

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

Memphis, 2613BC

The deep blue of the night sky was changing to pinks and golds as the sun began to rise in the east, casting a soft warm glow over the river Nile.

The giver of life for the whole of Egypt flowed calmly past the city on its western bank as people were waking up for another day of trade, worship and general day to day life. The smell of bread baking drifted through the air, mixing with the cool damp scent of the river as the birds that tended to venture only around the river called out in their morning chorus.

The streets of Memphis were narrow and dusty for the most part, winding through the city. Stone and mudbrick buildings lined the roads, still yet to catch the morning sunshine – and Merchants in the market were already setting up their stalls for a day's business.

But in one of the smaller streets, a pale, sandy brown scorpion, around four inches long, had ventured into the city from the desert.

Its legs twitched as it carefully moved over the hard ground, its tail curling ready to defend itself if needed. It had ventured from the desert, but somehow ended up here – surrounded by buildings and the growing noise.

It froze for a moment, the scent of people was everywhere. The ground trembled under its legs – and then a foot came pounding down nearby. It scuttled into a crack between the bricks of a building, finding safety inside.

Meanwhile, in a small mudbrick house not far from there, Twomasks and Menni were discussing the plan which would hopefully bring an end to the bandits who had caused misery and sorrow to so many people, including Menni.

Menni lounged on the slightly raised area to one side of the room covered in blankets that formed the bed of the house. The black furred cat leaned up against the wall wearing just his plain coloured kilt, looking over at the raccoon just across the room. "So," he said, "We're going to spend the day looking round the broken pyramid, under the sun"

"Yes, there's no point looking around in the dark." Twomasks replied "If there's any tracks, they'd be harder to spot in the moonlight, and I doubt the entrance to where the leader is hiding will be easy to find either."

Menni nodded, knowing it was going to be a hot day. "And, when we go in, we sneak up behind, you wrap rope round his neck, and as you choke him, I cut his junk from him, yep?"

The raccoon smirked and nodded "and then you can decide what you want to do with them."

Menni picked up the knife he had beside him, looking at the sharpened silver blade made from all the silver tokens he'd taken from the other members of the bandits they'd dealt with...

Twomasks walked over to the cat on the bed and bent down to kiss the cat's forehead. He slipped his hand down between Menni's legs and up against his undergarment giving the cat a grope "And then – later – I'm going to make my kitty purr." He said grinning

Menni gasped quietly, bringing his hands down to rest over the raccoon's exploring hand "W-what about now?"

Twomasks snickered, sliding his hand inside and grasping at Menni's uncut length as it firmed up in his hand. "We have work to do..." he said, squeezing and teasing at the very tip of the cat's foreskin. He slipped his hand back out, moving it up to the cat's cheek, guiding his muzzle up – to meet his own.

Menni's eyes met the raccoon's as their muzzles met, and leaned into the kiss. Though they were at the beginning of the end, or at least he hoped it was, it felt right, to be able to share a moment which was just theirs, together, kissing his raccoon as if this wasn't one of the most important days he would ever live through.

Twomasks broke the kiss, standing back up. "Ok, come on, let's get our stuff together and head out. It'll be cooler for a few hours if we get out there early enough."

Menni nodded, sporting a slight blush from the tender moments they'd just had, and gathered up his things, tucking the blade into his belt.

The cool morning air greeted the two as they opened the door and walked out into the street. Most people were still getting up or having breakfast as they made their way through the dusty streets and out into the land beyond the city.

The Nile was only around two miles from the broken pyramid, and as Twomasks and Menni neared the pyramid and its mastabas, the greenery began to shy away from them, but the acacia trees and desert shrubs still clung on.

The two looked up as the giant stone structure rose into the sky... its top having collapsed over itself and stone strewn down one side.

Menni spoke up "My parents once said how it was such a catastrophic day when it collapsed... they were still building it at the time."

"If it hadn't, Pharaoh would be buried there and there wouldn't be a bandit leader, somewhere inside it..." Twomasks said quietly, looking at the mastabas and other buildings they were closing up on.

