

Warning: this story contains scenes of Penectomy (the removal of the penis), Castration (the removal of the balls) and has scenes which are of a gay sexual nature. Scenes exist in non-consensual situations. If you don't like any of this, please close the document now...

The heat of the sun shimmered on the horizon, promising as it always did the glint of sunshine on water. Vultures spiralled above, hoping for an easy meal as they kept watch on the two camels plodding over the soft sands carrying Twomasks and Theyy.

Steep sided rocky cliffs loomed over them to the right as the valley opened out – the hints of something more starting to break through the shimmering heat – a rocky hill set low amongst the sands.

Twomasks, dressed in light linen to deal with the sand and heat knew what the place was in the distance. It was the destination they'd been journeying towards for over two weeks after departing the Dakhlar oasis. He looked back at Theyy on the camel behind "See that?" he said "It's Siwa."

Theyy looked off to the distance where Twomasks had gestured ahead "Thank Amun... hopefully that otter wasn't talking garbage... What's so special about this place anyway?"

Twomasks dusted off some sand which had settled on him over the last couple of hours "Siwa is the home to a cult dedicated to Amun... There's a Seer there who claims to receive knowledge from Amun..." he said pausing for a moment "I tend to stay away from Seers, but it may be a good starting place to look for this priest.."

Theyy nodded "Maybe Amun will bless us for being on a noble journey?" he said thoughtfully

"Or," Twomasks replied with a smirk "the seer will run away screaming at the presence of someone so close to Set."

As the two came closer to the town, the clearer the outline of buildings and the large oasis grew – not a mirage, but real, life-giving water.

The two came to a stop at the edge of the settlement, Twomasks' eyes scanning the place carefully. Theyy, meanwhile, groaned as he slid off his mount, nearly stumbling as his legs struggled to adjust to solid ground again.

"By the gods, I don't think I've EVER travelled for so long without stopping," he grumbled, stretching his back.

Twomasks smirked. "You were a trader... I would have thought you'd have got used to riding camels by now!"

Theyy rolled his eyes but didn't argue. Instead, he glanced ahead toward the rocky hill that marked their destination. At its base, partially hidden among the stone, stood a shrine - small but distinct.

Theyy tied their camels up to one of the palm trees swaying in the warm gentle breeze and walked towards the shrine set against the hill.

Two smoking braziers sat one either side of the entrance which seemed to lead into the rocky hill itself, and the air around it felt - different.

“Do we just walk in?” They asked, suddenly unsure.

Twomasks pulled his hood back and shook his head. “No. We need to find someone first. Seers don’t like uninvited guests...”

He gestured toward an elderly lioness, sitting under the shade of a wooden awning, her hands carefully threading beads into a thin cord. Though she appeared focused on her work, her eyes followed them, as if she had been waiting.

Twomasks walked over to her. “We are looking for the Seer.”

The woman paused, tilting her head slightly. When she spoke, her voice was quiet but firm. “Many seek answers. Few are ready for them.”

Twomasks reached into his belt and pulled out a small leather pouch, placing it in front of her. “An offering.”

The woman barely glanced at it before pushing it back toward him. “You cannot barter for wisdom.”

They let out a frustrated sigh. “Then what does get wisdom?”

The woman’s thin lips curled slightly, as if she found amusement in his impatience. “The truth,” she said simply. “The Seer does not speak for those who do not know why they listen.”

They frowned. “Is that supposed to mean something?”

She chuckled. “It means you should think carefully before you ask your question. The answer may not be what you hope for.”

Twomasks let out a slow breath. He wasn’t surprised. These types of people never gave anything away easily. Still, this was their best chance. He stood up, giving They a small nudge.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s get some water and figure this out.”

As they walked toward the well, They muttered, “I swear, if Amun wants a blood sacrifice, I’m offering the otter... but he can go get him himself, I’m not going alllll the way back, and alllll the way here again.”

