

Sashimi Party - Part 3

Next to Benny, the ram's head rolled forward. "Whudduryou...." he mumbled against his chest. His sheath thickened, the ram's heavy testes tensing between the ram's thighs. This caught Gala's attention, and he reached down, slipping fingers into the ram's sheath.

The ram's maleness was slick, the narrow glans pressing up between Gala's fingers as the ram's shoulders twitched and flexed. Gala held the ram's cock, fingers curling underneath the slight bulge under the head and squeezing, and tugging upwards.

"Are you excited, James? You seemed pretty excited when you were eating my boyfriend's ball. Perhaps you're even more excited about your *own* balls being eaten? Oh yes, they're both coming off, James. I want my man to have the biggest, and the best, and yours are the largest here," Gala paused, turning to look at the behemoth Jason's massive balls, easily bigger than his own head, "that are still usable in the traditional sense, anyways."

He straddled James' lap, caressing the ram's length with both of his soft vulpine paws. "My my, you're getting even harder. Is that purely only the paralytic at work? I don't think it is. After all, you barely finished your glass. I think that you are enjoying being so *helpless*, my friend."

"Mmm," the ram replied, his eyes staring glassily forward, drool oozing out from his lower lip. "Nnnf."

"What's that?" Gala asked, as he gathered up the ram's heavy scrotum between his paws, fingers gripping the sides of the soft, loose, saggy pouch and lifting up. The eggs inside were heavy enough to force the scrotum to stretch around them as it was lifted, until it had no more give. Gala leaned slightly forward, as he fished those fat ram nuts up between James' thighs. There they were; big, heavy lemons, ripe with the ram's seed, which Gala had heard the ram complaining about not getting a chance to unload, not since his girlfriend had dumped him a week earlier. If you could believe it, someone leaked pictures of the big straight ram being bent over a table and rumped hard by an even bigger, straighter alpha wolf, and his girlfriend hadn't liked that much at *all*.

Now, those heavy eggs were lifted up, Gala's paws tightening around the neck of the ram's scrotum to keep those slippery buggers from slithering through between them. The fox pulled upwards, stretching the nuts up and away from James' groin, the neck of his scrotum thinning to a narrow point. "Not so rough, Sheila," James murmured. Gala looked over to Lazarus and Caleve, confusedly. Lazarus gave him a thumbs up in response.

"It's the angel blood. The more they *did* to Colin, the more it does to them, psychically. He's probably tripping his balls off, right now. Or, at least, he's tripping while his balls are coming off."

~~*~ In Another Time and Place ~*~*~*

James's breath came out in shallow, trembling gasps, the only sound piercing the ominous silence of the dimly lit den. Bound by his wrists and ankles, he felt the cool air kiss his exposed flesh, heightening his senses to every touch. The coarse rope that embraced his limbs was a stark reminder of his helplessness, as if each fiber were an extension of Sheila's will.

James could only imagine Sheila looming over him, her presence like the weight of a shadow. His heartbeat hammered against his chest, a drumbeat of vulnerability that echoed through his taut body. He could smell the faint scent of lavender and leather that was unmistakably Sheila's.

The sensation was sudden, a soft caress against his throbbing testicles that made him jerk against his restraints. The touch was deliberate, reverent almost, as if she were appraising a prized fruit for its ripeness. "You're quite pent up, aren't you?" Sheila's voice was a purr, threading through the darkness and coiling around James's heightened awareness. Her fingers danced upon his skin, tracing the contours of his manhood with a familiarity that belied their predatory intent.

"Your balls are so firm, James," she continued, her words dripping with sardonic admiration. "It's a shame they'll soon be divorced from this quivering body of yours." The casual mention of castration sent an illicit shiver down James's spine, a mixture of dread and a dark curiosity he dared not name aloud.

Her grip tightened, encircling his sac with a possessive grasp. She leaned in closer, her breath hot against his ear. "I'm going to make you cum, my dear ram," she whispered, her voice laced with an unspoken promise of finality. "And when you do, I'll claim these precious orbs as payment for your ecstasy."

The threat hung in the air, palpable and heavy, a morbid guarantee that played upon the edge of fantasy and fear. James's mind raced, caught between the instinct to resist and the perverse allure of his own undoing at the hands of a connoisseur of masculinity. Each stroke from Sheila's hand was both a countdown and a crescendo, pulling him further into the abyss of his desires, where the value of his virility would be measured by the sharpness of her blade.

