

WARNING: This story contains scenes of penectomy (removal of the penis), Castration (removal of the testicles), Vore in the form of eating severed bits (Cooked and uncooked), Violence, Injuries, Death, and has scenes which are of a gay sexual nature in consensual and non consensual situations. If you don't like any of these you may be best closing the document now. ;)

Prologue

Twomasks is little known to most, but this is not through accident. His story has never truly been told. This story is about how a rivalry between two gods spilled into the mortal realm, only for a revenge to be permanently reeked on those who dwelled there.

The history of ancient Egyptian gods isn't typically taught in schools in the present day, though the history that is taught is typically reasonably vanilla and the more interesting things cleansed or omitted. It is one of those stories which is key to how Twomasks became who he is, and how he still pads around to this day.

One of the most significant rivalries in Ancient Egyptian lore was between Horus, the falcon-headed god of the sky, kingship, healing, and protection, and Seth, the god of deserts, disorder, and violence, depicted with an aardvark-like head. Horus was Seth's nephew, but Seth was far from being a good uncle by today's standards.

Seth was the ruler of Egypt at the time, but Horus was in direct competition to supersede him. This led to Seth even going to bed with Horus in a way to get the upper hand. Horus in response spunked over lettuce which was then unknowingly consumed by his uncle. Gods consuming cum was a most serious thing at the time as it sapped their 'manly power'. In another fight Seth ripped out one of Horus' eyes and in return Horus cut off Seth's entire package. Dick, balls, everything.

Horus did eventually become ruler of Egypt – and Seth wasn't happy to simply let this be, without some form of retribution being done, but he bided his time.

Fight in the desert temple.

The year is 2612 BC. Under the blazing sun, its heat radiating down upon the soft golden sands of the Sahara, gentle dunes rise and fall across the landscape. In the distance, shimmering in the mid-morning heat, stands the half-built Great Pyramid of Giza.

Amidst the sounds of the warm, dry breeze gently lifting grains of sand and carrying them across the dunes, a rhythmic clattering can be heard now and then. The sound of something striking wood, occasionally interspersed with the clink of bronze hitting bronze, carries through the air.

Not too far away, partially buried in the sand with a dune resting against half of its external wall, lies the substantial ruin of a large temple. Its walls, once painted white, now bear the weathered marks of time. Most of the paint has flaked off under the baking heat, while some has been blasted away by sand carried on the wind.

Elaborate hieroglyphics adorn the walls in faded panels, telling stories long forgotten. In front of the main gateway leading inside, two identical large granite statues of a god with what appears to be an aardvark's head stand guard, their presence both imposing and mysterious.

The sounds persist, emanating from within the temple complex. Occasionally, flashes of metal catch the white sunlight, glinting amidst the shadows. Sure enough, Twomasks, the dark-furred raccoon, around 20 years old, is in the courtyard, though not alone.

Twomasks stands, breathing heavily, a cut to the right of his face dripping blood onto his off-white, thin linen tunic, which hangs low to his knees. Tied close to his waist with a red sash, which holds a knife, he wears only one sandal, the other lost somewhere in the courtyard. In his left hand, he grips a medium-sized wooden shield covered in leather for extra durability, while his right hand holds a dull-looking Kopesh sword. The blade, straight from the handle, forms a curved hook for the rest of its length.

Despite his injuries, Twomasks bears a steely determination on his face as he gazes across the courtyard at his opponents.

Facing him were two opponents: a slim otter, approximately 18 years old, and a large, imposing wolf, around 25 years old.

The otter wore nothing on his upper body except for a leather shoulder pad armour strapped across his back and chest. He donned coarse material pants held up by a rope around his waist, and in his hands, he wielded a spear, ready to support his companion.

Standing next to the otter was the imposing wolf, his grey fur emphasizing his muscular build. He bore scars around his muzzle and one cloudy eye, with a diagonal scar marking it. Though he was unclothed above the waist, he wore a large leather belt to protect his stomach, along with a dark grey kilt-like garment. Leather bracers adorned his arms, and leather shin guards protected his lower legs above his sandals. In his hand, he held a short sword with an exquisitely ornamented handle, fashioned in gold with precious blue and red inlays.

The wolf snarled at Twomasks, "Put down your weapon, Rakuel, so you can die like the snivelling piece of shit that you are!"

Twomasks growled back, his voice filled with fury, "The only way you'll kill me is by coming back over here and finishing me the hard way! You deserved everything I dealt you! Your damn lover killed my parents! They never did anything to you or your gang, but you came and took everything from them. All they wanted to do was grow dates and make a life for themselves. They never troubled anyone!"

"They wouldn't pay for protection, and you know very well what happens to those who don't pay. They would still be alive if your old man hadn't killed three of my men!" the wolf snapped back.

"An old man, facing five armed thugs, and he still takes down three of them before he's finished. He's gone proudly to the Duat... and I will not stop until I have finished what he started that day and scrub you from the sands of this desert!" Twomasks shouted defiantly.

"ENOUGH!" The wolf snarled. "Your life is over!" he declared, dashing forward with the otter not far behind.

Twomasks waited for the wolf to close in, anticipating his move. As the blade came swift and strong, Twomasks darted to the right, attempting a counterattack to the wolf's left while the otter approached from the other side. However, Twomasks' blade bounced harmlessly off the thick leather belt the wolf wore.

As the wolf regained his footing from his heavy strike, he drew the blade back across himself, flicking it back out. Twomasks had barely enough time to raise his shield, but the force of the blow knocked it clean out of his hand, sending it several feet away to the sandy stone floor. With the temple wall right behind him, Twomasks scurried back, finding himself cornered as the wolf and otter closed in.

The otter made a lunge with his spear, but Twomasks parried it to the side, putting it out of harm's way but keeping it between him and the wolf as the latter made his move forward. The otter couldn't bring the spear around quickly enough, and Twomasks brought a heavy downward blow with his sword against the otter. The shaft of the spear broke, with the metal end flung some distance away from them.

