

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...

This story serves as part two and follows on from Golden Age - A New Era.

To the far side of the Dakhla oasis, built into a corner behind the defensive wall, was a small mudbrick hut, looking not much bigger than a small storage building, but it was where Twomasks had set up a small refuge for while he was in the area.

Outside the rough wooden door was an area of waste ground that formed an open space before the mudbrick buildings of the town began.

The night sky hung above the oasis just beyond, with the moon reflecting off the gentle ripples spreading from one side of the water to the other as the breeze worked its way across.

Twomasks led the white-furred lion he had met barely an hour ago across the open ground. As they reached the hut, he pushed open the door and gestured inside. "In here" he said.

They stepped into the darkened space, and Twomasks followed, striking flint against pyrite. Sparks caught the wick of an oil lantern resting on a shelf, and a dim orange glow flickered to life, casting shadows along the walls.

Twomasks sank down onto one of the threadbare blankets strewn across the floor. The lion followed suit.

Breaking the silence, Twomasks asked, "How did you even get into the fort in the first place?"

They glanced up. "There's a channel running from the oasis to the fort. It's used as a water supply," he explained. "I climbed up the well."

Twomasks nodded, admittedly impressed. "Smart."

After a brief pause, he asked, "Have you used a knife before?"

"Yeah," They replied. "When you're traveling with your goods, lone thieves like to test their chances. You learn to defend yourself and your family after a while." His voice then sharpened. "Not that it helped much when those bastards killed them the other day."

Twomasks studied him for a moment before asking, "What do you plan on doing now? Where will you go?"

They exhaled, staring at the ground. "I don't know... I hadn't thought about it. All I cared about was getting back at them. That was all I focused on." His shoulders slumped slightly. "And now... I'm here. Alone. No money. Nowhere to go."

Twomasks sighed. "Won't the other traders take you in?"

The lion shook his head. "No. What use would I be? At best, cheap labour. At worst, a burden. We travelled together for safety, but it wasn't out of loyalty. They might've been upset about my family's deaths, but take me in? No."

Twomasks stayed quiet, thinking through things in his head “We can go to the valley tomorrow and see if we can find where they hid the wares, they took... The former owner of this” he said pulling the cheetah’s severed 7-inch dick from his pouch “Told me it’s still up there.”

They looked at the cheetah’s severed dick... so many thoughts going through his head...

Twomasks reached out, offering it to the lion.

They took hold of it and brought it closer, looking at how delicate the foreskin looked – sure, it was a pretty thick cock, and seven inches long – but it still had a delicate suppleness to it... As he rolled the foreskin back and forward again, he couldn’t help but think about the cheetah that once owned it... How he had ordered the attack and been the whole source of his pain... he wanted to bite its head clean off – chew it up, throw the rest into the gutter.... And then the other part of him wanted to wait for night and jerk off, rubbing it up against his own, cumming over it as a symbol of who triumphed over who ... as well as the fact he found the idea pretty hot...

Twomasks smirked, spotting They sporting a tent now, pushing his kilt up at the front as he sat...

The lion’s face was blushing fairly heavily, and though still holding the severed cheetah cock, he thought he’d try to ask a more sensible question for the raccoon “So, do you work for the Pharaoh? How did you get the commander to let us out like that?”

Twomasks looked up from the tent in the lion’s kilt and smirked “I met the commander on the battlefield, I think he took what I told him, which was the truth, that I worked for Set, as I worked for the Pharaoh.”

They blinked, his eyes going a bit wider “You work for Set?? The god of chaos?!”

Twomasks nodded and grinned, moving over to the lion and taking hold of the severed cheetah cock “Yes. Set tasked me with taking revenge on the subjects of Horus. See, Horus cut off Set’s dick and balls – so it only seems right for this to be a suitable revenge on those who-” he said before the lion finished

“Live on the mortal plane.” They said quietly... “Have you cut off lots of dicks then?”

The raccoon snickered “Yes, you could say that.” He said, still holding off saying any more about his abilities or about how long he’d been around. “Though you did well...” he said before fishing into the lion’s pouch and pulling out the severed wolf dick and balls, the knot formed up in front of the sheath that the lion had removed along with the grey pouch of orbs.