"He's just throbbing," Gala said, as he took James' knife from his own plate. The ram's knife had a small metal ring coiled around the handle, just below the blade, a piece of metal wire that had been looped tightly around it to the point of nearly blending in. "He's fucking ready for it. I wonder what he's thinking, that's keeping him so riled up."

The fox began to carefully unwind the wire, loosening it until he could slide the whole length of it down the handle of the knife. He unspooled it between his fingers, ending up with about twelve inches of hard iron that was just flexible enough to be manipulated with his fingers. The fox pulled the ram's nuts up and pinned them over his own thigh, pinning them in place with his wrist, the sack of the scrotum stretched in a taut line between his wrist and the ram's groin. He settled the knife, blade side up, into the cleavage of the ram's oblong, lemon shaped testicles, and focused on twisting the wire around the ram's taut, thinned scrotal neck.

He pinched the middle of the wire in place with the pinning hand, just above where the teardrop shaped scrotum narrowed down to pencil thin, and then used the other to slowly wind the metal around the squishy flesh. The ram's cock throbbed, jutting up into the air, oozing seed as if he were getting a hand job, although of course he wasn't.

~~*~ In The Horny Ram's Hallucination ~*~*~*

James's heart hammered against his ribcage, a desperate metronome keeping pace with the shudder of his arousal. The coarse wool of his blindfold scratched against his skin, heightening every other sense. He could smell the musk of his own fear mingled with the intoxicating scent of Sheila's arousal, an olfactory cocktail that muddled his thoughts. His ears caught the subtle rustle of her movements, each sound magnifying the sensation of her fingertips dancing across his swollen flesh.

Sheila's hands were artisans, sculpting pleasure from his trembling form. Her touch was both meticulous and merciless, stoking the fires of need within him until they threatened to consume his very being. With every stroke along the length of his engorged shaft, James grappled with the dichotomy of his impending loss and the perverse exhilaration it evoked.

"Imagine," Sheila breathed, her voice curling around him like smoke, "the weight you carry, the symbol of your masculinity, soon to be severed—freed from their fleshy prison."

Her words cut through him, sharper than any blade. James's mind reeled, caught in a labyrinth of emotion where terror entwined with longing. He envisioned the heft of his testicles, those ripe fruits of his manhood, dangling perilously at the mercy of Sheila's whims. The thought should have repulsed him, yet it added a layer of intensity to his arousal that was undeniable.

It was in the way she skillfully manipulated him, fingers wrapped around his pulsating heat, eliciting pearls of pre-cum that glistened upon his velvet tip. Each touch was a deliberate provocation, a lingering caress that delved into the deepest recesses of his psyche. She played him like a masterful musician, coaxing forth the symphony of his moans.

The air was thick with the electricity of anticipation, each second stretching into eternity as James balanced on the precipice between ecstasy and oblivion. The slow, purposeful glide of Sheila's hand up his turgid length sent spirals of pleasure coiling deep within him. He could feel the ripple of his muscles, the tension building in his loins as if preparing for the ritualistic offering of his essence, soon to be spilled upon the altar of their lurid game.

"Can you feel it, James?" she teased, her voice a silken thread weaving through his consciousness. "The pulse of your lifeblood surging through this magnificent cock, each throb a testament to what you'll soon part with."

And oh, how he felt it. The acute awareness of his heartbeat throbbing in tandem with the imminent danger, the heady mix of pain and pleasure that swirled within him. In that moment, the solidity of his testicles, the virility they embodied, had never seemed so precious, nor so precariously his to claim.

The metal wire had formed a nice cuff around the soft, vulnerable ball-sack, a shielding greave to protect the tender flesh from danger. Gala's thumb tip was raw from forcing the stiff wire around and around the flesh, but the result was fantastic, as the squeezing grip of the tightly wound metal forced the balls even lower in their sack. The balls were already starting to turn dark, purple hinted under the soft white fur.

Gala took the knife out of the cleavage between them, slipping it between his jaws as he jostled and held the ram's virile nuggets between his two palms.

The cuff was heavy, pulling down firmly against the nuts, but despite being pinned down at the very bottom of their taut scrotum, the neck above the bound wire was pleasantly loose and relaxed.

"I could just snap them off, couldn't I?" the fox mused, eyeing the metal cuff speculatively. "How easy would it be, to grip that metal with both hands, and just fold it in half... or twist it apart? That's one heck of a snake bite." He bounced the nuts in his hand, and then paused. The balls, which were choked free of any kind of fresh blood, were starting to twitch.