Over the next few hours, the two walked around the various mastabas and structures around the site. A number of them had been taken over by noble families in Memphis, but there were others which, as the site had fallen out of favour, remained empty.

It was just after midday and the sun was high in the sky. Twomasks and Menni had just finished their walk round the base of the Pyramid, checking the entire area for any entrances, but there wasn't a sign of anything, even up the sides which could have been an robber passage.

Menni looked up at the pyramid as they headed towards a small unassuming mastaba not too far from the foot of the pyramid “It makes sense I guess, that no one would have tried desecrating it... I mean, no one is buried in it... Why would they risk their lives, and their afterlife trying to get into an empty pyramid...”

Twomasks had a particular dislike to those who desecrated tombs “Exactly, though I don’t think they would care much of the afterlife if they were destroying those of others...” he said with a slight hiss.

The two walked through the plain stone entrance into the mastaba, slipping from the bright sunshine into the relative blackness of the empty tomb. The temperature inside was significantly cooler, and Twomasks sat down, resting his back up against the inside wall.

As their eyes gradually adjusted to the light, they could see a little more.

Menni looked into the gloom, and a number of stone walls were built forming some interior structures that looked like they could be rooms. He wandered down and keeping an eye out for snakes, he padded down towards the openings in the walls. “There’s stuff in some of these.” Menni called back

In the darkness, he could make out baskets and chests, stacked up against the walls of the room he was in.

Twomasks had got up and walked over to see for himself. He walked into another room, which also had been stacked up – even higher with things, as well as quite a lot of grain. “Seems like our hiding spot from the baking sun is being used to store the kind of things the bandits take...” he said taking the lid off the basket and giving it a nudge to see if it had anything living inside.

The basket was heavy and barely moved as he did – the sound of what sounded like pebbles slipping over each other rose from it.

He couldn’t see what was inside, but pushing his hand inside the darkness of the basket, using his sense of touch he could feel exactly what these were. “Well, we are rich now.” He said pulling out a handful of the pebbles from inside. He held them out, allowing some of the gloomy light to catch them as he showed them to Menni.

“Precious gemstones?!” Menni cried out “Why would these be kept so far away from where their base is?!”

Twomasks dropped the gems back into the basket “They wouldn’t.” he said, walking out of the room and peering into the final door.

The air was still, but there was a feeling of expectancy somehow clinging to the inside of the room he was looking into. It was pitch black inside – none of the light from the entrance making it this far back, but using his hands, Twomasks checked around the walls, finding a couple of unlit wooden torches in their mounts and realised the floor dropped down towards the centre into a series of stairs.

“Menni, there’s stairs going down here... I think we have found what we are looking for...” Twomasks said as he emerged from the darkness beside the cat.

“What? The entrance?” Menni asked, peering past the raccoon into the nothingness and sniffing at the air

Twomasks nodded and took Menni's arm, guiding him back towards the entrance of the Mastaba "Yes, and that means we need to get out of this if we want to maintain the element of surprise later..." he said leading the cat back out into the blazing heat of the sun.

The two found another empty mastaba a little further away to shelter in, and Menni's light fingers had found some small loaves of mostly stale bread back in the other place, so they'd got something to nibble on while they waited for the sun to set and let the night sky return.

Twomasks had lit a torch using flint and pyrite and the two walked towards the small mastaba they'd found earlier.

Menni looked towards the gloomy entrance "So, this is it." he said quietly.

"Yeah." The raccoon replied "Remember. You need to be as silent as possible while I close on him. If the leader is in there – we want to be in, and make our point. I'll keep him alive long enough for you to say what you need to him... And, if he's not there... we will work that out when we get there."

Menni nodded, following the raccoon into the darkness.

The light of the torch flickered about the mastaba, picking out various footprints in the dust on the floor they'd walked on earlier that showed just how many people had previously used this entranceway.

Their shadows danced around on the walls as the two made their way to the staircase down, which seemed to sink a deeper than either of them had expected...