The otter immediately swung the shorter staff around and smacked Twomasks across the stomach with it. But as it struck, Twomasks grabbed the wooden staff and pulled it forward, tugging the otter along with it. In one swift motion, he brought the pommel of his sword down hard on the back of the otter's head, knocking the boy out cold, before falling to the ground himself.

Twomasks had no time to gloat; the wolf was already closing in on him. Glancing to the left, he jumped out of the way of the wolf's next sword strike. Landing awkwardly, he skidded along the sandy ground, his sword bouncing free from his hand.

The wolf immediately turned and closed in on Twomasks. He knew this was it. The moment to finally put this troublesome raccoon behind him. Twomasks was unarmed. He needed just one good strike... The wolf slashed across with the intention of taking the raccoon's head clean from his shoulders. However, Twomasks grabbed the shield from the ground beside him and brought it up just in time to block the strike. Using the momentum of the blow, Twomasks rolled to the side of the wolf, grabbing the broken end of the spear and flicking himself around, holding the spear tightly with the bronze tip heading straight for the wolf's back. With a deep, dull thud, it found its mark.

The wolf stood there for a moment, not quite understanding what had happened. Something felt wrong—the world was starting to shift on its axis. He turned, trying to work out where the raccoon had gone, but noticed something sticking out from the front of his chest. He reached for it... it was the spearhead. Dropping his sword, the world once again tilted on its axis for him. He lost his footing and fell to his side.

Twomasks, panting heavily, walked up closer. "I... don't think..." he breathed. "This..." He grabbed the spearhead protruding from the wolf's chest. "Is supposed... to be here.... Let me help with that," he said with a snarl, and pulled the spear forward all the way through, leaving a bloody hole that started to rapidly ooze blood.

The wolf cried out in pain and rolled onto his back, coughing up blood.

"You and your gang go about this desert... Messengers of Horus you call yourselves... Yet Horus has never been with you." Twomasks leered at the wolf on the floor. He pulled a small amulet on a necklace from inside his shirt "This is Seth. How ironic that a supposed follower of Horus dies to a follower of Seth. Maybe you should have paid more attention to the god of the desert for protection, than the god of the sky!?" he said pulling his knife from his sash and moved down

close to the wolf's face ... "I hear Anubis waiting for you... and your heart is so heavy." he says before forcing his knife through the wolf's chest skewering his heart.

The wolf let out a small whimper as he took his final breath and Twomasks rolled off onto his back – the bloody knife still in his hand as he looked up at the blue sky above. The vultures were already circling waiting patiently.

Twomasks now heard the otter starting to groan. He rolled over and got himself back up on his feet, limping over to the slowly waking otter, still face down on the stone floor.

Twomasks grabbed the otter's shoulder and pulled him over so that he was on his back. The otter opened his eyes dazed and saw Twomasks above him. He panicked and went wide eyed – trying to scurry back across the floor "PLEASE RAKUEL! DON'T KILL ME!!" he shouted desperately.

"You call me by my name as if to offer some kind of respect – but you followed that piece of shit into this place, even when all your other gang members have been killed." Rakuel hissed back at him before almost pouncing at him, pinning his shoulders to the ground and his nose not even an inch from the otter boy's. "But. I won't kill you." He says grinning.

"Really!? You will let me live?!" the otter cries back.

"Yes. But you still need to pay for what you and your friends did to me and my stepparents," Twomasks asserted. "They took me in, almost dead, having found me wandering as just a kit, half dead in the dunes. I couldn't remember my parents—so they took a chance, selflessly raising me as their own. They taught me how to farm and how to fight, so that I could help defend their date farm from pieces of shit just like you. That farm would have been mine if your friends hadn't burnt every last tree to the sand they grew from. You took my life from me. You took my family from me. You took my world from me... It's only right that if I don't take your life, I take something else," he said, still looking straight into the otter's blue eyes.

"I ... I don't have much ... but ... but I know of some coin buried not far from here. I could take you there?" He said trying to work out what he could give.

Rakuel shook his head slowly "No. That's not the kind of thing I want to take from you. A boy as cute as you, I'm sure would have no problem getting a partner... a lover." He says moving a hand from holding onto the otter's shoulder and rubbing it slowly down the Otter's chest. "I'm sure you could enjoy life and carry on as if all that was past was forgotten." He continued, moving his hand down his stomach now, and then gently cupped the boy's crotch "I'm sure what's in here is very precious to you' he said with almost no emotion in his voice now.

"Yes! ... er ... no! ... I mean ..." the otter stuttered trying to work out where the raccoon was going with this ... he went from expecting to be killed to being almost seduced within the same minute.

"Let's get a good look at this cute otter boy's precious things shall we?" Rakuel said with a grin on his face now. The otter blushed and blinked ... watching the raccoon as he slowly moved back, releasing his other shoulder, his nose almost brushing the fur on his stomach as he did until his nose was barely an inch from the soft bulge in his pants.

Rakuel pushed his nose into the soft bulge now, breathing in the otter boy's scent - and the otter let out an embarrassed squeak "a... are ... you wanting to take me as your.. partner? ... i-is that what you mean?"

Rakuel moved his nose back and looked up along the otter boy's stomach at him "No, but given this seems to be getting a little excited ..." he says gently groping at the boy "you don't seem to be too against the idea!" he grinned, but in a way which unsettled the otter a little. Still, it was a while since anyone had given him this kind of attention. And if the raccoon wanted to play with him and he could pay the raccoon back like this, then it was fine with him.

He was then a little taken aback when the raccoon brought his knife out, but before he could protest the knife was shoved into his pants, cutting them open, and his precious package slipped out into the warm desert air. Rakuel looked the package over. An above average size length, with his foreskin slowly starting to pull back exposing the tip of the pink head inside. He reached forward and grasped the warm silky soft member as it twitched and grew in his grip. The otter gasped a little as his sensitive member was taken hold of.