They swallowed hard, feeling himself uncomfortably hard...

Twomasks smirked and shoved both severed bits of meat into the lion’s hands “Hold these.” He said before moving his hands down to the lion’s crotch – moving his kilt out of the way and untying his undergarments.

The lion squeaked “No!! Wait! I don’t want mine cutting off!!”

Twomasks ignored his pleas and watched the hard 6-inch barbed lion dick, similar to the one he’d cut from the warrior in the desert just earlier in the day. “Very nice...” he grinned “But I’m not going to take it...” he said before reaching up and grabbing the severed cheetah dick, moving it down and pushing it up – rubbing its tip up and down the lion’s length, each of the barbs being tweaked and tugging at the foreskin of the severed dick.

They let out a gasp.... Bringing his hands down to take hold of both his own, and the severed cheetah length...

Twomasks let go and sat back “When they’re ours, they’re toys... food ... or trophies.” He said

They nodded slowly as he started working that once so precious dick up and down his own ... only then realising he still had that wolf’s junk in his other.... “Oh .... Ffffuck..” he said quietly

Twomasks smirked and sat back once again, resting up against the wall, closing his eyes... The lion had got the idea.

They started squeezing the hefty cheetah length harder up against his own as he started to jerk himself off with it... then with his other hand, lifted the severed wolf package – rubbing the tip up over his nose, breathing in the scent... That precious scent the wolf had known all his life – now all his...

The lion opened his muzzle and slowly pushed the canine length in, his tongue gliding over the underside, tasting the saltiness of the once prized flesh as he jerked off even harder, feeling the cheetah’s foreskin gliding back and forth against his barbs...

He started to suck, his tongue swirling round that cool salty wolf dick in his mouth... the musk from the sheath catching his nose as the knot bumped up against his lips... his climax was closing in rapidly – and he wasn’t going to last much longer...

It hit him harder than any orgasm he could remember... clamping his teeth shut with a crunch as he shot rope after rope from his tapered tip, firing up into the air, spattering over the 7-inch lump of cheetah meat, and landing on his legs.... He moaned loudly around the wolf meat in his mouth, loving the taste... and the ultimate feeling of besting these once proud fighters...

Twomasks opened one of his eyes as he heard the crunch and smirked, looking at the lion shooting his seed...

It was only as the lion’s afterglow faded that he started to taste the metallic tang in his mouth and realised as he’d climaxed, he had bitten straight through the wolf’s dick... He opened his mouth a little and pulled the wolf dick from it, the knot still tucked up against the sheath – but the rest of the length barely hanging on ...

Twomasks snickered “They taste better cooked. But, if you’re hungry – why not... I’d pull the bone out first though... Canine dicks are annoying like that.”

They could still taste the wolf’s musk in his maw... he reached out and grabbed the broken end of the baculum from the mostly severed shaft and pulled, it slipping out like a splinter from a wound. Then ... with a moment’s hesitation he held the shaft back up to his mouth and closed it round it once more, giving it a tug and tearing it from the knot ...

The lion paused, realising he had the severed dick of a wolf guy in his mouth.... His tongue exploring its form one last time before he began to chew... tasting a drip of pre that must have been in the shaft when he’d sliced it from the wolf - escaped the tip before that its self was ground up into a paste... and finally swallowed.

Twomasks watched as the lion rested back against the wall.

They were trying to work out what had happened to him, how he could have even found any of this enjoyable...

“Thesy...” Twomasks said finally “There’s not a lot of people who get their revenge, quite so quick... and even less in the way you just did... using the dick of the leader of those who murdered your family as a jerk-off toy, and then eating the dick of one of the murderers as a midnight snack... And I have a feeling you might be something special...” he said pausing

The lion looked back at him across the room “Special?” he asked

“Let’s talk more tomorrow... We have a bit of a walk across the desert. Let’s talk then.” He said pulling his hood up over his head and resting against the wall, getting comfortable.

Thesy nodded ... setting what was rest of the two prizes down on the blanket to the side of him, resting up against the wall, and slowly drifting to sleep.

