

FRENZY

The neon sign outside Frenzy pulsed with electric promise, its lurid pink glow casting shadows across Blizzard's pristine white fur as he pushed through the heavy doors. The polar bear's ice-blue lips curved into an eager grin, his massive frame filling the doorway as he surveyed the dimly lit interior. Leather-clad patrons lounged in shadowy booths, talking quietly. The smell of fried food - onions, garlic, and chicken - mixed with the scent of musk and the coppery tang of... beer.

"Awesome place!" Blizzard announced to no one in particular, his booming voice carrying across the bar as he strode toward the tall wooden bar. The polar bear had come here on his way home from the gym, and hadn't bothered to change out of his gear first. His workout shorts, already straining against his impressive endowment, rode up with each step, showing off fat quads and drawing tight around his meaty ass. Of course, did it need to be said? The fabric stretched *obscenely* around the mango-sized bulges of his beefy, massive *nuts*. He had a dick, too, of course - a *big* dick - but the ridged bulge it made was trivial to the sheer weighted mass of his nuts. Together, the outline of his massive package swung hypnotically from thigh to thigh with his eager gait, drawing hungry stares from every corner of the establishment.

A Bengal tiger, sitting motionless at the far end of the bar, locked eyes on the approaching feast the moment the bear's thick paws crossed the threshold. His tongue darted across his lips as he watched the polar bear swagger past a group of bikers and headed directly towards the center of the bar. Everything about the polar bear was bright and loud, and the quiet, dim coven of predators stared at him delightedly because of it.

"Fresh meat," the feline murmured to himself, clicking his tongue with satisfaction as he rose from his stool. The gin fizz remained as the tiger slinked towards the much more tantalizing morsel before him. Blizzard had barely ordered his first drink, watching eagerly as the bartender poured a stout beer, when the distinguished tiger materialized beside him, one manicured paw settling possessively on the bear's massive shoulder.

"You must be new here," the bear's new friend purred, his cultured voice cutting through the bar's ambient noise. "Allow me to welcome you properly. My name is *Charn*, and I must say, you cut quite an impressive figure."

"Thanks, dude!" Blizzard beamed, tightening his shoulders in a friendly flex automatically. His pectorals swelled beneath his tight tank top, the fabric straining against the powerful muscles beneath. "I've been working really hard on my physique. Strict diet, strict discipline, but it's all totally worth it when guys like you notice!"

"Oh, I notice everything," Charn assured him, his voice dropping to a hungry whisper. The tiger's pupils dilated as he watched the bear preen under his attention. Such magnificent specimens were rare... a huge hunk of bear, all that prime muscle wrapped around such gloriously

oversized reproductive organs, and *completely* unaware of just how delicious he was Charn's fingers traced the edge of Blizzard's shoulder, feeling the density of the meat beneath that perfect white fur. "And I'm not the only one."

As if summoned by the tiger's words, one of the bikers separated from the pack, strolling up to the other bear. A eyepatch covered his right eye, the polished black leather glinting in the bar's dim light. The scarred black bear moved the easy, comfortable gait that came with knowing that you had the power to fuck literally anyone up if you felt like it. From the shadows in one corner, a sleek green dragon with scales that shimmered like oil followed, his forked tongue flicking out to taste the air around the plume of his cigar smoke.

"Well, well," the black bear rumbled, his gravelly voice carrying dark amusement as he sized up the polar bear. "What have we here? You're quite the stud, aren't you, big guy?"

Blizzard's chest puffed with pride, completely missing the predatory gleam in the bear's remaining eye. "You think so? Thanks! I really do try to stay in shape! It's all about dedication, you know?" The polar bear's eyes widened with the onset of a bright idea, and he stuffed his fingers into the black bear's whisker, fishing out the big square ice cube swimming in it. "Watch this, I can crush this shit with my pecs!" The bear's grin only widened as his drink was desecrated.

