

Warning: this story contains scenes of Penectomy (the removal of the penis), Castration (the removal of the testicles) 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...

It was a beautiful sunny march morning, the birds were singing, the sky was clear and everyone on the street was making their way to whatever joyous activity they were going to do to spend as much time in this beautiful sunshine as they could ... All but the guy looking out of the store front window, stood behind the counter.

Pete was a 19-year-old golden labrador with floppy ears and kind blue eyes. The early shift he did was good for a couple of things... One; most of the shift was quiet – and you tended to only end up selling newspapers and coffees to people who came in before 12. And Two; you get the whole rest of the day to enjoy whatever the day holds...

If, that is – you aren't tired, having got up for your shift at 4:30am.

Pete kept his eyes on the clock between customers, counting down the minutes until he can clock out. He knew exactly what he was going to do when he gets off work... Home – spend an hour on a game on his console, then get himself up and out to the park to practice some tennis. There would surely be someone else there looking for someone to play with, so it should be all good!

An hour later – the last customer he needed to serve headed out of the store holding their coffee and a small bag of groceries. Pete sighed and logged out of the cash register, sliding out of the way to let his colleague log in.

“Hey Pete, don't forget to enjoy the sunshine!” the lion taking over from him said as he logged into the register

“Yep! Back to relax first and then off to do some tennis!” Pete replied with a grin

“You dogs and your balls.” The lion laughed back

Pete stuck his tongue out and headed out of the store, the sunshine warming him as he stepped into it. He might be a little tired, but he wasn't going to let it stop him enjoying the day!

He made his way home, enjoying the cool breeze, and as he got through the door, he was already pulling his uniform off... Off came the green polo shirt he had to wear, and after flinging that into the laundry basket – he started undoing his pants, letting them drop into a pile over his feet before grabbing his comfy jeans and pulling them up. He opened his closet and fished out a bright yellow t-shirt – and pulled it on over his head, before checking himself in the mirror, adjusting one of his floppy ears which had flopped back on itself while getting his t-shirt on.

He wandered out and went to the kitchen, grabbing himself a can of cola, and then finally getting himself cosy in the lounge, picking up the controller and getting his game fired up.

He immersed himself in the battles of world war two, holding his controller in his lap as he guided the character through and dispatching enemies wherever necessary... this was all great until he found himself with the opportunity to get himself onto an unlimited ammo machine gun

emplacement... the controller buzzed and pulsed quickly as he fired – bullets spraying everywhere on the screen... It was then he realised this was one of those good feel guns...

He looked down at his controller and moved one of the pointed ends closer to the bulge in his jeans... pushing it in just a little while keeping his finger on the X button...

The vibrations spread through his jeans and undies – straight into his sheath hidden inside, finding their way deeper still to his soft hidden dick... He moaned quietly as he pushed it a little firmer into his crotch...

He could feel his dick starting to peek from its fluffy protective sheath in his briefs.... Now pushing up against his controller – still vibrating as the never-ending stream of bullets and bangs fired from the gun on the tv...

“Mmmh... Yeah...” he said quietly to himself.

He'd not done this for years – whether it was something that he'd never thought about or never had the opportunity to find one of these good feel guns in a game – but boy did it feel good...

His dick grew more from his sheath, and no longer was the controller pushed into a soft bulge, it was pushed up against a harder one as his dick grew and slip to the left as it did...

He moved his other hand to his zipper, undoing his jeans, fishing inside, pulling his briefs down and letting his canine dick slip free... tugging it out through the zipper.

It stood upright, hard, with his knot growing at its base as he moved the controller to push up against the underside of the head

“Fuuckkk...” he muttered as he remembered how good this felt....

He moved his free hand down again, grabbing the controller and his dick – with the other hand holding down that all so important button...

He started to jerk ever so slightly up and down, the buzzing vibrations traveling through every sensitive bit of his cock as his hand wrapped round it glided up and down its length...

Moving his hand a little quicker – the vibrations being sent straight through his sensitive length into his crotch drew him quicker and quicker towards climax... and within just a few more seconds – he yelped out – shooting rope after rope of cum up into the air, and down onto his jeans legs and the carpet... the odd spatter finding its way onto the still buzzing control pad.

The noise from the machine gun on the tv faded to silence as he finally let go of his controller and flopped back on the sofa, panting... he was definitely going to have to do that again some time...

He grabbed some tissues from a small cabinet at the side of his sofa and started cleaning up his dick, the controller and the mess he'd made on his jeans. Finally, he pulled his softening cock back into his jeans and zipped them back up ...

He glanced at the time and blinked - an hour had already passed! He needed to get to the park.

Shutting down his game, he got up, grabbed his tennis racket and a couple of balls from the cupboard by the door. He pulled on a lightweight jacket hanging above it and stepped outside, making sure the door clicked shut behind him.

The park was a good thirty-minute walk away, but with the sun shining and birds singing, it felt as if spring had finally arrived - winter now nothing more than a distant memory.

As he entered through the park gates, he walked alongside the lake, watching the swans and ducks bobbing on the water, pestering people for scraps of bread. The tennis courts were on the far side, so he followed the path around the lake, making his way towards them.

Spotting the public toilets up the terraced hill with rows of benches, he hesitated. He didn't really need to go, but figured it was worth a quick stop - it'd mean more time on the court!

So, he turned up the small path going up the stepped terraces of benches – to the toilet block at the top, slipping in through the door and being greeted by the large room with stalls down one side and the urinals down the other.

He'd always preferred the stalls – it was just what he'd always done – so he turned right into the first one and shut the door behind him, locking it.