The next morning, as the orange glow of the sun crept into the room through the cracks in the door, Twomasks stretched and looked over at the lion still asleep. He nudged him with his foot “Hey Thesy, time to make a move.” He said before getting up to his feet

The lion let out a quiet groan, stretching himself out – his toes splaying in his sandals as he did.

Twomasks opened the door, flooding the small room with the orange light of the rising sun and stepped outside, looking over to the giant orange disc slowly making its way up over the dunes.

Thesy packed his prizes away, making sure he was decent and pulled himself up onto his feet, stepping out of the small hut “Morning...”

Twomasks nodded “Ready to go?”

Thesy blinked “Now? Aren’t we getting breakfast first?”

Twomasks snickered “What? You’re still hungry after that sausage you ate last night? ... Come on. We will go via the market and pick up some bread.” He said before setting off

The two visited the market, picking up some small loaves of bread and some goats cheese to eat on their way out of the town.

As the two slipped through the gate and ventured out into the desert which had been witness to the battle only yesterday.

Twomasks spoke up. “So, I have a question” he said as he took a bite out of the hand sized loaf of bread “Would you do it again?”

Thesy was already halfway through his cheese and bread “Do what again, specifically?” he asked with his mouth half full

“Take another dick, balls or both.” Twomasks replied matter-of-factly.

Thesy went quiet for a moment, still chewing his bread and swallowed. “Yeah... I probably would, I mean.... ” he paused mid-sentence “... fuck.. what the fuck am I saying?!”

Twomasks laughed quietly “Sometimes, I wonder if Set sends me people to help me out now and then... and I just wonder – if you’re one of those people.”

“Well, I haven’t seen him... so I don’t think I’ve been sent to you?” The lion replied before taking another bite of his bread

Twomasks rolled his eyes slightly “I don’t mean literally...” he said before taking another bite of his own

The two continued walking for a few more minutes as they finished their food.

They spoke up after thinking for a few minutes “Why would you think Set sent me to you?”

Twomasks looked over to the lion “Menni, and Tiyet both were there when I needed some help. Menni when I had just started this work, and Tiyet – when I needed some support after ....” He paused a moment “After a loss.”

The lion nodded “Where are they now?”

“They are in the field of reeds...” Twomasks replied quickly

They stopped suddenly in the sand “Wait... do people who help you end up dead?”

Twomasks stopped a step further along and turned back to him “Honestly? Yes. And that’s something I have to live with every – single - day... But they didn’t die from being killed, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

The lion nodded slowly and started walking again “Ah... fever?”

Twomasks started to walk again “Old age...”

They went quiet a moment, and Twomasks knew the lion’s brain was trying to work out how that could even be.

Twomasks spoke up again “When I said I work for Set, I mean that in a more literal way than any priest could mean... I’ll explain later as it’s a long... long story... but I might only look twenty-six? But I’ve been around since the Old Kingdom... Set gave me a job and the life to be able to fulfil it...”

They blinked “What?? So... you’re some kind of god?!”

Twomasks shook his head “Not quite... but both Menni and Tiyet both died over a thousand years ago...”

The lion went quiet trying to even comprehend that kind of time...

“I’ll explain better later. Let’s focus on finding the stuff those raiders took huh?” Twomasks said before patting the lion on the back.

An hour went by and having passed the bodies that had fallen in yesterday’s battle being picked at by vultures, the two finally made it into the small valley set on both sides by rocky cliffs...

They gestured to follow him as he started walking quicker “This way, I can show you where we were attacked...”

Ten minutes later, and the two came up to where a number of camels lay dead to one side of the track running through the valley, their large baskets taken and evidence of them being dragged off further up the valley.

They spoke quietly “This is where it happened... They were on the cliffs with bows, and they came at us from behind”

Twomasks nodded looking at the tracks left by the baskets and other goods that had been dragged... “Looks like they left us a helpful trail to follow...”

The two followed the trails away from the dead camels and up the valley to a spot on the cliff side that wasn't so ragged. It seemed to be a small path which lead up and into another rocky ravine.

Twomasks started heading up the slope, keeping an eye out in case there were any raiders still on guard, but so far there wasn't sight nor sound of anyone – just the sound of the breeze catching the rocky outcrops as it whipped down the valley.