They scooped up a handful of cool water and drank.

“So,” They muttered, wiping his muzzle, “how exactly do we get to the Seer if the old woman won’t just tell us?”

Twomasks filled a small leather waterskin and took a slow sip before replying. “We figure out what they want.” He glanced toward the rocky hill, where the shrine’s entrance stood shrouded in smoke from the ever-burning braziers. “These people guard their Seer carefully. If they think we’re unworthy, they won’t let us near.”

They frowned, watching as a group of cheetahs passed by, murmuring to one another. “Then how does anyone ever get in?”

Twomasks followed his gaze. The cheetahs - draped in simple dyed linen, the fur on their arms marked with faded ink symbols - disappeared up a narrow path toward the shrine. Twomasks noticed how none of the villagers stopped them, and that was answer enough.

“They belong to the shrine,” he said. “They don’t have to ask.”

They groaned. “Great. And we’re just two dusty travellers with nothing but an otter’s ramblings to go on.”

Twomasks chuckled. “Exactly.” Then his smirk faded, and his expression turned serious. “But the woman wasn’t just trying to waste our time. We need a question worth asking.”

They rubbed his temples. “We already have one. We’re looking for a priest.”

“Yes,” Twomasks said, adjusting the cloth around his neck, “but that’s not the kind of question that gets you inside. Or - we think of another way.” he said, thinking already of how they might gain some attention.

For a moment, the two stood in silence, the murmur of Siwa carrying around them. The sounds of animals, of distant hammering, of conversation all blended into the living hum of the oasis. Then, finally, They sighed.

“So... we just wait around and hope the Seer comes out to say hello?”

Twomasks shook his head. “No. We give them a reason to call us in.” He glanced toward the woman they had spoken to earlier. She had resumed her beadwork but still watched them from beneath her lashes, listening without looking.

Twomasks took a step toward her, then changed course, moving instead toward a small gathering of traders near the marketplace stalls.

“Where are you going?” They asked, following reluctantly.

“To start rumours,” Twomasks said.

They blinked. “What kind of rumours?”

Twomasks stopped by a stall selling dried dates and figs, taking his time before answering.

“The kind that makes a Seer want to see us.” He said quietly and turning to the badger in his twenties “Have you heard the True Prince is coming to Siwa?” Twomasks said a little louder than he could have been

The badger looked back, his eyes widening a little “Here? When?”

“In a couple of days or so. We were sent to prepare for his arrival, but it seems the scout sent last week failed to get here...” Twomasks replied, noting a couple of other merchants already turning to themselves and quietly mumbling things

“Wow, that’s... unexpected... Do you need any dates? I can provide lots more than I have here? I’m sure the True Prince would be satisfied with the quality!” the badger said eagerly

They noted how one of the merchants had scurried off in a hurry towards the shrine...

Twomasks grinned and nodded "I'm sure we can make an arrangement. We will be back tomorrow." He said before turning and walking away from the stall with They following closely behind.

When they were well out of earshot of the merchants, Twomasks spoke up again "So, seems like the true prince character IS known fairly well here..." He said as they walked over to the edge of town, and sitting himself down under the shade of the palm trees their camels were tied up under.

They looked around before sitting down in front of the raccoon "Well... I don't know if we will get to the Seer, but I'm pretty sure the Priest will find out..."

Only fifteen minutes later a cheetah wearing simple dyed linen approached them

They looked up, muttering "That was quick..."

The cheetah looked at them both and spoke up "The Seer wishes to see you both."

Twomasks looked at They and then up to the Cheetah, standing back up "Good." Was all he said as They stood up to follow Twomasks and the Cheetah towards the shrine.

They walked past the braziers, and into the cave that the shrine had been built into.

The cave was dimly lit, the only sources of light coming from small oil lamps lining the walls.

At the far end of the room, a figure – another male cheetah who sat on a raised stone platform, veiled in fine linen, keeping themselves almost motionless – The Seer.

