," the jackal growled. "A good thief would have taken my purse and left by now."

"Oh!" Menni exclaimed, looking down and noticing the purse for the first time. "I'm not after riches, but if you insist!" He laughed, grabbed the purse, and snapped the cord holding it to the jackal's belt. He tipped it out into his hand and found an array of precious gemstones. "This is a lot for a..." He stopped talking as he spotted a silver token with a scorpion's image in relief on it.

He recognized this token. He had seen one before. "You are with the Scorpions," Menni said quietly.

"Well done! What has the cat won? Oh, a bounty on your head! Congratulations!" the jackal said, smirking. "I'll give you two days before the rest of us hunt you down and skin you alive."

Menni glared at the jackal. "Really. Well, you'd be completing the pair then, wouldn't you? Since you guys killed my brother two inundations ago." he said through gritted teeth.

The jackal bared his teeth at Menni. "Let me go, and maybe we could arrange that you don't meet your brother so soon."

Menni shook his head "Oh no." he said before putting the silver token into one of his belt pouches and pulling an obsidian knife out "You're staying there. You are right. I am a thief. But not of things worth money." He said before moving his hand to the jackal's crotch, groping him "But things that are just as precious... and I have never met anyone more deserving of having his fucking dick and balls cut off – than YOU." He said tugging the Jackals belt free and tugging his pants down.

"If you dare fucking touch me, I swear to Anubis you are dead before this night is done." The jackal snapped at him.

Menni ran a finger down the jackal's stomach "Touch you here? ... or ..." he traced his finger down to the jackal's sheath and squeezed at it "Here?" he smirked

"You are dead, cat..." the jackal growled back

"You are talking tough, but your dick is coming out to play" Menni said smirking seeing the jackal's length beginning to grow from his sheath as he squeezed and teased at it.

The jackal looked down and growled, but the cat's teasing did feel good, he just couldn't let the cat know that. "Get OFF ME!" he shouted.

Menni laughed "nope!" he said simply, and moved down to nose at the length as it grew, almost fully hard already, with a nice pair of low hanging balls below. "Gods, you smell delicious!" he said licking his lips.

The jackal began tugging once more trying to get his hands free, but his wrists were stuck fast, and he could feel his knot swelling from the cat's attention.

"What a lovely dick you have" Menni said gently rubbing his hand back and forth over the canine dick, teasing a finger over its tip as it twitched. "Shame you wont have it much longer..."

"If you bring that knife anywhere near my dick I will..." the jackal said before being cut off by Menni

"What? You'll magically get free and kill me?! Let's see this ability then huh?!" Menni said grabbing the jackal's dick firmly and sliding the knife right behind the knot.

The jackal blinked, feeling the sharp glass push up against his sensitive flesh...

"Oh! Nothing to say now?" Menni teased. He began to squeeze the length's knot, moving his hand further along the length and teasing at the tip, feeling it throb and twitch more. Was the jackal enjoying this peril?

Menni grinned and still while holding that sharpened edge to the Jackal's length, he began to rub back and forth up along the sensitive member, catching the pre to allow his hand to slide effortlessly up and down it.

The jackal let slip a quiet moan... he couldn't help himself.

Menni smirked "Oh the cute jackal boy is enjoying his special precious toy being played with by the kitty huh?" he said, starting to move his hand back and forth quicker still... feeling that length beginning to firm up even more, the jackal's climax starting to build

The jackal didn't say anything, he was too busy trying to look tough, while his body and facial expressions were betraying him.

Menni could feel the length begin to pulse more... but instead of jerking the jackal boy off any quicker, he instead started to draw the obsidian blade around and through the flesh of the jackal's dick.

"NO! DON'T!" the jackal said on the very edge of climax... The mixed feelings of his dick still being jerked off, was being cancelled out by the sharp deep pain as his dick was sliced into behind the knot!

Menni grinned with a more sinister look to him now... he knew exactly what he was doing, holding that jackal on the very edge... before finally giving one last firm squeeze of the boy's length and slicing straight through the last of the boy's flesh

"F-FUCK!! NO !!" The jackal cried out, seeing his dick come free in the cat's hand and then started to shoot his seed from the bloody wound. It was a completely ruined orgasm however, with hardly any pleasure, his body going through the motions... just the pain and the stinging which suddenly followed with his seed contacting the exposed bleeding flesh inside his sheath

Menni laughed and stood up holding the jackal's dick up for him to see "Aww did kitty break your favourite toy???" He now brushed the severed dick against his nose and breathed in the jackal's scent once more "Yeah... I'm eating this tonight."

"Eating?!" the jackal yelped out.