Rather than taking the obvious route into the ravine, Twomasks started climbing the rocks to find himself on the top, looking down into it.

The ravine seemed to have been where the raiders had set up camp a few days ago, with there being baskets and crates of all kinds of supplies – arrows, weaponry, and food.

The dragging marks across the sandy floor were dotted by footprints – but lead into a small, sheltered area, where the looted goods from the raiders attack had been stashed away.

Twomasks watched They take the regular route into the ravine, keeping his wits about him, as he was unarmed except for his knife...

As the lion closed in on the stolen goods he called up “Looks like it's all clear.”

Twomasks was more cautious though, still heading along the jagged edge of the steep rocky cliff to make sure there were no hidden surprises.

They began routing through the baskets of loot to see what had been stashed away, and as he did a hidden lone figure crouched behind a rocky outcrop looking over at him.

Twomasks had spotted him. He was an Otter, dressed in the same kind of garb the other raiders had been wearing in the battle yesterday. It looked like he'd got some linen wrapped around one of his arms, showing he must have been injured at some point – but that didn't seem to stop him from holding onto the handle of his straight sword as he seemed to ready himself to attack the unsuspecting lion.

Twomasks quietly began descending the cliff, just above the otter – being careful to not dislodge anything as he did...

The otter watched still – seemingly waiting for the perfect moment... then a voice came from just by his shoulder

“You take the left side, ill take the right.” Said Twomasks quietly to the crouching raider

The otter nodded, taking it as being from one of the other raiders... only to realise there was supposed to be only him here. He jumped, up, swinging his sword around in a panic. “What the fuck!?!” he shouted.

Twomasks snickered and simply stepped back to avoid the hastily swung sword. “Yeah, hello to you too.” Twomasks replied in the otter's own language.

The otter stood, ready to attack, holding his sword in one hand, his feet planted to the ground  
“Some kind of Egyptian spy??”

Twomasks shook his head “No, but if you’re wanting some advice, I’d start running... Trust me, you will regret not doing for the rest of your life.” He said smirking

The otter looked briefly to the side, as if fleetingly thinking about doing as he’d been told, but instead he lunged forward, attempting to cut across the raccoon’s stomach.

Twomasks once more, stepped back and drew his Khopesh...

Twomasks swiftly raised his khopesh, parrying the attack to the side. Without hesitation, he brought the pommel of his sword up and struck the otter hard against the side of his head.

The otter yelped, stumbling sideways before desperately swinging his sword again—this time without thought, driven only by the need to land a blow.

Twomasks met the attack with precision, catching the blade in the curved hook of his khopesh. With a sharp twist, he wrenched the weapon from the otter’s grasp. The sword clattered against the rocky wall before falling to the ground.

In a fluid motion, the raccoon pressed the sharpened tip of his khopesh against the otter’s chest, forcing him back against the rock wall.

“Cute otter boys should really learn to do as they’re told,” he smirked, just as he spotted They rounding the corner.

The lion took in the scene with a cold glare. “Oh, so there was another one.”

Twomasks nodded. “Find everything?”

They approached, his gaze never leaving the captured raider. “Yeah. But there are some papyrus scrolls and coins I don’t recognize...”

Twomasks pulled a length of twine from his belt and handed it to the cat. “Tie his wrists. Let’s get him secured - then we can take a look.”

They stepped toward the otter, locking eyes with him before yanking his wrist behind his back and binding his hands together. With a rough shove, he sent the captured raider stumbling toward the stash of stolen goods.

Twomasks sheathed his sword and followed.

Sure enough, on top of a basket of gemstones sat a collection of papyrus scrolls. Nearby, on a chest filled with stolen wares, rested a pouch of unfamiliar coins.

The raccoon picked up the scrolls and unrolled one, scanning the inscriptions.

“Most of this is nonsense,” he muttered. “They’re probably coded messages...” He flipped to another scroll, his expression darkening. “This one’s written in an old Hyksos dialect.”

“Hyksos?” They echoed, puzzled.

“Aamu,” Twomasks said, using the term most Egyptians now referred to them by. “The foreign invaders who ruled Egypt for over a century before Pharaoh Ahmose the first drove them out

nearly three hundred years ago. We called them Hyksos from ‘Heka Khasut’ - rulers of foreign lands.”