The dragon's serpentine neck craned forward as he studied the polar bear's musculature, appraising the way the big muscles clung to the bear's skeleton. "Fascinating," he hissed, his voice carrying a sibilant quality that made the words tickle inside Blizzard's brain. "Such... substantial development. You must be quite proud of your achievements."

"I sure am!" Blizzard laughed, the sound booming through the bar as he tucked the ice cube into his elbow and flexed his arm. The motion caused his shorts to ride even higher, the fabric bunching around his massive testicles and making them even more prominent. Several patrons stared openly, their expressions hungry. Calculating. Nobody cared as the ice cube crunched into snow, powdering onto the floor by the polar bear's feet.

"So cool," the bear said, before nodding to the bartender and giving him a wink. Within moments, a fresh drink appeared behind the oblivious polar bear, with a squirt of a dark purple gel added on top. The black bear picked it up, swirling it and offering it to Blizzard. The amber liquid glowed with an unnatural luminescence, but Blizzard was too distracted by his new friends' attention to notice.

"On the house," Garras explained sincerely, his scarred muzzle twisting into what might have been a smile. "We are all looking forward to making you a part of the group."

The polar bear downed the drink in one massive gulp, his throat working as the drugged alcohol burned its way down. Almost immediately, a pleasant warmth spread through his system, tickling the back of his mind, and helping to make him feel more relaxed and agreeable than usual. His inhibitions, which were never particularly strong to begin with, dissolved as smoothly as the ice cube powder on the floor.

"You guys are awesome," Blizzard said, popping both of his arms into double flex, and preening openly. "Most people just stare, you know? But you actually appreciate the work I put into my body."

Charn's paw ran along the polar bear's massive arms as if appraising the muscle density. His touch lingered on the thick biceps, fingers pressing into the firm flesh with barely concealed hunger. "Oh, we definitely appreciate *quality* when we see it," the tiger murmured. "Such incredible development... and these proportions..."

The dragon had positioned himself behind Blizzard, his scaled hands tracing the bear's broad back through the straining fabric of his tank top. "Remarkable musculature," he hissed appreciatively, his claws catching slightly on the material and dragging up the back of it. "Oh, and you smell good... pungent and ripened with the musk of exertion. Please, confess - did you come here straight from the gym?"

Blizzard giggled, yes, *giggled* at the attention, his usual masculine bravado softened by the drugs soaking into his system. "I definitely did. Sorry if I'm all..." He searched for the words, gesturing absently. "But you can totally feel me up more if you want," he offered magnanimously, eyes widening in surprise as another drink appeared in his massive paw. "Whoa. Magic."

Garras moved closer, his remaining eye glancing down at the impressive bulge straining against the polar bear's shorts, then up to Charn's openly salivating muzzle. "That's a generous offer, bud. I don't think we'd even think of turning down such an opportunity." he growled, his scarred paws settling on Blizzard's narrow waist.

The three predators worked in the naturally practiced coordination a pack of hunters, paws roaming across the big polar bear's powerful frame with increasing boldness. Garras's fingers traced the outline of Blizzard's pectorals with his rough paws, groping the prime cuts of meat hidden beneath that pristine fur. The dragon's tongue flicked out to taste the salt on the bear's neck, savoring the clean, masculine flavor that promised such delicious meals ahead.

"Oh, wow, this feels so good," Blizzard mumbled, his massive head lolling back as skilled paws explored his body, as the three predators guided him to lean back against the bar. He felt so sensitive all of a sudden, each caress and squeeze and cupping grope sending pleasant waves of euphoria rolling through his brain. He didn't notice when Garras began tugging at his tank top, or when Charn's claws found the waistband of his shorts.

"Let's get you more comfortable," the tiger purred, his voice dripping with false concern as he began working the straining fabric down over the bear's swelling cock and his magnificent testicles. "You must be so confined in all these clothes..."

