

Sakti had practiced the words to the ritual out loud before, rehearsing in the shower and on his commute to work, but chanting them here, now, with the incense and the candles and the refractory prism, they felt hard and long and broken in his mouth. The slender tiger had waited until the university had gone on summer recess, and the sun baked into the house above him as he deftly moved around the dark basement of his grandparents' house. His fingers delicately traced patterns into the ring of salt that he had placed in the floor, and he could swear that as he finished each rune, that the salt seemed to shiver, micro ridges and tiny valleys forming like the bands of a magnetic field out from each of them. Perhaps this incantation *would* work. He had never tried such a thing before, but his friend Zephyr had assured him that it would work, and the horny little fox had never steered him wrong before.

He thought of the smug look on his bully's face, when Sakti swaggered up to him and punched his lights out, fueled the slender feline's delicate, careful precision. He could feel the tingling of power beginning to coalesce around him, demonic energy being pulled, siphoned out from infernal place and into his basement ritual room.

It was a shame that he was wearing an oversized cult robe. The big, saggy sleeves looked properly esoteric, but he could not see as they swayed through the air underneath his slender wrists. He didn't feel the slight drag of the cotton as it brushed through the salt of the salt circle, nudging the perfectly placed crystals just out of alignment. If he had been more focused on the ritual he was performing now, rather than on what he would be doing after it was completed, he certainly could have caught the scuffed break that the sleeve had caused. Alas.

"By the fires of the abyss, I invoke thee," Sakti intoned. He could feel the air grow thick in the gloomy, candle-lit basement. Cardboard boxes and sheet-shrouded furniture, relics of the house's previous owner, watched impassively as sparks began to tickle and dance along the perimeter of the salt pentagram. A dark red fluid soaked into the crystals, pooling underneath, the salt dissolving down into it with soft bubbling hissing.

"By the fires of the *abyss*, I invoke thee," Sakti intoned again. Energy now pulsed through the basement, candles flickering, flames stretching and contorting, trying to climb away from the wicks and towards the dry, tender furniture nearby. The blood soaked salt created an almost perfect circle, a single gap missing just by the tiger's toes as he stood above it, staring down into the center of the circle. There, a shadow coalesced, writhing and shivering liquidly as it expanded, a darkness spilling like ink into the water of this reality.

"By the **fires of the abyss, I invoke thee!**" Sakti intoned, a third time, and from the darkness in the center of the pool, a figure emerged. Maybe. Sakti couldn't quite see, could only feel the energy that poured up and into the room he was in. It swirled, sparkling with energy that had never felt gravity or temperature before, spinning and dancing before congealing into the supple, feminine form of a tall... something. Sakti couldn't tell what species she was, but she had fat tits. They hung in front of him, swaying playfully from side to side, translucent but supple, as she moaned herself into existence around them.

This was not what the reddit article had said would happen. Sakti was supposed to be feeling the energy pouring into him directly; instead, it was forming into the shape of its source, forming into the demon Lamia. Had he incanted *too hard*? Had the demoness, impressed with his sorceric potency, come to see her newest disciple herself? Sakti could only watch, jaw agape, as she finished coalescing into shadow made flesh.

"Oh, you delicate little morsel," the figure said, as the plume of infernal shadow actualized into a female serpent, her scaled body undulating, bobbing up and down as if she was swallowing down some great and mighty thing. Her body was draped in shadows, her entire body slightly out of focus, the tiger rubbing at his eyes and then staring at her. She regarded him directly, her eyes just black holes in reality. "You've released me."

"I.. I didn't... I didn't release you, I only summoned y-your energy," He stammered, confused, his excitement curdling into terror. He couldn't determine why, or how, but something was going wrong, very quickly. The demoness glided closer, up to the limiting circle of the pentagram, and his breath hitched in his throat. His tail frizzed out, poomphing into full bristle mode as she lifted a finger up, tapping it against the border of the summoning circle. Or at least, tapped against where it should be. He didn't know what he expected to see; some kind of force field perhaps? some electrical zap to keep her in place? But nothing seemed to respond to her miming.

"Clumsy little sorcerer," The demoness taunted, voice dripping with derision. "Did you really think your weak, trembling paws could harness the forces of the fucking *abyss*?"

Her words stung more sharply than any claw, and the tiger's heart began to pound against his ribs, his blood surging through his veins. What was this *fear*, this *terror*? Its depths knew no limits and he was afraid of that fear, afraid of what would happen should he relinquish himself to it, and flee from her. She stared at him, her pointing finger slowly tracing down the invisible columnar wall that restrained her, pointing down to the ground. His eyes followed, and all of the breath caught in his chest exhaled in a horrified *fuck*.

The pool of blood and melted salt glared up at him, the edge of one stupid torn rune sparkling with unsecured infernal energy. The boundary *wasn't* there. It had *never* been there.

Sakti dropped to his knees, pushing his fingers into the pool of salt and blood. The demoness laughed, cackled, above him. "Yes, that *is* a good position for you, isn't it? Kneel. No, better yet, *grovel*. Perhaps if you prostrate yourself before me, I will forgive the unbelievable ego it took to think you could *take* my energy. Slimy little pervert!"

The salt and blood wiggled away from him, polarically opposite his own energy, and as he tried to fuss and correct it, the runic border only became more and more distressed. Blood simmered and splashed, the small tear becoming a rupture, the whole chain shimmering with green and fluorescent purple energy as what little hold the tiger could have claimed over the demoness was further diminished.

"Depart!" The tiger said, hissing as the demoness stepped closer to him. He scrambled away, his heart dropping as she stepped past the circle and into his basement with him. "Depart this realm! I banish thee!"

"With *what* authority?" The demoness laughed. The sound of her soft giggle was terrifying. "You just ruined any power you could claim to have over me. Thanks for that, by the way. Your little ward *was* just about good enough."

Sakti fled. The tiger scrambled up the stairs out of the basement, the robe ripping from his shoulder as he caught it beneath a foot. He stumbled upwards, crashing through the door out of the bathroom and into the kitchen. His claws scabbled against the linoleum as she *float*ed up the stairs behind him, emerging from beneath like a viscous bubble of oil in a cool clear pool.

"Where are you *going*, little one?" she crooned, her voice caressing the hairs that stood on end at the nape of his neck. He bolted around the corner, and up the stairs, fleeing to the safety of his own bedroom. "Do you think mere *space* can protect you? Do you even know what you seek protection *from*?"

Thoughts blurred with desperation, Sakti wrenched himself into the master bathroom and yanked the door closed. He staggered away from it, bumping into something behind him. He spun around, twisting to find... her. Staring out at him from the bathroom mirror, her face superimposed over his own. She reached out, hands emerging from the glass, and sank her fingers into his chest. The flesh didn't part between her cold, demonic claws, but rather it absorbed her, welcoming the demoness' essence into itself like some mindless sponge.

The sensation was ice and fire, pins and needles as his flesh was infused with energy it had never encountered before. His blood raced as she entered him, her demonic, infernal powers sinking into his meek spindly frame, filling him with *her*. It was like being electrocuted, but slowly, an infusion of electrocuted molasses filling his torso, his limbs, his *mind*. He tried to push her back out, but there was simply no way to, no training he could possibly have done to give him the skills or capability of resisting her supernatural abilities. His nerves burned with the sharp, alien tingle of something *else* infusing every molecule of his body, glazing his mind and body with her syrupy, saccharine essence. He *tried* to shout, but his voice was gone, a rush of wind blowing through his nostrils.

There was an all consuming sensation of being *soaked* with the demoness' energy, as she suffused his entire body, filling him with coldness and the pins and needles of absolution. His tongue went dead in his mouth, his tail flopping lifelessly against his ankles, and most terrifyingly, he felt his heart stop in his chest. The coldness filled him, and his vision swam as for one horrifying second, everything, *everything* stopped.

He fell backwards, unable to brace himself, and his head slapped against the wall, shortly before his butt did. He slid down the wall, his mind roiling at inability to stop himself, to brace

and regain his balance. There was no balance though. Sakti had lost all control over his body. His muscles, his heart, his lungs, they were no longer his to command. He was... dead?

And then he wasn't. His heart thumped, a powerful crushing squeeze, and his lungs pulled in breath harder and faster than he had ever done so before, the tiger feeling something inside him crackle and tear with the sudden overwhelming exertion.

'so, this is what flesh feels like' her voice reverberated through him, crescendoing through his mind and body like the peal of thunder. Sakti stood back up, nimbly flexing and lifting back up onto his feet, no longer needing to grip anything for balance and support. Muscles flexed and shifted in ways he did not even know were *possible*, as he began to stroll through his house.

He wanted to shout, to tell her to leave, to get out of him, but he couldn't. Just as he couldn't stop his body from opening the door to his bedroom and walking through the clothes-strewn bachelor's nest, just as he couldn't close his eyes as the demoness possessing him examined the framed pictures on his desk.

'How kitsch,' she mused, turning back towards the hallway. *'How pathetically uninspiring detritus. Is your whole life filled with such.. mediocrity?'*

She paused in front of the mirror on his dresser. He felt the muscles around his eyes tighten, his vision slipping back into focus as she looked at him through his own eyes. A slender male tiger, head fur unruly and slicked back into dark spikes, a torn robe loosely cowl'd around his shoulders. The robe fell off of his shoulders, sliding down his back and dragging along his tail. His body stepped forward, resting his paws on the dresser as the demoness bared his teeth, examining himself in the mirror. He was a vessel, completely captive to *her* whims, and robbed entirely of control over the most private thing a male could have; his own body.

Still, a perverse part of him marveled at the power that flowed through his body. It wasn't doing anything, per say, but he could feel swirls and eddies of her demonic influence as it burgeoned within and through him. He could feel himself... acclimating, physically, to her presence. The sharp pain that he had felt, the tear in his lung perhaps, was gone. A peculiar itching, tingling sensation was all that remained, and he wondered what had happened, had *she* done it?

Certainly she was powerful enough for it. His reflection's eyes flared, bright and brilliant neon yellow, and he shuddered at how alien his expression was, grinning with a severity and malevolence he had never expressed. She wore him like a suit, and he was helpless but to perform for her, to act out each and every whim that bubbled up in her infernal mind.

"Not bad," he said, as his fingers slid through the striped fur of his chest, down to his belly. Under the robe, he was wearing only a pair of ratty white briefs, the cotton stretched and stained with use. His fur bristled at her touch, an unwanted caress that he could feel on both sides but had no control over. The cool air of the room's air conditioning left a chilled trail against the flesh exposed by her skimming fingers, but it was the touch of those fingers that made his innards

cuddle with his disgust. He wanted to look away, but his eyes remained, open and staring, as she reached down to his groin.

Lamia, the demoness he had summoned, whose name he had not known but which now saturated every thought and every feeling in his head, chuckled. She was amused, finding pleasure in his revulsion and in the vulnerability of his body.

"Such potential," Sakti cooed, his voice lower than it normally would be, as she hooked her claws through the waistband of his underwear. "Such ambition and need, it was tantalizing from the other side, too tantalizing to resist. Such a shame it is wrapped up in such a timid, unimpressive package."

She cupped up between his legs, his palms rough and dry as they firmly squeezed and cupped against his soft, dangling penis. It had been erect, while he was doing his incantations and fantasizing about glory he was about to wrought, but now it hung down, soft and malleable, half-melted fudge that squished between her fingers as she gripped and pulled along it. There was no pleasure in the sensation, no love or affection; she stroked his dick the way one might stretch a sock to see the pattern on it. The barbs that adorned the crown of his shaft pinged in hot pain as she bent them, callously, the wrong way, before flopping down against his scrotum.

"The pride of the tiger," his body said, her fingers coiling and stroking his dick, mocking the act of masturbation. His stomach roiled with humiliation, especially as it thickened up between her fingers, filling his palm with his own length. He did not know if it was a natural reaction, or one that she had created to see the extent of his arousal. As it jutted up, hard and firm - and then harder, and firmer - he realized it was likely the latter. His own finger traced against the barbs, before his hand slipped up underneath, cupping against the heavy scrotum that filled the space between his thighs. He couldn't even blush, as his own hand rolled his orbs between cruel fingers. There was a calculation in the touch, a casual grip, as if they were being appraised, their worth being calculated for some dark market. The foolish eggs ached in response, bubbling with need, and he felt her amusement at the sensation of his need that hung so sizably against his palm.

"As pathetic as you are, even these have worth. Oh. you want to be bigger, don't you? Don't worry, you mortals always do." She taunted, her fingers caressing up along his rigid shaft, the skin taut, the organ painfully tight with a supernaturally enforced arousal. "You want to 'size up' to better impress... who? Who is it that has caught your eye?"

He didn't want her to know about Samantha, not trusting the demoness with any information about anyone he cared for, and so he thought of Flarenze; his rival and bully. He imagined his fist, smashing into the tiger's face, teeth spraying from it, the smug bastard shocked and in pain as he lay crumpled on the floor.

"Oh, such ferocity," she murmured, and he felt the thought swallowed up, taken from his mind and toyed with in some other place. And then, the rest of him was swallowed up as well.

When the darkness cleared, when he was finally 'back' and able to see through his own eyes again, he found himself in the hardware store. People stared at him, but he couldn't see why; he wasn't able to look down, unable to move his head, unable to even trip himself. He could only faintly remember getting here; pushed to the periphery of his own mind, like being half awake, as the demoness inside him *did things*. Things he couldn't remember.

He couldn't look around, but he could see what she was looking at, and was able to suss out that they were at the store near his house. How had she known to come here? *Why* had she come here? The tiger strolled with ambivalent purpose, eyeing up not the lightbulbs and barbecue grills, but the customers that were shopping in the store alongside him.

He could smell sawdust, paint, and something else. Something he had never smelled before, but which he knew inherently. No, that *she* knew inherently. It was the tang of masculinity, seeping into the air from the bodies of the males around her. The men reeked of it, and he wondered why he hadn't smelled such a scent on himself when she had... inhabited him.