Menni smirked and pushed the severed meat's head into his muzzle and started sucking gently on it. The jackal boy's salty sweet musk filling his mouth, he began to chew gently on what was once such sensitive skin... He opened his mouth a little so the jackal could see his precious dick being chewed on, watching that flesh be squashed between two sets of sharp teeth...

The jackal's expression was of absolute horror... his precious length, gone and now being chewed on!

Menni now bit down harder, his teeth sinking into the tender meat in his muzzle, making sure the jackal saw every detail... before then opening his muzzle and bringing out the abused and bite-marked jackal dick. "I should have done this while it was still attached shouldn't I?!" Menni grinned before pushing the severed dick into one of the pouches on his belt, the head poking out from it.

He now approached his captive again. "It's not fair I get dinner and you don't though, is it?" Menni said looking concerned. He grasped the jackal's sack now and rolled those balls around inside.

The jackal jolted slightly with the cat once more grasping his remaining private parts... “What do you mean?” he managed to muster.

Menni once more brought the obsidian knife down, grasping the jackal’s balls firmly and pulling them down a little further “We need to get you something to eat don’t we!”

The jackal shook his head “No... no more! I’m not hungry!”

Menni grinned and suddenly tugged the blade of the knife sharply to the side. The jackal’s supple flesh being sliced through easily and with that one single cut, the jackal’s balls came free in his hand.

The jackal yelped out loudly as the deep sharp pain shot into his stomach!!

“Even the toughest of bandits have balls that slice off so easily.” Menni said holding the soft warm pouch of balls up, rolling them around a little still in their protective home.

The jackal was trying to double over but still couldn’t from being restrained “I feel sick...” he said

“That’s just hunger! I was talking about eating your dick, and now you’re hungry. Or more unlikely its cos I just sliced your balls from your body! ... Here!” he said, moving forward and grabbing the Jackal’s muzzle, and then forcing the severed end of his sack to it and squeezing out his own severed balls into it.

The jackal went wide eyed as he realised what the cat had just done! He felt his own severed balls, warm and perfectly smooth slide and drop in his muzzle...

“Now chew.” Menni said looking deadly serious at the jackal.

The jackal shook his head.

Menni now grasped the jackal’s sheath and held the blade up to that. “Chew or ill cut this off and use it as a fuck toy.”

The jackal whined... and started to slowly close his teeth around what were once his precious orbs... feeling them squash and their membranes begin to strain ... then one burst, followed immediately by the other, filling his muzzle with a taste he’d never sampled before, himself mixed with blood and musk. He chewed as he was told. The horrifying problem was, he didn’t find the taste unpleasant.

“Swallow.” Menni instructed coldly

The jackal now swallowed the meat paste that was once his precious orbs, feeling the warmth travel down his throat.

Menni grinned and moved up close to the jackal’s face “When you talk to your fellow bandits, tell them of what happened here. Tell them they will all be soon eating their own balls, watching me gnaw on their severed dicks.” He said, “You took one young life too many”.

Suddenly, a loud voice came from down the alley. “HEY, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!”

Menni blinked and looked to the right. Two figures dressed in the same clothes as the jackal. “Oh,” was all he said.

The jackal grinned painfully. “Told you you’d be sorry...”

“Not as sorry as you.” Menni winked and punched the jackal in the crotch before running in the opposite direction of the two figures.

The jackal yelped as the two figures ran past him in pursuit of the cat who was hightailing it around the corner.

One of the two took an alleyway sooner, while the other continued following Menni.

Menni looked behind him, seeing the figure following him was a cheetah. “Okay... BAD! This is BAD!” he shouted to himself.

He made a left turn and ran face-first into a rat with brown fur who had managed to cut the corner. Both of them fell to the ground, the rat trying to grab hold of Menni as he struggled.

Menni slashed out with his claws, managing to get a good hit across the rat’s face. The rat growled, “You little shit!” grabbing hold of Menni by an arm.

Menni shook his arm violently and squirmed, managing to get free of the rat’s grip and starting to run once more - only to be tackled from behind by the cheetah and pinned to the ground.

“Not quick enough,” the cheetah said into Menni’s ear. He turned a little to look towards the rat, who was now touching his face and spotting the blood on his hand. “Nesu, get over here and help me tie this bastard up.”

Menni struggled under the cheetah but couldn’t budge. “Hey! Uhhh, I know what it looked like?” he said. “But I just found your friend there, tied up to that wall. I was going to cut him down!”

“With a blade held to his dick?!” the cheetah growled back. “Don’t think lying is going to do you any good.” He tugged Menni back to his knees, while the rat tied his wrists to his ankles behind him.