Blizzard offered no resistance as his garments were peeled away, his euphoric mind interpreting the hungry looks surrounding him as simple admiration. The waistband of his shorts wouldn't stretch over the bulk of his shaft, so Charn had to reach down inside and grasp his shaft by the middle, twisting and leveraging it slowly past the restrictive elastic of his gym shorts. "That has to feel better," the tiger said, holding the half-hard, floppish dick as best he could with one paw,

as the fat balls still in the bear's shorts sagged against the bulge in the center of the still-straining fabric. Charn tugged upwards, and then relaxed, letting the shorts hug Blizzard's nuts up against the underside of his shaft as the thickened, pale blue meat began to harden fully in his paw.

Around the bar, conversations had ceased entirely. Every patron now openly stared at the naked polar bear, their expressions ranging from raw hunger to calculating appraisal. Several were already making quiet bets about which parts would taste the sweetest, their voices carrying just enough for Blizzard to hear fragments of their discussions.

"Look at the marbling on those thighs..."

"I would snack on those pecs for a *week*..."

"Fucking Charn, always getting dibs on the biggest nuts..."

But Blizzard, lost in his drugged haze, heard only admiration in their words. His massive cock swelled to its full sixteen-inch glory, the thick shaft pulsing with each thunderous heartbeat as blood rushed to engorge the already impressive organ. The bulbous head flared wide and proud, a deep blue-tinged crown that made every mouth in the bar water with anticipation.

Garras pressed his big rough paw against the polar bear's chest, pinning the drugged giant down onto a stool with his back against the polished wood of the bar. The black bear's thick, blunt claws stroked possessively across those pristine white muscles of the bear's chest, feeling the density and weight of prime meat beneath that perfect fur. "Easy there, big guy," the black bear rumbled into Blizzard's ear, his hot breath making the polar bear shiver with pleasure. "Just let us appreciate what you've got here."

"Oh man," Blizzard groaned, his voice thick with arousal as his massive frame was pressed against the cool bar surface. "You guys really know how to make a guy feel special. This is awesome!"

Charn had knelt down, still stroking the bear's giant dick with one paw as he ripped the gym shorts down to the bear's knees. Blizzard's smooth-skinned sack flopped free, loose and sagging over the end of the stool, and Charn stuffed his snout in between the fattened bear eggs, stroking his cold wet nose into the groove of scrotal cleavage and smearing the bear's scent against his muzzle. The tiger's green eyes dilated with hunger as he breathed in the musk of those huge, grapefruit-sized organs, each one a perfect sphere of dense, protein-rich flesh wrapped in taut skin. His cupped beneath and behind them, and stuffed them forward, grinning them against his maw as he explored the weight and heft of the polar bear's most precious assets.

"Extraordinary specimens," Charn murmured, his clinical tone masking the ravenous desire burning in his chest. The bear's left had been abandoned, swinging lazily over head as the tiger hefted the left testicle in one palm, marveling at its substantial weight and the way it filled his entire hand. "The density is remarkable... such perfect development."

The dragon had coiled his sinuous form around Blizzard's other side, his oil-slick scales gleaming as his head dipped down. The dragon's serpentine tongue emerged to taste the polar bear's magnificent erection, dipping at first down into the loose foreskin that still covered the bear's erect cockhead. The forked appendage was impossibly long and dexterous, coiling under the dick shroud to wrap around the glans of the bear's shaft, before stroking off with a rough, wet slick sound. The dragon didn't bother to say anything, his paw moving to push against Blizzard's stomach, 'keeping' the polar bear in place as his cock wrapped around the thick shaft like a living rope. It twined twice around Blizzard's shaft, reaching from the root to the tip, before beginning to stroke with methodical precision. Each lick sent shivers of pleasure through the drugged bear's nervous system, making him buck up into the air with careless abandon.

"Delicious," the dragon hissed, his voice vibrating with satisfaction as he savored the clean, masculine flavor of the polar bear's arousal. "Such a pure, untainted taste... absolutely divine."

Blizzard's head lolled back in ecstasy, his ice-blue lips parted as pants of pleasure escaped his throat. The combination of the bear's weight pressing him down, the tiger's skilled manipulation of his testicles, and the dragon's incredible tongue work was overwhelming his drug-addled senses. "Fuck yeah," he groaned, his massive hips thrusting involuntarily. "You guys are amazing at this!"