They nodded slowly, absorbing the information.

“The real question is, why is an old Hyksos dialect written on a papyrus scroll found here - with the Ma warriors?” His gaze shifted toward the otter.

The captive met his eyes but said nothing, clearly struggling to follow the conversation. Twomasks had been speaking in Egyptian.

Without warning, the raccoon grabbed the otter by the neck and shoved him toward the scrolls, switching to the otter’s own language. “Who delivered these? Where did they come from?”

The otter growled under his breath. “I don’t know. The boss kept those scrolls. Nothing to do with us.”

Twomasks picked up the last scroll, scanning the inscriptions. His expression darkened.

‘The desert does not forget. Our time nears. Prepare the path ahead, and you shall be rewarded when the throne is reclaimed... Signed, ‘The Prince.’”

He repeated the words aloud, then turned back to the otter. “So, you know nothing about this either? Who are they? Who is ‘The Prince’? And why would Meshwesh warriors have anything to do with the Hyksos?”

The otter shook his head. “How the hell should I know? I fight to mess up Egypt’s trade routes - I don’t give a damn about some prince or his so-called throne.”

Twomasks smirked and glanced at They, slipping back into Egyptian. “If only there was something men tended to value... something that, when threatened, made them much more cooperative.” His tone was casual, almost playful. “Hold him down on those baskets.”

They snickered, then grabbed the otter, yanking him hard enough to throw him off balance. He tumbled backward onto the pile of stolen goods, struggling to push himself up - only for They to plant a firm hand on his shoulders.

“Nuh-uh,” the lion murmured, pressing him down.

The otter looked up angrily at the lion but on seeing the raccoon reaching to his waist and undoing the belt he tugged again “HEY! What are you doing?!”

Twomasks continued undoing the otter’s belt and letting it drop to the floor. “Just seeing if we can jog your memory.”

The otter watched as the raccoon pulled up his tunic and then untied his undergarment “Hey!! Stop it!!”

Twomasks grinned as the otter’s package were exposed, his hands swiftly grasping at them, kneading at his sheath and rolling the otter’s balls around in their velvet sack...

The otter gasped and tugged more, trying to get free, but They kept him held down – unable to do anything to stop the raccoon exploring and teasing his privates “GET OFF MY JUNK!” he shouted out

Twomasks shook his head, spotting the pink tip of the otter's tapered length starting to slip from its sheath "No, in fact I'm getting quite attached to this..." he said grasping at the tip, feeling it twitch and start to grow quicker from the warmth of its protective sheath

The otter started panting lightly "Shit! Please, stop ... come on, it's a joke, yes? If you were gonna kill me you would have killed me ... its ... it's a joke, yes?" he glanced down his tummy to see his dick now eagerly standing at its full 6-inches, twitching and throbbing from the expert touch of the raccoon

Twomasks snickered "Oh, yes. You're right. We aren't going to kill you ... but this isn't a joke." He said before pulling some more twine from his belt and starting to tightly wrap it round the otter's dick, tying it off twice – then again with the warm velvet pouch of otter balls.

The otter winced as the raccoon tied the string "Shit! W-what the fuck is that for?!"

Twomasks looked back coldly "You know how you tie off goat balls? After half a day they've gone black, and a couple more days fall off?"

The otter's maw dropped open "... no!" he said with a squeaky voice

Twomasks laughed quietly "No it's ok we aren't taking it that far. It takes way too long to do that." He says pulling out his knife "We're going to cut them off."

The raider's eyes went even wider "FUCK! No! Don't!! I ... I wasn't even out in the battle yesterday! I was injured!"

Twomasks brought the knife blade down to the bunched-up top of the otter's pouch... drawing the blade over it just a little so the blade bit.

The otter yelped out "PLEASE NO!"

Twomasks grinned "Tell us who the prince is."

"I don't know!! Really, I don't!!" the otter squeaked

Twomasks started slicing in now, the blade making short work of the first part of the delicate pouch. "So, tell us something you do know!"