To their left stood a jackal who looked around his mid-twenties, dressed in dark robes, and though Twomasks and They had never seen him before, they recognised him dressed as a priest. His yellow eyes were glaring with suspicion as he studied them.

"You bring words that stir the desert," the Seer said, their voice smooth and practiced. "The True Prince... And here you are, claiming to prepare for his arrival."

Twomasks folded his arms. "We do not claim. We know."

A pause. The Seer and the priest exchanged glances.

The jackal priest stepped forward. "You speak with certainty," he said, his voice quieter but full of weight. "Yet your arrival is unexpected. Tell me, from where does this message come?"

Twomasks smirked and looked to the Seer... "Surely the Seer should be able to answer this" He said noting that the Seer had only seemingly spoken words that seemed rehearsed, and showing no behaviour that they seemed to possess any kind of higher knowledge...

The priest's ears twitched slightly at that. His expression hadn't changed much, but it was obvious that he hadn't appreciated the answer.

They, ever impatient, leaned forward slightly, his arms at his sides. "We were told the Seer would already know of the True Prince's coming," he said, watching for any reaction. "Isn't that true?"

The false Seer didn't move, but the priest's fists clenched.

The Seer finally spoke again. "Amun's wisdom comes in many forms," he said. "Perhaps the message you bring was misheard..."

Twomasks let the words hang in the air for a moment, then slowly nodded.

Sensing the trouble the Seer was having – the priest spoke up and gestured to the cheetah who had lead them in, along with the others standing by the walls "Leave us."

The cheetahs nodded and filed out of the cave.

The priest's expression barely shifted, but his tail flicked sharply behind him. He didn't like this. "Who are you two, exactly?" he asked

Twomasks still needed to be sure about this priest "We were supposed to be preceded by a messenger. When did you last hear from the true prince?" he asked

"It was some months ago." The priest replied firmly "And there were no plans to visit here so soon."

Twomasks grinned "Ah, there we go... The priest spreading the message about the true prince, and the false Seer he's put in place of the true one."

The Seer for the first time, seemed to look uncomfortable, and not so sure about the situation, looking over to the priest...

The Jackal took a step down from the raised stone platform and walked towards Twomasks "Who, are – you." He said starting to take on an angry tone.

Twomasks smirked back as the jackal came nose to nose "To you? I am Set."

The priest snarled and pulled a knife from his belt, suddenly slashing out towards the raccoon, but expecting some kind of resistance, Twomasks was quick to step out of the way and grabbed the jackal's arm, forcing it behind his back and marching him up against the stone wall of the cave, slamming him into it

Twomasks snickered "Very priest like."

The Seer had stood, and was looking for a way out, but on starting to run, They leapt – grabbing the cat and bringing him down to the ground with a heavy thud.

Twomasks forced the knife from the Jackal's hand – letting it clatter to the ground, and pushed his cheek up against the wall "Who put you here, 'priest'" he asked

"I'll give you NOTHING" the jackal hissed back

Twomasks snickered again "Oh, no, you're going to give me a few things." He said before grasping one of the jackal's pointed ears and smacking his head hard against the wall of the cave, then tugging the dazed priest down to the ground

They, not far behind Twomasks was pinning the cheetah to the ground, and pulled his knife out "So what do false seers see?... maybe they see their own dick removed in their future!?" They said pushing his knife point up against the cheetah's crotch

The false seer cried out "No!! Please!! I was forced to do this!!"

The jackal, still partly dazed heard the cheetah and quickly snapped "SHUT YOUR MOUTH!"

Twomasks dropped down, straddling the jackal and grabbing his muzzle, pushing it up a little “Has anyone told you, you’re not a very nice doggy... and do you know what happens to naughty doggies?” he said before pulling his own knife from his belt and pushing it up under the tunic the jackal was wearing “They get snipped...”