He walked over to the metal toilet in front of him, with its two pieces of wood bolted to it to form a seat and unbuttoned, then unzipped his jeans. He pulled the front of his briefs down and grasped his sheath gently, teasing it to coax out the tip of his dick.

As he relaxed and waited, wondering if he actually was going to be able to do anything, he looked around at some of the random messages on the wall, professing to suck cocks if you rang this number... Some guy looking for dick pics... send them to that number...

Then as he scanned round, he suddenly noticed there was a hole in the wall of the stall to the side of him...

He turned and scooted down to see if he could see through - but it seemed to be covered on the other side... and by the hole was an arrow coming from a heart picture... This was the first time he'd ever seen a glory hole that hadn't been repaired...

As he looked at it – he suddenly heard a knock on the other side of the wall... Someone was back there waiting!

He looked down at his dick, peeking from his sheath and realised – he definitely didn't need to pee... but maybe it'd be nice to get sucked off? He'd never had a blowjob before... in fact he'd not exactly had much of any experience except for a bit of messing around a year ago with a friend...

He decided – what was the worst that could happen? He would imagine it was some cute guy next door – and he was going to get his dick sucked by them...

As he thought about it – his dick had slowly started to emerge, now poking out a couple of inches... he moved up closer to the hole and shoved his dick and sheath through the hole... but found it was a bit bigger than just his sheath.

On the other side he felt the person gently tease and stroke at his growing dick... he let out a quiet sigh and put his forehead up against the side of the stall...

What he didn't know was there was a raccoon in the stall next door, who had different plans to what Pete was thinking of.

Twomasks grinned as the dog's dick was pushed through the hole, nosing at the tip and breathing in the sweet scent of a dick that had been jerked off only an hour or so before... he reached through the hole, grabbing the dog's balls and then tugged them through, so they sat nicely bunched up under the ever growing dog dick that was now a good six inches in length...

Pete jumped slightly as he felt his balls being pulled through, but he let the person next door do their thing... getting harder and harder as he imagined the guy next door, and the prospect of shooting his second load of the day...

Twomasks now had the dog's junk exactly where he wanted it, rubbing its length back and forth as he watched the knot slowly develop, growing bigger than the hole he'd shoved his precious junk through.

The great thing about these stalls, were that they were made of plywood with a clean plastic outer layer... That meant that not only were they easy to drill holes in, they were also easy to attach other 'equipment' to...

Twomasks had fixed two small runners either side of the hole the dog's junk was eagerly throbbing through, and immediately above it was a small weighted guillotine blade, ominously positioned directly above the unsuspecting labrador's junk... Without knowing it – Pete had shoved his precious junk through into a cock guillotine ...

Pete could feel the person next door slowly rubbing and teasing the tip of his dick, tugging gently on his balls – and let out another moan... “mmmmhh... y-you want to suck it?” he said quietly to the wall.

Twomasks smirked and thought maybe he should have a taste... moving his mouth down to the canine dick's pointed tip, opening his mouth and taking in just the head slowly, sucking gently and letting his tongue explore the contours and pick up the dog's taste... Pete's dick was much sweeter than most – maybe due to the fact he'd only jerked off an hour or so again, but as it twitched and throbbed in his mouth, he couldn't help but give it some extra teasing...

Pete gasped out loudly as he felt the head of his dick engulfed in warmth... he adjusted his feet a little, and as he did – his dick pulled back into the hole a little only to find his knot bumped up against the other side of the stall... it was then he realised he was tied to the wall with his own knot.. not that it really mattered he thought – since he was going to cum soon anyway – but he was certainly going to remember to check the hole size if he does this next time...

Twomasks felt the dog pull his dick back a little but find it bump up against the narrower opening, stopping it from being withdrawn ... he slipped back from the tasty cock, which was now starting to drool pre from its tip, and gave it a gentle tug, pulling it back – and tugging Pete's crotch back up flush against the wall again.

Pete felt the tug and obliged - hoping this was going to be it Time for him to be sucked off properly now ... “m-maybe you could suck all of it ... I'll cum quick ... I promise..”

Twomasks took hold of the golden furred velvet pouch hanging down, trapped on the his side by the knot – and pulled them towards him along with the eager meat he'd been given through the hole.... Time to do a little harvesting.

He reached up with his other hand and pressed a small metal catch on the side of one of the guide rails for the blade...

There was a click, and the blade suddenly dropped.

As the blade made contact with the narrow bit of flesh behind the knot, it sliced through with no resistance whatsoever. Even the baculum was sheared in the instant the blade made contact... As the blade shot through the base of Peter's dick, it continued down, into the pouch of orbs – severing both it and the cords holding them to the dog on the other side in a fraction of a second.

Peter heard the click, and the following noise of something sliding down the wall quickly... only for a clunk noise to be heard – and a strange 'splat' noise as if something had fallen onto the cold tiled floor...

His dick and balls seemed to have gone numb... And as he adjusted his feet again – he realised – he was no longer locked to the wall by his knot... and standing back, looking down – he suddenly realised, his dick and balls had gone!!

Twomasks picked up the severed dick and balls that had landed on the ground and licked the pre which was still oozing from the tip of the dick... "Thanks for your donation!" he snickered as he shoved the severed meat into his bag and made his exit from the stall next door

Pete stumbled back against the other side of the stall reaching down to grasp at his entirely nullified crotch ... "My.... My My dick and balls!!" he cried out as the raccoon left the bathroom...

Twomasks snickered hearing Pete's realization... Dogs do love their balls, though he had a feeling he'd just taken that dog's favourite type.