

Neal's striped fur bristled with anticipation as he pushed open his apartment door, ears perking at the distant splash of running water. He was home early, today, and had half expected to catch his roommate in the middle of fucking his boyfriend on the kitchen table. Neal's dick twitched, curled up in the pouch of his jock like a half-cooked kielbasa, plumped and dripping. He would not have minded joining in, not today.

"Phil?" he calls out, keys clacking against each other as he tosses them into a ceramic bowl by the door. He let out a quick giggle, sauntering down the hallway towards the main living area. He paused at the door to the bathroom, hearing the water running inside. Hmm. The Saint Bernard was taking a shower. Oh well. Neal continued past the bathroom, into the kitchen area, sniffing hopefully at the air. There was definitely the smell of sex, of Phil's cum in the air, but it was just a hint, a tease, hours old at this point. What's this, though?

Neal sauntered over to the kitchen table, his athletic frame moving with the characteristic droop of a hyena's back, accentuating the firm contours of his ass as he investigated a package on the table. A brown Amazon box had been left open next to an old bowl of cereal, and beside it lay a black plastic and glass device that he instantly recognized. It was a penis pump - the vacuum tubes used by men to enhance the size of their fat dicks. This wasn't just *any* penis pump, though, this was the PrecisionPump 9000, the top-of-the-line option that Neal had been eyeing online for *months*. Bizarrely, it had a dildo stuffed inside it, a smooth human shaft with a bulbous tip. *Peculiar.*

Neil wrapped his fingers around the pump, the smooth pyrex heavy in his grip as he lifted it up to examine it. The dildo slid out of it, hitting the table with a fleshy whumph, but Neal could only fixate on one thing at a time. The pyrex vacuum chamber was warm against his fingers, the inside of the pyrex damp with moisture. Neal turned it over, examining the electronic control panel at one end – a simple interface with a green button for activation and a red one for release. A satisfied smirk played across his muzzle; he recognizes quality when he sees it.

"Phil definitely did his research," Neal said, unable to keep the admiration from his voice. The pump was designed for serious enhancement, not like the cheap trash sold at novelty shops. This is medical-grade equipment, the kind used by professionals and dedicated enthusiasts. He had seen various unpacking videos, and seen the excitement and visible results, on the very first time they were used!

Neal traced his thumb along the silicone seal at the base of the chamber, which was perfectly molded to form an air tight seal against scale, fur or skin. Something about the softness of it allowed it to conform against the male's groin itself, ensuring impressive suction – enough to make any cock swell to its **absolute maximum potential**. Neal feels a familiar stirring beneath his compression shorts, his own eagermember responding to the mere thought of such enhancement.

"Like I need any help in that department," he chuckled, that distinctive hyena laugh bubbling up from his chest as he set the pump back on the table. There was something tantalizing about the

idea of seeing his already impressive twelve inches stretched to even more magnificent proportions.

That was when he noticed the dildo. Bizarrely, it looked almost exactly like Phil's dick. Twelve inches long, circumcized with a visible cut line, with a rounded head shaped like a big red plum. It even had a Prince Albert piercing, the smooth steel ring catching the overhead light with a happy little twinkle. The big difference here was that this dick was longer than Phil's by about four inches. Phil was eight inches, *max* - they had compared sizes enough for Neal to know he overlapped the dog considerably, but this one had to be at least a foot. Of course, he had only seen the dog's dick when it was dangling out of a thatch of curly dog pubes, so... who knows? It was weird.

"What the hell is this," Neal muttered, as he picked it up, and then dropped it back down again, immediately. Neal had expected the sensation of cold vinyl, or maybe that silicone sponge stuff that Fleshlights were made out of. What he picked up felt like a fucking *dick*. It was warm, and heavy, the skin sliding loosely over the firm flesh underneath. He picked it up again, wondering in amazement. He couldn't place what it was, or why it was warm, but he imagined it had to be some high-end silicone blend. It was mimicking the texture of actual flesh with uncanny accuracy. The dick was as fudgy and squishy as a real one, and when he tried to bend it in half, it springily resisted with a solid but semi-flexible core.