Making their way down the stairs and along the cool tunnel that lead in the direction of the pyramid, both of them remained as silent as they could – being soft with their feet on the stone floor, and making sure to not try to kick any of the rocks, or pieces of wood that seem to be strewn on the floor every now and then as they headed down.

As they turned a corner, another length of tunnel met them of around fifty feet, but cast against the wall at another turn, was the soft golden glow of torch light.

Twomasks set his own torch down quietly against the wall, and the two slowly and quietly advanced to the illuminated end, with Twomasks peeking round the corner.

After a few more feet of corridor, it opened out into a large, cavernous square room. To the centre was a large white block of limestone, which would have, had it ever been used, had supported the black granite sarcophagus of the pharaoh. But with this never realised, it was strewn with gems and amulets – carved figurines of gods and other such items.

The room was filled around the walls with more baskets and chests, some loaded and overflowing with gems and expensive commodities like incense and spices and even ebony. There were bundles of rope and other baskets filled with grain and dates. Then there were racks of weapons – bows, knives, a collection of khopesh, spears, and even some shields.

There was still scaffolding up against one of the walls from when the temple was being built, with some half-finished carved scenes high up just below the ceiling.

The thing in the room which drew Twomasks attention the most however, was a figure sitting over a table; a large crocodile perched on a stool which looked as if it was straining with the

weight as he sat on top of it. The crocodile, Twomasks estimated must be at least eight feet when standing, and so well built he looked the size of a hippo.

Unlike the other members of the Scorpions, he wasn't dressed in their usual dark robes. Instead, he seemed to be wearing a reasonably simple kilt, resting around his large thick tail at the rear.

Twomasks pulled out the length of rope he had brought to wrap round the neck of the leader, and just hoped it was long enough to wrap around the thickness of his neck...

The time had come. Twomasks emerged from behind the corner of the corridor and carefully made his way over towards the crocodile at the table, choosing every single footstep carefully. Meanwhile, a few steps behind, Menni followed him in.

The crocodile grumbled to himself as he looked through a small trinket box of precious gems, 'If I ever catch those imbeciles... I'll ...' he said growling. 'If you need a job doing right...'

Twomasks closed to within a foot of the crocodile, holding one end of the rope and paused.

Menni held his breath, with his hand resting on the handle of his silver bladed knife.

With one swift flick, Twomasks swung the thin rope round, the rope contacting the side of the crocodile's neck and swinging round into the waiting hand on the other side.

Immediately, Twomasks twisted it tighter and tighter using a small piece of wood, the element of surprise had done its job, and this had to work.

The crocodile snarled as he felt the rope swing round and tighten round his neck. He stood up and spun round, lifting Twomasks off his feet in the process, and causing him to have to cling to the rope as he was spun round.

The crocodile couldn't see who was trying to garrotte him, but what he could see was Menni, stood holding a knife.

The crocodile lunged at Menni, trying to make a grab for him with his huge clawed hands.

Menni darted out of the way, being quite a bit quicker than the reasonably cumbersome crocodile, who was being hampered by the figure hanging from the back of his neck.

The crocodile's expression was that of pure rage as he realized he had to deal with the one strangling him first. He spun in one direction, then quickly reversed, causing the dangling raccoon to swing around. Just as the raccoon came back into range, the crocodile drove his elbow forcefully into him, striking with precision.

Twomasks felt as if he'd just been impacted by the limb of a tree, and the rope around the crocodile's neck slipped from his grip as he was sent backwards towards the floor, hitting it with a loud thud.

The crocodile grabbed the rope round his neck and threw it to the floor as he looked down at the raccoon on the ground.

"I see the two troublesome cretins have come to me. How delightful." The crocodile said in a deep hissing voice.

Twomasks growled quietly and got quickly to his feet, the crocodile towering over him by almost two feet. Apparently, they were going to have to deal with the crocodile the hard way...

The crocodile looked round briefly, seeing that he had the cat behind him, and the raccoon in front of him. He grinned. "It's funny. You knew where I was, and you only brought yourselves. How pathetic... Though there is something new which will happen today... I've killed a black cat before, but I've never killed a... raccoon, is it?" he said looking at Twomasks

Menni shouted out "Your band of shit stains killed my brother!!"