"You love your dick don't you" Rakuel said to the otter while he started to gently paw up and down his length, it now being at full mast with the foreskin rolling back and forth over the head easily.

"Mmhmm yes... Please keep going ..." he said as he pushed his hips up a little to aid Rakuel in gently rubbing back and forth.

Rakuel obliged – and started to move his hand back and forth a little quicker and with his other hand he slipped one of the sandals off the otter and paused his tender work on the boy's member for a moment while he pulled one of the laces free from it. The otter looked puzzled while his excited member twitched and throbbed pointing at the sky.

"Don't worry, I'm just making sure things are safe for you" Rakuel said as he now wrapped the lace around under the boy's balls and up round the base of his dick.

The otter had heard of some using bands on their dicks to help increase sensitivity and figured this is what the raccoon was doing for him. What he wasn't expecting was when the raccoon suddenly tugged the lace tight! He yelled out! "OW SHIT THAT HURTS!"

"It will pass" Rakuel responded tying the lace off so it held firm and then moved back to teasing and rubbing the beautiful uncut otter meat. The boy had such a sweet scent. Rakuel almost thought that having this boy as his partner wouldn't have been such a bad thing. He was cute and sure as heck owed him... but he needed to go through with what he had started...

The otter moaned again... the pain had passed and sure enough his dick was even more sensitive than it had ever been. He wasn't going to last much longer with the raccoon's skilled hands doing their magic. He closed his eyes and clenched his fists.

Rakuel slowly worked his hand down the eager shaft feeling it start to throb and pulse; the otter boy was getting so close. He now brought his knife up under the boy's sack, up against the lace he had tied. This was something that the otter hadn't noticed... he was in the grips of just wanting to shoot his seed now. He just needed a little bit more to push him over the edge...

Rakuel now grasping the package started to slice up and across, bringing the sharp edge to bear on the boy's sensitive manhood. The sac was sliced through with no resistance, shortly followed by the spermatic cords.

The otter squealed! He was right on the edge of orgasm and suddenly lightning bolts of pain shot through his body! He tensed up and looked down trying to work out what was going on but the pain continued, everything happening so quick!

Rakuel sliced into the base of the boy's penis having severed his balls from his body and then while still holding the boy's dick the knife sliced through and up through the top of the base of his shaft. The otter squealed in half agony and half pleasure! He had been so close to climax his body was sent over the edge on the pain. His bloody tied off stump squirted little jets of blank liquid into the air as Rakuel held up the boy's severed package to his nose and breathed in that precious scent once more.

The otter boy panted and as the orgasm subsided the pain become more obvious ... "W-WHY .. DID YOU ..." he shouted through tears welling up as he started to curl up in pain.

Rakuel moved to make sure the otter boy could see him as he now moved that severed member up. It was no longer so hard having leaked a fair amount of blood on the floor and he proceeded to slip its covered head into his muzzle slowly savouring the boy's sweet salty taste and knowing that this was all he would have ever wanted at the moment of it being sliced from him. This wasn't originally the plan, but he couldn't help himself... something felt so right about him having taken these precious bits from the otter in front of him...

The otter watched through his tears as his precious member was being sucked on in front of him but being unable to feel anything from it any longer.

Rakuel pulled it from his mouth and grinned "It's a shame because you taste so good..." he laughed and reached down to grab the otter boy's arm, tugging him back up onto his feet whether he liked it or not.

"I said I wouldn't kill you, that's what that lace is for. I'd keep it there for a while if I was you – get someone to seal the wound with something from a fire and you will live."

The otter boy whimpered as he was set on his feet.

Rakuel shoved him gently towards the exit of the courtyard "Leave before I change my mind!" he now said sharply.

The Otter didn't need asking twice. He stumbled forwards as quick as he could and vanished round the corner of one of the statues outside.

Rakuel breathed in deeply and then exhaled ... The amulet of Seth resting on his chest drawing his attention as he held the severed package. Time to end this.

He was in the temple of Seth, and though it was abandoned, the altar was still inside. Limping, he moved through the entranceway into the main temple. Inside, a shallow rectangular depression in the floor, partially filled with sand, marked the spot where once there was a pool of water. Around the sides stood columns supporting a roof that opened in the middle to let sunlight beam down inside.

He walked straight forward, into the shallow depression and across to the other side, toward a dark doorway in the back wall. Slipping into the darkness, at first he could see nothing, his eyes still adjusting from the bright sunlight. But as they acclimated, the stone block at the back of the room came into view, with a small statue of Seth standing on top. Limping over, he stood in front of the altar.

"Lord of the desert, please hear me. For looking over me these last weeks I offer you this ... As a former 'Messenger of Horus' has had his precious bits sliced from him as yours were by Horus

all those inundations ago..." He said before setting down the severed package on the altar in front of the statue.

Twomasks limped over to the wall of the room and rested his back against it, slowly sliding down until he was seated. His hands were covered in blood, but he was exhausted. Over the last few weeks, he had had so little sleep, hunting and on the run from the bandits. But now, there was peace. All that could be heard was the wind and the sand, and the calls of the vultures, which had now landed out in the courtyard.

He closed his eyes to rest for a little while, but in no time at all, he slowly drifted to sleep.

The change

Rakuel opened his eyes, but he seemed to be engulfed in such darkness that he had to check to make sure his eyes were indeed open. "Is it nighttime?" he thought to himself, getting up to his feet. His cheek still stung from the cut he'd sustained earlier, and his hands were covered in dried blood that cracked and flaked off as he flexed his fingers. The darkness didn't seem so dark any longer. "Is the moon coming out from behind clouds?"

It was then he noticed the room he was in was different somehow. Everything seemed pristine. Not a grain of sand could be found. The white paint on the walls was immaculate, and the moonlight started to bounce from the stone floor, illuminating the room. Golden shimmering hieroglyphs, as if they had been finished only yesterday, gleamed in the moonlight, while the altar stood proud. Where the tired black granite statue of Seth was before, a shining gold statue now stood.