Charn's attention had become laser-focused on the massive testicle in his grasp, his tongue darting out to lap over the salty skin as he contemplated the best approach. Beside him, the dragon continued his oral ministrations, but their eyes met over the polar bear's trembling form with barely concealed rivalry.

"I should go first," Charn stated with quiet authority, his fingers tightening possessively around the hefty organ, making it bulge between them. "He can't even see what I'm doing down here."

The dragon's tongue paused in its stroking, unwinding from around Blizzard's cock, his scaled head rising to meet the tiger's challenging gaze. "And risk him losing all of his firmness when he finds out?" he scoffed, his sibilant voice carrying an edge of menace. "Anyone in this bar can chew off a sack, *amateur*."

Blizzard lifted his head, his drugged mind struggling to process their conversation through the haze of pleasure. "Hey, hey," he slurred, his voice carrying that same eager-to-please tone that had made him such perfect prey. "Don't fight over me, guys! There's totally more than enough of me to go around. You can both play with my stuff *together*! I love the attention!"

Above him, Garras had been studying the thick slabs of Blizzard's pectorals with a butcher's smile. His long tongue licked down over Blizzard's throat, and down to the left, his hot breath washing over the sensitive flesh as his tongue lapped broadly over one nipple.

"Damn, dude, you taste good," the bear said, playfully catching the fat blue pepperoni between uneven teeth. The friction made Blizzard arch his back, pushing his chest eagerly against the bear's snout, as the bear's lazy licks became loose gnawing, bear teeth digging along succulent polar bear tittie.

Below, Charn and the dragon had reached an agreement, the tiger nodding with satisfaction as he positioned his muzzle near the hefty testicle he'd claimed. "He makes a good point," he conceded to the dragon. "We might as well share our feast. I'll start with this magnificent specimen while you work on his... impressive length."

"Fuck yes!" Blizzard cheered, completely missing the predatory gleam in all three of his adoring fans' eyes. "I knew you guys would work it out! There's plenty of me for everyone!"

The dragon's long tongue resumed its stroking with renewed enthusiasm, the forked tip teasing in a lazy curl around the sensitive glans and toying against the seeping slit, while the rest of the appendage worked the thick shaft with hypnotic rhythm, gripping the root and stroking upwards to coax that flesh to an it's full, impressive length Meanwhile, Charn was sucking on the bear's left nut, isolating it in both paws like a burger and stroking the very tips of his sharp fangs against the pale white skin. Garras' jaw worked methodically, testing the resistance of the firm flesh as he mouthed over a bigger hunk of pec flesh, feeling the firm muscles shudder against his fangs.

"Oh God," Blizzard moaned, his massive frame trembling as three skilled predators worked over his body simultaneously. "You guys are incredible! I've never felt anything like this!"

The sensation of Garras's teeth penetrating into his pectoral flesh, puncturing through to the dense muscle beneath, felt like the most intense massage Blizzard had ever experienced, the drugs in his system translating what should have been pain into waves of overwhelming pleasure. He arched his back and cried out in ecstasy as the fangs dug slowly through the muscle, bunching the caught flesh up into Garras' mouth.

"Fuck yeah, go to town on my nips dude! Go harder, I can take it!" he encouraged, completely unaware that Garras already had begun to chew in earnest, working his powerful jaws to work loose one big hunk of the polar bear's magnificent chest muscle.

Blood frothed against Garras' gums as his teeth worked into the muscle, further each time, but the drugs now coursing through Blizzard's system made the pain an enjoyable, pleasurable, intense sensation. When Garras finally tore his muzzle free, ripping a substantial portion of the left pectoral, nipple and all, along with it, the wound felt like nothing more than a distant, warm sensation to the polar bear's drugged consciousness.