The crocodile, still grinning didn't turn – keeping his gaze squarely on the raccoon "No, they didn't." he said, the grin growing "They brought your brother to me. He was a good little servant for a week or so, but when he forgot his place, it was me who killed him, in this very room... He wasn't expecting me to shove a sword through his stomach."

Twomasks knew the crocodile was looking for a reaction, but Menni couldn't help but act on emotion.

Menni's eyes went wide as he listened – this huge lump of a crocodile was the very one who had taken his brother from him.... "YOU.... FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!!" He shouted out and ran at the crocodile with his knife in his hand

The crocodile heard the cat closing and with incredible speed for his size, swiped his enormous tail across the floor behind him – hitting Menni's legs as he ran and taking them out from under him. Menni slammed into the ground only for the tail to swipe back the other way, hitting him like a log, sending him across the floor and slamming into a chest, his knife skipping several feet away.

It was now the crocodile made his move on Twomasks, having never turned – he lunged at the raccoon, testing the raccoon's own speed. Twomasks was ready – jumping out of the way and drawing his bronze khopesh as he made it clear of the croc.

The crocodile smirked "Oh, the stripy tailed thing wants to play with weapons, does he?" he said, reaching out and taking a spear in two hands, steadying himself.

Twomasks knew spears had reach... He could hear Menni moaning on the other side of the room as he stood just out of reach of the crocodile's bronze spearhead, moving round just a little as much as he could...

The crocodile made a lunge, jabbing for the raccoon. Twomasks parried the spear up, swinging his blade back round and catching the crocodile's muscular arm.

The croc hissed loudly, but even as the wound began to bleed, he acted as if it was nothing, swinging the spear around to try and catch the raccoon with the tip of the spear as it slashed through the air.

Twomasks darted down to the floor, rolling past the Crocodile's feet, attempting to then slash up towards the crocodile's back – the sword hit but only a fraction of a second before the crocodile's tree trunk of a tail once more came into play, slamming him into a pile of baskets.

The baskets split and showered Twomasks with grain and scarab amulets as he scampered back to his feet...

He'd just found his footing as he saw the spear once more coming straight for him – he leapt to the side and jabbed his khopesh sideways – managing to finally score a good hit on the crocodile's physique. The blade had jabbed straight into the side of the Crocodile's left arm, and as Twomasks ripped the blade back out – it sent an arc of blood across the floor.

The crocodile snarled loudly, but though his arm was weakened – it didn't stop him from once more holding the spear just as he would have if he wasn't injured.

Spotting the raccoon briefly glancing at Menni he used the brief moment as an opportunity.

Incandescent with rage, and with only a foot between the spear's reach and the raccoon, the croc ran, putting his entire body's weight and momentum behind the spear.

Twomasks looked back from Menni a fraction of a second too late to get his Khopesh up to parry the spear... instead grasping the wooden shaft of the spear as it neared, the bronze point of the spear only an inch from his stomach.

As much as he tried – and as strong as he was, though he had taken hold of the spear, the weight of the crocodile behind the spear was pushing him backwards, his feet sliding across the floor as the crocodile pushed him – still with the snarl on his face.

Then – suddenly – Twomasks stopped, the heel of his foot meeting a solid wall of baskets – soon followed by his back. The shaft of the spear slipped through his grip – and the blade of the spear was shoved straight through his stomach and out through his back into the baskets of grain behind him that had stopped him.

“TWOMASKS!” Menni cried out from across the room

Twomasks could feel blood welling up in his throat, while more trickled down his stomach as the crocodile grinned, leaving the raccoon literally pinned to the wall.

The crocodile smirked “Serqet favours me it appears.” He said looking at the raccoon, blood starting to drip from his muzzle. He then turned and started advancing on Menni.

Menni by now had got to his feet and grabbed the knife he'd brought.

The crocodile laughed “Your stripy tailed friend is dead. Time for me to send you to meet your brother.” He lunged once more at the cat.