He looked out from the door, and beyond, the main temple was also pristine. The shallow pool of water was filled once again, and a number of lotus flowers seemed to float across its surface. As he looked out, seeing the reflection of the moon among the ripples of the pool, a deep voice spoke out from behind him.

"Rakuel," said the voice.

He spun around, expecting to see someone standing in the corner of the room, but there was no one.

"Your offering was most fitting," the voice droned about the room once more.

Rakuel was confused. There was no one else in the room, and the voice seemed to be coming from the direction of the statue. With a puzzled look on his face, he stepped forward toward the statue. He knew that the statue was indeed Seth, housed in the temple, but he had never heard from priests before that the statue could actually talk to them.

He knelt in front of the altar. "Lord of the Desert, are you talking to me? Or is this some dream, or... have I died?"

The voice came again, but now it was behind him. "I am. And you are certainly not of the Duat."

Rakuel turned around, losing his balance a little and falling against the front of the altar stone.

Now, there was someone there. The figure must have been at least eight feet tall, with the body of a human but the head of what looked to be an ant-eater. Rakuel had always been told that the gods walked among the people, but he never expected to meet the god he followed so closely. He couldn't find the words to say.

Seth spoke once more. "I know what happened at the farm. I know the vengeance you paid back on those who took so much from you. But your dedication to me stood out as something that I rarely see." He gestured around the temple. "Priests come and go, fussing over this and that, and then, seemingly, they forget me. But you did not. Not even in the moment of your greatest triumph."

Rakuel looked up at him, still without a word to say, his mouth a little open in a mixture of awe and disbelief.

"I have a task for you," Seth said matter-of-factly. "My 'dear' nephew set in motion something within me that I shall never be able to halt. And it is through you that I will exact my retribution. Horus may have prevailed, but he can do little in truth to protect mortals against one such as you." He paused for a moment, thinking. "Stand," he instructed.

Rakuel did as he was asked and brought himself back up to his feet, standing and looking up at the towering figure in front of him.

"I believe the task I have for you is something you will enjoy. I saw and I felt the feelings that went through your body ... The thoughts that went through your mind as you sliced free those pieces of meat from that pathetic boy" a sinister smile crossed his face "And so, as you have made good of me with your offering to me, I through you will take from the 'subjects' of my 'sweet' 'dear' nephew... What he took from me I will take from them. Rakuel you are to be my reaper. Not of souls necessarily, but if it comes to that – then so be it. You shall take, as you did with that mortal earlier what is most precious to those who have them. Stop their bloodline entirely or just remove the rod. Whatever you do with those pieces of meat you take is entirely up to you, for that is my gift to you."

Rakuel knew he enjoyed every moment of what he had done earlier... and his god was now instructing him to it again? He looked briefly away from the figure looming over him briefly and then back up... "So, I am to find people who interest me, and slice off their dicks, their balls ... and I get to keep them?"

Seth nodded slowly, and as he did a grin slowly crept across his face.

Rakuel then spoke once more "My father taught me to fight. But it seems I may need to train a little more" Rakuel said starting to think out how his task would play out for him.

"A fight is not the only way to take something so precious from someone. Take a lesson from Amun, the hidden one. Hunt like a true predator and when the moment is right; strike." Seth said "However, come with me." He said turning and walking out of the room and into the moonlit temple space. He continued around the pool and out into the courtyard.

Out here as well was pristine. There was no corpse, no sand, just pristine white stone slabs on the floor. The only evidence of anything that had happened earlier was Rakuel's khopesh still laid on the ground from where it had fell from his hand.

Seth gestured towards it “Pick it up” he said.

Rakuel moved towards the sword and picked it up as instructed, though wasn't entirely sure why this was so important right now.

“My final lesson is of who you now are and what you are.” Seth said. With that he drew a golden khopesh of his own from his belt.

A moment hung in the air as Rakuel stood looking at Seth, both with a sword in their hand, but the raccoon was unsure of what was about to happen. The answer came swiftly. Although tall, Seth's size and strength only aided in allowing him to move forward quicker than Rakuel had seen anyone ever move before.

Barely had Rakuel time to raise his blade to block the first slashing blow that hit him so hard he was knocked backwards, only barely able to keep on his feet. He realized he was now facing an opponent who was bigger, stronger, faster, and... well... was a god. He decided the best action was to keep moving. He began to stay light on his feet, moving left and right randomly to try to avoid providing himself as a static target.

Seth moved in again, striking towards Rakuel's left leg. But Rakuel managed to jump to the right and rolled on the ground to avoid the blow. Seth was unrelenting, however, and no sooner had Rakuel turned to see what was happening, Seth was attacking once more. Rakuel brought his sword up to block and stop the strike, catching the sword in the hook of his blade. The two locked eyes on each other, and the seconds seemed like minutes. Then, without warning, Seth flicked his sword up, forcing the blade once more out of Rakuel's hand painfully. Swinging it round, he thrust his blade straight into Rakuel's stomach.

Rakuel yelled out! He felt the blade pass straight through him only to stop as it hit the stone floor behind him. He was filled with the largest conflict of emotion he had had in his life... This was his death... but after being told he should fulfil a task by the very god who had just run him through ... why?

Seth pulled his sword back from the raccoon's stomach and blood splattered across the stone floor. He had a stern expression on his face as he looked down “Do not wallow in self-pity. Get on your feet.”

Rakuel was still lost in his own sea of emotion... he heard what was said but was so preoccupied he couldn't comprehend.

“STAND!” Seth shouted.

This command cut through all the thoughts rushing through the raccoon's mind. He HAD heard that. He looked up with a confused look on his face. How could he stand? He was dying. And yet, he leaned forward, put a hand out to steady himself, and slowly, unsteadily got to his feet. It was then he realized that although he felt everything that happened, he was not progressively feeling any worse. In fact, the pain was slowly fading.