Garras pressed his bulk more firmly against Blizzard's side, his remaining eye gleaming with predatory satisfaction as he surveyed the damage he'd already inflicted. The polar bear's left pectoral now sported a ragged, bleeding wound where the black bear had torn away a substantial chunk of muscle and nipple, yet their victim remained blissfully unaware of his mutilation. The scarred predator's paw settled possessively on Blizzard's remaining intact pectoral, fingers digging into the firm flesh as he prepared to continue his feast.

"Look at that tiger down there," Garras rumbled into Blizzard's ear, his gravelly voice thick with false camaraderie. "He's really struggling to get that huge ball of yours in his mouth. Can you see how hard he's working for it?"

Blizzard lifted his head with drug-addled enthusiasm, his ice-blue eyes focusing on Charn's stretched jaw and bulging cheeks. Below, Charn was finally managing to cram the entire right testicle into his muzzle, the stretchy scrotum acting as a buffer between teeth and organ as the nut shlooped fully into the feline's maw. His thick fangs pressed into the sensitive flesh from all sides, his jaws forced open by the sheer bulk of Blizzard's massive nut. The tiger reached down to his own groin, stroking himself idly with one hand as he began to grind his jaws back and forth against the huge meaty organ caught between them.

"Fuuuck, dude, I never seen someone get my whole ball in their mouth before!" Blizzard gasped, watching the tiger's bulging cheeks with drugged fascination. "You're really into my big bear balls, aren't you?" The tiger merely looked back up at him, a soft wet gristly sound coming from the tiger's maw as fangs perforated through the scrotum and into the nut itself. Warm nut guts began to bubble out of the overpacked organ, semen steaming in high-pressure spritzes against the tiger's tongue as he ground the nut down between his jaws.

"Holy shit," Blizzard slurred with genuine admiration, his voice thick with arousal. "Dude, that's so hot watching y'all worship my junk like that! I've never felt someone suck on my ball before... it's so insane! You guys are incredible!"

Garras's scarred muzzle twisted into what might have been a grin as he pinched and tugged at Blizzard's remaining nipple, rolling the sensitive nub between his claws. "That's right, stud," he growled encouragingly. "You're such a magnificent specimen. No wonder everyone wants a part of you."

The words sent a thrill of pride through the drugged polar bear's consciousness, his massive chest swelling with satisfaction even as blood continued to seep from his mangled pectoral. Below, Charn's jaw worked with mechanical precision, his powerful muscles contracting rhythmically as he began to crush the testicle trapped within his muzzle. The organ compressed under the relentless pressure, its dense flesh yielding to the tiger's determination with a wet splattering sound of decompressing flesh. The bulge of the tiger's cheeks shifted, as the smooth, hard egg that was bloating his mouth rapidly disintegrated into chunky patches of thick bear nut soup, coating the tiger's tongue with a slick, protein-dense fluid that made his pupils dilate with satisfaction. He worked his powerful jaw muscles, grinding the ruined organ into paste as he savored every drop.

"Oh fuck," Blizzard groaned, his massive hips bucking involuntarily as waves of sensation washed through his nervous system. The drugs had twisted his pain receptors so thoroughly that the destruction of his reproductive organs felt like the most intense pleasure he'd ever experienced. "Whatever you're doing, please don't stop! I think I'm going to cum just from that!"

The dragon had been watching this display with growing impatience, his serpentine form coiled around Blizzard's lower legs, casually binding them together, as his impossibly long tongue continued its ministrations. The forked appendage had been working the polar bear's massive cock with hypnotic rhythm, but now the scaled predator wanted more substantial satisfaction.

His needle-sharp teeth emerged from his scaled lips, gleaming like surgical instruments in the bar's dim lighting.

"Your balls are nice... but even more impressive is this length," the dragon hissed, his sibilant voice carrying notes of hungry appreciation. "Sixteen inches of thick, masculine pride... it would be a shame to *waste* such a magnificent specimen."

Blizzard's drug-addled mind interpreted the dragon's words as the highest form of flattery, his massive frame trembling with pleasure as that incredible tongue continued its work. "Thanks, dude! I've always been proud of my equipment. You're right, don't waste this opportunity to ride my dick!"