The rat stood, catching his breath, looking at the black cat in front of him. “What the fuck were you doing to Unas?”

Menni could see the cheetah and rat clearer now. The cheetah was probably in his early 20s, slim and athletic, as most cheetahs were. The rat was probably only as old as the jackal, with brown fur and not quite as slim as the cheetah.

He tried to think of something to reply to them with which wasn’t as bad as ‘I cut his dick off and fed him his balls’ “Erm, well... we usually meet up at night and me and him play this game... where I pretend to...” Menni was cut off by the cheetah spotting something sticking out of a pouch on Menni’s belt

“What... in Anubis’ name ... is that.” The cheetah said reaching out to take hold of it, but the moment he did – he knew exactly what it was and let go in disgust “YOU CUT OFF HIS DICK?!”

Menni sighed. “Fine. You worked it out.” He said with a sarcastic tone “Well done. I’d be clapping if you hadn’t tied my hands together. I also made him eat his own balls... I think he liked them.”

The two bandits looked at each other and then back at Menni with their muzzles open.

“What?! He looked hungry.” Menni said plainly.

The rat shook his head “Oh you’re fucked now little kitty”

The cheetah pulled out a large bronze blade from his belt “Hope you don’t like your own dick and balls because we are going to be hacking them off before we kill you. Maybe make you eat your own dick if that’s the shit you’re into?!” the cheetah hissed at him.

“Nah guys, I’m fine. I had dinner before I came out. How about tomorrow?” Menni replied. He had decided if this was what was going to happen, he wasn’t going to let the same shithead bandits that killed his brother see fear in him.

The rat moved forward now with a grin, and pushed his hand up between Mennis legs and groped at him “You know what? Fuck you eating them, I’m gonna wear ‘em round me neck” The rat snickered as he pulled his own blade from his belt and moved it down to cut the loin cloth that Menni was wearing from him.

Menni growled at the rat “You aren’t ever getting a boyfriend with a rough grope like that you know!”

The rat sliced through the cloth and Menni’s uncut length slipped free along with his balls. Menni’s dick was only small when he was soft, no bigger than two and a half inches with his foreskin overhanging the head. Menni blushed as the rat looked at his package.

“HAHA What?! Fuck that’s barely big enough to be mounted to an earring!” the rat said bursting out laughing

“It grows you idiot.” Menni snapped back.

The rat grabbed Menni’s soft dick and squeezed it firmly. “Idiot? Who do you think you are, little dick?”

Menni turned away from the rat’s face and looked down the alley, hoping someone would have seen ... but there was no one. More annoyingly, after being so horny earlier breathing in that Jackal’s scent, he felt himself starting to get hard as the rat held his dick.

The rat squashed and teased Menni’s sensitive member, feeling it firm up and start to grow into his hand as he did. “Hmm I see. Kitty’s dick is getting excited now!”

The cheetah stood a small distance away smirking at the scene in front of him as his rat friend had some fun with their prey.

Menni squirmed a little, blushing more now... feeling his dick still growing for the rat. “Okay, how about you let me go now. See? I’m embarrassed, and I’ve learnt my lesson. Don’t mess with the Scorpions – let’s leave it there huh?”

The rat was still looking down at the cat’s length growing, it was now 6 inches, not particularly girthy but looking much more respectable. “Nah. How about when we get your dick is fully hard, I cut it off.” He said grasping his length a little firmer and pulling his foreskin back and forth over the head.

Menni moaned out loud “... not so tight... fuck, your dick must be bruised if this is how you jack off.”

The rat growled and squeezed Menni’s dick tightly in his hand.

“OW OW! OK OW! Carry on!” Menni squeaked out

The cheetah was still stood smirking when a loop of rope dropped down and over his shoulders. Before he could say or do anything, the rope pulled upwards, dragging him up off his feet by a foot.

Menni saw the cheetah behind the rat suddenly get pulled up as Twomasks quietly landed besides the silent cheetah trying to grab at the rope round his neck. Twomasks looped the rope over one of the roof support logs sticking out of the sides of the buildings and walked quietly towards the rat.

The rat was still grinning at the cat he had total control of. He now roughly pulled his hand back up Menni's length, forcing the foreskin back further than it should, causing a small tear on the flesh joining his foreskin to the underside of the head.

Menni squeaked out in pain "OW SHIT STOP!" He cried out, the underside of his length now stinging, especially with the rat's rough hands rubbing back and forth.