“You will no longer need to fear death until the day you want it,” Seth said calmly. “Age will pass you by, and you will walk this land seeing infinite inundations of the Nile.”

Rakuel looked down through the hole in his tunic at the wound on his stomach, watching as it seemed to fade and close in front of his eyes. The stinging on his cheek had stopped too. He reached up to touch the blood-matted fur on his face, but there was no wound.

“Begin your task, Rakuel. Reap my subtle vengeance on the mortal realm,” Seth said, before abruptly grabbing the raccoon and physically throwing him back into the temple.

Rakuel had no time to react. He flew backward, hitting the temple wall, and then there was blackness.

The Beginning

The sounds of excited vultures seemed to echo about the stone walls of the temple as Rakuel slowly opened his eyes. He found himself in the temple once more, in the altar room where he had offered the otter’s package to Seth. But now, the room was dusty, sand swirling in the doorway, and the walls were no longer pristine white with golden hieroglyphics. They were back to their aged look.

He looked to the altar, but his offering was gone. He wondered... was it just a dream? Slowly, he stood up, looking around at the temple in its dilapidated state. It must have been a dream. He walked from the room, but as he did, he felt lighter on his feet, somehow more agile than he had been.

No, something was definitely different. He brought his hand up to his cheek, where he had sustained the deep cut yesterday, and felt nothing but a little blood-matted fur. There was no injury, no scar, nothing. He felt his stomach, and there was dry blood on his shirt, a hole through his shirt, blood matted in his fur as if it had come from a mortal wound... but there was no such injury.

Rakuel turned round and looked back at the altar. “Very well,” he said, grinning at the statue of Seth.

With that, he turned and stepped back out of the room, padding across the dusty temple that he had seen last night with its pool and all its splendour, and back out into the courtyard. Vultures were picking and pulling at the corpse of the bandit leader he had slain yesterday. As he walked over, they took off, limbering up into the sky slowly with their large wingspans, squawking in protest.

“It’s funny,” he said to the wolf’s lifeless body. “You, leader of the Messengers of Horus, came to kill my family, destroy our date farm, and in the process, set in motion Seth’s plan. The consequences of your small-minded land grab will now be felt by people long from now. And though it will be my pleasure to take their most precious body parts, in truth, they can all owe their remaining lives without them, to you.”

He glanced about and spotted a coin pouch on his belt.

“I don’t think you will need this anymore.” He reached down and sliced the pouch free from his belt and as he sliced that pouch free from its former owner he had a fairly sickening idea.

He looked down the wolf’s crotch with the material of his kilt resting over a sizable looking package hidden beneath. While he felt some revulsion about the idea of handling his slain foe’s package, there was something in him that was curious... And given what he had just said he felt maybe it was owed to all that come after... That the one who was responsible for triggering the actions would also have his parts removed. He took his knife and flicked up the material

covering the wolf's crotch revealing material undergarment that wasn't too dissimilar to a short pair of shorts. He now knelt down.

"Let's have a look to see what the oh so high and mighty fuckface has hidden away down here? I'm sure that Hebseni, your boyfriend I killed must have seen something in you." He said as he cut up through the linen shorts and pulled it back exposing the wolf's package.

Considering he was dead, it was still a pretty impressive set. A canine penis, exposed from its sheath, long, girthy and sat on top of a mighty pair of balls. Rakuel wasn't envious however, he'd often found those who boasted about big dicks or big balls tended to be those who needed to lose them the most for the sake of humility. He however wasn't going to stand on ceremony here. He wasn't doing this because he was going to enjoy it. Just to set the record straight for all those who he would meet soon...

He first grabbed the hefty pouch and pushed his blade into it slicing down and opening it up. He now squeezed from the top and forced those impressive wolf oysters free from their home, pulling them down and stretching their chords. With a quick snick up with his blade he severed them from their previous owner. He looked up at the ever-circling vultures. "Don't worry bird friends, you shall get your dinner soon" he said putting those severed balls on the wolf's stomach.

He now grasped the wolf's dick, offering it no courtesy or being gentle, he simply tugged it and started sawing at its base. While the knife was slicing through ever further through the wolf's dick, he wondered what the wolf would have said, or even done if he had known this was his fate. Would he have left the date farm alone? The knife crunched through the bone inside and finally sliced through the last scrap of flesh and the weighty piece of meat came free in his hand.

At present he couldn't think of anyone else in the world who he would rather less have their severed dick in his hand. He knew the vultures would soon have it as their meal, but he had done right by all those he was soon to harvest. He through that once so precious organ down onto the sandy floor with a dull slapping noise being heard as it hit and bounced slightly.

"So, fuckface, here lies your once mighty dick, cut off by that little raccoon you thought you could wipe out of existence. And here's what that raccoon had to do to it" he said as he slowly put his sandaled foot on top of it, starting to crush it with his weight and then slowly turned, grinding it against the floor, crushing it into a bloody mush in a vague former dick shape.

He withdrew his foot and scraped his sandal's sole on the floor to scrape off any remaining dick pulp and bent down to grab those two orbs – the final symbols of that wolf's pride remaining "as for these? ... Fly-by snacks for some scavengers." He said before throwing them as hard as he could up into the air.

He was surprised at quite how hard he threw them. He was more agile, but he was certainly stronger than he had been before... the dismembered orbs flew up into the sky where the vultures were circling – and as soon as they had seen them – there was a brief mid-air squabble but two lucky vultures found their mid air snacks, the orbs bursting in their beaks before gulping them down hungrily.

"I'll leave you here with Seth and the vultures, though I think one of those two things may be more interested in you than the other," he said, turning to gather up his khopesh and walking back out of the temple courtyard, between the two towering statues of the god who had imbued

him with this mission he was happy to now embark on. Behind him, the vultures swooped back down, having had their appetizer, now it was time for the main course.