The dragon pressed his lips against the bear's cockhead, his tongue narrowly twisting and spiraling down into the slit, stretching the urethra slickly around itself as it sounded deep into the bear's length. The bear groaned, head tossing back as the thick tongue split down the length of the piss chute, forcibly widening the inside of the bear's cum tube regardless of its innate resistance.

"So this is sounding?!" Blizzard mused, his grin wide, his eyes closed, loving the sensation of fullness and delicious friction as the nubile dragon tongue toyed along the inside of his cock. "Dude, you've licked all over and inside my dick, I Really want to see you take it!"

The dragon's eyes narrowed, but he was in no position to speak, not with his tongue half a foot down the bear's big, beefy penis. He pushes his snout against Blizzard's cock, leaving small nipping 'kisses' as he gradually worked down towards the root of it. His tongue reluctantly retracted as he did so, the bear's cock head slowly splitting along the frenum as the muscular organ pried down between the meaty lobes. The dragon's scaled muzzle ended up positioned at the very base of Blizzard's shaft, razor-sharp teeth briefly exposed before closing around the sensitive skin where cock met groin. The dragon's first bite was gentle, but it didn't need to be hard - the scalpel-like teeth sank smoothly into the firm flesh, carefully avoiding the central nerve bundle as they stabbed into firm meat of Blizzard's fat dick.

"Yes!" Blizzard cried out, his voice echoing through the now-silent bar as every patron watched the feeding frenzy with rapt attention. "I'm being tag-teamed! In front of everyone?! This is the best night ever!"

"Look at you," Garras growled, having stepped around to Blizzard's other side and nuzzling down against the remaining nipple with teasing nibbles. "Such a generous stud, letting everyone have their fill. You're going to make so many predators happy tonight."

The one-eyed bear's powerful jaws clamped down into the thick muscle casually, the skin stretching taut as it was crumpled with the flesh beneath it between the black bear's clamping bite. The taste of that perfect white flesh had awakened something primal in the scarred bear, and he opened his mouth just enough to snag *more* of that meaty pectoral between his fangs, before wrenching his head to the side and pulling hard.

Most of Blizzard's pectoral stretched away from his body, and then slid free like a greasy hunk of cooked chicken. The skin tore, disgorging the fresh succulent muscle, and Garras reared his head back to snap the entirety of the pectoral down with eager, snapping gulps.

The dragon had made significant progress at the base of Blizzard's cock, his needle-sharp teeth working through skin, muscle, and the complex network of blood vessels that kept the massive organ functional. Each bite severed crucial connections, but the polar bear's drug-addled nervous system translated the systematic destruction into overlapping waves of overwhelming pleasure.

Charn gulped down the liquid paste, and grasped the bear's scrotum in his paws, tugging it apart like a wrestler's tank-top. It tore, the remaining gleaming nugget dropping down to yank and dangle on its cords, tantalizingly heavy, irresistably meaty.

"How long it been since you got off?" Charn asked, more teasing himself than really caring. He could see the way the tubules bulged against the tunica, the way the testicle strained to rupture with it's potent, backed up load of cum tucked painfully into every nook and cranny.

"A couple days," Blizzard whined, as Charn nuzzled against the heavy egg, licking roughly, lewdly up over the dangling organ.

"Four days, actually," Charn said, smacking his lips. "Nuts get a certain delicious sourness when they're too backed up. It's addictive." He leaned forward, and began to slurp against the naked flesh, drawing the straining, exposed organ over his sharp teeth.

"Oh God, oh fuck," Blizzard panted, his massive head thrown back in ecstasy as his sexuality was systematically dismantled and consumed by hungry predators. "I can't... this is too much... you're all so good at this!"

Garras leaned in, affectionately nuzzling into the loose, hanging pelt that used to cover Blizzard's pectoral. His tongue came out, licking against the gleaming, exposed ribed, his fur bristling with the flavor of fresh *bone*.