"This is ridiculous," Neal whispered, but he couldn't stop himself from examining the subtle veining along the shaft, and the textured ridges around the underside of the glans. The Prince Albert piercing, a silver ring through the urethra, is perfectly positioned. If he didn't know it was a dildo, he would absolutely think it was his roommate's dick!

It was definitely impressive, but not nearly as magnificent as his own. He wondered why Phil had put a replica into the tank. Perhaps he had commissioned a facsimile of his cock be made, and they had shipped together. Perhaps Phil had always had it, and had stuffed it into the pump as a sort of territorial thing, marking it as his own, for his own use. The thought made the hyena grin. The idea that Phil could possibly keep Neal from using this pump was laughable. Neal didn't observe 'dibs'.

He ran his thumb over the metal piercing, wondering if it was the same gauge as Phil's. The dog had recently gone to a thick ring, and this one seemed to be the same width, which means the order must have been placed only in the last week or so. Amazing. He gave the fleshy shaft a squeeze, feeling the warmth inherent in the synthetic flesh, and wondered if Phil was handling his own cock in the shower. He felt his own dick lengthen in anticipation, the ridged bulge pushing insistently out against the front of his compression shorts.

Neal should put everything back. He should pretend he never saw any of this, never realized what it was. That would be the decent thing to do. But that wasn't fun. He dropped the dick back on the table and scooped up the pump, and slinked back down the hallway towards his own bedroom. The sound of water continued from the bathroom as he passed by, reminding Neal that he had *plenty* of time.

Neal's bedroom was dominated by a king-sized bed in the center of the room, blankets and pillows scattered against and along it. The door clicked shut behind him with a push of his foot, and Neal tossed the pump onto the bed. It bounced, rolled, but Neal was already stripping off his shirt, pushing down his shorts, and getting naked. His tail swished behind him, a metronome marking his growing excitement. His gaze drifted downward, past his toned abdomen to the focus of his attention and affection. His *dick*.

Between his legs, dick was already jutting upwards in a lazy, half-hard arch, the foreskin retracting slightly from the swelling cockhead underneath. Neal was already randy, and had been planning to jerk off anyways. The idea of jerking off an even bigger dick had him boning up *fast*.

"Time to wake up, big guy," he whispered, as he gripped the root of his shaft and stroked up towards the tip. His touch was reverent, coaxing rather than demanding, and his penis responded immediately, swelling upwards and further stiffening. The telltale bulge of a vein swelled out from the surface, and his foreskin began to retract. The transition from flaccidity to erection was a spectacle he never tired of witnessing, especially when it was *his* dick doing it.

The fur around his groin was neatly trimmed - a professional courtesy from his dancing days that he's maintained out of habit and vanity. This grooming highlighted the impressive dimensions of his equipment, and he knew from years of pictures that it made it appear even larger than its already substantial size.

Neal's paw wrapped around his half-hardened length, feeling it pulse and stiffen beneath his touch. The skin was velvety smooth, covering the hardening tissues beneath. The wiggly vein became even more prominent along the shaft as blood flows in, creating ridges and textures that Neal knows from experience drive his partners wild. It took about a minute for his penis to finally jut upwards at full attention, the full twelve inches jutting proudly from his body. Twelve inches, a full foot of penile meat. Outside of equines and hypers, Neal was peak, and better than just the length, everything about his cock was perfect. The upward curve, the prominent veining, the proportions of shaft to head – everything about it pleased Neal and his partners immensely. The dark pink glans peeks from beneath his foreskin, a drop of precum beading at the tip like a diamond.