The jackal growled “Do it! I’ll tell you nothing!”

Twomasks smirked “Acting tough isn’t something that will do you any favours.” He said before cutting the belt free from the priest’s clothes, tugging down his undergarments “well look at these lovely delicate jackal bits here...” he said teasing at the Jackal’s ebony coloured uncut dick with the tip of his knife.

The jackal growled again “You really think this will make me talk?!”

Twomasks shook his head “No, not really.”

From just across the cave, the pinned cheetah Thesy was keeping restrained squeaked out “He gets letters! Gems and silver! He keeps them in a box, where he keeps my brother locked up!”

The priest’s eyes went wide briefly before returning to a vicious scowl “SHUT YOUR MOUTH!” he shouted out

Twomasks grinned and moved his face closer to the jackal’s as he took hold of the still soft jackal dick in his hand, squeezing and teasing at it “Aw, looks like doggy just lost his bargaining chips... It’s fine though. I was going to take these anyway... especially when you have this soft stretchy foreskin...” he said, gently pinching at it between his thumb and finger, tugging at it.

The jackal gasped quietly and snarled “G-get the fuck off me!”

Twomasks shook his head again “Oh I will. But your genital privileges have been revoked. This is for Seth, but I’m pretty sure Amun wouldn’t be too pleased with you locking up his Seer...” he said with a smirk, feeling how the jackal’s dick was starting to firm up in his hand...

The priest simply growled in response.

Twomasks snickered “And look! I think you’re enjoying this...” He said feeling the hardening dick sliding up into his hand... he started to gently rub his hand up and down, letting the jackal get a little pleasure from his dick for one final time...

The jackal’s eyes went wide as he felt his length being teased, throbbing and twitching in the raccoon’s hand... His cheeks blushed and struggled to hold an angry expression, even as he paused his growling briefly for a short gasp as the pleasure from his dick was enough to overpower his conscious emotions...

“That’s right...” Twomasks said patronisingly “Good doggy... I bet he loves his bone doesn’t he! ... too bad... Naughty doggies loose their balls ... BUT this doggy has been even more naughty than most...” He said, moving his hand from the jackal’s dick, and wrapping his fingers under the black furred pouch of orbs and grasping the whole package...

The cheetah had stopped struggling under Thesy, both of them watching the raccoon moving the knife down to the jackal’s package...

Twomasks pushed the cold blade up under the jackal’s balls “Ready to be a good boy?”

The Jackal didn't respond, trying to maintain his silence even when he was facing his impending emasculation!

Twomasks smirked as he drew the sharp blade up, feeling the jackal's dick twitch as the pain hit...

The jackal clenched his teeth, still letting out a quiet growl, but now and then it would slip to a squeak as Twomasks sliced deeper still into his precious jackal bits...

Twomasks sliced further, feeling the pouch coming looser in his grasp, the jackal's precious balls being sliced cleanly from him, drawing a yelp from their former owner... He paused for a moment, pushing out one of the severed silvery orbs from the pouch, and holding it up for the jackal to see....

The priest blinked seeing one of his balls for the first time... his expression slowly changing from anger to desperation as the raccoon moved it over closer and closer to his face ...

Twomasks forced his thumb and finger into the sides of the jackal's muzzle, forcing him to open his mouth "Here you go doggy! Have some leftover meat!" he said before pushing the jackal's own severed ball into his mouth.

"MMf!!" was all the jackal could do to protest as he felt his own smooth ball drop onto his tongue, his muzzle then forced shut over it... He could feel the warm precious ball that meant so much to him squash between his teeth... his teeth relentlessly being forced into it... before suddenly – it ruptured, the nut guts flooding his muzzle!!

Twomasks grinned, keeping the jackal's muzzle closed – holding it up so he would have to swallow or be unable to breathe!!

The jackal struggled briefly but realised quickly the only thing he could do was swallow... he felt the warmth of his own destroyed nut slowly slide down his throat into his stomach... the after taste of his own cum coating his mouth.