"Well, holy shit, I think he's gonna cum, ain't he?" Gala said, watching the ram's cock incredulously.

Sheila's breath was a warm whisper against the coarse fur of James's inner thigh, her words laced with a predatory promise. "The moment you spill for me, my dear ram, I'll claim your jewels," she purred, her hand encircling his shaft with expert precision. "Imagine that final shudder of release... and then, the snip."

A chill skittered down James's spine, the blindfold denying him sight but amplifying every other sensation. The weight of his testicles seemed to grow heavier with each heartbeat, an embodied treasure soon to be severed from its keeper. The concept alone was enough to send a spike of both dread and desire spiraling through him.

The internal battle raged within the confines of his muscled form, his mind teetering on the brink of rationality. He fought against the delicious friction Sheila's fingers provided, the slick slide of skin on skin, but his body betrayed him with its insistent longing. Each stroke was a siren call, beckoning him closer to the edge where ecstasy and loss danced in a macabre embrace.

"Such firmness," Sheila cooed, her fingertips grazing the taut sac that housed his masculinity. "A testament to your virile strength, soon to be a memento of this exquisite torture."

James's breath hitched, his resistance crumbling like a cliff face before the relentless sea. Arousal throbbed within him, demanding surrender to the primal urge that had been stoked by Sheila's relentless teasing. With each pass of her hand, he could almost feel the phantom slice, the imagined severing that would unman him even as it sent him spiraling into rapture.

He wanted to plead, to beg her to stop or perhaps never to cease, but his voice was a prisoner to the lump in his throat. Instead, he succumbed to the inevitable climax, his balls drawing tight against his body as if in preparation for their imminent departure. The culmination arrived like a tidal wave, and he couldn't resist it: James was going to cum.

The ram couldn't buck his hips, but Gala could tell he was trying to. The stud's dick was fully engorged, the kind of engorged that came directly before an orgasm. The kind of dick that needed just a single touch to spurt its hot, wet, needy load all over itself. But why would Gala do that?

He left the knife in his mouth as he gripped the neck of the scrotum between his hands. This was going to be fun. He began to twist, slowly rotating the bottom half of the tightly twisted cuff, and the testicles beneath it. This tightened the wire, but only at one spot, just between the fox's paws. The flesh would normally be able to handle such roughness, but the metal wire kept everything stretched, taut and vulnerable. It wouldn't take more than a couple twists, Gala was sure, before that second handful came off in his hand.

The world receded as if James were submerged in a thick, viscous fluid, his senses muffled and distant. He was climaxing, he could feel the throbs of it, he could feel the hot rush of release surge through him, yet he grasped no tendrils of pleasure. It was a hollow climax, an empty convulsion that left him gasping for an ecstasy that never crested. He was sure that he could feel cum pulse from his shaft, surely a tangible proof of his peak, but the expected crescendo of satisfaction was conspicuously absent, leaving him raw with the pangs of his harsh yearning.

"Shhh, there now," Sheila's voice was a tender murmur, her breath soft against the shell of his ear. "It's okay, James. Your body couldn't resist, could it? Such a stud. It was to be expected. It's only natural." Her hand, which had coaxed him to this barren zenith, now traced a calming path along the quivering muscles of his thigh.

"But, the pleasure, I didn't feel it.." James mumbled, as Sheila moved in closer, straddling him, pressing her warm, wooly, soft breasts against his muzzle. The thickness of them pressed against his snout, a heady mix of lavender and leather.

"And don't you worry," she whispered, her words laced with an assurance that made the hairs on his nape stand on end, "My blade is so keen, so exquisitely sharp... You'll scarcely feel it slice through the sinew and skin." He could feel her pushing down into place as cruel fingers twisted around his balls, as he felt his ripe, full, heavy ram eggs being taken from him.

"But I didn't..."

"Were you expecting to?" The voice wasn't Sheila's anymore. The realization cracked through the ram's consciousness, the blindfold no longer there, the lavender and leather gone. His eyes were open, staring dully forward, and as they slowly dragged him back into focus, he saw a fox.

Gala.

Gala, straddling him, smiling and holding up a plump, bulging thing. Two things, tightly wrapped in a soft and furry bag, and suddenly it all came back to James, where he was, and what was happening.