He could admire himself all he wanted, but his dick was eager to get started, and Neal had no reason not to indulge. With a satisfied nod, he sat down on the bed, scooching back until he was leaning against the headboard. He picked up the PrecisionPump 9000 and held it up next to his own shaft. It was almost two feet long, most of which was the clear pyrex milking chamber, the last three or so inches made up the gear that operated it. It was ready to make his dick even bigger.

Neal positioned the tube over his penis, aligning the opening with his glans. He didn't need any lubricant, he didn't think, but just in case, he stroked the rim of the tool along his oozing piss slit, generously sliming the silicone with his own seeping arousal. Once it was slick and gleaming, he stroked his length into the chamber. There was no reason to go slow, but he wanted to savor

the sight of his big dick sliding into the clear glass. Inch by inch, his penis pushed up into the clear cylinder, the transparent walls allowing him to admire it from all angles.

"Perfect fit," he says with satisfaction as the final inch slides in and the rim pressed firmly into his groin. His entire penis - all twelve magnificent inches - twitched inside the tube, on display like a museum piece behind glass. Neal adjusted the angle slightly, ensuring maximum comfort, feeling the smooth cool glass press against the underside of his shaft.

With a deep breath, Neal pressed the green button.

The pump activated with a soft whir. The air began to leave the chamber, creating a gentle suction around his penis, to start. The rim of it pressed down into his groin, and as the silicone seal affixed itself to him, the pressure increased with a pleasant steadiness, the sensation of being pulled at in all directions becoming more pronounced with each whirring gulp of the tube at his groin.

"Oh fuck," Neal breathed, eyes fixed on the clear cylinder. His already impressive penis had already begun to expand further, tissues engorging as blood is drawn in by the negative pressure. He could feel the size of it swelling out, as the prominent squiggle of a vein along the top of his shaft became darker and more prominent. His glans swelled, and the foreskin pulled back, retracting completely to reveal the full, mushroom-shaped head, now a deep, almost purplish pink.

He could feel his dick swelling outwards, the foreskin being outgrown more than retracting, the skin of his shaft drawing tighter around the enhanced bulk of his thickness. He traced his fingers over the glass tube, vibrations from the pump motor tickling down through the cylinder and into the flesh of his groin. The pleasurable vibrations resonated delightfully through the tissues at the base of his penis, helping the root of his shaft to relax its tightness. His penis extended outwards in response, growing from a foot in length to slightly more than a foot, and then slightly more than that. The pump was *working*.

"Look at you grow," Neal whispered, his voice a mixture of pride and awe. He stroked the cylinder, tugging along it, wishing he could grasp his magnificent penis now, but it was cruelly denied him, mocking him from within that glass shell that it continued to lengthen within. It had already reached dimensions that would be impossible without the kind of assistance the pump was providing. His shaft thickened pleasantly, the middle of his shaft feeling *tightly* engorged, his skin taut like a sausage casing, and the bulging dark vein pressed flat against the inner wall of the chamber. His glans had mushroomed out as well, the very edge of the corona pressing cheekily against the glass firmly enough to turn slightly white. His urethra oozed precum, the inside of it slick and glistening as precum oozed out of it as if suckled from deep within him.

There was something else, as well... a peculiar tension in his groin, as if he had flexed his kegels for too long. He spread his thighs wider, his fat nuts churning, feeling the root of his shaft growing taut with the intense suction pulling at the whole of his masculine unit. It wasn't unpleasant, but it was unique, as if the whole of his penis was becoming more sensitive instead

of just the part that jutted out from his groin.

"This is fucking incredible," Neal said, his breathing becoming more rapid, matching the excited beating of his heart. The pump continued its work, the mechanical hum creating subtle harmonics that resonate through Neal's groin and into his lower abdomen. These vibrations find the natural frequency of the connective tissues anchoring his penis, causing them to relax, the tension melting out of them and allowing the hyena's penis to extend outwards so excessively. He had no idea that his cells were yielding, the connective tissues separating painlessly, one cell at a time, and that it was this separation that was causing the tingling that he was enjoying so much. Neal's toes curled against the baseboard of his bed, his tail twitches spasmodically, and his breathing becomes shallow and rapid. Pre-ejaculate seeped enthusiastically from his urethral opening, drooling down over his glans and pooling against the wall of the pump, creating a slickness that allowed the hyena to flex his penis and stroke it a tiny amount against the inside of the tube, giving him little twinges of pleasure to keep him on the edge of getting off.