'**damn, i'd fuck that twink sideways**' he heard, wanting to twist his head to the side, to see who had said something like that, so loudly, so openly. He couldn't of course, but an image blossomed into his mind; a rottweiler in a backyard, bright and sunny, with Sakti on his back on a picnic table, getting *railed*. Sakti was, in the image, wearing a brown shirt, too tight for him, pushed up his belly, and a pair of khaki pants were draped over the bench of the table. It looked like his courier uniform, but Sakti hadn't worn that since *high school*. Sakti was shocked, he was sure nothing like that had ever happened to him before, certainly not while he was on the job-

Then it struck him. The unseen rottie, who was gratuitously endowed in the image, was fantasizing about having sex with Sakti. Somehow, maybe because of Lamia, Sakti was able to see the fantasies, able to smell the rut in the horny dude's soul. The canine was imagining fucking Sakti in his old courier uniform because, he realized with dismay, that was what he was wearing. She had dressed him, forced his body into clothes designed for a tiger six years younger, and then traipsed him down the street towards the closest collection of horny men she could find.

Like a dam breaking, he became suddenly aware of other thoughts, other fantasies. Was she forcing this onto him, into his brain, or was he eavesdropping on the demoness' own thoughts and observations? The men around him were staring at him, and he could feel the weight of their attention like a physical touch, the air thickening with their desires. The men ogled the lean lines of his frame, eyes following the curve where muscle met bone, seeing not the timid tiger he knew himself to be but instead a hot cute twink. The words repeated, over and over, in different accents and thoughts and images, but they all saw him the same way. Was that because of him.. or was Lamia making them see him like that? Their gazes licked across his body, their fantasies a hot breath that stank into his fur, surrounding him in their filthy degeneracy as they imagined doing things to him, things that Shakti didn't know guys could do with other guys.

'Look at them, Sakti,' Lamia's voice slithered into his mind, a serpentine echo bouncing off the walls of his skull. *'They see you, desire you—how does it make you feel? Powerless or powerful?'*

Sakti wanted to scream, to reject the lascivious thoughts that invaded his sanctum, but his voice was as much a prisoner to her as the rest of him. He had no agency, other than to think and feel and watch. Shame crawled over his skin, leaving trails of heat in its wake as embarrassment rooted itself deep within his chest. She seemed to be enjoying it.

Her focus shifted, from a cart full of wood and tools, to an employee of the hardware store. He was tall, broad shouldered, with strong arms and thick slabs of muscle. Shakti would not normally look at another male this way, but he was helpless but to stare and take in the stallion's form. He could see the muscles as he unloaded bags of peat moss from a shelf into a customer's cart, and could easily see the bulge that the dude's dick made down the inside seam of his right leg. He could feel, see, sense the dark red virilic energy that pulsed inside the stallion's body, a body that had been sculpted to harness and contain that energy.

"Now that... is strength," Sakti said, the tiger sauntering towards the equine with a shirt that was only buttoned up halfway and shorts that gripped tightly around the possessed feline's snug rump. "Can you feel it? The *power*, thrumming beneath his hide? Oh, I would strip it out, take it from him here and now... but..."

please don't please don't please don't Shakti begged from his internal prison, terrified of what the demoness might do, here in the middle of the hardware store. She was incorporeal; she didn't have to worry about being shot, stabbed or body slammed into a concrete flower pot. He did.

Revulsion washed over Sakti as Lamia approached the stallion, and as she did, her magics opened up the horse's attributes, his fantasies, his desires. He couldn't help but see things the way she did; the horse's massive shaft, jutting up towards them, the stallion desiring only the pleasure of climaxing, not caring at all about the method or person that he climaxed with. His plans were to go home after his shift, pull out a flesh light, and drain himself of two loads, one fast one slow. Sakti laughed out loud, his voice tinged with mirth at the ridiculous thought of such a big stud handling himself when he could have anyone in the store.

'You like him, then,' Lamia thought into his mind, and he realized then that they had laughed together at the thought, both of them agreeing that for such a stud to use a fleshlight was a waste. *'Excellent. We shall bask in his glory, Little One, and you shall see what I am capable of, of what You... are capable of.'*

Sakti was repulsed by the image that she planted in his mind, of the stallion naked, unabashedly erect, virile and potent and jutting. The stallion himself was affable, as the tiger walked up to him, tugging a small tablet from his belt and marking some notes down.

"Hi," Lamia said, using Sakti's lips. He could feel the slight, pensive frown that she ended his words with. "I'm wondering if you think this would work...?"

"It might," The stallion said, glancing over the cart of equipment. "What are you looking to make? A doghouse, maybe?"

"Oh, I don't have a *dog*," Sakti said. The demoness licked her lips with his tongue, letting her eyes slip down to the generous bulge, making sure the stallion knew she was looking at it. "Though I like being *treated* like one."

"Heh," The stallion said, his lips spreading wide in a grin. Thoughts began to percolate in his mind, thoughts of Sakti curled up in a dog house, eating from a bowl, gnawing on a-

"I just wish I had a *bone* to suck on," the tiger said. His tail swirled behind him, the horse's eyes raising in surprise as the image of the tiger chewing on a bone turned to one of him deep throating a bone, which, Sakti watched, was immediately nudged by Lamia to one of the feline *deepthroating* the horse's massive endowment. Sakti had *never*, **would never** do such a thing, but the horse's eyes grew wide and excited at the thought as he felt his mouth form words he didn't want it to say. "A big one, one that I could really *stretch* my lips around, you know?"

Sakti felt the horse's bulge against his palm as Lamia pushed her hand up against it, felt the tender heat of the stallion's endowment, felt it *throb* up against his palm as the stallion reacted to the touch.

"Well, I could certainly help you with *that*," the horse said. He glanced around, not moving the twink's hand away from his groin as those slender fingers kneaded and coaxed. "Shit, but, like, you don't need a dog house for that..."

"Well, see, I'm scared... What if I bring home a bone that's so big it could hurt me? I would want to have *total control* over it," Lamia said, flashing the image of the stallion laying back, doing nothing but watching as Sakti worshiped his knob. "I want to make sure I drain every last ounce of *cum* from that bone, without anyone trying to stop me."

"F-fuck," the horse stammered. "Well, I mean, I *am* kind of big, are you saying you'd want to make sure I'm not..."

"Oh, I'm saying I want you tied down and helpless while I devour every ounce of your sweet, salty pony batter," Sakti huffed, looking up into the tall stallion's eyes as he stroked fingers down the rubbery-firm bulge of the stallion's erection, squeezing the slick, damp end of it.

"Bondage t-table?" The horse stammered. "I, uh, oh, actually, we get people asking for help making one of those, uh, alot, um, I can definitely... if you want me to..."

"Oh, yes, you build it and then we'll *use* it..." Sakti giggled, glancing around at the other customers. They were staring, some jealously, some leering, some obviously tenting their pants as they imagined the porno that Sakti and the horse could make together.

Jesus, Sakti thought. *was everyone this gay, or was this just Lamia's work?* The tiger was grateful when the demon pulled his hand away from the stallion's leaking, blatant erection, but he was unable to shake the disgust as his body brought that hand to his muzzle, taking a deep whiff of the equine's musk.

"You're wild," the stallion said. "I like that. Lemme just... clock out... and... You got some good stuff, but-"

Lamia seemed to have no interest in having Sakti watch this part, or perhaps she had other intentions. He had noticed her excitement at his disgust, shock and despair at being confronted with another male's arousal. Perhaps when he *wasn't* feeling those negative emotions, he would be able to...

Whatever thought he was about to have clouded into darkness as he was shunted back into a dreamy stupor. His body shifted, moving, vibrations in his chest as he spoke, the occasional splash of warmth and contact as the stallion touched him. Then, intermission over, he felt himself resurfacing, bubbling up to the surface of consciousness once again.

He was in the basement, stripped down to just a garish green thong that had been given to him as a joke for Saint Patrick's Day. He knew this because he was laying along the top of his brand new, freshly constructed bondage altar, the solid wood still speckled with wood shavings, a nail pushing up against his nearly naked buttock. The stallion was using a drill, screwing bolts into the solid wood at the foot of the table, occasionally glancing up and smiling.

The whole room *stank* with the stallion's horniness, the miasma of his arousal forming a thick clog that stained the air with the intensely cloying flavor of a mouthful of powdered sugar. The table itself was solid oak, an unyielding stalwart for punishment and pleasure, similar to the stallion himself. A monument of restraint and ecstasy.

"Excellent work," Sakti said, shocked once again as his body moved on its own, spoke on its own, smiled on its own. He didn't recognize the sultry tone of his voice, and had never spoken like that to anyone. The stallion stood, having lost his shirt at some point, his muscles swollen from the exertion of assembling and building the altar. The horse's eyes were bright, a foggy yellow glow seeping from the edges as he grinned down at the tiger on the table, ready for his *payment*.

There was a moment where nothing happened, where Sakti thought that perhaps Lamia had wandered off or left his body, but then his muscles contracted. He knew what was happening, knew the feeling of a pounce even if he wasn't the one performing it. He curled up on to the table, hunched forward, and lunged at the stallion. The stupid equine didn't even try to resist, as

Sakti landed against his chest, only laughing as he was brought down by the 'fearsome' predator. He wrapped his arms around the slender feline in a hug. The feline twisted, though, somehow twirling in the air and twisting the stallion to face away from the tiger, and then, despite being wrapped around the horse, Sakti bulldozed the equine back towards the table.

The stallion was confused, as his hooves slid along the concrete floor, and he found himself slapped on his back on the oak altar. The feline's hands were deft as they gripped, pulled, and harnessed, trussing the equine's arms up into the manacles that he had just finished attaching to the wood. The horse tugged at them, smirking in pride at the sturdiness; without someone unfastening the lock on the back of his wrists, these suckers could keep an ogre strapped down.

Sakti watched with growing anxiety as the horse's legs were spread and his ankles bound to the table as well. He wanted to warn the horse about what was going on, but there was no point. Every breath, every twitch and shiver of his body only happened because Lamia willed it. It wasn't a contest, it was an overlay. There was just nothing Sakti could do except resign himself to being forced to watch.

Lamia, of course, had other ideas. She strapped the horse's ankles down, and then climbed up onto the table, all feline skulking menace as she Sakti-prowled up over the restrained equine's body. Sakti was forced to watch, passively, as his slender fingers undid the stallion's belt.

"Finally!" The equine said, spreading his legs wide, lifting his head to grin down at Sakti as the tiger pulled the leather strap free. "I've been solid bricked for hours, I was starting to think you didn't actually want me!"

"Oh, I want you," Sakti intoned, internally horrified as he watched himself pull the flaps of the stallion's pants down and to the side. There was a dick there, a horse dick, the fat root of it straining as it was caught down the worker's inner thigh. The stallion was not wearing any underwear, and as she tugged those pants down, inch by inch, more of that pink and black mottled length was being revealed. "I mean, just *look* at this magnificent virility. So much need, packed into such an attractive package."

The stallion's widely-spread legs kept the pants from sliding down any further, the broad bulge of the end of his dick still trapped under tough denim. Sakti was forced to stare, eyes slowly roaming up the length of the exposed shaft, the smell of the equine's naked loins pungent and offensive to him but Lamia leaned closer to take a deep draught of it.

"Oh, I can't wait to take every inch," He breathed, as his claw unsheathed, slicing deftly into the fabric and splitting it with a soft tearing sensation. The last few inches were revealed, and Sakti felt the thump of the equine's erection slap up against his chin, the urgent strain of it jutting out and forward, to assume the breeding position, forcing it to throb against his jawline. Lamia turned his head to let it slide up and flop against the equine's belly, before dipping her snout down into the warm musk of the equine's nut-sack.

They were warm, fat and heavy, though not as big as Sakti had feared they would be. In the store, when Lamia had revealed the ability to see the equine's naked form even through his clothes, they had seemed larger somehow. As he thought about the difference between expectation and reality, the balls seemed to glow with that 'demon vision', and Sakti realized why. They glowed bigger than they were, because of the compact need that had been stuffed inside them. The equine was generating more testosterone and semen than his body was used to, the backup of it causing his 'energy' to look inflated and bright. The stallion's balls were a testament to the big guy's vitality, full of potential, and even though the sight and smell of them, the feel of them being rubbed against his cheeks by the demoness, was an affront to him, he could not deny the visceral masculine essence that they represented.

'That's right, you see their value now,' she thought to him, her tongue flicking out to slide slowly against the horse's sweaty, tangy scrote skin. The horse's erection strained, throbbing against the tiger's forehead, as the demoness teased and lapped that rough, wide, slow tongue along the holster of those aching balls. *'You can feel how much he has to give us... to make you bigger. Better. More powerful.'*

She pulled up and away, revealing the full length of the equine's maleness. Sakti had never seen another male's cock in person, certainly not erect, certainly not one as large as this... or as close as this. It got closer, as the demoness lowered his head, forcing his mouth to open and welcoming the musky, sticky, leaking cocktip between his jaws.

"Oh, fuck yeah, that's what I need," the horse said, his veined length throbbing, the flared tip puffing outwards and spreading Sakti's jaws apart with its girth. Sakti could taste every flavor of the equine's maleness, each hint of salt and lust and piss, the briny sharpness of it clinging to his tongue even as Lamia scoured it along the seeping slit of the stallion's cock. The act was deliberately slow, too intense to be pleasurable but too incremental to be overwhelming. The shaft softened against Sakti's lips, as the feline lapped against him again. "Ugh, no, too rough there love, it's a dick not a lollipop."

She pulled off with a wet plop, as Sakti's fingers closed around the equine's testicles, holding them in either of his palms. The erection nudged against his snout, as she squeezed his eggs, feeling the dense and slippery organs slither against each other inside that leathery bag. The stallion's thighs clenched, his torso writhing as his fat balls were squeezed and clenched between fingers that *were a little too strong* for such a sleek, small feline.

Precum oozed from the tip of the stallion's maleness, as the equine bucked and writhed. The tiger hadn't done much, only a lick and a squeeze, and yet the stallion was clearly ready and willing to climax, his body afire with a lust that ignited every part of him.

"Please.... I need...." the stallion's words dissolved into a guttural groan, as the feline's tongue scraped up over his cock head once more. His head flopped back, his hips thrusting forward, trying to jam that dickhead into the feline's mouth, but Sakti bucked with it, keeping him torturously close to that pleasure he needed.

"Patience, my potent beast," Sakti crooned mockingly. "Anticipation is its *own* reward." He watched as his fingers danced tantalizingly up from the horse's testicles, moving to the side of the table, to a bit of chain that had been left over from the remodel. The stallion's head was hanging over the back of the table, so he did not see as the demoness softly twisted the link open, steel pried away from itself. The solid metal chain was thumbed open as easily as the salt runes Sakti had sculpted earlier, and he didn't even feel his muscles clench to do so.