Rakuel spent the next few hours finding his way across the dusty dunes in the morning sun, down to the bank of the River Nile. The riverbank was alive with activity. Small boats made of tied reeds drifted along the water, their occupants fishing or ferrying goods. The air was filled with the sounds of birds and the gentle lapping of the water against the shore.

He put his khopesh, knife, and coin pouch down on the river bank and untied the sash around his waist. Slipping off his bloody torn shirt over his head, he walked naked except for his Seth pendant hung around his neck into the river, wading in until the water reached his waist before starting to bathe. As he washed the dried blood from his fur, he started to think—where should he begin? He knew Giza was just a walk down the Nile. Maybe he would start there...

After washing himself clean, he walked back to the river bank and started to wash his bloody shirt. It was stained irreversibly, and he could see that clearly, but at least he knew what his first stop would be when he got into town: the market.

For the rest of the morning and afternoon, Rakuel wandered down the side of the Nile, occasionally seeing a person piloting a small boat made of tied-up reeds past him in the direction of the city. He arrived in time, with an hour or so before the market closed.

The bustle of the market didn't seem to reflect that it was late in the day. The streets were dusty, and there were people crowding stalls, carrying bolts of cloth, leading donkeys with large terracotta pots hung over either side, baskets, and every kind of smell known to Egypt filling the air. Stalls lined both sides of the street, offering items from mummified cats to carved semi-precious gemstones in the shapes of gods and scarabs glinting in the sunshine from their polished surfaces. Then there were the cloth stalls, pottery stalls, fruit stalls, date stalls, and the stands by the bakers selling round flatbreads.

Rakuel's stomach grumbled; he hadn't eaten since yesterday morning. He purchased himself a flatbread to eat as he navigated the market, eventually finding the stall he was looking for; a tailor's.

By the time the market vendors had started packing up, he had picked out for himself a sleeveless tunic, not too dissimilar to the one he was wearing, which was off-white in colour, along with a linen hood that would rest fairly pointed at the front and in front of his face. He also purchased a belt with several pouches that could be secured to it, allowing him to carry essential items without the need for a bag. He filled the pouches with supplies such as twine, cloth off-cuts, and some special vials he had gathered from an apothecary.

Now dressed in garb that wouldn't attract attention like his blood-stained clothes had previously done, he pulled up his hood and made his way through the streets, heading towards the pyramid complex. This is where he would begin his pursuit.

Earlier that day, in the baking desert heat, a golden-furred fennec fox, wearing a simple linen kilt and belt, stood looking over a large block of gleaming white limestone. The sun beat down relentlessly, casting harsh shadows over the bustling construction site. Around him, a cacophony of noise swamped everything, with the sound of chisels chipping away at limestone blocks. These were to be the outer casing of the pyramid. After the large alabaster blocks were

in place and the workers had begun working on the upper levels, the finishing blocks which would form the pyramid's gleaming white, smooth, angled sides would be cut, carved, and moved up into place. This was where Sebek worked.

He was 18 but had been an apprentice to one of the more admired stonemasons in the workers' village, and so had been able to demonstrate skills which were above most of the average stonemasons. Being so skilled, he had often been asked to check other people's work before it had been sent to be approved by the foreman.

Sebek chipped away at the block the entire day. With each strike of his chisel, a small cloud of limestone dust would rise, catching the sunlight and creating a mesmerizing dance in the air. The work was gruelling, but Sebek took pride in his craftsmanship. He and his coworker—a jackal wearing a similar kilt—worked in harmony, their movements synchronized as they shaped the stone.

By sundown, the two were exhausted. Their muscles ached from the day's labour, but they had made significant progress. As they started to pack their tools away into leather bags which they slung over their backs, Sebek couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction.

“Well, Kaphiri,” started Sebek, wiping the sweat from his brow. “Another good day's work. I would think another three days and we will have completed our 20th block together,” he said, smiling as they headed up the dusty path towards the workers' village.

The jackal smiled back. “Yeah, the others will be getting jealous at how quick we are getting on,” he said, laughing. “I still can't believe the foreman arranged for you to get your own hut. You think you could work on him to sort one out for me? I'm getting tired of being in a room with six other guys who are always getting up in the middle of the night to piss.”

Sebek grinned. “You shouldn't be far off getting one for yourself anyway. You're just as good as me, and I doubt it's gone unnoticed... Hey, you want to go get some beer?”

Kaphiri looked back with a longing look in his eyes. “Beer? Heck yes! Maybe I'll be able to drink so much I won't notice the other guys getting up later! Haha,” the jackal said.

The two walked into the workers' village and made their way to one of the most popular places—the open-air tavern. The village, as it was called, was more town than village, with its own brewery, bakers, and almost everything that was needed to keep a large number of skilled labourers going for each of the gruelling days they had to endure working on the Pharaoh's tomb.

Many hours later, the two stumbled away from the open-air tavern, laughing to each other, with the fennec holding a small oil lantern.

Sebek was speaking a little too loud for the time of the evening “If you want to fuck Menhit then just ... ask her!” he said.

The Jackal quickly responded “Ask her?! You know how hard that is?! M-Maybe you got something that ... heh ... gives you confidence huh??” he said before stepping right in front of Sebek and lifting his kilt only to then shove his hand up and grope the fennec right there in the street through his loincloth.

Sebek was too drunk to protest too much “Heey ... hey ... hahaha!” he laughed and pushed his friend off him “... seriously ... like ... you just need to ask her!” he said before hiccupping “anyway. I’ll see you in the morning. Don’t be late... like..” he hiccups again “cos I think you’re drunk” he laughs.

“Yeeeahhhh yeeaaaahhh” the jackal said then turning down a small street.

The fennec carried on walking up the narrow street he was on, but his friend groping him just moments ago had got him all worked up. He knew his friend wanted a girl, but it didn’t stop the fennec wanting to have some fun with his workmate... he knew exactly what he was doing in just a couple of minutes.