*Just a little more*, he thought trying to thrust his hips up to drive his cock up into the tube. Each clench of his muscular hips squeezed against the softening, stretched root of his penis, the contractions hastening the separation that was occurring within his groin.

The pump's vibrations increase in intensity, as it worked harder to maintain the vacuum. Neal's penis has now reached its absolute maximum size, a magnificent seventeen inches, and now pressed blatantly against the inner walls, the head mashed up against the protective cap at the end of the tube. The shaft has darkened to a deep ruddy color, the head glistening with pre-ejaculate, the whole apparatus swollen to such a magnificent size that Neal could hardly believe it was his. The hyena's excitement built to a fever pitch. The pressure was building in his testicles, the urge to orgasm beginning to assert itself over his rationale mind. He couldn't get any bigger, and he couldn't handle being on the edge of orgasm for much longer.

He wasn't sure how long he was supposed to use the tube to make it stick, but it didn't matter. His need to release mattered more. His stroking palms slid up the smooth tube, feeling for the recessed toggle that would turn off the device. His cock *twitched* rhythmically, straining, as much of it as could fit being crammed into the tube. He needed to get off, *bad*.

He pressed the release button, and was surprised as the tube gave one final slurping tug at his big, fat, meaty dick. Neal groaned at the sensation of pressure releasing, a soft hiss as air slithered past the rim of the tube and caressing his swollen, engorged length. He didn't want to wait a second longer, and he lifted the tube up, peeling it off of his groin and tossing the heavy length of it onto the bed beside him. There was no resistance, no pull against his body as he did so.

What happened next caught him completely by surprise. His dick wasn't where it was supposed to be. Where it was supposed to be, where his cock had been jutting only moments earlier, was a blank, empty *hole*. Not a vagina, there was no lips or fleshiness, it was more of an empty *socket*. Smooth and red, unnaturally straight, it was simply a gap that had been cored out from the center of his groin. His fattened nuts were drawn up tight. He had ammo, but lost his gun.

He looked to the side, where he had tossed the tube, his eyes widening as he realized why, exactly, it had felt so heavy when he lifted it up. It was still full. His dick was no longer quite as cramped looking, because an extra four inches of it jutted casually out the bottom of it. It jutted out of the tube, instead of out of his groin. He picked up the tube with shaking hands, feeling a twinge as the thick, inert root of his dick rubbed against his palm. It was warmer than he would have expected, and slickly damp without being wet. The weight of it began to drag it out of the tube, a slick wet shlorping sound accompanying it as the length of flesh began to seep out of it like a brick of cranberry jelly from the can.

It was still erect, the vein still fully inflated, and Neal watched in disbelief as his fully erect, detached cock slipped fully free of the pump and landed with a soft thud on top of his aching testicles. His ears flattened against his skull, and his jaw hung open in a perfect expression of shock. It would be comical if the situation weren't so bizarre.

"What the fuck," Neal whispered, the words barely audible even in the quiet room. "What the actual fuck." His paws hovered uncertainly over the detached organ, afraid to touch it yet unable to look away from it. He could feel the ache from the smack against his nuts, the soreness of his pent up achiness blending with the throb of the concussion. His dick was still erect, still springy and firm, and still

Neal finally summoned the courage to touch it, extending one trembling finger to poke at the shaft. The sensation is bizarre – he could feel the pressure of his finger on the penis, not through nerves in the detached organ but through the pressure against his thigh. The weight of it was solid, impressively dense, but it was fundamentally... inert. He stroked his finger down the length of it, almost feeling the pleasure that should have been there just from countless other times he had stroked it in exactly the same way.