Was *this* the power that she offered? Such strength was, five seconds ago, unimaginable to the tiger, and here Lamia was, using it so effortlessly that he couldn't even feel her using his body to perform it. He watched, still nauseated by the scent of the horny stallion's big hard cock staining his muzzle fur, as she climbed up onto the stallion's chest. The stallion did not see as a separate chain with two padded leather manacles materialized in her hands. Instead, the stallion lifted his eyes, smiling up at her as she ground her ass back against that straining erection, and watching his cock throbbing against her thighs instead of watching as she casually buckled the leather manacles around his wrist.

"Thanks for helping me to work out the *kinks* on my new bondage table," Lamia said. She ground Sakti's furry ass back against his erection, as she pinched the chain closed around the manacle's chain, locking the stallion's arms up above his head. He jostled his wrists, making the chains clank, and then abruptly thrust his hips upwards in a futile attempt to sink his length into Sakti's rear.

"Of course! I stand by my work," he said, grinning up at Sakti. "And, not to be rude, but if you'd be so kind as to *sit down*, I'm excited to show you some of my other skills."

"Oh, I bet you are," Lamia said. She pressed down against his cock, ass tightened to prevent the leaking, seeping cockhead from pressing into Sakti's backside. The stud tried to buck up, but there was no yielding, his face contorting in horny frustration as his dick buckled slowly, bowing forward before skidding free. It slapped against Sakti's balls, a bubble of pain curdling in his belly as they swung wildly from being thumped. "But I want to show *you* some of my *toys*."

"Yeah? Okay. As long as I'm getting off," The stud said. He licked his lips as Lamia reached behind him. Sakti could feel the energy course through him, a sickening, demonic energy that twisted reality, a catalyzation of the sexual frustration of the stallion. The demoness' mere presence was causing the stallion's testicles to ache, swelling and cramping with the excessive lust building up in his body. Tissues that would normally handle burgeoning arousal were being constricted, inflamed, causing him to acutely feel the build up of lust in his big round stallion balls. Did he realize that the reason his balls felt so painfully engorged was only *partially* due to his own horniness? Sakti doubted it. But he could feel that frustration, the energy burning at the stallion's groin, a burning bed of coals that warmed his body and fueled the demon's magics.

An elastrator, sleek and metallic and adorned with a small green elastrator band, appeared in Sakti's hand. He knew what it was, without even seeing it, knew that it had disappeared from a

drawer in a barn several miles away, just as the manacles had disappeared from a closet in a bedroom down the street. Lamia ground her way down over the stallion's cock, and Sakti cringed away from the lascivious way she lapped and nibbled over the stud's straining shaft. The stallion was fountaining precum, and if Sakti could, he would have blushed from the slick, salty tang of another man's seed against his tongue. Lamia guided the tool up against the stallion's scrotum, pressing the banded tines into the warm scrotum. She didn't wait for the stallion to ask, squeezing the handles of the tool to stretch the ring wide.

"Are you ready to *get off*?" Lamia asked, as she grasped the equine's scrotum firmly. Sakti's fingers sank into the soft flesh of his scrotum, the big horse balls forced abruptly downwards and through the ring of the elastrator. The green plastic stretched as the too-fat eggs were forced down through it, the demoness cruelly tamping and crushing the balls through the ring with knuckles and fingertips. Sakti knew she could have, if she wanted, just pulped the eggs in their sack with a fraction of the strength she used on the iron chain, but it was apparently still too rough for the stallion, who tugged at the manacles around his wrist for the first time.

"Ey, not so rough!" He said, with a hesitant chuckle. Sakti grimaced as his mouth opened wide, moving towards the equine's cock, and the stallion watched with wide eyes, dick flaring hard, ready for the lick, the suckle that would get him off *despite* the roughness of his balls. Instead, Lamia popped the ring loose from the tool, the green rubber snapping back closed around the neck of the stallion's scrotum. His hips bucked upwards, swearing in pain and shock as the sudden *bite* of the ring caused an immediate explosion of pain in his groin and lower body. Sakti wasn't paying attention to the horse's demands and threats, though.

Lamia had started to feed.

He could feel it now, the energy that coursed through the stallion's body, a soft glowing blue like the flame on a gas grill. It was strongest and brightest around his groin, and in the pinched off testicles it was a bright yellow; pain mixed with anticipation and pleasure. Sakti's mouth hovered next to the stallion's cock, and Lamia began to inhale that energy from inside the horse's body.

The stallion screamed, as the orgasmic energy waiting to be released in a pleasurable flow out of his cock was instead ripped out through his flesh. It beaded out through the flesh, sweat drops of glowing blue liquid fire, drooling up along straining veins and dissipating into a glowing cloud. Sakti sucked it in, feeling immediately the vitality, the power of the stallion soaking in through the pores of his lungs and directly into his body.

The stallion was not enjoying this. His shaft withered, sear marks bubbling up from where the blue energy flowed out of his body, the energy that suffused his body collecting at the root of his groin to drain up and out through the horse's sensitive genitalia. The horse's flesh was not designed to act as a conduit in such a vulgar manner, and it blistered and ruptured from the transference. None of this mattered to the demoness, who gorged herself on the blue energy that splashed and coated her lips and drooled from her chin.

"So much *virility!* So much *power!*" She purred, as her fingers tugged down firmly on the stallion's heavy balls. The energy that had been building up in them, the most concentrated energy in his body, was trapped by the small green elastic band. Sakti could feel the potency in them now, could feel the intense need to release that they carried with them, and she could feel all that potency discharge directly into his hand as she swiped a claw clean and casual through the neck of the stallion's scrotum. The testicles flared brightly, but disconnected from the rest of the horse's body, they were removed from its protection. The demon held up the balls, showing them to the panicking gelding, his eyes white with terror as he saw his balls dangling from her first.

Lamia fondled the fat horse balls between her fingers, massaging the severed eggs with a casual detachment. Sakti could feel what she was doing, massaging and crushing out the sweet energy from within, draining every watt of power from those proud nuts. The tiger's dick was hard, despite the horror of what he was watching; after all, as abhorrent as it was, this was what he had summoned her for. Perhaps her methods were unorthodox, but he could not argue with the results.

The depleted remains of the stallion's balls were dropped onto the panting stallion's chest, their volume and weight diminished, their shapes saggy and weak. The unwitting victim of her supernatural lusts just stared at them, his mind reeling with the realization of what had just happened to him. Tears dripped from his chin, the stallion not even trying to escape, all of the fight that he had in him now laying just above his belly button.

"But.. but... why? Why?" He asked, plaintively. He looked up, and saw the twinkly tiger slut he had gone home with, leaning forward, jaws wide, and fangs gleaming sharply in the dim basement light. Teeth pressed softly against his flare, showing the equine exactly what was going to happen next, his erection still rock hard despite being wilted and shrunken slightly from the *loss* that he had endured. "No - wait - don't-"

But you can't tell a predator *not* to eat its prey. Sakti stared at the cock that was still throbbing in front of him, still hard despite the trauma inflicted below it. He didn't want to do this, and the demoness seemed to sense that, a devious giggle bubbling up inside Sakti's mind as she helpfully guided those jaws apart, tendons creaking as the feline strained to fit the stallion's maleness between his chaws.

'*This is your first time, so we'll take it slow,*' her voice teased. Sakti whimpered, internally at least, dreading the slow, torturous chewing that he was going to have to undertake, devouring the stallion's cock one sultry grinding bite at a time.

Then, Sakti's jaws slammed closed. He felt the demoness relish the burst of springy, rubbery flesh as it was shorn free of the equine's body and released to his taste buds. It was not just meat, it was his *masculinity*, his *potency*. The flesh drooled that sharp, sweet energy across his tongue and into the back of his throat, staining it like highlighter dye.

"Gods, my *dick*," the stallion moaned, but his abused and withered shaft remained strong and firm as it jutted up into the air. Sakti snagged another mouthful, biting half of the flesh between his jaws and wrenching his mouth to the side, peeling one spongy strip of tissue free of the base of the shaft. The stallion wailed, watching helplessly as the tiger feasted upon his groin, a demonic fire in his eyes and glistening flesh caught between his sharp fangs. Again, and again, the tiger's mouth engulfed the remaining penis, and again and again the tiger claimed a bite's worth for itself.

Sakti couldn't stop himself from devouring the horse's cock, but he almost didn't want to. On a deeply primal level, this felt right. How many of his ancestors had done just exactly this same thing? It was almost like a reconnection to the more natural, base side of being a tiger. The taste, metallic and salty, tangy with the stallion's essence, flooded his mouth and brain and throat and stomach, a perverse sacrament forced through lips that were less and less unwilling. He could feel Lamia's sadistic glee, poisoning his veins with her sick pleasure.

When there was only a disheveled stump remaining, Sakti pulled back from the gelding's groin. He had been *ruined*, the mass of his fleshy genitals now just a slurry of meat soup in the tiger's stomach. Already, the tiger could feel the rush of protein and meat chemicals, sinking through his blood and fusing with the energy that the demoness had siphoned from the stallion. It was alien, and intrusive, and synthetic, but... it made Sakti feel powerful. His fur crackled, his bones tingling, muscles flexing and bulging with added gains as the virility of the stallion was, in part, mingled in with his own.

click The phone in Sakti's hand flashed, bringing him back to reality. He was standing on the bondage table, and he was taking photos of the sobbing gelding laying beneath him. He had taken a close up shot of the mangled groin - the dangling flap of skin, the misshapen trunk of dick meat. Sakti watched in horror as the demon that controlled his hands took several more photos, including of the gelding's tear-streaked muzzle.

"Remember your place, prey thing," he heard himself saying, as Lamia turned the phone to show the former stallion the pictures, each one a nail in the coffin of his masculinity. "A word of this, to anyone, and the shame you feel now, becomes your *legacy*."

"You're insane," the horse sobbed, as the chains dislocated from around his wrists. Sakti swept his foot, catching the gelding by the hip and brushing him off of the table like a stray crumb. The stallion stumbled to his feet, legs weak and unsteady, drooling blood from the gash between his legs as he staggered towards the stairs. "You're INSANE!"

Sakti watched as the gelding clambered up the stairs towards the light, his body a silhouette missing several shapes that had dangled between his legs when he had come down the stairs. The weight of what he had done to the stallion - what Lamia had done to him *with Sakti's body* - was catching at his soul. It wasn't only that he had attacked the stallion, that bothered him. The attack was, he rationalized, necessary to procure the magical strength that the demoness had promised him. No, it was the sensation that he got while it was happening. Even before he had

had the first bite, he had felt something akin to the growl of a stomach, but not in his torso, it was in his mind, deep in the recesses of his subconscious. A monstrous hunger, awakened from a deep and dark slumber by the morsel of masculinity he had been compelled to devour.

As the footsteps overhead clopped haltingly towards the front door, Sakti's heart began to pound in his chest.

"We shouldn't let him escape," he said. "He's going to alert the authorities."

"He won't. His entire personality is based on the big bulge he was flaunting at the hardware store. Telling the authorities that that bulge is gone, now, would be no different than him pulling down his pants in a crowded street and showing off what he lacked. He will go home, cry, and lick his wounds, and in a couple days, he'll start looking for discrete substitutes to stuff down his pants," Lamia purred, also through Sakti's lips. "And if he did call the police... so what? Do you think they can stop a demon?"

"Their bullets could!" Sakti snapped. "Have you been to this plane of existence in the last two hundred years? We're really good at shooting things now!"

"Bullets are just energy and energy can be absorbed," she demurred. That deep growl in his belly returned, this time louder. "He was a tasty snack, but I'm still hungry. You're still hungry. You need more."

"I- I don't think I can-" Sakti mumbled. He had control over his body now, and he reached up to his mouth, fingering out small chunks of horse meat that had gotten wedged between his fangs.

"Oh, Little One," Lamia whispered. Her voice was a silken thread that stitched deviously through his own, giving it an ethereal purr. "You can do anything I put your mind to it." He felt his mind vibrate, felt her cool slick essence *probe* its way down through his subconscious. He found himself thinking, suddenly of a counselor at the camp that he had gone to when he was a teenager, a lion with a dark mane and a very friendly smile. Sakti hadn't thought of him in... a decade, at least, though he had found himself eager to be around the other feline for the duration of the entire summer.

"What is this?" He mumbled, as the memories of him being close to the feline, the smell of the lion's body, the brief glance of his fur-soaked body climbing up out of the water was replaced by another memory. This was of his college roommate, a bear who had been on the rugby team. It wasn't just any memory, though, it was the *dark* memories - memories of the bear having sex with his girlfriend, of Sakti walking in on the bear having sex with *his own* girlfriend, of the bear offering to let the tiger suck his own dick. Sakti tried to bury, to recoil from the memory, but the demoness's silver fingers clutched it, polishing the old memory with the grinning appraisal of a jeweler.

Then it shifted again, flipping through males that Sakti had known, before a sleek and grinning fox's muzzle nuzzled in against Sakti's outstretched hands.

"Small..." Lamia mused, as the fox's muzzle developed into the rest of the face and body of Sakti's friend Franzene. "But horny. God, is he horny. How did you not have sex with the lewd little beast? Do not tell me you are not aligned that way, I sensed parts of your brain that you aren't even aware of, when you had that stallion hard and horny and ready for you to treat him. I know the dark thoughts you have towards your fellow males. Why else do you think we are harvesting their energy, *like this?*"

"Tha... that's not true," Sakti said. *No*. He was not... weird, like that. He wasn't pervy. He wasn't a psycho cannibal. He didn't want to *eat* people. But in his mind's eye, he couldn't help himself, he looked down, away from the grinning, friendly muzzle of the fox, to the hard and bulging pink cock and his fat, heavy fox balls. As he did, he felt that growl of hunger from deep inside his mind, once again. "He's just... just a friend. Not a lover." It was true, but he also knew that Zephyr was deeply, madly, and completely into him. Not in a platonic way, and not in a puppy love kind of way. The fox had always been openly attracted to him, and Sakti had always politely rebuffed him.

As soon as he realized who she was talking about, his mind overflowed with memories of the fox; wrestling in their underwear, drunkenly falling asleep together on the couch, Zephyr nervously showing off his pride outfit before going to the celebrations. Sakti had not thought about those memories, but now he felt a pang; he could see the hope in the fox's eyes, and the hurt, disappointed look as Sakti mindlessly disregarded the fox's feelings.