He stopped finally and opened a wooden door into a small hut. Inside was just one room with a table and a stool and at the back a raised area with some rugs over the top. By the door a small window which allowed a little moonlight in. He shut the door behind him and put the oil lantern on the table.

He undid the sash round his waist and took off his kilt before then untying the loincloth he had been groped through – letting it fall to the ground. He was stood for a moment with his member as hard as it could get.

He walked over and laid down on his bed looking at the ceiling and moving his hand down to his eager member.

“Fuck...” he said as he slowly teased himself. The fennec had a larger dick than most, he was uncut, and it was slender but beautifully smooth skinned. Being so hard, his foreskin had rolled back halfway back across the glans that he was now rubbing his thumb over.

Unbeknown to him there was a figure outside. Rakuel had heard the conversation having been waiting around the tavern earlier. He’d had a drink or two and kept an ear out for suitable targets. With the overly loud Sebek leaving he decided to follow. When he saw the jackal grope the fennec boy, he decided he also wanted to see what that fennec had in his loincloth. He moved over to the small window and with the lantern inside illuminating the room he could see clearly what the fennec had to offer.

Rakuel had a think. He had a couple of options... but given the fennec was already busying himself he had a fairly good idea of how to approach this one. He pulled back his hood and knocked on the door.

Sebek blinked, then letting go of his dick he got up and walked to the door and opened it a crack. “Hello?” he asked.

Rakuel was stood there grinning, and he put his hand to the door and pushed it open firmly “Kaphiri is a friend of mine, he said you may want a hand with something...” Rakuel said and looked down at the fennec boy’s still raging hard on.

Sebek suddenly blushed bright red “well, ahh ... uh...” was all he could string together.

Rakuel put his hand out and with the palm of his hand against the fennec’s chest he slowly pushed him back into the room and closed the door behind him. “Oh, don’t worry... you wont forget tonight” he said and pushed him back more until the fennec tripped back and fell back onto his bed.

The raccoon now moved down and moved his nose right up against the fennec's member, nuzzling at it gently while his hand gently rubbed down Sebek's stomach, past the base of his member and down to gently feel and roll the boy's orbs around in their pouch.

"Don't worry Sebek, I know what I'm doing ... but let's try something fun huh?" the raccoon said flashing a toothy grin. He pulled out some twine from one of the pouches on his belt and slowly slid up the excited fennec's body until he was nose to nose with him "lets play ... captured fennec."

Sebek "ooh ... what do I have to do?" the fennec boy replied before reaching down to grope at Rakuel ... he could feel the raccoon's own hard member beneath his tunic "oh fuck you feel so good..."

Rakuel grinned "All you need to do, cutey, is ..." he moved his hand down to gently take the groping hand of the fennec and moved it up to be behind the fennec's head with his other hand "have your hands here like this ... and I'll tie them here see?" he said as he tied the boy's hands back there with some skilful knots "Then," he said grabbing some cloth from another pouch and wrapped it round the boy's muzzle keeping it shut and tied that "we have to gag the cute captured fennec see?"

The fennec boy was so horny now ... and as Rakuel moved back he could see the boy's dick slick with pre. He now secured the boy's legs under him and moved his hands back to the boy's dick, gently sliding his hands back and forth slowly, inspecting every last bit of it, watching it twitch and throb at each small movement of his hand. The shiny pink head slipping free of the foreskin only to then be covered once more and the boy's sweet scent cradling his nose like a cosy hug of lust.

Rakuel now took more twine and as he had done with the otter boy the day before he tied it under his balls, and round the base of his dick. As he pulled it tight the Fennec let out a muffled yelped and looked a bit concerned. "Don't worry! This part is me claiming my fennec's most precious parts!" Rakuel said reassuringly. He now decided to do better than yesterday and tied a second twine but just on the fennec's dick about half an inch further up the shaft from the first constricting piece of twine.

The boy's member strained it was so hard. The added pressure of having been tied off caused some of the member's veins to bulge more than they had before and the head and grown more purple than pink.

Rakuel smirked as he moved his hand quicker now back and forth along that oh so sensitive meat. quiet muffled moans coming from his unsuspecting victim.

The fennec boy closed his eyes trying to hump up into the raccoon's hand .. he was so close to cumming!

But Rakuel had other ideas. He stopped stroking and now simply held the otter's throbbing meat. He then slipped his newly sharpened knife blade between the pieces of twine at the base of the fennec's member and sliced forcefully up and to the side.

The fennec suddenly let out a muffled scream but no one outside could have heard. The fennec opened his eyes and looked down just in time to see the raccoon lift his still hard dick away from his crotch!!

Rakuel had an evil looking grin on his face as he looked down “What? I’m taking my property! This ..” he says holding the boy’s dick out towards him “is mine now.”

The fennec boy looked wide eyed at his own member so close to his nose that he could smell his own scent... pre still dripping from its tip.

Rakuel now brought it back to his muzzle and started to suck on it. The member was just as it had been moments ago when still attached. The second piece of twine had worked just as he’d hoped; keeping the severed member as if it had never been sliced from its original owner. He slid the fennec’s member back and forth in his muzzle feeling its foreskin rolling back and forth and loving the salty taste of the boy filling his mouth.

Sebek watched in horror as his precious severed dick was being sucked off and yet getting no feeling from it at all.

With his drunken lust he found it difficult to comprehend... he tried humping a bit up ... he wanted that feeling! He wanted to be sucked off! He needed to cum!

Rakuel slowly pulled his first prize from his mouth and pushed it into one of the pouches on his belt for later. Now he grabbed the boy’s fluffy pouch. Sebek was still moaning trying to hump up into the air somehow trying to get over that edge and to climax, but nothing was working.