Neal felt nothing, though. It was all just a phantom pleasure, a sensation that should have been there but wasn't.

"This can't be happening," he said. "This isn't possible." Neal's denial didn't change the reality flopped haphazardly across his lap, though. With shaking hands, Neal wrapped his fingers around his penis, lifting it up with the same reverence that he would a Faberge egg. The weight is heavier than he would have guessed, dense with engorged tissue and trapped blood. He turned it over in his hand, seeing it from angles he had not seen before. He lifted it closer, amazed at the size, appreciating details he's only ever glimpsed in mirrors or photographs before. He held it up in front of him, aiming it at his own muzzle, feeling a thrill of excitement bubbling up through the shock at the sight of his huge dick, jutting towards his own face. Finally, he could see what his lovers saw, when they were worshipping his cock - the perfect symmetry of the glans, the artistic arrangement of veins along the shaft, the subtle gradations of color from the charcoal gray base to the deep pink head. God, his dick was beautiful.

He stroked the length of the shaft with one finger, tracing the prominent dorsal vein from base to tip. There was something undeniably erotic about holding his own detached cock, feeling it's full detached weight in his paws, the girthy length of it filling both of his paws in a way he had never

felt before.

His scientific curiosity began to give way to more... *primal* interests. He brought it closer to his face, examining it more intimately. He recognized the scent, of course, his own salty musk, potent and concentrated. He inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring to capture the complex bouquet of pheromones, sweat, and precum, all baking off of his satiny skin like the aroma of a freshly baked pie. He smelled *amazing*.

He didn't consciously plan to do so, the first time he licked himself. Without consciously deciding to do so, he just flicked his tongue along the underside of the glans. It was just a quick lap, with the same naturalness as someone licking their lips. It was enough, though. He tasted himself, sharp and masculine, slightly bitter, but still warm. He could almost imagine what his rough tongue would feel like against his dick, but there was that incessant *lack* of feeling that he was only beginning to really understand. His dick was gone. It was still in his paws, but it wasn't in his groin anymore. He licked again, more deliberately this time, dragging his tongue along the sensitive frenulum where the foreskin attaches to the underside of the glans. The penis rewarded him with a drop of pre-ejaculate emerging from the tip. Neal catches it with the tip of his tongue, savoring the slightly sweet, slightly bitter flavor. His penis hadn't really drooled it out, the precum had just been there, and he had kind of licked it out himself, like out of a hamster water bottle.

That's when he began to realize something. For years, Neal had admired his own magnificent endowment, had actually felt envious of the joy on the faces of his partners as they worshipped it with their mouths. He had even sulked, on nights that he had gotten heavily intoxicated, that he couldn't give himself the same pleasure. Now, through some inexplicable miracle of separation, he was finally able to experience his penis the way others do.

It was insane to even think about, but the idea excited him. The hole between his legs tingled, and he felt his balls churn, as the idea of finally getting to worship the dick the way it deserved bubbled up from the deepest recesses of his kinky, lust-hazed brain.

He could get it reattached, afterwards, but he still had *hours* before he needed to worry about *that*. His free hand moved back to his groin, fingers exploring the empty gap where his dick had once been. There was a peculiar sensitivity there now, a concentration of nerve endings that seem primed to receive sensations, since the old flesh that had felt so good was missing. As he stimulates the edge of the opening, he feels a pleasant tingle in his groin. It wasn't as intense as his glans, or his frenum, or even the underside of his cock, but it was... something.

It was enough to help him make up his mind. He repositioned himself on his bed, leaning back against the headboard with his knees slightly bent. His tail curled around him, the tip twitching with anticipation. He brought his penis his lips, letting it rest against them for a moment. The contact, the heavy head of his shaft jutting blindly against his lips, felt good. He parted his jaws, just enough to allow the tip to press against them, tasting another blob of precum seep out against the tip of his tongue.