"Friends, you say? Well, friendship and carnal delight are not mutually exclusive, Pervy," Lamia purred, her words dancing around him like shadows flickering over skin. "This fox would do anything, would *give anything*, to be with you. I see no reason we can't give him what... *both* of you want." He could feel her attention, rolling around in his brain, and he was completely vulnerable to her examining any part of his body - inside or out. "It seems you are game, after all."

Sakti's breath caught as the demoness drew attention to his erection, which strained, hard and heavy in the open air. The barbed length of his tigerhood jutted upwards, empowered with the virility of the stallion that was even now coursing through his veins. He could not deny the power of the succor he had stolen from the equine, nor could he deny the growing hunger that burned inside his body, a hunger for *more*. He could not help himself; Zephyr was a lovely friend and someone he cared for deeply, but, more than that, he was a source of power, a way for Sakti to get even more powerful.

"It's Thursday," Sakti mused, as he reached down with the demoness' permission, handling the meat that throbbed in his grasp. "Which means he's getting his cardio in at the gay bar."

'Well, then, let's pay him a visit,' Lamia coaxed, her presence a velvet darkness wrapping tighter around his will. *'The sweet, succulent potential of your dear fox friend—imagine the rapture of claiming such a prize.'*

Sakti knew he should protest, but he couldn't find any way to. Deep down, he realized now, he wanted this. The realization that he was going to be complicit in whatever happened to his dear friend followed him into the darkness as he was suppressed down into that dreamy stupor from earlier. He bobbed along, a dormant passenger in a car as the demoness struck out towards where she *knew* the fox would be, feeling the reassuring thrum of his feet and the beating of his heart as she led him somewhere. He emerged up and out of unconsciousness in front of a bouncer, who was holding out his hand.

"H-how much?" Sakti said, fumbling for his wallet.

"Thirty bucks," the ram gruffly replied, glaring down at the 'straight' tiger with a sneer on his muzzle. Sakti had no idea what the demoness had done, or said, before he was summoned back to the surface, but he pulled out two twenties and handed it to the bouncer with shaky hands. He did not receive any change back.

Inside, the pulsating bass throbbed through Sakti's ribs, echoing off of the dark and lecherous heart that now beat within his chest. Spinning lights and puffs of fog discombobulated the feline, but the demoness could see right through the fluff. She took control once more, prowling into the crowd of males, and Sakti recoiled at the sheer volume that his newly attuned senses that his previous victim had provided him. He could smell the different scents of the males that gyrated and danced around him, could smell their sweat and their arousal. He could feel their body heat baking out through their fur as they ground their erections together in flashing darkness of the dance floor, but more than that, he could detect hints of a particularly musky perfume that wafted through the air.

There, amidst a crowd of other foxes bobbing and weaving to the rhythm of the music blasting overhead, they found Zephyr. The slender fox swayed with an effeminate grace, each movement a provocative tease as he danced with his tail, holding it between his arms and spinning, bobbing and weaving with it. The fox's fur was a fiery red, aflame under the strobe lights, and his tall ears were laced with sparkling jewelry that refracted the light with a flamboyant flair that caught the eyes of many admirers. Sakti could feel Lamia's delight as she witnessed the shock on the fox's muzzle as he recognized Sakti in this safe space of carnal desires.

"Sakti? I never thought I'd see you here," Zephyr called over the music, his voice tinged with a playful incredulity.

"Life is full of surprises," Lamia cooed through Sakti's lips, her tone dripping with an invitation as she closed the distance between them. The fox didn't seem to notice how clearly he could hear Sakti despite the distance and the blaring throbbing music that filled the space between them.

Sakti had agreed to take on the fox back at his house, but at that point, Zephyr was just a memory, an abstract idea. Now, seeing the fox here in person, Sakti balked. He fought to retain possession over his mind, to warn the fox, or to flee into the crowd, but Lamia's possession over him clamped down hard and confined him within the confines of his own mind. He could feel Lamia's delight at his turmoil, her arousal at the power she wielded over both him and the unsuspecting fox.

The two male bodies came together in a dance that was less about the music and more about the primal mating ritual unfolding. Lamia guided Sakti's hands over the curves of Zephyr's hips, relishing the supple give of flesh beneath the silken fur. She whispered sweet nothings, each word a seductive spell woven from the depths of an ancient being with an extensive knowledge of male sexuality and a total lack of morality.

"Come back with me," she murmured into Zephyr's ear, her breath a sultry caress against his tufted tips.

And like a moth to a flame, Zephyr nodded, entranced by the predatory charisma that Lamia exuded through Sakti's guise. Sakti let out an internal groan, but there was relief mixed with the frustration. Zephyr had agreed to come back, which means that Sakti was about to get another hit of raw power in his veins. If he had refused, who knows what Lamia had done - the bar was full of potential targets; he could feel the fat balls and heavy dicks swinging and rubbing between muscular and toned and chubby thighs, a smorgasbord of energy and virility for them to consume. But Lamia had chosen Zephyr.

The walk back to Sakti's place was a torment of anticipation. With every step, Sakti felt the weight of Zephyr's impending doom settling upon him like a lead blanket. He should warn Zephyr, tell the fox to leave the state. He couldn't, though. Lamia's thoughts slithered through his consciousness, fixated on the emotional potency that their betrayal would infuse into the tender orbs that symbolized Zephyr's virility.

As they entered the quiet sanctuary of Sakti's abode, the demoness inhaled deeply, savoring the residual scents of arousal and fear that lingered from the previous encounter. Zephyr's nostrils twitched as well, but the fox was too enamored with the big handsome tiger that had brought him home to think much about the unusual nature of the tiger's abode. Lamia's tongue flicked out, tasting the air, as she led the trusting fox down the stairs, to the converted dungeon.

Zephyr entered the dimly lit room, his gaze drawn to the imposing structure at its center. The bondage frame laid before him like an ominous sentinel, the blood and sperm from its previous victim dissipated into a musky miasma that clung to the air as an invisible smoke. Lamia watched with predatory patience as confusion flickered across the fox's delicate features.

"Is all this necessary?" Zephyr asked, gesturing towards the table and its restraints with a flick of his bushy tail. His slender fingers traced the cool edges of the cuffs that had so recently restrained the big proud stallion, the fox's flamboyant bravado faltering. Sakti could sense the trepidation fluttering in the fox's stomach, and wished that he could close his eyes and just

'come back' after this part was over. There was no way Lamia would allow that to happen, not when she could savor all of the emotions Sakti will have by experiencing it.

"Absolutely," Lamia cooed through Sakti's lips, her voice a silken caress that slunk around the fox's furry ears and weeded into his darkest desires. "You know I'm straight...." He shushed the fox, pressing a finger gently against his lips, ""This is how I can truly be myself—how I can surrender to my baser instincts without reservation." She moved closer, her movements fluid and graceful in Sakti's male form, an alluring dance that captivated her prey.

A scent, musky and intense, wafted through the air, stirring feelings in Zephyr's mind. He could smell the undeniable aroma of arousal that spoke of raw masculinity... recently unleashed. He could identify the smell - it was the smell of a horse, a stallion who had been laid out on the table. There was the scent of *need*, of primal desires. *Is this what Sakti needed to truly be himself?* The thought of finally being part of Sakti's life was intoxicating.

"Can you smell it?" Lamia asked, as she nestled close to the small fox. He was lithe, supple, but Sakti could sense the burning white hot lust in the fox's groin, sharp and intensely stoked, and growing hotter by the moment. "You want me to be *free*, right, little fox boy? You want to be with me when I show you how I *truly* am, do you not?"

The fox's resistance melted under the weight of the evidence carried in the heavy air. It wasn't just a prank; Sakti really wanted to have sex with him. There was feline lust mingling with the equine's. He couldn't identify the horse's scent - it wasn't Gerald or Cameron, certainly. The idea that Sakti had chosen a random hook up over himself, fired up a bolt of hot and spicy jealousy that surged through the fox's fingers. Emboldened by the assurance of 'Sakti's' words and the visceral confirmation of his senses, Zephyr nodded.

"Okay," Zephyr said. He leaned back against the bondage table, and held his hands out in front of him, wrist to wrist. "You can tie me up. I trust you."

"Well, that's your *first* mistake," Lamia said, as she slid Sakti's paws up under Zephyr's armpits. She lifted the little fox to sit on the table, pushing him to lay back with a single paw against his chest. She pushed his body up along it, until his head rested against the far edge, the lights over head showing off the rich reddish hue of his brown fur. "I'm going to *devour* you, little fox."

Zephyr blushed, but Sakti could feel the arousal growing with the open taunting. The fool had no idea, he really did completely trust the big tiger with him. He smiled up at Sakti as the tiger circled around the table, binding the extended arms down with the manacles that were still slightly damp with the former stallion's sweat. Each buckle strapped the fox down, against the table, keeping his limbs held out and away, unable to reach his groin.

"I kind of thought you'd want me face down..." Zephyr said, his cheeks reddened with excitement as he watched Sakti strap down the ankle straps as well. The assertive snugness of the wraps stoked the embers of submissiveness that smoldered in the fox's bright, innocent heart. "Don't you want to... top me?"

"No, I wouldn't need to tie you up for that," Lamia said. A smile played across the tiger's lips, as he stepped back to look the fox over. He was more fluff than muscle, but his pecs and arms had a svelte muscularity under all that thick, soft fur. He was splayed, and entirely vulnerable, totally open to whatever dark mischief the tiger, and the demoness inside him, had in mind. "What I'm going to do to you is *forbidden* in my culture. Hence why I must bind you, for when I start, I will continue until you are completely... drained... and I am full."

"You're gonna blow me?" Zephyr asked, incredulously. "I mean, you want to... suck me off?"

In the dim light, Lamia admired the fox's form, her hands stroking slowly down over the vulpine's belly, to cup against the potent energy stored within his loins. Sakti could feel the ripeness of them; they may not have been the largest of organs, but they were concentrated, the pining lust that the fox felt for the tiger having built up into a painful aching plaque that made the juices inside them ferment with ever increasing potency. The demoness within Sakti reveled in the knowledge that soon, she would pluck these fruits at the peak of their ripeness, savoring the succulent taste of betrayal mingled with seed and pleasure.

Claws came out, and the tiger began to strip Zephyr of his club adornments. Shirt, pants, socks, underwear, all of it was shredded, claws cleaving through fabric, through cotton and denim to tease against the fox's naked, sensitive skin. She stripped him down, leaving soft red welts in delicate curlicues over his body, the gentle incantation of sensuality eliciting a surge of sensitivity through every inch of the fox's body.

"Tonight," she whispered in the fox's large, triangular ear, "finally get to have our fill, you and I." And with that promise hanging in the air, the trap was set, the bait was taken, and the predator prepared to feast. Zephyr whimpered, staring up at her with eyes wide with lust and hope.

Fool, Sakti thought to himself. The room closed in around them, the heat of their three souls warming it as Sakti climbed up onto the table. He didn't know when, but at some point Lamia had shed his own pants - perhaps that was why Zephyr had so docilely allowed her to strap him up. Regardless, Sakti sat on Zephyr's belly, his balls resting plump and fat against the fox's belly, his shaft jutting thick and solid towards the bound fox's muzzle.

"You want to suck *me* off, don't you, fox?" She asked, reaching down to stroke Sakti's maleness with one cool, rough paw. He could feel his meat in his own grasp, but it wasn't *his* grasp, it was hers, as if she was holding his hand and stroking it along his flesh. He hated the feel of his cock throbbing, oozing his sweet precum into his hand. He *hadn't* cum earlier, hadn't even thought about it, so caught up in the revulsion and excitement of the destruction and consumption of another male's virility. He looked up, from his cock, to the fox's mouth, teeth gleaming, small and sharp, bared just enough to let that pink tongue lick out into the open air. "Oh, you do, don't you. You want me to pin your head to the table, and fuck your throat raw."

Sakti would never say such things; the deviant taunts came purely from the throat of the demoness inside him, but he did feel a tingle, deep down, at the soft whimper of desire that escaped from Zephyr's lips. The fox *wanted* him, deeply, on any level he could have him. Sakti

had been a fool to ignore the signs. No, he hadn't ignored them, he had merely discarded them. Zephyr, for all his sweetness, and all his devotion and attention, was still a male, and all Sakti was interested in was Samantha.

Even now, as his body slid backwards, sitting on Zephyr's slender thighs, he could feel the pangs in Zephyr's soul. The fox knew that this would only be a one-time thing, but hoped that it could be more, could turn into more, was willing to debase himself by any means possible to *make sure* that it could be something more. There was nothing more to it though; Lamia was going to make sure that there could be nothing more *after* it, too.

Sakti looked down, at the fox's length. His erection, sleek and slender and painfully erect, a pale pink to match the inside of the fox's ears, throbbed as the tiger's paws closed around it. It barely peeked out past the edge of Sakti's warm, furry fingers, and as Sakti squeezed, it twitched with a pulse of precum. Sakti relaxed his grip, loosening his fingers until only the very very tip of his fur brushed lightly against the vulpine's aching arousal.

"You like this, don't you? Pathetic fox, it won't take *much* to get you off, will it?" Lamia said, as she began to stroke the fox's maleness with the edge of his fur. "You could cum from a hot breath, if it was mine."

Zephyr's soft whimpers answered the question, and Sakti's heart churned with inner turmoil. He couldn't *stop* Lamia from perpetrating this betrayal on Zephyr, and he would be... *compensated* for the trauma that the little fox man was going to suffer, and that enforced complicitness ate at the tiger's soul. His other hand stroked slowly, lightly up Zephyr's bared stomach and belly, the demoness inside him filling his brain with dark images of fingers sinking into flesh, and pulling out organs, pulling out Zephyr's heart. He knew that she was, in her own way, being *merciful* in only destroying such... vestigial parts of her victims, and Sakti held onto that knowledge as he felt himself gently pinching and stroking against Zephyr's erect nipples.

"I could play with you all night," Lamia sighed, as the sleek fox twisted and writhed beneath her delicate attention. "Such a luscious, juicy soul, and so needy. Oh, this lust for my body, you have been stewing on it for years... it is like a great and shiny pearl, hidden deep in your loins, waiting to be revealed. I, for one, can not *wait* to extract it."

Zephyr's whimpering moans paused, his breath heaving, his head canting to the side. At some point, Sakti must have stuffed a ball gag into his mouth, because it was certainly there now, the fox's small white fangs chewing into the hard black rubber ball as he struggled to ask a question around it.