Twomasks smirked "There, that wasn't so hard was it? ... But this is very hard isn't it..." He said – grasping the still rock-hard jackal dick, and bringing his knife back down to its base... "No sausage for bad dogs." He said as he started to slice into the base of the jackal's dick...

The priest yelped out once more as he felt his beloved dick start to be cut through "Fuck!!! Stop!!!" he finally shouted, breaking

Twomasks ignored him, cutting deeper, starting to jerk at the doomed member as he did, feeling that supple sensitive foreskin rolling up and down the shaft even while it was being cut through at its base ... getting looser and looser in his grip

The Jackal let out a squeak as the knife slid through what remained of his dick... and watched as the raccoon lifted his precious ebony cock and the black pouch with a single orb left in it from his crotch...

Twomasks brought the tip of the member to his nose, breathing in the jackal's scent "You have a sweet scent for such a bad boy..." he said before standing up, and letting the jackal roll around on the ground in agony....

Twomasks walked over to the cheetah and pointed to him using the jackal's severed dick "You're next if you don't tell us where this box, and your brother is."

The cheetah looked at the severed length pointed at him “I will!! I was made to do this!! He said he’d kill my brother if I didn’t!!!....”

Twomasks shoved the jackal’s severed dick and balls into a pouch on his belt and They climbed off the Cheetah – getting him back up to his feet...

The cheetah lead them out of the shrine, ensuring the guards who had remained outside didn’t attack, and took them to a small mudbrick building on the outskirts of the settlement...

Twomasks broke the lock on the door with the back of his Khopesh, finding inside the true Seer of Amun, bound and gagged in one corner of the room...

The cheetah who had lead them there rushed over to unbind his brother as Twomasks and They opened the chest which sat on the ground on the other side of the room.

As Twomasks looked through the papyrus, he started to see a common name... Hannu of Byblos ... This was the person sending gems and silver, bankrolling the jackal, and allowing him to bribe and get away with putting a false seer in the shrine, while no one asked uncomfortable questions....

As They helped Twomasks go through the chest he noticed the true Seer looking over towards the raccoon.

The true Seer cheetah, spoke up “Set, I see you.”

Twomasks turned round “... This is why I don’t visit seers.” He said more to They than the one who was addressing him.

The seer continued “Why would Set, lord of chaos and rebellion – work to quell rebellion..”

Twomasks snickered “I do Set’s work, but I’m not Set. Surely you should know this? Or is Amun not so quick to give you answers?”

The seer smirked back “You know less about yourself than I do.”

Twomasks’ grin faded... he took in a deep breath, then looked to They, ignoring the last comment “This papyrus all came from Memphis... This Hannu of Byblos is some kind of trader according to this... So That’s where we are going next... That gelded puppy back in the shrine is just another puppet, knowing only what he’s been told in these...” he said dropping the papyrus back into the chest.

They looked back at the Seer, who was still looking at Twomasks ... He couldn’t help but feel a bit weirded out by the cheetah who seemed to know more than he was letting on...

The Seer spoke up again “Ah, protecting the Pharaoh who’s personal god is yourself. This seems more to your character.”

Twomasks growled and turned around “I, am not Set. IF you are a true seer, and IF Amun has given you answers, then you know how I became who I am. I’m doing this to protect Egypt, not just the Pharaoh.” He snapped and walked for the door.

They watched Twomasks walk out and looked back at the Seer... his curiosity was clawing at him to ask questions now about what the cheetah had said about Twomasks... but as he

opened his mouth to speak, he heard the raccoon shout 'THESEY!' ... and he turned and walked out of the door...

Twomasks saw the lion emerge and he made his way towards the camels "This, is why I avoid Seers. They can't seem to understand the difference between me, and Set."