His tongue darted out, circling the head in a slow, deliberate motion. He moaned, pressing his cock into his maw, feeling it rub against the smooth tips of his fangs. The moment stretched on for a long moment, as his broad cockhead slid into his mouth, spreading it further. He could feel his *own* dickhead, resting in the middle of his tongue, filling his jaw. The girth of it stunned him. Maybe he just hadn't realized how big it was, since it had always been three or so feet away from his face, but now, presented with it, he began to feel a new respect for his previous lovers who had attempted to suck him off.

Neal's heart pounded in his chest, his breathing quick and shallow. Between his legs, his empty sheath pulsed with phantom arousal. The sensation is electric – the weight of it on his tongue, the stretch of his jaw to accommodate the girth, the taste that floods his senses. It was amazing, but it wasn't enough. Neal took more of his own length into his mouth, feeling it slide against his palate, probing blindly into the back of his maw. His tongue works the underside, finding the sensitive spots he knows so well from the reactions of his partners. The foreskin bunches slightly as he applies suction, creating textures that add to the experience. "Mmmph," Neal groans around his mouthful, the vibrations adding another layer of sensation.

He pulled back slightly, then thrust the penis deeper, feeling the bulk of it sliding against his tongue once more. He jammed it into the back of his maw, feeling it stuff past his tonsils, probing into the back of his throat. Then, before he could gag, he tugged it back again, establishing a rhythm that just felt instinctively *right*. His head bobbed forward and back, his tongue swirling around the shaft. Neal's free hand slid down from his *gap* to his testicles, massaging the heavy orbs, adding to the building pleasure.

The experience was everything he could fantasized about and more. His dick just *felt* good in his mouth, like it was designed to slot perfectly inside it. Of course, he was only suckling on less than half of it. He could suck more. He wanted to suck on all of it. He wanted to deep throat his dick to the root, so that he could imagine what it would feel like. His empty groin contracted, the smooth red walls clenching around a penis that was no longer there.

Neal closed his eyes, focusing entirely on the experience. The weight on his tongue, the stretch of his lips, the musky scent filling his nostrils; it was all combining into a symphony of self-pleasure that transcended the bizarre reality that he had accidentally sucked off his dick. In this moment, he wasn't upset that he had detached his dick at all.

With renewed enthusiasm, Neal took his penis deeper, determined to experience everything this unique situation has to offer. His secret fantasy is now reality, and he intends to make the most of every second. He bobbed and suckled, demanding more of it, gulping and tugging at it to draw more of it into his throat. He could feel the smooth, firm flesh slide through his fingers, the vein wiggling slowly underneath the touch of his thumb and forefinger as it was drawn deeper and deeper. He loved it. His throat was stretched around his own thick shaft, the pressure both familiar and exotic. Neal had never debased himself with the thought of sucking someone else's cock, but he was worshipping his own with the gusto of an OnlyFans professional.

"Mmmph," he groaned around his mouthful, before he pulled the dick back out of his throat

until the slick, inert head remains between his lips. His tongue swirled around the glans as he shifted his paw to grip the base more firmly. He lifted his head back, tilting his jaws upwards to straighten out his throat, and plunged his dick down into his gullet, taking over half of his length into his muzzle.

Neal's was getting more aggressive, more demanding. He was no longer exploring or experimenting, he was devouring himself with the same enthusiasm he's experienced from his many partners. His head bobbed with increasing speed, his throat relaxing to accommodate more of his impressive girth. His dick stabbed down his throat, bulging out his neck with its passage, before pulling back out with a wet shlorping, shlorping sound. They were slick, obscene noises that only heightened his arousal.

He couldn't *feel* his dick, but he could imagine what it would feel like if he fellated it. His empty *gap* contracted again, and if his dick was still jutting upwards from his groin he would have been climaxing from this already. His heavy testicles began to draw up tighter against his body, a clear sign of his building excitement. He squeezed them together, tugging at them, rolling the orbs between his fingers, adding another layer to his self-stimulation.