"Oh, well, I thought you knew, Zephyr?" Lamia said, as she dragged her paws down his chest. The tiger's claws raked dark red furrows into his flesh, the fox's body tightening at the sudden heated pain of the rough clawing. He tried to look down, but with his mouth propped open by the thick rubber ball, he couldn't see anything past his own sleek snout. He grunted in disapproval, which elicited a devious chuckle from the demoness. "For *true* rapture, you will need to make a

great sacrifice. We will only be joining together in this way but this one time, and you will *never* be the same after I'm done with you."

Sakti knelt down between the fox's wide spread thighs, his fingers encircling the vulpine's tight, cream furred pouch. "Oh, are you feeling trepidation, my dear? Pangs of fear? Self preservation trying to rear its ugly head?" The fox's slender chest began to pant, the fox's tail flicking, trapped and caught between the tiger's thighs. "Such nonsense. I assure you, my sweet little morsel, you are only getting exactly what you deserve. What you *need*."

She squeezed around the fox's nuts, Sakti's fingers pressing the meaty bulbs against his palm. He was able to hold them both comfortably in his big striped paw, the soft flesh bulging out as his fingers pushed into the fox's eggs as easily one might crush marshmallows. The fox shouted, groaning loudly into his gag, shaking his head frantically, and Sakti felt the rush of *fear* baking out from the fox's body as he realized, finally, just how trapped he was.

"Such power in such little organs," Lamia crooned. "You probably don't know this, little fox, but I know everything about you. I know how *badly* you need these ugly male organs removed. I know how you fantasize of wearing snug, soft pink panties, with nothing to bulge out the front of them. And I am so, so looking forward to helping you achieve your dreams."

Sakti recoiled, horrified that it was his lips saying this. He did *not* know this about Zephyr, had no idea that the sleek vulpine harbored such thoughts, though of course now he could see it as plain as day. Furtive memories he only vaguely remembered, of catching the fox with his junk tucked so far back between his legs that when Sakti had slapped his butt he had slapped him in the dick instead. Running into the fox at the mall, coming out of Amelia's Secret with a small bag and a blush on his cheeks. Little things that hinted at what the fox secretly wanted. Lamia *forced* Sakti to see those memories for what they were.

"I never saw you in that way," he said, and was surprised to find his lips actually moving, a soft confession breaking out through the hold that the demoness held on him. Zephyr's tear filled eyes focused, beseeching the tiger he had been infatuated with for so long, who now held his balls in a crushing, agonizingly tight grip, his tender fox eggs distended brutally around the indentations of the tiger's fingers.

Zephyr had trusted Sakti, maybe even trusted him now, and the bulk of his balls in the tiger's paw was a reflection of that trust, a trust which was about to be consumed by the demoness inside him. Sakti was free, for the moment - he knew the demoness had yielded, just for a moment, had pulled back to give the tiger the chance to free Zephyr. All it took was for Sakti to be unselfish enough to do the right thing. He chastised himself, as his fingers remained stubbornly clamped around Zephyr's balls. There was no way the demoness would let Zephyr out of his house un-damaged, he rationalized. It was better to be a willing part of this, to maximize the gains his friend's sacrifice could yield to him.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, as he felt the demoness' hold closing back over him again. His lips began to spread, splitting his muzzle back into Lamia's wide, toothy grin, and his fingers clenched down deeper into Zephyr's balls.

Zephyr howled, as his tender balls crackled between her fingers. Sakti felt something rupture, a bit of one of the balls popping and releasing a stream of pressurized *paste* into the trapped scrotum. The fox's legs shook, his fingers clenched into fist as Zephyr struggled to pull his hands through the manacles.

"Oh, you want to fight it? That's okay," Lamia crooned, as she tugged down firmly, stretching the handful of wounded balls down and away from Zephyr's body. Sakti was sure he felt something snap, a yielding give as things were pulled free, but the balls in his grip still pulsed with blood, despite being crushed, strangled and stretched. "We both know you *crave* this. You want to be smooth. Nulled. Useless except as a fuck hole to be worn raw and put away *sopping* with the cum of *real* men. I can *smell* your bottom energy, you sleazy little pervert."

"N-no, *no*, I need my... need my-" The fox was whining around his gag, shaking his head, but Sakti could feel the way the fox's knotted erection throbbed, the flesh dangerously taut and engorged with blood, precum festooning out of the tip in syrupy blobs. It was a very pretty penis, a healthy size and quite the masculine specimen, especially for such a feminine fox. But beauty was fleeting.

The fingers of Sakti's other hand curled around the tip of the fox's dick, his thumb pushing down into the tip of the fox's urethra. The slender, fluted tip of the fox's penis bulged out around his digit, the fox's voice hoarsely screaming through his gag, but Lamia didn't care about such things as elasticity or structural limits. With the other four fingers curled around Zephyr's penis, holding it in place, his thumb probed down into the fox's urethra, stretching and splitting the sleek penis around it.

Split *was* the correct word, as the fox's cock wetly tore, unzipping from the sensitive pee hole as the tiger's clawed thumb sounded viciously down through his flesh. Zephyr screeched, pink tongue jutting from his mouth as he wailed in anguish, but Lamia only giggled in mockery of the fox with the big, soft penis.

"Oh, hush now, surely you understand that there is a *cost* for achieving your True Self, my little morsel!" She chided, the butterflied penis sickly glistening, the spongy tissue that entombed the urethra split apart and revealing the sleek white tube itself. "You can scream all you want, but we all know that you've craved this. It's a burden, being such a *sexual* little fox, to constantly keep up with the demands of those fecund testicles, to try to explain that despite your cock being *so hard*, that you're a *bottom*."

The agonized screech of the bound fox beneath him did nothing to dissuade the demon inside him from taking her fill. The tiger's claw fileted the fox's cock, the flesh splitting with a gristly wet sound, butterflying open and revealing its soft and tender pink flesh inside.

"W-why?!" Zephyr pleaded, his voice muffled around the obstruction, his cheeks wet with the tears flowing from his eyes trying to buck and thrust his hips, "I don't-augh! I don't understand! Why are you-" he broke, whimpering, staring at the mass of torn flesh in Sakti's paw, "doing this? To me? I thought-"

"Because it makes me *feel good*," Lamia purred. She stroked the rough pad of her thumb along the inside of Zephyr's penis, feeling the smooth, solid spike of his baculum. She crushed flesh against it, splitting the tender viscera between the bone and her thumb, sliding along it until the fluted tip of the baculum scraped nakedly against her finger. "I just *love* destroying this beautiful penis of yours. Well, *any* penis, really, but yours is special. Destroying it makes me even happier, because of how very very badly you wanted to give it to me."

Zephyr whimpered, as Lamia gripped the two flaps that used to be the tip of his penis, and pulled down and away from each other. Like peeling a banana, the flesh stretched, and then tore, ripping with a soft, wet, chewy sound. Blood spilted across Sakti's grinning muzzle as the penis was peeled apart, naked fingers pinching, crushing down into the flesh to make sure he didn't lose his grip. When the flower's petals had been stripped down to the root, he curled them upwards, folding them together above the jutting baculum. The tiger's fingers kept the twitching, oozing strips of dick meat held up and out of the way, as he grasped the naked, exposed bone with his other.

Rlitch. The sound of the bone being detached from the tendons in the fox's groin was something Sakti would never be able to forget. The fox's hips rattled against the top of the altar as his baculum was ripped free from his body, sobbing as the tiger held up the gleaming, pink-stained bone and admired it.

"Such a little thing, isn't it? But so important!" Lamia twirled the bone between her fingers, fidget-spinning it over and between the striped digits. She clenched her fingers, and it jutted up from her thumb and forefinger, like a small sharp slender dagger. "And so *powerful*."

She leaned forward, tapping the bone against Zephyr's snout, leaving a faint red imprint on his dark nose. The fox shuddered, licking up against his snout instinctively, blanching as he realized what he was tasting.

"You squirm and yelp, but we know this is what you wanted," Lamia sneered. She traced the tip of the bone down, over the fox's throat. "A cute little null boy, right?"

Sakti could feel the shame mixing with the horror and anguish in the fox's frame. Shame - and embarrassment. He could see it, feel hints of memories, a glimpse of the fox twirling in front of a mirror, bedecked in flowing feminine clothes. A hint of a memory of the fox riding on something - something long and flexible and solid, stretching his ass around it as he tried to push his sheath up into his body. Hiding what made him male.

Sakti felt the *relief* shudder through Zephyr's body, mingling with the revulsion, as he watched the tiger toy the tip of the bone across his chest and between his pecs. Zephyr had not wanted *this*, had not wanted to be tortured, but bubbling up from deep within the poor fox's

subconscious was something else, something that contradicted this. Zephyr had *fantasized* about Sakti taking his maleness, kissing him and gently removing, peeling his equipment off like one would peel off a band aid. This was far more grotesque, savage and sadistic than Zephyr could handle, but Zephyr... didn't have a choice in the matter.

Lamia's fingers twisted more tightly around the scraps of dick flesh, crunching the tissue into paste between her fingers as she dragged the sharp bone down, caressing it against the fox's stomach. Sakti could feel the power being juiced out of the fox's potency, the flesh yielding its energy, and he could feel a surge of pleasurable energy seeping through his veins as she *wrenched* the scraps free with a sharp wet snapping sound.

Lamia held up the stolen flesh, holding the petals of Zephyr's masculinity in her palm, and then blew on them. They fluttered, limp and formless, just pieces of desiccated jerky, scattering in flakes of dried out tissue across his chest and muzzle. "All gone. What a relief, to know you'll never have to worry about *topping* again. There's still one little *burden* that we need to strip you of, though."

Zephyr's eyes widened as the hand that had stripped off his penis cupped under his testicles, lifting them up and holding them in the tiger's palm. Fingers curled around them, holding them in place, giving gentle squeezes as the demon inside the tiger contemplated their value.

"It's not like you were ever at risk of 'accidentally' having kids," she mused, giving the plump fox nards a tight, painful squeeze. She tugged and stretched them down, fingers curling into hooks that kept his nuts straining at the end of their cords, barely held between Sakti's fingers. "But that doesn't mean there's *no* value in these cute little nuggets."

Zephyr watched, eyes wide and watery, staring down past the ruins of his flaked penis mingling with his chest fur, to his lifted and held scrotum. The fox's eyes flicked upwards, locking in with Sakti's, and the tiger could sense, feel the apprehension, the pleas for mercy quivering behind them, but it was far, far too late to stop now. The fox's eyes glanced further up, to where Sakti's hand had raised, wielding the fox's baculum like a dagger. And, as Sakti watched, he started *using* it like a dagger, as well. His arm swung down with demonic delight, the slender bone spearing through the fox's left testicle with a hot, sharp, visceral PLAT sound, jamming clear through and between Sakti's fingers. The demon raised his hand back up, pulling the sleek bone free and then slammed it down again, spearing it through the right. The testicle trembled as it was impaled, and Lamia twisted and wiggled the bone as she pulled it free again.

Plat! Plat! PLAT! She stabbed downwards, groaning in delight as she speared through the fox's testicles over and over, grinding Sakti's own genitals between her thighs as she destroyed Zephyr's eggs. The fox's body convulsed with each painful slash, belly tightening, retching in his own mouth as he was stabbed with the same amount of force as a kick, over and over again. With each stab, Sakti feared that the bone would pierce through his own flesh, stabbing through his palm or shimmying between the knuckles of one of his fingers, but Lamia worked with savage precision, and despite Sakti having no ability to prevent it regardless, the only thing he

felt was the slam of his own fist into the disintegrating balls with each of the demon's downward thrusts.

Lamia laughed, the vulpine's testicles reduced to a slurry of gray and pink pulp in her hand. She bit on the end of the fox's penis bone like a toothpick, and clapped her hands together, obliterating the gooey remnants, crushing any remaining living tissues into a soft paste. She ripped the handful away from the fox's body, lifting his buttocks up off of the altar before the remaining scrotal tissue peeled free from his groin, and Sakti recoiled as the demoness smeared the gruesome pastiche of his friend's masculinity against his cheeks. She smeared it into their fur like a face mask, bits of testicle dripping from Sakti's chin, oozing over his lip and into his mouth as she caked his face in the warm, sweet flesh.

"It..." Zephyr was speaking softly now, staring up at Sakti defeatedly, horrified but too fatalistic to react to it. "It was just... just a *fantasy*... Sakti..." The fox whimpered, cringing at a surge of pain from his ruined groin, his voice heavy with exhaustion. "I never... wanted this. Not for.. not for real..."

Lamia's laughter undercut the fox's gentle explanation. "Do you think I *care*?" Sakti stood up on the table, looming up over Zephyr's emasculated body, stripes shifting over clenching muscles that roiled in eager anticipation. "Do you think this was about *you*? You're just *MEAT*, little morsel! Sweet, naive, innocent *meat*. You practically *begged* me to take everything that made you a male, and destroy it. I was *happy* to oblige."

As she spoke, a gilet of crushed fox nut fell from Sakti's chin, landing on the fox's belly. Sakti found a stark, brief pang of amusement, that despite the fox's complaints, despite his rejection of the *gift* that Lamia and Sakti had bestowed upon him, he had somehow managed to climax during all of the trauma. A trickle of frothy pinkish seed, now without a shaft to direct it or testicles to fuel it, pooled out and over tattered flesh in weak, defeated spurts.

Sakti relished in the power that flooded through him, absorbed and stolen from Zephyr with this barbaric trauma. It wasn't Sakti's fault, of course - it wasn't *he* who had lured the fox here and done such terrible things to him - but he was reaping the benefits of it regardless. He should feel bad about it - Zephyr had suffered, *was* suffering, had been changed permanently in order to fuel Sakti's gain in power, but.. that was *Zephyr's* problem. The value and heft of the fox's manhood had been reduced to a gooey paste on the tiger's cheeks, to an intangible and irresistible surge of magickal energy that raced through his veins.

Oh, yes, Sakti was *potent* now. He could do whatever he wanted, *to* whoever he wanted, and nothing was going to stop him now. His mind bubbled with the possibilities as he unshackled the delirious, nonsensical vulpine. Zephyr felt small, fragile, and vulnerable in Sakti's arms. The tiger had claimed what was important and relevant from his friend, and now had no further use for him.

The back door of Sakti's house swung outwards with a hollow creak, flimsy metal screen banging against the heavy bulkhead next to it. Sakti stepped down two of the concrete steps,

and swung Zephyr down so that his feet dropped into the soft wet grass. He pushed the fox forward, setting him free, but the fox merely moaned in pain and collapsed to the ground. Zephyr's slender frame trembled as he reached between his legs, fingertips shaking as he dared to explore the ruined groin that he had been left with. Sakti smirked down at the fox, his body shimmering with otherworldly power as the stolen vitality surged through him.