The rat was still enjoying playing with his cat toy. Teasing and rubbing back and forth at his length and finding it amusing how it twitched as he did. Meni was now a good 7 inches fully hard, and the rat had realised he had been a bit hasty at calling the cat little dick. "Time I think for you to loose this!" The rat said with a wicked grin "and before I slice your head off, I'm going to make you choke on your own dick"

Menni grinned back at the rat "Go ahead then, I don't think I liked my dick anyway. Cut it off, I'm done with it. Its stinging now anyway..."

The rat blinked looking confused "you don't want your dick?"

"Nah, I think I'd rather have yours" Menni grinned

Still confused, the rat grabbed hold of Menni's length and moved his blade up to its base.

It was then the rat felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned round to see a figure looking down at him wearing a bronze mask with black enamel detailing, and then was hit square in the nose by the bronze pommel of a Khopesh.

The rat squeaked, falling to the side holding his face only to be pounced on by the raccoon "you and your buddy picked on the wrong cat to fuck with" Twomasks said coldly.

The rat, still holding his blade tried to bring his arm up to stab into the side of the raccoon pinning him down, but Twomasks grabbed the hand and forcibly pushed it down once again.

"You are a naughty rat aren't you." He said, his Kopesh sword still in his own hand he briefly released the rat's left arm to allow him to bring the pommel of his Khopesh to bare again, smacking hard into the side of the Rat's head.

The rat squeaked out once again, this time being dazed by the strike.

Twomasks now moved back on the dazed rat and moved his hand down to the rat's crotch "Oh Rat boy is excited! Menni! I think you have found yourself a boyfriend!"

"Fuck that guy. He hurt my dick!!" Menni replied looking down at his sore length "And he's a fucking Scorpion member, like his dancing friend over there."

Twomasks looked down at the rat “So, fuck with my friend, and a member of a murderous gang...” he now tugged down the rat’s pants, his tapered 6-inch length hard and throbbing, even with him being dazed. He’d obviously been getting horny while playing with the cat boy.

The rat groaned trying to bring a hand down to protect his dick, but Twomasks knocked it to the side and grabbed the length himself.

“Poor rat boy.” He said bringing his khopesh’s blade down to the base of the rat’s twitching member now starting to leak pre. “Hope you played with yourself last night. It was your last time.” He said before starting to draw the curved edge into the base of the rat’s manhood.

The rat squeaked out in pain not really knowing what was going on as he tried to comprehend the pain coming from his crotch.

Twomasks gave the blade one last pull, and the rat’s leaky dick came free in his hand. He brought it up to look over it. A perfect tapered length with soft silky skin and a bead of pre just escaping its tip. He licked over it and sampled the rat’s taste. The warmth of the severed member’s tip over his tongue and that salty sweet flavour – this is what made the evenings worth every moment. He stood up and put the rat’s length into a bag he wore across his back and walked over to the dancing cheetah who had been struggling for 5 minutes.

Twomasks put his khopesh back on his belt and grasped the cheetah’s waist, lifting him up a little to relieve the pressure on his neck.

The cheetah gasped for air, struggling to breathe after the restriction round his neck had been so tight. He found he couldn’t talk when he tried to ask who the fuck was this raccoon?!

Twomasks looked up “That’s called Air. It’s something that bandits like you don’t deserve.” He said before one more letting the cheetah slip back from his grasp and the noose tightening again round his neck. He didn’t want the cheetah expiring just yet.

The cheetah began to twist and kick once again as Twomasks walked back over to the rat, taking his khopesh back from his belt. He moved down once more and grasped at the rat’s balls and sheath this time. Looking at the dazed rat, straight into his eyes.

The rat looked back, his vision slowly becoming clear once more, the aching pain in his crotch made all the worse for the raccoon grabbing him there.

“Fuck with my friend, and you fuck with me.” Twomasks said growling

“Go fuck yourself!” The rat snapped back

Twomasks grinned and pushed his khopesh’s blade up and in through the rat’s side, pushing firmly and steadily. “I’ve got your balls in my hands... I can feel EVERY twitch your little sheath is making while my blade is slowly cutting apart your insides... Maybe you should have asked for some kindness instead of telling me to go fuck myself huh?”

The rat’s eyes suddenly went wide with fear on his face.

Twomasks, still holding the rat’s balls and sheath in his hand kept pushing his blade further into the rat, the blade now cutting through the rat’s diaphragm and up into his lungs.

The rat couldn't cough, but blood began to fill his mouth, trying to make sense of the cold feeling inside him as the cold bronze made contact with his innards... and then the blackness began closing in.

Twomasks felt the last twitches of the rat's sheath as the rat finally slipped away. He pulled his blade swiftly back from the rat's corpse and walked back over to the cheetah.