"Fuck, yes," he growls during a brief moment when his mouth is less full, before plunging back down with renewed vigor. He was taking almost all of it with each downward motion now, his muzzle stretching to accommodate his substantial girth. The curve of his penis pressed against the roof of his mouth, then nudged into his throat.

The dual sensations were building on each other. The feeling of his penis in his mouth and throat combined with the phantom pleasure radiating from his groin, building a lusty heat that simmered through his nerves, seeking an outlet that Neal wasn't sure he could provide - but he didn't care. Neal lost himself in the experience, his consciousness narrowing to these points of contact, these centers of ecstasy. His tail lashed behind him as his ears flattened against his skull in concentration.

He was *close* now, teetering on the edge of climax. Neal's movements become more frantic, more desperate. His head bobbed with wild abandon, taking his penis deeper than before, driven by the need to experience his own orgasm from this unique perspective. The fist gripping the extended root of his shaft was bumping against his lips now, banging his lips against his fangs, and his dick was probing even deeper down his throat

The pressure built in his groin, his orgasm a coiled spring ready to release. His testicles were tight, his scrotum preparing to unleash its contents up through a penis that is no longer physically connected to him. In his frenzy of self-pleasure, Neal didn't hear the approaching footsteps in the hallway. He didn't notice the turn of the doorknob or the initial crack of light as the door began to open. His attention was fully consumed by his imminent orgasm, as he began to push his into his mouth, clutching the root of his penis tightly between grasping knuckles.

Then the door was open, and Phil was standing there. "Neal, did you see the-"

Neal's eyes flew open, meeting Phil's wide-eyed stare. There was a long moment as they

regarded each other - Phil standing in the doorway, his mouth hanging open in disbelief, and Neal caught in the most compromising position imaginable, his own detached penis fully imbedded down his throat.

That's when Neal noticed that Phil's dick was missing, too. There was a hole in his groin, just like Neal had - but smaller, of course. The shock of the interruption jolted through Neal's system like an electric current. His body seized up, muscles contracting involuntarily. And in that precise moment, the building pressure in his groin reached its breaking point.

Neal began to orgasm, his fingers on his balls shifting to his hole, thinking at first to try to cover it to hide it from Phil, but then stuffing fingers down into the sensitive, slick, drooling orifice. Waves of ecstasy radiated up through his pelvis. Neal began to cum, his back arching.

Cum gushed up from deeper in his groin, staining his fingers. Neal's other paw lost it's grip, fingers sliding off the end of his shaft, leaving the detached, smooth trunk of his cock jutting out of the back of his throat and into his maw. He scrabbled for it, trying to grab it again, fingertips rubbing and pushing against the end of his shaft, but with his throat filled by his own massive member, his body took over, and he felt his throat clench down in a powerful, reflexive swallow.

"Neal, what the fuck are-" Phil begins, but stops as he witnesses the impossible.

Neal's penis shifted in his mouth, the head sliding deeper into his throat as his swallowing muscles engage. Panic flashes through him for a split second, but it's quickly overwhelmed by the continued waves of his orgasm. Oh fuck, he could feel his dick sliding down deeper. It was a huge, heavy torpedo of hyena meat, and it was sliding down into his gullet. His lower throat ached as it was stretched by the broad, long penis, but Neal was a hyena, and hyenas were used to *gorging*.

Neal's throat bulged visibly with the intrusion, the outline of his penis clearly visible through the fur and skin of his neck. His eyes watered from the intensity of his orgasm, and he felt the last bit of his dick slide down the back of his mouth and out of the reach of his fingers.

Phil took a step forward, hand outstretched as if to help, but stopped, frozen in horrified fascination. "Are you... are you eating your own dick?"

Neal couldn't answer, he couldn't even nod. His airway was partially obstructed, and he knew he couldn't fight against what's happening. He grimaced, lifting his chin. Instead, his swallowing muscles continue to work, drawing more of his length downward with each powerful contraction.