"You're a monster," Zephyr said, rolling onto his side and pulling himself away from the imposing, darkened figure of the tiger standing over him. "I *trusted* you! I .. I *loved* you!"

"So you did," Lamia agreed, the tiger's eyes widening in surprise as he realized she was telling the truth. Sakti felt a rush of shame, a pang of guilt clawing its way up from the suppressed recesses of his conscience, sharp claws shredding through the imperious swagger of his newly found self confidence. "And that made it all the easier to *use* you. What a teachable moment!"

Sakti and Lamia went back into the house, the heavy wooden door slamming shut behind them, leaving Zephyr outside to deal with his wounds. *He'll be fine*, Sakti thought, as the two of them sank back down the stairs and into the darkened, musky dungeon room. "*Nothing we did to him is... fatal. And he even admitted he wanted it.*"

"You don't have to soothe yourself," Lamia purred. "Relish it. His sorrow is *our* nectar. It nourishes us." She gestured to the table, the stains and drips, the powdered dried penis dust, and with a flick of her wrist the remnants of their last sordid little hookup dissipated into the air. "There is a purity to his anguish. Oh, he was an *innocent* one, he had the most *beautiful* dreams, involving him and you." Sakti smacked his lips. "Stripping that away from him was the most delicious treat for me. Now, we are bloated with his energy, his pure virility and vitality. It will take only one more sacrifice to fulfill the contract, and then I'll be on my way, and you... you will have the rest of your life to enjoy your rewards."

Sakti's tail swished behind him, his fingers splaying and clenching in excitement at the prospect. "Will I have to continue to... harvest... from other males, or...?"

"Only if you *wish*, of course," Lamia cooed, inside his mind. "And don't try to pretend you haven't been enjoying what we've been doing together, you and I. I felt you trying to resist, and I was amused by it, because you forget, I can see what arouses *you*, too."

Sakti grimaced. She was referring, no doubt, to the revulsion that Sakti had felt with sucking on the horse's big cock. He had been forced to, and he had come to terms with that.

"I fed off of you while you did that, you know, so I know exactly how hot and horny it made you to be *forced* to service a bigger, stronger male," Lamia crooned. Sakti paused, his ears twitching as he noticed the edge in her voice. She seemed to sense that, her tone liquefying into indulgent purrs, as she teased her psychic fingers along the bones of his forearms, causing his muscles to tighten with a chilled itch. "I think we need to lean *into* that."

"No," Sakti said, immediately rejecting the idea. "You're here to make me *powerful*, not-"

"Power requires SACRIFICE!" Lamia cackled, prying into Sakti's brain. "Sacrifice isn't about losing the things you WANT to lose, it's about giving up the things that you cherish, the important things that make you who you are! How can you possibly become MORE than what you are if you aren't willing to escape the bindings of puny, filthy common life?"

Sakti tried to guard himself, tried to hide his memories, but the demon had grown even more powerful alongside him, and rummaged through the tiger's past with gleeful abandon. He found himself reliving moments, each less appealing to the last. Urinating himself in fifth grade, being rejected after asking Malissa out on a date in junior high, getting walked in on by his dad while he was stroking off to his dad's Playboys... but the demon stopped skimming through the gallery of negatives at the single worst memories that Sakti had. The darkness of these memories were an abyss in his mental landscape, where the tiger had stuffed down years of torment and abuse.

Sakti knew what was down there, but his desperate pleadings only incited the demoness to delve deeper, and suddenly Sakti was there again. His tire had been flat and so he had been late to class, barely making it into the lecture hall before class began. The professor had drones on about calculus equations, but Sakti hadn't been able to focus. People were staring at him. Whispering, looking at him, scowling. The tiger had blinked, looking around, not used to having attention paid to him, but it seemed the entire classroom had been let in on something. Sakti struggled to focus, but the smirks and the glares and the shared, secret texts that didn't include him unnerved him, and by the end of the class, he had scurried out of the room as quickly as he could. Not fast enough, though.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" He had felt the shove, slamming into the wall with a grunt of wind. It had been Tomas, a friend of Zephyr and part of the gang. "How dare you!"

"How dare I *what*?" Sakti tried to ask, and the ferret pushed him again.

"Flarenze told us *everything*, Sakti. How you tried to hit on him, how you offered to suck his dick while he was drunk. *Everything*."

Sakti was shocked. "I... I didn't?! I don't even - what?!"

Tomas sneered at him. "Come on, man, 'big straight tiger', just an act, secretly gay? What are you, a cliché in an 80s movie?"

Sakti had put up his hands to defend himself, but others had gathered around, sneering at him, judgment harsh across his face.

"But I *didn't*, I *wouldn't*, I'm only interested in *girls*-"

Benzene snorted mirthlessly. "Oh, yeah? Only interested in girls, but you're stalking other tigers just for funsies, is that it?"

"Look-" Sakti tried to say, his heart racing, mortified and embarrassed. He hadn't even been around Flarenze while Flarenze was drunk, it must have been a mistake, or a joke, a prank of

some sort. He tried to think of something, anything to say, his head spinning as he tried to think of what could be happening, when he saw the picture.

"Yeah? Then what's this?" asked Benzene, the caprine holding up his phone. It was clearly a picture of Sakti. Nude. The tiger had carefully set up the picture, and had even (bravely) included his face. His cheeks flushed hot and red. He had only sent that picture to *one* person. His girlfriend, Florence. Florence, who he had met on a Minecraft server three months earlier, who went to school in Canada and had been super into him. Florence, who had *begged* him for a nude picture to masturbate to only three days prior.

"I-" Sakti tried to say, his throat closing up in horror.

"Oh, don't show that around," he heard, as Flarenze sauntered up. The jock was all easy smiles, gesturing for Benzene to put the phone away. "I didn't mean for this to get out, I just didn't know what to do, Sakti." Flarenze's voice was warm and rich and resonant, the kind of voice you naturally listened to when you heard it. People were listening to him, and he spoke the next part louder, so everyone could hear it. "I mean, I get that you are in the closet, and I'm a huge ally, but I'm just not into dudes... and I'm definitely not into, what did you call it? Cucking?"

"What the FUCK-" Sakti tried to spit, as people began to laugh, laughing at him, as Flarenze gestured into the air obliquely.

"Shit, it looks like people are passing your picture around. I don't know why you sent it to me, I asked you *not* to but you, what did you say?" He looked over at Benzene's phone, the caprine holding it up for him. "Right, you said, 'I want you to humiliate me for having such a tiny penis compared to yours.'" Flarenze looked right at Sakti, shrugged and winked. "So, there you go. Enjoy that, and don't tell me I'm not here to 'help' a fellow tiger out."

The picture had been edited, on top of everything else. Someone had shrunk the size of his cock, reduced it to the size of a strawberry. *Everyone* saw it, and Sakti had dropped out of the school entirely. The depression had lasted for months, months where he had hidden away and ignored all contact with anyone.

"Oh, he's *good*," Lamia crooned, bringing Sakti back to the present moment. "You really have to give him credit, don't you? He knew exactly what he was doing. He hit you hard, in all your tender spots, didn't he?"

"He ruined me," Sakti sobbed. "He completely ruined me. He destroyed me."

"So elegant, so masterful. Of course, you wanted him to, right? You wanted him to betray and destroy you?"

"Of course I didn't, I had- had no idea-"

"Of course you did. Silly Sakti, Florence? Flarenze? Same word." She scrolled back, to a quiet moment in the tiger's downtime, where he had been talking about his new girlfriend on the

discord. He had accidentally called her Flarenze, and Zephyr and Tomas had teased him about it. When he thought back to it, they had responded with the teasing exceptionally fast. She giggled as the younger Sakti mulled over the similarity between the two names, and then worrying that it might be gay to call his girlfriend Flarenze, buried himself in the distraction of the video game he had been playing.

"So that's where this all comes from, this *need* for power, for size, for masculinity. You were emasculated so *brutally*, in front of *everyone*, by a bigger, smarter, handsomer tiger," Lamia taunted him. "I think it's time you took your vengeance from this handsome, clever brute."

"I don't like the way you keep flattering him to me," Sakti groused. "I don't want to interact with him. He is nothing but terrible to me, and I don't even know where he lives now, or how to get in contact with him. Sorry, Lamia, but we'll need to come up with someone else instead."

"Oh, my perverted little morsel, I already know you know how to contact him. What's this?" and he was suddenly a week ago, staring at the Twitter page of a familiar tiger, shirtless and cavorting with his wife, living the life of money and freedom that Sakti had wanted - but never quite reached. "That is him, there," Lamia continued. "So contact him there."

"Do it yourself," Sakti pouted. "You're the one in control, after all. Have fun with it!"

"Not this time, my tasty treat," Lamia said. Sakti felt her lift, her essence dissipating up and away from him, hovering in an invisible cloud above him. "You will summon him. Do it, and be born into your truest, most powerful self, the tiger you were always meant to be!"

Sakti could move again. He swayed, his tail swishing freely behind him, his muscles contracting as he was able to balance himself, *himself*. He batted at the air, swinging his arms around, luxuriating in the sensation of having total and complete *control* over himself.

"What if I don't want to?" He said, taunting Lamia. He walked to the stairs, climbing up them to the ground floor. He peeked outside, but Zephyr had fled already, no doubt to tend to his wounds in private. "What if I decide I'm happy, as is? What if I decide to contact a priest, instead, and get rid of you for good?"

"You won't," Lamia chittered, resonating the inside of his brain as she floated along behind him. "Not because of anything I can do, but because you are terrified of Flarenze, intimidated by him, emasculated by him, and more than anything, you want to prove that you are better than him. So prove it. Be a man. Show off those bigger balls you have, and bring him over."

Sakti sneered at himself in the mirror, stroking a paw through his hair. His stripes were darker... sharper, like jagged knives that sliced through his fur. His shoulders were broader, his smile wider, his eyes glinting with cunning mischief. He looked *good*. He looked the way a tiger was supposed to. Samantha was going to take one look at him, and *douse* her panties.

For the first time ever, Sakti was on top of the world. He licked over his sharpened fangs, giving himself a wink, and then strolled over to the computer. "Flarenze, you are *fucked*, my friend."

Finding Flarenze's instagram was easy. Contacting him should have stressed the tiger out, but Sakti was excited, enthusiastic about it. He called instead of texted, and after a couple rings, he heard Flarenze's dubious voice on the other end of the line.

"Hey, stud," Sakti said with a growling purr in his voice. "Sorry for the random call, but I was in town and thought I would reach out. It's Sakti... we went to school together. Remember?"

He didn't know if there was some kind of manipulation in play, as he expected Flarenze to just hang up - they hadn't talked in five years, at least.

"Sakti..." Flarenze's voice seemed faint, confused, and then came back with a patronizing sneer. "OH. *Sakti*. Right. What's up, *runt*?"

Years ago, Sakti would have thrown the phone against the wall, thrown himself in bed, and waited until the morning. Now, his confidence only blossomed. Flarenze really had *no idea*.

"Oh, I was just thinking about old times," Sakti said, his voice dripping with faux nostalgia. "I was wondering if you'd like to come over, and catch up... I just want to make things up to you."

He felt the other tiger's position shift, felt a swirl of something on the other end of the line, the tiger clearly surprised and confused by Sakti's preposition. He didn't want to give Flarenze the benefit of his own voice to make up his mind

"Remember how you used to say that I'd never be 'man enough'?" Sakti's words were warm and velvety, pouring through the phone and caressing Flarenze's brain with soft and seductive affection. "I've been working on myself, and... I think you'll be surprised."

There was a pause, the stupid feline trying to struggle against the bizarre situation. Sakti could *feel* Flarenze's cock pudge up, though, the thrill of the unknown far too appealing of bait to be ignored. He cleared his throat, and nonchalantly agreed. "Sure. Um, I can do that. Where are you?"

Sakti gave him the address, and hung up the phone in the middle of Flarenze asking him if it was a prank or not. If Flarenze decided to skip out, like a coward, then Sakti had beaten him without needing to destroy him. There was no way Flarenze would let *that* happen. So he was forced to come.

Alone in the house that smelt of incense and cum and musk and blood, Sakti retired back to the warmth and desolation of his basement. He had more time to prepare, this time, time to polish the altar and to hide the manacles, to set up all the traps that he would need to *tame* Flarenze.

It wasn't much longer than it took for Sakti to prepare for Flarenze, then the big tiger arrived. He heard the sound of the front door being slammed, and the creak of the floorboards overhead as Flarenze strutted through the house. Sakti had laid himself out on the altar, enjoying the feel of the leather under his body, as the evening sun that shone down the stairs from the picture window in the hallway was blocked. Sakti watched the bulky silhouette of the other tiger slink

down the stairs into the hallway, and snickered at the polo shirt that the feline was wearing, the khaki shorts.

"You're naked," Flarenze said, disgustedly, but his eyes roamed over Sakti's body famishedly.

"You're not," Sakti teased, sitting up. He scooted himself back on the altar, patting the space in front of him. "Strip down, and climb up. I can't wait to *catch up* with you."

"What is this, a dungeon?" Flarenze snorted. He could not sense the incense that had been lit, or the presence of the demon above him, tweaking slowly at his nerves, obscuring his mind from certain thoughts and focusing it instead on others. "I thought you said you were just passing through the area." He pulled his shirt up over his head, casting it to the floor at his side.

"This is my sister's house," Sakti said, dismissing the thought with a wave of his hand. "She's out. No, you never met her." He enjoyed the strength of Flarenze's torso, bared now for him. His pectorals were defined, his fur cropped short to show off the musculature, his chest sculpted with muscle. It was necessary if one wanted to be an internet personality. "Dang, you've been working out."

"So have you. I don't remember you having the body to support muscles like that. You must have been training for a long time," Flarenze said. He thumbed his shorts down over his hips, not noticing or caring the weirdness and abruptness with which it happened. "I'm impressed."

And, Sakti realized, Flarenze *was* impressed. He had expected mocking, teasing, the arrogance that had defined Flarenze in college, but Flarenze was playing it cool. Sakti had a moment to think about that, and he imagined an alternative world, a world where he and Flarenze had been friends, had supported and encouraged each other, had bonded over campfire steaks and shared their dreams. He imagined, just for a moment, the way it would feel to have the bigger tiger squirming and mewling underneath him as he drove his length into Flarenze's backside—but then he cleared his thoughts. No, none of that was relevant now. Flarenze climbed up onto the altar, his shaft thickening between his legs, his white furred balls dangling teasingly behind it, ripened and full with potent feline energy. *Not for much longer*, Sakti thought.