"Th-the boss! Talk to the boss!! ... unless he's dead ... did he die?" the otter said quickly, desperately trying to save his balls

Twomasks shook his head and tugged the knife towards him sharply, the otter's cords being sliced through along with the final scraps of the pouch holding them to his body. The weight of the warm velvet pouch dropped into his hand...

The otter let out a high pitch squeak, trying to try curl up, but once more They held his shoulders down. He watched through bleary eyes as the raccoon raised his balls up over his stomach and dropped them ... Feeling the weight of his own severed balls landing on his tummy... and the warmth of them ... "OH SHIT! NO! ..."

Twomasks now brought the knife up to the otter's dick, teasing the tip with the pointed end "There must be something else... Maybe it'll save you being dickless..."

"The priest!!! At Siwa! Theres a priest! Go ... go Talk!" The otter cried out desperately

Twomasks grinned, moving the knife down between the twine – and started to slice into the otter’s precious male meat... feeling it twitch and throb in protest

“BUT YOU SAID!!!” the otter squeaked

“I said, maybe.” Twomasks said calmly, the blade cutting deeper and deeper into the otter’s most precious body part

“NO PLEASE! NO!! NOT MY DICK!! Please!!!!” the otter cried out, panicking, watching his dick being cut through like any old piece of meat...

Twomasks saw a single drip of pre escape the tapered tip as he squeezed at the shaft, making sure it went nowhere as the blade finally slipped through the last of the otter’s dick.

The otter let out another yelp, his voice breaking..

Twomasks grinned as he lifted the now nullified otter’s dick up so the he could see – before dropping that down onto the otter’s stomach along with his balls.

The otter let out a whimper, seeing his hard warm severed dick hit his stomach and lay there.. that last drip of pre catching in his tummy fur

They finally let go of the otter’s shoulders moving round and picking up their prizes from his stomach, bringing the tapered length up to his nose to breathe in his scent

The otter rolled off the baskets slowly and sat on the ground, his hands still tied behind his back, and nothing between his legs but an empty sheath...

They nudged the otter “Your scent is pretty damned good .... I think we’re going to enjoy your dick later” He snickered, untying the twine holding the otters severed pouch of balls closed, and then pulling out one of the still warm pearly orbs...

The otter watched as he saw one of his balls for the first time in his life... They’d always been there with him, every fight, every jerkoff ... and there it was, in the hand of someone else, with his precious dick.

They reached down and pushed the ball into the opening of the now empty sheath “There. At least you have one...” he snickered

Twomasks smirked as he tugged the otter back up to his feet “Go. And if you see any more raiders... tell them that if they take any more coin from whoever the prince is ... they’ll end up losing their favourite toys too...” He said giving the otter a shove.

The otter stumbled... but started to walk, his ball still pushed into his sheath, the severed cord hanging from it as he walked slowly out of sight...

Twomasks looked at They, who was inspecting the otter’s six inch dick “The raid on your caravan, and murder of your family – along with other Ma raids going on aren’t just some isolated raids... They were hired by this ‘Prince’ ... and whoever else is helping him...”

They nodded, finally pushing the otter’s severed dick and balls into a pouch on his belt. “So, we go tell the people at the fort, and they’ll look into it.”

“No,” Twomasks said firmly. “Something’s off... If there really is a priest in Siwa like that guy said, then this is bigger than just some stolen goods.” He gestured toward the buried loot. “Once

we're done here, we head back to the fort - see if we can talk to that cheetah. The 'boss' the otter mentioned."

The rest of the afternoon was spent burying the stolen wares. With no way to transport them far, and They wanting the option to retrieve them later, the safest course of action was to let the desert guard them for now.

After ensuring the goods were well-hidden, the two set off toward the oasis, making their way back to the fort.

As they approached, the structure came into view, and Twomasks let out a heavy sigh.

They was the first to break the silence. His voice was grim. "I don't think the boss is going to be talking anymore..."

The prisoners the guards had captured the day before had not been sent to Pi-Ramesses as expected. Instead, they had been executed - beheaded. Their severed heads were now displayed at the town's entrance, a gruesome warning for anyone considering the same crimes.

Twomasks exhaled sharply, then grabbed They's shoulder, turning him away from the sight "Looks like we're going to Siwa."