"That's what I love. That little gasp of shock. Reminds me of the gasp of shock I had, when I found out that my beloved hadn't been cheating on me after all." Gala swayed the stolen pouch, back and forth, eyes glittering with vengeful glee. "If it's any consolation, it was fun listening to you whimper while you *thought* you were cumming. Enjoy the feel of that erection, James. I don't think you're going to feel anything quite like it again. Not without the help of some pills, anyways."

Gala stood up and walked over to the other gathered pieces of masculine anatomy. The bag was placed on its own, next to the plate of barbs and the little scrotum and the shorn urethra.

He turned back to the table, and his eyes narrowed at the waitress, sitting in his own chair, slumped backwards similar to Benny. It was all quite tawdry, with her legs akimbo and her canine cock jutting rudely up into the air like that. Gala had tracked down every ounce of flesh stolen from his boyfriend, except for one. A mouthful, really, and taken after the meal was done. Saila the waitress had been serving the group of friends that night, and he was sure that he had seen her chewing on something as she wheeled the desecrated remains of Colin back into the kitchen to be cleaned up. Now, the hybrid lass was moaning, squirming in her chair as she experienced something else, something far away. Gala stroked his chin with a musky finger, staring at her pretty cock. He had no need for it; everything was perfectly planned out, every inch of the final present arranged and accounted for. Still. She should be punished.

It was all she could do just to stop her heart beating out of her chest as the blue vixen padded forward to stand before her where she lay bound with legs spread to an honestly surprisingly comfortable table. It felt like it must have a thin pad or something on it, though that tangent was quickly brushed from her mind as the gorgeous female before her knelt down, putting her at perfect chest height with all that lay between those splayed legs.

For the life of her Saila couldn't seem to recall exactly how she'd ended up in this vulnerable position, much less with the girl of her dreams about to take advantage of it like this. She could clearly remember the last few days before now, but after meeting up with some friends for some fun it got hazy and now she was here and events were taking a turn she definitely hadn't seen coming.

Krystal made eye contact with her for a moment as she reached behind her and then with a metallic noise her spear extended to full length, the gems in it glowing as she awakened its power.

"I think you've got a bit too much going on down here, don't you? Since you're here and all set up like this, I think I'll take care of that..."

She leaned forward and dragged a lick up the underside of the semi Saila was starting to sport as she fully realized what was about to happen and fear and arousal started to war with each other in her mind. When she reached the top she draped her tongue over her teeth and quickly engulfed the whole thing, tongue and palette rubbing their rough surfaces over what was rapidly becoming a full-on boner.

She could feel herself getting wet at the same time she was getting hard, the blue folds swelling and her pierced button swelling and rearing up a little as well. For the moment, however, most of her attention was on the head she was getting, staring mesmerized at her ears flopping a little on each drop of her head and her hair bouncing with the motion. She locked eyes with her prey again and delivered a coquettish wink that got her knot inflating faster than she ever remembered it before.

She swore she could feel her body loading this nut like a cannon, loading it into place and packing in the gunpowder to send it soaring out of her dick before all of a sudden the dreamy sensation stopped. Her head jerked back up and her eyes re-opened from the tongue-out bliss she'd been experiencing only to see that spear being readied by its wielder. Krystal spun it once over her head while looking at that throbbing blue dick, the fully swollen knot bulging it out at the base and veins pulsing on the sides. She was so tantalizingly close, and it only made her heart skip a beat all the harder as she realized what was about to happen.

"W-wait a seco-" she tried to yelp out before it happened.

With a flourish worthy of a master swordsman she stepped back and swung her prized weapon at full extension, the blade shaving away hairs moments before surfing along her flesh on its way to slam directly into her turgid flesh right at the base. As stiff as it felt, it was all an illusion up against master-crafted metal like that of her spear and with almost no effort the blade passed right through, sending the medium-sized canine erection tumbling through the air before landing on the ground, bouncing once, and coming to a stop. Something about the sorcery embedded in her spear prevented this display from involving a copious amount of blood, but it did nothing at all for how this felt for the poor victim.

Saila squealed at the top of her lungs at the sudden and sharp agony of having her dick chopped right off of her crotch, gritting her teeth and throwing her head back as the initial exclamation faded to a whimper.

In the real world, nothing nearly as traumatic had happened. Gala felt the lass's cock strain against his fingers as he held it in one place, tracing fingers of his other hand up along it, teasing the beautiful golden ring at the tip. It was a crowning pinnacle of a nice, sleek bit of dog meat. He didn't need the meat... he could remove it, of course, add it to the pile of waste, but it just felt vindictive.