"You'll be more impressed in a moment," Sakti said. He stroked Flarenze's biceps, squeezing the powerful muscles and tsking disapprovingly. "As strong as I am, you're *certainly* still stronger... but I know how to handle a big, straining beast like you." He gripped the tiger's shoulders, and shifting his knee and curling his leg over and around the tiger's hip, he flipped Flarenze onto his back. He luxuriated in the control and power he had over his own body, and the potency and strength of his enhanced musculature. Lamia was not yet reinhabiting him, which meant that everything Sakti was doing here was of his own volition. Sakti of yesterday wouldn't have even contacted Flarenze, but seeing the ease and the reward that came with being aggressive like he had been with the horse and the fox, Sakti was *empowered*.

"I don't remember you taking wrestling," Flarenze said, his eyes clouded with the effects of the demon's lust. The feline lay on the altar, facing upwards, his dick flopped over one muscular

thigh and thickening, lengthening outwards. It was pink and roughly zucchini shaped, spotted with pointed barbs, and his heavy balls rested protectively over the crease of the feline's ass.

Sakti worked deftly, looping the straps around Flarenze's broad wrists, securing them firmly to the table. Each click of the buckle resounded like a tolling bell, proclaiming the imminent fall of the arrogant. Flarenze's tail twitched, betraying a frisson of excitement as he tested the bindings, finding them unyielding.

"Is this how you imagined it?" Sakti whispered, leaning close enough to let his breath tickle the tufted ear of his once tormentor. "Are all your hidden fantasies coming to life?"

"Fuck, yes," Flarenze growled, his baritone voice thick with lust. Sakti could feel the heat radiating from the larger tiger's body, and could almost taste the anticipation that hung between them. "But... how did you know?"

"I didn't, at first. Realized years later," Sakti lied. He hadn't known, he had guessed. "You wanted me as badly as I wanted you, right? But you couldn't act on it. You were a good boy jock."

Flarenze nodded, panting in excitement. "Yeah man I kept hoping you would get the hints, that you would ask to meet up so we could 'talk', but you were stone cold... totally oblivious."

Sakti retrieved the elastrator from the shallow shelf under the altar, and held it in his hand. It was cold and impersonal, serving only one purpose. "Well, I am looking forward to making up for lost time. This is something I should have done, years ago."

"What is that?" Flarenze asked, as Sakti stretched the handles to distend the bands, stretching the small green cheerio out to the appropriate size. He craned his head, still not understanding, as Sakti cupped up under the tiger's balls and lifted them up, resting them on the rim of the green elastic. "Some kind of sex toy?"

"Exactly," Sakti agreed. He used his palm to push the left testicle down and through the band, so that it dangled innocently underneath it. "A sex toy. Well, a toy, anyways," he added, as he pushed the right testicle *halfway* through the band. "Though it's actually for unsexing."

SNAP. The snap of the band being released from the prongs echoed off of the dark, secretive walls of Sakti's dungeon like a conshot. The green elastic contracted as best it could, crushing the cords of the left testicle in against the bulk of the body of the right testicle. The right nut could have slithered up or down to escape the crushing pinch of the band, but Sakti had positioned it just right. Flarenze's body tensed, a sharp intake of breath betraying the first flicker of doubt, and Sakti enjoyed counting the milliseconds that it took for the tiger beneath him to realize what was going on exactly.

Sakti smirked at the whisper of appreciation from the voyeuristic Lamia, as the tiger trapped beneath him howled in surprise and agony. His hips shook, his paws grasping but unable to reach down to relieve the sharp pain of the crushing band around his precious egg.

"Wasn't that fun?" Lamia asked, slithering closer to the tiger who was enjoying the grinding, bucking thrusts of the bigger feline underneath him. "You got to pull the trigger, all on your own. It is quite the thrill to do so, isn't it?"

Sakti felt her resuming her possession of him, but this time he didn't try to fight it - he wasn't afraid of her, or what she would do with him, anymore. The demon was a rush of a drug that Sakti was thoroughly addicted to, and he grinned widely as he felt her power mingle and fuse again with his own.

Falrenze's muscles coiled as he barked out in anger and pain at the tiger squatting over him. His striped fur shifted over pecs and thighs, as the feline strained to rip the manacles free, to stop the curdling, mind-numbingly overwhelming sensation of feeling his nut being pinched inexorably in half. The tiger sitting on his legs's head had angled back, eyes rolling in his head as something *happened* inside him, and the gaze that peered down at the trapped and helpless tiger beneath was *not* the eyes of the reformed nerd that Flarenze had found himself so immediately and completely attracted to. He tried to fight through the pain enough to ask what was going on, but all he could do was spray spittle from his teeth.

Lamia stroked her paws through Flarenze's fur, as she shifted forward, placing Sakti's knees on either side of the tiger's chest. She sat down, resting Sakti's furry muscular rear on top of the other tiger's half-hard, flopping maleness. "How impressive. I had heard that men with big dicks had a hard time getting themselves erect, but it looks like you have a harder time keeping it down. Oh, I'm looking forward to riding this!"

Sakti balked at this, as he felt himself grinding down onto the feline's shaft. Lamie chuckled at his resistance, the smaller feline now struggling internally as much as Flarenze struggled externally. *'Wait, Lamia, no, I'm not going to-'*

'oh yes you are,' she replied, cutting them off. The big feline's tail flicked through the air, trying to relieve the pain in his big juicy peach, the green elastrator pinching it into an hourglass shape, but Sakti's furry haunches grinding against that big pink tiger dick had somehow managed to get it hard even with the pain of it all. *'This tiger IS more of a male than you are, after all. It is only fair that you give him the service that he deserves.'*

Even bound and in pain, the tiger's thick maleness stood as testament to Flarenze's easy natural masculinity. Sakti shuddered in revulsion as it probed blindly against his backdoor, his heart filling with the despair of knowing that no matter how he fought, Lamia was the one in control. He cursed Flarenze for still managing to get it up, but the only thing that left his mouth was a heated pant and a string of drool as he settled his rear soft and warm down over the other tiger's length.

There was a slickness, or perhaps Lamia sculpted and stretched Sakti's colon to be able to take Flarenze without any difficulty, he couldn't know. He felt the fluted intrusion of the warm, thick maleness spike up into his guts, nestling through Sakti's relaxed, paralyzed anus, the smooth nubby barbs scraping playfully along the inner lining of his backside. His own organ tingled with

an echo of the sensation that Flarenze was feeling, though there was no warm and supple backside gripping around his cock like there was the bigger tiger's.

'Feel every inch of him,' Lamia taunted, as Sakti's body began to rock and grind in a slow, deliberate rhythm. Sakti cried out, his cheeks flushing with humiliation as *that* was allowed to be spoken, his wanton cry of despair mingling with the growling, pained horniness in Flarenze's matching groan. Their eyes met, both tigers looking confused, one thrusting up and one thrusting down but each trying to reject the situation in their own way.

Lamia savored each second of it. This was how she grew more powerful, and in turn, how she would make Sakti more powerful, but it didn't mean he had to like it. The dual agony of possession and penetration assaulted him, the slow and intimate lovemaking a grotesque parody of what it should have been. Of *course* Flarenze was getting harder beneath him, despite the pain, despite the irrecoverable trauma that was happening to his testicle as they fucked - he was still a male, after all. Of *course* the idiot was going to cum. The scent of the two tiger men's musky arousal mingled with the salt of pain and the tang of fear, the room clouded with the incense of their forced interactions as one rode the other. Neither consented to this but neither could prevent themselves from being aroused by it, either, bodies twitching and muscles contracting as their natural impulses to breed and feel pleasure were exploited to its ultimate effect.

'Ride him,' Lamia urged, her voice echoing through Sakti's mind, blinding out all other thoughts. *'Milk him of all that he's worth, and you'll be finally free of me!'*

Sakti was powerless to resist, his body moving in time, and he resented that she was even pretending that he had a choice in the matter. He felt himself settling down flush on Flarenze's groin, the solid branch of the other man's arousal nestled deep inside Sakti's core. Flarenze's entire masculinity was jutting up inside him, just as it was meant to, and as Sakti's buttocks pressed flush against Flarenze's thigh, the tiger began to cum, and as he began to cum, Lamia began to milk him.

Orgasms were meant to be ecstatically pleasurable, an enjoyable way to release one's tension and frustration. What happened to Flarenze, wasn't. The tiger should have spurted out his load, or at least, what amounted to a load, but Lamia had sunk her metaphysical claws into the tiger, and began to *extract* what she wanted from him instead.

Flarenze's cock *boiled* inside Sakti. The first throbbing pulse was so strange and alien feeling, as bubbles of energy catalyzed into physical fluid, a sexual plasma that hissed through spongy tissue, the tiger's barbs inflating grotesquely. Sakti whimpered, as he felt those barbs swell, growing hot and taut with the escaping plasma, twitching as they began to burst inside him.

Flarenze screamed, feeling every inch of his cock being somehow steamed and pressure cooked from the inside out. The fluid tickled its way along veins, singing along nerves, rupturing through the tender and delicate barbs that had until a moment ago been vibrating and singing

with pleasure. Once ruptured, each small nub became a raw sore, a tender wound that burned with every stroke of Sakti's ass against it.

Sakti felt the heat of the tiger's passion as it was sucked out of him, and absorbed in his own body. He delighted in the intensity of it; if the horse had been a block of granite, solid and dull, and the fox had been an ephemeral balloon, saccharine and deft, then the tiger's energy was a *steak*. He could feel the heat saturating into his body, warming him all over, his breath steaming as it poured out of his mouth. Still, he rode. His ass gripped, squeezing tightly against his former bully's shaft, gripping and dragging every inch of pleasure and pain that could be extracted out of the tiger's groin.

Flarenze, of course, was helpless. The only consolation, small and depressing as it was in its own right, was that as Sakti squeezed and rubbed and ruptured the pleasure out of Flarenze's shaft, the pain began to subside, the flesh itself being over wrought in its milking to the point that it was going numb. The tiger's great billy club began to get rubbery and half-hard, flexing half-heartedly inside Sakti's rear as the tiger churned and gulped down great gouts of the bigger feline's masculinity.

It wasn't just Flarenze's cock that was steaming off its hot load, of course. The two testicles, trapped and wounded as they were from the painfully tight elastrator band, were roasting on their own. Flarenze's cock acted as a lightning rod for the stud's backed up virility, the hot white masculinity condensing into and being conducted upwards and out of the tiger's body and into Sakti's, but the little green ring crushing Flarenze's right testicle kept that same energy from escaping from them. It still catalyzed, the ripened stem cells hissing and sizzling as they were soaked in the scalding manifestation of the tiger's lust, but there was no way for the energy to escape.

The tiger's testicles began to swell, the pressure building inside them as the magical energy grew and grew. The tender nodules began to rupture, the inside of the testicles bubbling as disparate blobs of energy burnt their way through greasy and delicate flesh, combining together to form a solid, highly pressurized bubble in the middle of the left testicle, and two smaller bubbles in each half of Flarenze's right testicle. The half of the nut that was above the crushing elastrator band was able to release its seed, the hot bubble scorching its way with abrupt organic movement into the tiger's epididymis. The soft reserve-sack, used to fluff and hold the 'finished sperm' before sending it up the cords to the tiger's groin, hissed as generations of tiger children were seared out of existence, the sperm fully eradicated in one blindingly hot burst of off-gassing. Flarenze's lips were bloody from biting into his tongue, squealing in panicked agony as that same red-hot bubble glurped and flowed its way up the highly sensitive nerves, bursting and popping its way up through his testicle cords and into the tiger's groin.

The other testicle, and the lower part of the right testicle, simply ruptured. The smaller half-testicle exploded with a hot, wet popping sound, the scrotum briefly ballooning outwards as the hot gassy nut chunks disintegrated catastrophically, splitting into two chunks and then four and then eight, until the entire nut was a foaming slurry of burnt flesh. The other testicle was too thick, intact and sturdy to disintegrate so quickly and easily. The epididymis ruptured, instead. It

had been where the steam was building up, since the elastrator ring had bound the cords of the testicle against the tiger's right nut; now that backed up pressure reached a crisis point, and the entire stretched, soft, saggy bag popped open. The nut spun, twisting wildly and chaotically as the off gas pushed it like a rocket's ejection plume. The end of Flarenze's fertility was marked with a disrespectfully flappy, wet farting sound, as the nut ejected its hot silken load into the tiger's scrotum, pooling with the steaming and half-cooked mass of the right testicle.

The trauma of that, and of feeling himself being roughly milked dry while having his cock cooked on the hoof, broke Flarenze. The tiger collapsed, eyes unfocused, bitten tongue bleeding onto the altar the former bully stared off into the darkness that shrouded the far wall.

Sakti was *full*. He was *potent*. Every moment of agony and careless destruction that Flarenze had suffered, had empowered and suffused him with levels of energy and capability that he could have only dreamed of. He could fly, if he wanted to - hell he could probably teleport! A brief moment of focus, and he could hear the thoughts of hundreds, no, thousands of people around him, hissing and whispering, shouting and moaning. Lovely.

He lifted himself off of Flarenze's ruined cock. The reddened mass, riddled with raw, tender holes where the flares had been, flopped lifelessly down onto Flarenze's belly with a heavy, meaty *smack*. It was *dead*, the equivalent of roadkill, and Sakti was in agreement with Lamia that such a desecrated corpse of what had once been a nice cock wasn't even fit for removal. Let him keep it, bandaged and seeping, a flaccid and grotesque testament to what Flarenze *had* been.

Sakti undid the tiger's bindings, and found the semi-conscious bully as easy to carry as the emasculated tiger had been earlier. Zephyr had been given the discretion of being dumped in the backyard, so that he could collect himself and make his little walk of shame home without being seen. Flarenze would be offered no such courtesies. He was dumped on the sidewalk, naked and moaning, his legs flopping akimbo to reveal the travesty, the visceral horror of what had once been a handsome and imposing male package. Sakti brushed his hands clear of it, grinning down at Flarenze as the tiger came half-way to.