Charn jammed his head up into Blizzard's groin, nearly kissing the dragon's long snout, in order to force the huge egg that he was working on fully past his scratching, gouging fangs. The mango-sized organ jammed right past his tongue and into his throat, the tiger's neck ballooning outwards with a massive bulge as his gullet was instantaneously bloated with a pound and a half of fresh nut meat.

The dragon completed the trio's coordinated assault, his teeth meeting finally with a satisfying click as the the last stubborn tissues anchoring Blizzard's magnificent cock to his groin were finally severed. The sixteen-inch shaft came free with a spray of arterial blood, jutting obscenely from one side of the dragon's long snout, the weight of it briefly causing the off-balance reptilian's head to sag, the precum oozing head smearing across Charn's brow in an obscene baptism.

Charn looked up at the dragon, his mouth full of bear nut, and the dragon looked down at Charn, his mouth full of bear dick, and they both smiled to each other. The dragon began to chew, tongue sinuously gripping and tugging in the bear's massive dick like a large, comical cigar, inch after inch being shredded between those long slender fangs.

The combination of having his chest stripped away, both testicles consumed, and his massive cock severed should have killed Blizzard instantly. Instead, the cocktail of drugs in his system triggered the most intense orgasm of his life, phantom sensations from his destroyed nervous system creating a feedback loop of impossible pleasure.

"FUCK!" Blizzard roared, his voice cracking with the intensity of the remaining muscles in his body tensed, his body ejaculating through a system missing most of its primary components. The bear's prostate was all that remained, and it dutifully purged its stored seed, the slick seed splattering out of his torn, empty groin, and over the tiger's face crouching between his thighs. It was his body's final act of masculine pride even as his sexual organs were being chewed and swallowed and digested in three separate stomachs.

"There we go," Garras purred with satisfaction, blood still dripping from his scarred muzzle as he surveyed their handiwork. "Such a good stud, giving us everything you had."

Two more predators materialized from the shadows, a lean wolf and a stocky boar, their eyes bright with hunger as they sized up what remained of the polar bear. "Time for the back room?" the wolf inquired, his voice carrying the casual tone of someone discussing the weather.

"Absolutely," Garras confirmed, his powerful arms sliding under Blizzard's mutilated form. "Our friend here has been so generous, we should return the favor with some privacy."

Blizzard's drug-addled consciousness barely registered the transition as he was helped away from the bar. He staggered, his gait affected by the sudden disappearance of nearly twenty pounds of his weight, but he was able to stand on his feet as he was led towards a wooden door in an unlit part of the bar. His vision swam with sexual euphoria and chemical bliss as more predators stood and began to follow, eager to claim their own portions.

As Blizzard passed Charn, who was still working to swallow the massive testicle lodged in his throat, the tiger raised one blood-stained paw in farewell. Blizzard, his fried brain still interpreting everything through the lens of friendship and admiration, managed to lift his own paw, giving the feline a thumbs up.

"Th-thanks, bro, I never thought anyone could... my whole ball.." he slurred, his voice barely audible as strong hands tugged and guided him past the tiger. "You guys are the best..."

"No, no," Charn assured Blizzard, "You are definitely the best tasting guy in the room."

Blizzard laughed, as he was led in through the door to the back room, followed by a dozen or so hungry predators. It closed with a soft click behind them.

Hours later, a bored-looking janitor wheeled a garbage bin into the alley behind Frenzy, the metal container clanking against the brick wall as he positioned it beside the dumpster. The container had no lid, and inside it was the expected trash you'd see from a bar. Broken bottles, crushed fruits, ruined coaster. A large, pristine skull, scoured almost completely clean of flesh, and a pair of shiny green posing trunks that had, not so long ago, contained one of the biggest, meatiest, *tastiest* packages that the bar had ever seen.

The polar bear who had entered the bar so full of life and naive enthusiasm had been reduced to scraps and memories, his incredible physique now distributed among the bellies of predators who would remember his flavor for a couple days, or perhaps even until the next stud visited the bar.

The janitor finished his work and wheeled the empty bin back inside, leaving only shadows and the lingering scent of cum and drying blood in the cold night air.