Whatever she was hallucinating, it must be exciting; the way her nipples had tightened up, her breasts covered in prickly goosebumps. The shaft in his fingers oozed, slick precum staining fingers that were already musky with the scents of four males previous to hers. He flicked his fingers, and then pinched the tip of her shaft between them.

"Such a pretty shaft, and such pretty jewelry adorning it," Gala said. The ram's knife had been tucked behind the fox's ear, and he reached up to grab it. "I would hate to lose a piece of it, trying to unscrew it from inside that pretty shaft. You understand, right?"

Saila, lost in her hallucination, only whimpered.

"I'll take that as consent, then," Gala said. His fingers slid up over the very tip of Saila's shaft, to grip the golden hoop itself. He pulled *that* upwards, drew it tight, and felt the tension in the flesh that it was hooped through. The sleek shaft sold out from that tightly drawn tip, gracefully fleshing out to a handsome knot, all a pretty, pretty azure blue.

Gala pressed the edge of the blade right against the tip of Saila's cock, about a quarter of an inch below the piercing. The teeth sank in, almost too easily, the flesh stretching and splitting apart underneath the tender saw of metal through the soft flesh. Gala pulled upwards as he sawed, and with only half a stroke, the piercing came free, with the very tip of Saila's cock still attached to it.

"Yes, that is a mighty nice piece of jewelry," He said, stepping up and away from Saila, and held it up to examine it in the open light of the chandelier overhead. "And it's going to look *even more beautiful*, in the tip of Colin's penis."

Plink. It landed on the table, between the plates.

"Next! Who's next? Who needs to be... disassembled?"

"I get to suck him off, first!," Charn said, reaching for the peregrine falcon's straining shaft.

"No!" *Second Charn said, pulling the dick towards himself, as Jax whimpered in protest. "Possession is nine tenths of the law, and I'm the one holding his dick right now!"*

Third Charn reached in from between the two other tigers, snagging the very head of the bird's cock between roughly padded finger tips. "Fine, well, I got him the most recently. Last in, first out, that's the rules!"

First Charn reached down and snagged Jax's plump scrotum. He squeezed the bird's white furred marbles, glaring down at the helplessly bound and gagged avian. "I swear on your virgin prostate, if you cum from some other Charn sucking you off, I'll pop these berries myself!"

Jax wagged his head, panicked but unable to do more than squirm and watch. Second Charn yanked, wrenching the dick away from Third Charn's grip, but he hadn't accounted for just how tightly third Charn was holding on - or the way his claws were partially extended. He pouted, as he realized that the pink glans of the bird's cock hadn't completed the journey along with the rest of his shaft. "Dammit, you stole his cock head!"

"I didn't steal it, you gave it to me," Third Charn said. He held up the bubblegum pink cockhead, the glans gleaming, a single interrupted bead of precum glaring accusingly up at the bird. Jax stared at it, then down at his cock. His beautiful cock. His *truncated* cock. The falcon could barely feel the sting, the tiger's claw having cleaved through his flesh *accidentally*, as smooth and sharp as a scalpel. "Ugh, but what am I going to do with this? This is barely enough to lick, much less suck on."

"That's not fair," First Charn said. "Now you each have a piece of his dick, and I got *nothing*." He pulled firmly on the bird's eggs, stretching them low in their sack, and Jax tried to slouch down in his seat to loosen the tension, but he couldn't. His body simply wouldn't respond. First Charn reached for the bird's dick, and Jax whimpered desperately, trying to warn Second Charn.

'Put it in your mouth,' he tried to whisper, but nothing would come out, his tongue thick and dry in his mouth as he watched First Charn grip one of the sizable, thick, meaty ridges that ribbed the underside of his cock. He felt the gentle pinch, catching it between two fingers, as Second and Third Charn argued the semantics about what part of the dick was actually the dick and what part was accessories.

Neither of the other tigers bothered to look down, as First Charn unsheathed the scythian claws of his other finger, and slowly carved the ridge off. A deep, plaintive bleat bubbled up from deep in his chest, but nobody noticed as that segment of his dick was carved off and held up in the air.

First Charn winked up at Jax, then popped it in his mouth, closing his jaws and hiding it under his tongue. That was when Second Charn noticed the missing piece.

"Jerk! You just took a piece for yourself, didn't you?" Second Charn protested. Third Charn blinked, looking at the maimed shaft, then held up the glans. "Yeah, I did. This? You mean his cock head?"