"You... you're fucking... you're fucking CRAZY!?" Flarenze said, as he reached down with a shaking hand, feeling up the remains of his groin. He could feel the soggy, limp weight of his dick in his hand, but he couldn't feel his hand gripping his penis. It was all numb, all dead, all ruined. "What did you DO to me!?"

"I milked you dry, just like you wanted," Lamia and Sakti teased. Sakti even wiped his brow over his lips, then grinned down at the defeated tiger. A passing car slowed down, and Sakti could see that someone was staring at the big naked tiger on the sidewalk. "Looks like you better get going, before someone else decides they want a piece of the Flarenze pie."

"Monster!" Flarenze spat, crawling away from Sakti as best he could. Sakti let him go, imagining lifting up his foot and crushing the emasculated feline like the bug he was. He could do it, if he wanted to, he could do *anything*.

"That's right, little mouse! Run! Run back to your little hidey hole! And good luck explaining all that to your *wife*!" Sakti chortled, indulging himself with an evil snicker. He could feel Lamia, present inside, watching what he was doing - judging him.

"You know, I'm starting to enjoy this," he whispered, knowing that Lamia could hear him. "I mean, at first I was reluctant... The costs that the others had to pay was offensive. But then I realized... when you made me suck off the horse, when you made me *ride* my bully... that I'm suffering just as much as they are. Maybe more."

Sakti reached down, stroking his naked dick with one hand. He had not cum, even though Flarenze had - how was *that* fair? He grinned widely to the car that had slowed down, wagging his thick shaft in the vehicle's direction. The car sped off.

'I'm glad to hear it,' Lamia said. *'I imagine you're strong enough now to handle yourself, mm?'*

Sakti shrugged. "I suppose so, yeah." He headed back inside, striped tail swirling through the air behind him as he did. "I mean, all I have to do is ruin other males, and I'll just... absorb their power, right?"

'Something like that. You will both need to make a sacrifice, but if you do, you'll gain the rewards. You, and you alone.' the demoness intoned. *'Without sacrifice, you're just castrating others - which is a reward in and of itself, but not something that gives you anything.'*

"Uh huh, makes sense," Sakti said, scratching his belly. He wandered towards the basement - he could hear his phone bleeping. No, not just beeping; it was going crazy. A shrill and metallic cacophony of messages was blowing his phone up. Missed calls mingled with notifications mixed with texts, all the banal pop ups of banal people trying to show off their sad, pathetic little lies. Only it wasn't. These were all about him.

He scrolled through the list of notifications, accusations and confusion flashing across the screen. A screen shot from a security cam, of him leaving the Home Depot being followed by a horse. Incredulous texts from coworkers asking Sakti if he had attacked someone. A link to a video of Zephyr being interviewed, explaining what had happened to him - a picture of Sakti cropped from a photo taken at a party in college next to his head. He even had an alert on his phone, warning him to watch out for a 'dangerous and possibly dangerous male tiger' in his area. Sakti laughed, amused and bewildered. What in the nonsense was this?

Sakti flicked through the notifications, looking for one that was actually *interesting*. Requests for an interview from someone claiming to be from the local news station; an email from his boss; more texts from Zephyr's fox friends accusing him of being a monster. *Blah, blah, blah.*

The sound of the door opening upstairs caught his attention, though. The tiger's ears perked, and he smiled. *'Did you summon me a fresh meal, Lamia?'*

But there was no answer. Sakti probed internally, familiar and comfortable enough with the process to do so, but frowned as he realized that there was no trace of the demoness inside

him. Had she slunk out the back door? Had she dissipated, without even saying goodbye? That didn't seem very demonish. He tossed the phone to the side, and straddled the altar, facing the door and the stairs of whoever had decided to come and pay him a visit. Something seemed... wrong.

The footsteps overhead were plentiful, thumping. There was a crash, as something was overturned, and then another in a different room. Sakti canted his head, back and forth, curious. Was he being robbed? How amusing. He closed his eyes, feeling his way up into the upstairs mentally, to see what was going on - and realized, with a shock, that he was still stuck in his head.

"No, wait," He mumbled, trying again - but the ability to project his mind, the telepathic access to the minds and observations of others - was gone. "No, *wait*, Lamia, something's wrong-"

Lamia didn't respond, though. Sakti grasped his cell phone, just reaching for the first thing he could find really, and twisted it in half. Only, it didn't twist. His strength, as well as his telepathy, was *gone*. "Wait wait wait wait-"

But there was no time left. Any chance that Sakti had had, to escape, had been foolishly squandered. Footsteps thundered down the stairs, as the avengers of his victims came to claim their pound of flesh.

"Lamia, assist me!" he pleaded, as the door swung open, and for a half a second, he was relieved - for there was Lamia, in all her glory, standing in the doorway of the stairs. The demoness's face shifted, morphing into the darkly grinning smile of another female's face, one he recognized all too keenly - the face of the one that he had done all of this *for*.

"Suh... suhm.. Samantha!?" He choked out, as his girlfriend lifted one hand and pointed it at the depraved, blood stained tiger sitting on the altar of his freshly made dungeon.

"We gottem, boys!" Samantha said, her voice distorted with the dark, humorous undertone of the demoness. "He's in the basement! Cowering in terror!"

"Samantha, Lamia, what are-" Sakti stammered, trying to scurry backwards, as others streamed around Samantha and into the room. He recoiled away from the wolf that grabbed at his hand, hissing as a crocodile grabbed his foot. "No, UNHAND ME!"

He struggled, but there was no fight - he had not been prepared for this, had expected to be supernaturally gifted if something like this happened, had expected Lamia to *protect* him. He spat as he was gripped, limbs held and stretched apart, and secured down to the altar.

"WHY!? WE HAD A DEAL!" Sakti screeched, as his neck was chained, his arms held overhead, his legs bound and exposing his soft, pathetic bundled maleness.

"Oh, little one, we *did*, and then you *released* me from your service - remember?" Samantha said, but she was saying it in his head, the familiar voice of the demoness mingling with the soft

cooing of his rabbit girlfriend's voice. She was just a soft thing, incapable of harming a fly, and now she stood at the foot of the altar with the most evil grin that Sakti had seen - outside of a mirror, that is. "And now I have one last gift, something to *thank* you with, one final... sacrifice. Oh, and I will *enjoy* giving this to you."

Sakti's fur fluffed out, his tail going stiff as the demoness inhabiting his girlfriend's body picked up the elastrator. He turned to the others in the room, a mix of people he recognized and people he didn't.

"Toby," he begged, finding the dachshund standing next to him and staring down at him. He was Zephyr's friend, and Sakti had hung out with the dog occasionally, had eaten out with him and the rest of Zephyr's gang just last week. "You gotta release me... it's a trap.. the demon... there's a demon in Samantha!"

But Toby couldn't see him. There was a gray band of fog over the dog's eyes, as he stared sullenly forward, somewhere else entirely.

"Oh, you won't be having *any* help from them," Samantha said. "And you know, I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist... won't this be *fun*, emasculating you in front of a whole group of people? People who won't remember anything except what *I* want them to remember?"

"Lamia, I did everything you wanted!" Sakti squeaked, as the rabbit's small, white furred paw wrapped around his scrotum. "You were supposed to help me, not abandon me!" He tried to wiggle his hips away from Samantha, pulling his precious marbles away from her soft, furry fingers.

"Oh, and I appreciate it. Each sacrifice you made, made us both stronger," Lamia said, as she pinched the balls, pushing them down into the open green ring of the freshly reloaded elastrator. "But you're all burned out, and I have bigger, juicier fish to fry. Besides, you're quite erect, Sakti, so don't tell me this *isn't* your ultimate fetish."

SNAP. The band closed around the tiger's scrotum, up high, his testicles choked off instantly. Sakti groaned, his body trying to double up to protect itself. It was like being kicked in the groin, only constant and unendingly, just a growing surge of nauseating pain deep in his guts.

"It's..not..." He begged, as Samantha's soft fingers wrapped around his shaft. He was erect, but that had to have been from what he had done with Flarenze, the power that he had stolen from the other tiger. It was a residual effect. Though he knew - and knew that Lamia could see that he was realizing - that there was no power. He was erect because he was aroused, and for no other reason. "Fuck."

"Now you get it," Lamia teased. "Such a cute little penis, too. I think I'll entertain myself with it while we wait for those pathetic little balls of yours to die on the vine - how does that sound to you?" She cuddled Sakti's fingers between her palms, her thumbs stroking the firm flesh, rubbing their soft fuzzy fur up against the straining, seeping glans. "I think you like the idea."

"Just leave me, wretch," Sakti sobbed. He knew that she was going to destroy him, that her only delight was in inflicting pain. "Samantha, if you're in there, if you can hear me, it's not too late... just tell Lamia that you don't want this, she's a demon, she's possessing you-"

"Uh uh uh, you bold little scamp," Lamia said. Her thumbs began to push down, peeling the lips of the tiger's penis away from each other. The delicate flesh began to tear, the tiger rowling in pain as she peeled the skin off of the end of his cockhead like the skin of a poached peach. "How very arrogant of you, to assume that this.. what I'm doing right now... *isn't* what Samantha wanted to do to you, more than anything."

"It's not true!" Sakti yelled, staring in horror as the skin of his cock was peeled away and left in soft, translucent puddles at the root of his shaft. The naked flesh of his cock itself was exposed, and it burned in the cool air, and burned even harsher as the rabbit's soft fur began to tickle and tease along the exposed flesh. "Samantha, fight it! Fight for me!"

"Oh, that is the question, isn't it?" Lamia teased. She stroked her finger tip along the tiger's exposed cockhead, pressing the soft pad of her finger against his naked frenum, scraping harshly against the exposed nerve cluster there as he howled in agony. "I think that you deserve an answer, though. Does Samantha *love* you? Because if she loves you, obviously, that will protect you. It protected Zephyr, after all, right?"

Sakti whimpered, shaking his head as she pressed fingertips into the top and side of his cock, into the flesh of the barrel, about halfway down his length. Her fingers probed, and with a soft crackling sound, began to worm their way into the flesh itself. It wasn't anything magical, she was simply separating one of the spongy strips of tissues that was used to 'inflate' and give his penis its length and thickness away from the rest of his penis. Her sleek fingers wiggled all the way through from the side, and he watched in horror as they emerged through the top of the barrel, a strip of flesh being separated away from the main body of the cock.

"She *loves* me," Lamia sang, in Samantha's sweet, soft voice, as she pulled her fingers up and through the length of his penis. The shaft tissue separated easily from the rest of the cock, but when she got to the glans of the penis, she had to curl her fingers, clenching down and pulling, ripping a fleshy part of his cockhead free from the rest of his shaft as well. He felt his frenulum sing in excruciating pain as the delicate nerves were ripped in half, torn free from his body. Samantha held up the strip of his penis, about the length and thickness of a string cheese stick, and popped it in her mouth.

"She loves me *not*," Lamia said, around her mouthful. Fingers descended onto his shaft and separated the other strip of spongy tissue, baring the length of his urethra, the stringy, rubbery white cum tube resting against the 'belly' of his cock as the rest of it was pulled loose and away from his groin. The sensation of the flesh being ripped free of his groin, peeled off like velcro and then held up dangling like a freshly caught fish, was too much.

Sakti was horrified to realize that he was *climaxing*. He wasn't enjoying this at all, he was wallowing in anguish and self loathing as he watched his maleness getting stripped apart piece

by piece, but as Samantha reached down for the piddling four inches of the underside of his cock, his remnant began to twitch. IT was as if his body was trying to convince his girlfriend to spare him by showing her that it was still fully capable of breeding her, even diminished. Of course, knowing that he was still functional just cemented that he was going to lose every last piece of him. She stroked the naked stem of his arousal, the flexing urethra and the underbelly of his shaft wiggling and pooling seed over her fingers as she tauntingly jerked the ruined remnants of his cock off. First masturbating him, then gripping the root of his remaining maleness, and twisting, she uncorked the last of his cock away from him.

It came free in her hand, the last of his penis, trailing a small amount of purplish root tissue.

"Good news, babe, she *loves* you!" Samantha said, dangling the wormy, oozing length over Sakti's muzzle. She draped the warm, slimy piece of flesh across his snout, as if it were a treat for a dog to do a trick for.

"Well, I thought that would be more satisfying. I guess you've heard *that* before, though, huh?" Samantha gloated. She reached down, taking the tiger's purplish balls between her palms. "Time for the big finale. I hope you're ready for this," she said.

"Ready for..." Sakti mumbled, confused, and embarrassed. His groin was still spurting seed, as the last of his dick remained draped over his snout, and now she was squeezing and crushing his fat nuts in against each other. He realized what she meant, as the gray bands that were obscuring the minds and vision of the others began to dissipate, their slack expressions turning to a mix of disgust, satisfaction and horror at seeing the bound and mostly emasculated tiger.

"Look at this *pervert!*" She taunted, as she yanked on the tiger's balls. "He's ripped off and eaten his own cock.. and now he wants YOURS! Are we gonna let him do that?!"

"No, it was her, it was Samantha!" Sakti pled, and Samantha looked at him with a hurt, shocked expression.

"Me? You're accusing *me*, your *girlfriend*, of doing this to you?! Sweetie, I've been with everyone else, we came down here, and here you are, all dolled up like a gimp on a date." She had been casually 'rubbing' his balls, and there was no way for the others to know just how painfully she was grinding his nuts against each other, stroking the smooth, bulging flesh against each other so that they distended and bruised with the exquisite torture.

"Rip them off!" Toby said, abruptly, and Sakti shrieked.

"No! No, I need them, don't rip them off!"

"Rip them off! Rip them off!" The crowd jeered, chanting, pumping their fists in unison, excited to see the tiger lose his precious testicles.

"Samantha-" He tried to convince her not to, to just let him go, but it was too late. He saw the glimmer of yellow in the rabbit's eyes, and felt her fingers casually squeeze down. Being such a

little rabbit, she shouldn't have had the strength to do it, but with Lamia's added strength, the tiger's balls were crushed into each other like play-dough. Not just flattened, *mushed*, the flesh forced to mash into each other. Testicular walls ruptured, and the springy, rubbery innards were crushed into themselves, spears of greasy ball giblets tingling as they mingled with the other nut's own giblets. The whole mass of flesh felt itself, like a tongue tasting itself, for just a moment, before the crushing fingers finished masticating the balls into paste.

Sakti's last realization, as he blacked out, was that people were *cheering* for him to be emasculated. They were celebrating him losing everything. It just... wasn't... fair.