Menni again darted out of the way, before jumping and landing on the crocodile's back. His claws dug in as he suddenly jabbed the knife down into the only part of the crocodile he could reach easily – his muscular shoulders. His silver knife found its way in a good few inches, eliciting a loud hiss from the crocodile.

The croc once more spun round, flinging Menni off, leaving trails of claw marks that quickly filled with blood across his back.

Menni landed off balance, up against a wall supported by some wooden scaffolding stretching up to the ceiling. The crocodile once more closed on him – but he hadn't any space to get out of the way – the beams of scaffolding blocking his escape!

The crocodile closed his huge, clawed hands around the cat's neck and lifted him up off the ground. “This ends now. Your pathetic attempt to kill me has failed. And your brother – will remain my possession.” He said pointing to a chest just a foot away. “Your brother's embalmed

body is in that box. How sweet is it that you will die so close to finding him. You however – I'll feed to the vultures."

Menni struggled, unable to breathe, his feet kicking out – but not quite being able to contact the crocodile.

Out of sight, across the room, Twomasks had managed to dislodge the spear that had run him through from the wall of baskets and grain behind him. He could hear what was happening and knew he needed to get to Menni as soon as he could ...

He grimaced as he pushed the spear's handle all the way through his stomach, all further 6 feet of it before reaching behind and gripping the slippery blood coated wooden shaft and pulling it from behind him.

He spat blood onto the floor and set down the bloodied spear. Grabbing a length of rope, he quickly tied a loop, still feeling the pain while his body healed. Walking with a pissed off look on his face, he moved toward the crocodile, leaving a trail of blood still dripping from his wounded stomach and back.

On reaching the crocodile he used every ounce of his strength, combined with the strength he had been given by Seth, to swing his fist straight into the crocodile's lower back.

The crocodile hadn't heard anyone approaching, and was taken completely by surprise as he felt what he had assumed was a huge wooden pole had been swung into his back!

He cried out, winded, dropping Menni to the ground and turned round to see the raccoon in front of him "HOW?!" he gasped

Twomasks swiftly looped the rope round his neck and threw the other end over the scaffold.

Before the crocodile could react, Menni had jumped up and grasped the rope, tugging it down – and dragging the crocodile backwards off balance.

Twomasks joined him – their combined weights drawing the crocodile further back and up into the air.

The raccoon glared at the croc as he raised into the air, Twomasks' wounds rapidly sealing back up. "I'll let you into a secret." He said grimly "I work for Seth... and I'm not just another mortal you can scrub off this world. I am your fucking end."

The crocodile struggled, the rope tightening around his neck, starting to kick as he found he couldn't breathe. He only barely processed what had been told, but it was pretty clear he'd fucked with the wrong raccoon.

Twomasks looped the rope around a scaffold beam and pulled it tight, so Menni was able to let go.

Menni moved around and watched the crocodile struggling... "Maybe... the big mean crocodile spoke too soon, don't you think?" Menni said with a mischievous grin.

The crocodile was still struggling. The problem was that with being the weight he was, the strain on his neck and the compression of the rope was so much more than for regular people... The rope was starting to restrict blood flow too....

Menni moved forward with his knife and sliced through the belt that held the kilt up on the crocodile, the fabric falling to the floor – revealing the croc’s impressive package.

The crocodile had an uncut dick that was almost as thick as someone’s arm as it started firming up while his kicking began to slow.

Menni smirked and grasped hold of the Crocodile’s vulnerable dick “Oh! Someone’s getting excited!! I guess this is mine now, is it?”

The crocodile, even though his world was starting to fade in and out a little, could feel the cat teasing and grasping his most intimate parts, adding further insult to being bested, now realising his privates were not only on show – but no longer able to be protected by him.

Menni brought his knife up – letting go of the now 12 inches of hard, throbbing uncut crocodile dick and hefting up the grapefruit sized balls hanging down in their pouch below it. “I suppose I should act quick if I want you to get the full... ‘Menni Experience’ huh?” he said before pushing the sharpened tip of the silver blade up against the side of one of the orbs ... and then slowly pushing it firmer in.