"Can't we stay the night here? We only arrived a few hours ago..." They whined

"No. We can camp somewhere away from here... in case that seer decides to start expecting me to conjure sandstorms or something..." Twomasks snapped back.

That evening, as the two camped under the stars, They poked at the small campfire they'd built "How many seers have you seen?" he asked

Twomasks shot They a look "... Two now."

"So, if they are both saying-" They said before being cut off

"I am not Set. Set is not a raccoon. I saw Set the day that started all this... So how could I have seen ME?..." Twomasks snapped before throwing a leather pouch over towards the lion "Here, why not think about this instead..."

They picked up the pouch and reached inside, fishing out the severed dick and single orb of the jackal that Twomasks had harvested just earlier... He inspected it closely... Twomasks had had plenty of experience with uncut dicks, but for They it was more of a novelty...

He ran a finger over the soft overhang of floppy skin covering the head and then pulled it back a little, revealing the head underneath... "I bet that feels nice..." he said commenting on the foreskin sliding back and to over the head

Twomasks looked at what They was doing before looking back at the fire "Yep. It feels very nice... when your dick is still attached at least..." he said with a soft smirk.

They brought the severed dick up to his mouth and slowly slipped the foreskin in, tasting the jackal's salty musk as he sucked gently on it, feeling the stretchy skin pull forwards more, and finding he could push his tongue inside...

Twomasks glanced up watching the lion sucking on their prize and smirked more.

They closed his eyes, wondering what it must be like to have this kind of 'sheath', sucking a little harder, pulling that soft skin that felt like silk in his muzzle forwards as far as it would go, pinching his teeth together onto it to hold it in place as he moved his other hand down to his crotch, rubbing against the tent which had already grown...

"Mmmhh..." They moaned quietly, loving the feel and the texture of the foreskin in his maw... nibbling a little harder, feeling the once so sensitive skin squash between his teeth.. He pulled his own barbed feline dick from his undergarments and wrapped his hand round it....

As he started to run his hand up his own barbed length, he started to nibble harder... a little too hard.... He heard a soft crunch as his teeth bit through the soft velvet foreskin of the Jackal's severed dick ... only to find the dick came loose in his hand, but the foreskin still in his mouth....

He looked at the severed jackal dick, now minus its protective hood over the head, the shiny head exposed and fully visible now.... He looked over to Twomasks sheepishly, his maw still closed...

Twomasks snickered "Now you've gone and circumcised it."

They slowly pushed out the jackal's severed foreskin from his muzzle and held it in his hand ... looking at the squishy piece of skin... before having an idea....

Twomasks watched as the lion moved the severed foreskin down, pushing the tip of his own barbed dick up into the bottom of the foreskin, and pulling it down ... the jackal's foreskin stretching out as it was pulled over the feline dick and its barbs...

They moaned loudly "Oooohhh fuuckk..."

Twomasks laughed "Oh, look at the uncut kitty cock... well at least you can feel half of it now..." He said moving over and grabbing the newly circumcised jackal dick from the lion.

As the lion started to jerk off, using the jackal's foreskin like a cock sleeve, Twomasks sliced the pouch from the dick and pushed a stick up through its base until it poked out from the head, then held it out over the fire.

They, feeling his barbs dragging up the inside and tip of the foreskin as it moved up and down his shaft, knowing the jackal will have done this so many times in the past – was careering towards his climax as fast as he ever had.... Occasionally opening his eyes to see the dick this silky sleeve had come from being slowly roasted over an open fire Steaming, starting to drip juices...

They gasped, pulling the severed foreskin up to the tip of his length just as he came, looking down to see his seed shooting from the foreskin of another guy's dick....

Twomasks smirked, turning the cooking jackal meat to ensure it cooked evenly... "enjoy?"

They flopped and nodded.... "how long until food...?"

"Not long... oh... and it's going to be a trek to get to Memphis. A good twenty days or so."

Twomasks grinned

"Eugh!!" They replied simply.