"Your friend is dead, but don't worry. You'll join him soon." Twomasks said rubbing a hand down the cheetah's stomach as he spasmed and kicked. He traced his hand down to the cat's crotch and squeezed at the precious bits inside. "Oh... and these are mine now." He said

The cheetah was desperate... there was a burning fire in his lungs, his vision was going blurry, but he could hear every word that the raccoon said, feeling himself being groped, but being completely helpless to do anything about it! He tried to whimper but there was nothing that could escape... those burning hot coals in his chest getting ever worse... and now he could feel the raccoon undoing his pants and pulling them down – the cool night air on his precious as he swung and twitched

Twomasks looked at the swinging cheetah's length. Unlike the rat's his was an uncut humanoid member, and already semi from his groping. "I should check my new property out shouldn't I Menni!" Twomasks called over to Menni who had now managed to get his hands free from the ropes tying him to his ankles, and was now checking his poor abused dick, checking where the rat had injured the underside of the head.

".. Yep!" Menni replied.

Twomasks moved round behind the cheetah and reached round, grasping his dick and starting to move his hand back and forth, teasing the foreskin as it rolled over the sensitive glands. "That's right. Your dick is no longer yours. It's mine. When you've finally gone in a few minutes I'm going to cut it off, and me and my friend will take your dick, your rat friend's dick and whoever's dick is in his pocket, and we are going to go back and have some fun with them. Then! We will decide which we are eating for supper."

The cheetah felt pleasure building up in him already. Quicker than he had ever done in his whole life before, as if his body was yearning for some kind of release before it surrendered to death. He didn't want to die! And he didn't want this raccoon touching his precious dick... Even less wanting to imagine the raccoon cutting his dick off! But he was completely helpless! He couldn't stop him touching, and soon he would be dead and unable to stop the raccoon cutting his dick from his body ... he felt a strange wave of embarrassment, humiliation and fear all mixed into one...

Twomasks kept pawing at the cheetah's length, feeling the strength in him beginning to fade... his kicks and fighting getting ever smaller... yet the cat's dick was hard as a rock. Eager, and leaking pre over his hand. Twomasks started to move his hand a little quicker and held it a little more firmly.

The cheetah's vision was beginning to darken... he knew it was almost the final moments... his body was on the brink of climax and there was nothing he could do to deny the raccoon of that or anything... his beloved dick was going to be cut off, be used like some kind of toy and eaten. It was with that last thought he felt his body tense up, spasm, the wave of pleasure hit him harder than he had ever felt before, even as the darkness closed in on him, he felt his seed shot from his dick, the raccoon's hand catching a little as he moved it back and forth still coaxing more.

His body thrust one more time... one final wave of pleasure before there was nothing but blackness...

Twomasks grinned as the cheetah thrust that one last time, one last rope of seed being shot across the floor before he finally fell still, hanging from the rope, his hard dick drooling the juice of his final release.

He moved in front of the motionless cheetah and admired how cute he looked dangling there. "Funny, he didn't look so cute earlier did he."

Menni walked over slowly from having been checking the contents of the rat's purse, and tucked another silver token into one of his belt pouches "No, he didn't. especially when he jumped on me" He humphed

Twomasks took a bronze knife from his belt and grasped the cat's length in his left hand while pushing the blade up to its base and began to slice up into it. He couldn't help but give the length some rubs back and forth as if he had been taking it while the cat was still alive... Watching the foreskin roll up and down and coaxing more of the dead boy's seed from inside the shaft. He sliced deeper still, feeling the weight of the cat's meat beginning to rest more on his hand than being supported by the cat's body any longer.

Menni watched as Twomasks cut through the shaft of the cheetah's once beloved member, and as it came free, he spoke up "That fucking rat hurt my dick." He said rubbing his own crotch, his dick had softened once more, but it was still stinging. As well as that he felt a little exposed without anything on under his kilt.

"Do you need me to look at it?" Twomasks said turning round with the severed cheetah member.

Menni blushed and shook his head, then changed the subject. "So, you know of the Scorpions then?" he asked before reaching into the cheetah's belt pouch and pulling out a silver token.

"Yeah, lowlifes who kill for a few worthless trinkets. I took one of their dicks once, but most of them deserve what these guys got." Twomasks replied, putting the Cheetah's dick away with the rat's

"I have some things I need to tell you when we get back," Menni replied thoughtfully as he tucked the third token into one of his own pouches.

Twomasks could see that something was troubling Menni "No problem, catface," Twomasks said affectionately, patting the cat gently on the back. "Let's get back home and have a good look at our haul for the night, huh?"

Menni nodded as the two slipped back into the night, leaving what was left of the bandits to be found by vultures when the sun eventually rose.