The crocodile, although weakened, felt as the tip of the blade pierced his sack, meeting his vulnerable ball inside – and starting to push into it, piercing its outer lining and pushing further in.

As it hit the core the ultimate in agonising pain shot up through into his guts... His chest instinctually tried to scream, but only extra agonising pain ripped through him as blood vessels burst – with the air in his lungs being trapped inside.

Menni smirked as he then ripped the knife back out of the Croc’s ball and brought the sharpened edge up to the base of the croc’s dick “But now for the prize!” he said looking up at the crocodile who was unable to look back. “The big shithead himself is dying, and I’m going to own your dick and balls. They’re gonna be my toys, or my trophy, or my fucking dinner.... And as you slip off to meet what’s coming for you when Anubis takes you – you will know your dick and balls are now owned by this cute, little, kitty.” He smirked before starting to slice into the base of the crocodile’s thick shaft.

The crocodile could feel everything, but he was too weak now to do anything but gently kick his legs, feeling his once proud crocodile dick being carved from him like the slab of meat it was becoming.

Menni snickered “Oh, and thanks for the knife by the way. Those fuckwits of yours carried tokens around! I had them melted down, so the symbol of your now FORMER group of bandits, is cutting your precious junk from you.”

The thoughts running through the crocodile’s head was nothing but pure humiliation... As the cat cut through the last of his dick, it fell, thudding to the floor with a wet slap.

As he felt the blackness closing in around him, he could feel the cat grasping at his sack, drawing the blade through and cutting his orbs from him ... He was leaving for the afterlife without his precious junk.

Menni gave his knife one final tug, the weight of the crocodile’s balls falling into his hand – a little heavier than he had expected, tugging his hand down a little.

Twomasks tied the rope to the scaffold, leaving the now dickless crocodile hanging, gently swinging.

The raccoon's wounds to his chest and back had healed, and the pain had subsided, though that didn't stop him looking like a bloody mess. "So, it's over now." He said looking at the severed uncut crocodile meat cooling on the floor.

Menni shook his head and glanced over to the chest just a couple of feet away from the Crocodile's severed dick "Almost... Rebu, is here..."

"Who is .... Oh." Twomasks asked, surprised to realise Menni had never mentioned his brother's name before.

While Menni cleared a number of baskets from on top of the chest, Twomasks pushed the crocodile's severed junk into a leather bag.

Menni hesitated, his hand on the lid of the chest, before opening it up and peering inside... Sure enough, inside was a bandaged mummy, the same height as his beloved brother...

Two months later, ■■ miles west of ■■■■, the tomb was finally completed. Twomasks had used gems from the scorpion bandit's hideout to buy a tomb cut into rock, and had it finished by adding paintings to the ceiling of the night sky, reliefs of Horus' Trials with Seth, and the sacred rites. They'd also managed to buy an unused granite sarcophagus and repurposed it for Rebu by getting his name inscribed into the sides.

As the tomb was sealed, Twomasks inscribed on the tomb's entrance 'Those who desecrate the sanctity of this tomb will loose what they hold most precious'.

On finishing the inscription, he turned and then wrapped his arms round Menni tightly "He will be waiting in the field of reeds now, happy, and knowing that he was avenged. He also knows his brother loved him so much – that he wiped out the bandits who did this to him, and so many others"

Menni nodded, pushing his face into Twomasks' neck fur "Thank you for making this happen, Rakuel."

Twomasks rubbed Menni's back gently "What we do, wouldn't really be seen as a good thing to most people. Serving Seth, and doing his work? But, what your brother, and you have taught me – is that sometimes, its worth using the gifts we are given; whether that's gifts from the gods, or gifts like our loved ones – to fight for true good. A good that's a little less ambiguous..."

Menni nodded, stepping back slightly and rubbing the tears from his eyes. "So, what now?" he asked

Twomasks glanced at the tomb's entrance and back at Menni "Tonight, we can rest, and you can tell be about everything you got up to with Rebu... and tomorrow night?" he grinned "We will carry on with Seth's work."

Menni smiled as Twomasks wrapped an arm around him and the two walked off in the direction of the city.