The shaft slides incrementally deeper, inch by inch disappearing further down his throat. The resistance of his gullet gave way to the insistent pressure, allowing the massive organ to descend the rest of the way towards his stomach.

Neal's orgasm reached its peak just as the head of his penis entered his stomach. He shuddered with the realization that it was his *dick* penetrating down into his stomach, sinking into the hot slick grip of his stomach in the exact same way that thousands of meals before it

had. His dick was a *meal* now. Once the head slipped, probing its way inside, the rest of his shaft goosed smoothly in afterwards, the whole length of his shaft coiling smoothly around inside his stomach, curled around itself. He could feel its length, its weight and thickness, pushing out against his stomach walls.

It was fitting, in a way. After all, it was his penis - why shouldn't he eat it?

"Holy shit," Phil whispered, his voice a mixture of concern and disbelief. "Are you okay?"

The hyena cleared his throat, taking a deep breath as the last of his penis disappeared down into his digestive tract. His chest heaved with the effort, his fur slick with sweat and cum, his eyes wide but surprisingly clear.

"I'm..." Neal began, his voice hoarse from the strain, "I'm *fantastic*."

Phil took another tentative step into the room. "You just... you just ate your own dick, Neal. Why aren't you freaking out?"

Neal places a paw on his abdomen, stroking against the visible ridge of the substantial weight of his penis now resting inside it. His lips curl into a satisfied smile, revealing his sharp hyena teeth.

"It's hard to explain," Neal says, his characteristic laugh bubbling up from his chest. "But it felt right, somehow. I feel like I've... finally experienced myself. Completely. In a way nobody else could."

Phil shook his head, his expression moving from shock to bewilderment. "I came in to ask if you were using my pump. Its... defective."

Neal's ears flatten slightly in a rare moment of embarrassment. "Oh. That was yours?" He tried to feign surprise. "I thought... I mean, I saw it on the counter and assumed..."

"Yeah, it's mine. And now you've lost your dick because of it," Phil says, gesturing vaguely toward Neal's empty groin.

"I wasn't the only one," Neal teased, as he stroked his abdomen again, feeling the weight of his penis shifting slightly as his stomach accommodates it. "I saw your dick on the counter. I thought it was... a dildo."

"Well, yeah, it's gonna be, I guess," Phil said with a rueful chuckle. "I wanted a bigger dick, not a missing one. Look, let's go to the hospital, they can fish your cock back out of your stomach."

"No need," Neal said, his voice taking on a dreamy quality. "This is what I've always wanted, even if I didn't know it at the time. I got to be both the worshiper and the worshiped."

Phil stared at him for a long moment, then shook his head again. "You're insane. But as long as you're not dying or in pain..."

"Pain?" Neal laughed, the sound carrying its distinctive hyena lilt. "This is the exact opposite of pain. This is the most satisfied I've *ever been*."

He reclined on the bed, his striped fur catching the lamplight, his powerful body relaxed in post-orgasmic bliss. The emptiness between his legs doesn't bother him – not when the rest of him felt so wonderfully full. His testicles, still attached and functional, rested heavily on the bed sheet, their contents spent for now but already producing more.

"Sorry about using your pump," Neal adds as an afterthought. "I can buy you a new one."

Phil sighs, his hand still on the doorknob. "Nah. It's fine. But maybe we can loan it out to a couple friends." He pressed a finger into the hole the pump had carved out of his groin. "I mean, just because we lost our cocks, doesn't mean we can't get new ones..."

As Phil backed out of the room, closing the door behind him, Neal's paw returned to his abdomen, feeling the substantial presence within. His penis, his pride and joy, now rested inside him in the most intimate embrace possible. The sensation brought a smile to his muzzle, a deep satisfaction that transcended the strangeness of his situation.

"Worth it," Neal whispered to himself, his body shivering in agreement. "Absolutely worth it."