"No, you stole one of those ridgy thingies." Second Charn grabbed the second one down, tugging at it and wagging the cock back and forth. "Give it back, that was my snack!"

"I saw him do it," First Charn said, and Jax saw a hint of his black skinned dick meat flash between the tiger's teeth. "You weren't paying attention. So can I have a piece too?"

"No!" Second Charn extended his own claw, and pressed it against the base of the bird's cock. "They're mine! I get ALL of them!"

He peeled his thumb upward, shaving the razor sharp blade against the underside of the falcon's dick. A strip of skin was peeled off, dangling over the edge of the claw, before the blade succinctly sank into the base of the bottom ridge. There were three remaining of the four original ones, and as Second Charn held the top one in place, the claw began fileting them off of the bird's dick, the strips of meat coming off as cleanly as kernels of corn.

"Well if you get all of those, I should get *something*," First Charn wheedled. He tugged on Jax's nuts. "Lemme have *these*."

"Those pitiful little things?" Third Charn snickered. "You must be desperate, if you're begging for *those*. They wouldn't satisfy a chipmunk."

"Yeah, but..." First Charn's eyebrow raised, and he searched for something, *anything* that would be worth snacking on between Jax's legs. The bird flushed hot with humiliation that the predator was picking over his junk the way one might peer at the last dregs of food at a buffet at the end of the night.

'Come on, it's a good dick...' Jax pled, internally. 'If you're going to take it, at least appreciate it!'

But felines are nothing if not fickle. First Charn watched as Jax's cock ridged flopped down between his legs, and then deftly snagged the bird's thick, dark, hard knot. It filled his palm nicely, and holding it allowed Second Charn to better maneuver his claw.

The un-glansed, un-ridged dick was looking pitiful, just a smooth, oozing stalk of shorn masculinity. The knot was the only feature remaining on it, and now Second Charn wanted that, too.

Third Charn popped the glans in his mouth, and then punctured one of the shorn ridges, skewering it with a claw and lifting it up to examine it. "Shit, it's real. I genuinely thought he'd had, you know, surgery done, to enhance it. But this is real meat, not silicone or anything."

Jax whimpered, as he watched the tiger bite delicately into, and pull the ridge free of his claw, smacking his lips and slowly grinding the meat into pate. "Tastes okay. A little chewier than a regular dick. Salty, too."

"I'm so glad you approve," Second Charn said, as he took the two remaining ridges for himself. He leaned against Jax's bound form, watching as First Charn started working his thumb tips into the crease between cock and knot. His knuckles pressed into either side of the slender barrel of Jax's maimed shaft, and he pulled down. The tips of his fingers sank into the tissue, which crackled as it was peeled like lobes of an orange away from the remnants of the penis. Both of the knot bulbs came free in the tiger's palms, stringy tissue snapping as the tiger casually pulled the purloined meat away from the peregrine's groin.

"Ugh, there's not much left, is there?" Second Charn said. He waggled Jax's stem; all that remained of his once proud, unique shaft. The pretty, shiny pink glans? Gone. The impressively textured ridges? Obliterated. The fat, throbbing knot? Currently being chewed into pulp and swallowed. There was just a cherry stem left, a spindly trunk of dick to reflect Jax's former glory. Second Charn wrapped his hand around it, entombing the full length of it against his paw, trapped between fingers, and twisted it roughly. The flesh came free with a rupturing of fiber and sinew, a harsh tug pulling the last of it out of the bird's groin. He held it up, sneering at it, and then placed it in the bird's wineglass on the table.

Oh, that's right. Jax was at a restaurant. He looked around, staring at the demonically grinning faces of some of his friends, vaguely aware that there was a plate of severed genitals in front of him. He looked down, as Gala, not Charn, stitched up the remnants of his groin. His balls rested on his thigh, severed without even notification, the plump rounded bird eggs still fat and full with the seed he would now never spill.

"Welcome back, Jax," Gala said, as he stood up. He gathered the balls, lifting them up in the air and dabbing them against the falcon's beak. "Made some adjustments. Not sure what you were dreaming of, but you certainly seemed to enjoy yourself. You came *twice* while I was taking off parts of your cock. I doubt you felt it, but your body certainly seemed to appreciate being dismantled like that."

Gala tossed the balls up into the air, over the table. and Caleve snatched them between his jaws, clamping them together with an audible squelch of the testicles inside. He didn't chew, just swallowed, licking his chops and pointing to the hulking Jason, who had slumped over onto his back. "Now it's his turn! I want him!"