The raccoon brought his knife back down once more. This time he held it to the underside of the boy’s orbs, neatly packaged in their pouch and slowly sliced round. He heard the fennec cry out once more as the pouch slowly but surely started to pull from the boy, and with one final slice the blade slid through the final bit of flesh holding those balls to the boy and everything the boy once held precious had been removed.

Rakuel tied off the top of the furry pouch to stop its contents escaping and pushed them into the pouch he’d kept the cloth.

The fennec boy was watching with tears in his eyes. He couldn’t really comprehend what had happened to him...

The raccoon stood up now and leaned down to the fennec’s ear “don’t worry, your precious dick and balls will make a very ... very tasty supper.” he grinned and then turning away from the fennec he walked to the door, then, without looking back he left the hut and closed the door behind him.

As Rakuel padded down the sandy alleyway he wondered why he seemed to have such a craving to eat this freshly taken meat. He’d not thought about it before but his mind had taken him down this path and now he was filled with curiosity. How does a boy’s most precious body part taste when it’s cooked? Afterall, he thought to himself, it had been tenderised each night for the best part of ten years or so.

On his journey out through the workers village he spotted a brazier filled with prepared torches, and by it a pile of dried kindling and sticks. He stopped by to pick up a torch and firewood – then and light the torch off one of the many that were mounted on the corners of the alley ways providing some light for those who passed by.

He continued out of the village and found himself a sheltered spot behind a pile of smaller stone blocks. Here he set up a small campfire and lit it using the torch, before shoving its handle into the sand beside him.

He now reached into the pouch storing those precious pieces of meat. He first pulled out the fennec boy's severed dick and he couldn't help but feel a rush of pleasure run through him. This meant the world to that boy. This and the balls in his pouch were his future, and right here it is frozen at the moment before what could have been its last orgasm. The head still flared under the velvety foreskin covering half of it and a tiny drip of pre still trying to escape the tip.

He once more brought it up to his nose, sniffing at it as people in the future would smell a fine cigar, along the shaft and up to its tip. The boy's scent was intoxicating... he'd worked a hard day, and then been driven to the height of horniness before his precious dick had been sliced from him. Now it was his property... his toy ... his supper.

Rakuel leaned back against the blocks of stone behind him and moved his tunic out of the way of his crotch, slowly easing out his already rock-solid member from his undergarments. Rakuel had a similar length to the severed one in his hand. He was uncut, though when he was hard his foreskin still neatly covered the tip. He brought his new toy down to his dick and gently rubbed the tip of the fennec boy's severed length against the tip of his foreskin. It was growing cooler now but the feeling of the delicate flesh against his own sparked tingling down his legs.

He rubbed the severed length firmer against his own, moving it down to be almost side by side. The fennec boy was slightly longer but he had more width to his. He held both members side by side with one hand and began stroking back and forth them both with his other... as his foreskin rolled back, he could feel the foreskin of the other rolling back alongside, the head of it then pushing and sliding against his own.

He squeezed it harder against his own as he started dragging it a little now up and down the underside. The boy's dick was now the toy which was pulling his foreskin back and forth and in return his was pulling the severed member's foreskin around in unison. He moaned out quietly. He was using another guy's dick as nothing more than his toy to pleasure himself with! Once it had been the very thing that would be pleased – but now demoted to nothing but a severed piece of meat soon to be devoured...

Rakuel tensed up. It was everything he had hoped it would be. The feeling of power and domination he had, the sense of owning that boy's most prized bits ... he felt a wave of pleasure building and building... he gritted his teeth and thrust his hips forward as he suddenly shot rope after rope of seed into the cool night air and over the severed prize he had been using.

He sat there, slumped... panting, still holding onto that plaything in his hand.

That had been the most powerful orgasm he had ever had. He cleaned his seed off his prize and then took one of the sticks he had taken. He looked at the severed end of the fennec dick in his hand and then carefully pushed the thin stick up into the bunched up flesh where the twine had been tied. He snickered as he then held the stick now with a dick on the end. Had he just invented the dick on a stick? He now held the meat closer to the fire and pushed the stick into the sand so it was held close enough to begin to heat through but not close enough to begin to burn.

While the boy's dick was starting to slowly heat up, he pushed his hand back into the pouch and pulled out the boy's furry pouch containing his orbs. He opened the top and with a gentle shake the fennec's silvery balls slipped free of their protective home and rested in the palm of his hand. He wondered how these silvery things drove so many guys to do so many stupid things.

He took his knife and pushed its point up against the side of one of those orbs, watching its surface push in as it resisted the blade little by little until it could resist no more... The blade pierced it, sliding deep into it. Rakuel lifted it up on his knife blade inspecting it at first but then curiosity hit him. He opened his mouth and slipped that perfectly smooth ball onto his tongue and closing his teeth behind it, he pulled the knife back out. A salty metallic taste being dragged back over the tip of his tongue.

He slowly rolled the severed testicle around in his mouth... investigating it, teasing at the puncture site... he then slid it to the side of his mouth, between his teeth and then bit down.

The fennec boy's ball burst in his mouth – flooding his muzzle with savoury metallic flavours. The texture was strange too... but he found he liked it. He would never have thought that devouring some other guy's ball would be so pleasurable! He chewed up the remnants in his mouth and swallowed it down.

He now brought his knife down to the other ball he had stolen and pierced that one as he had the other with his knife. This one however he held out towards the fire.

The silvery flesh on the outside quickly changed from a translucent pearly colour to more of a light grey colour as the heat seared its outer layer. While he was turning the skewered fennec ball, he reached over and slowly turned the stick the boy's dick was roasting on. One side had started going a dark pinker colour as it had begun to cook.

Within 5 minutes the skewered meat ball on his knife had started to spit juices into the flames. Bubbles of juice and steam started to escape from beside the blade. He brought it back from the fire and watched the steam slowly rise from it. He moved it closer to his mouth now and bit through half of it.

Once again there was a burst of flavour but this time it was hot, more musky, less metallic and just as savoury... even more delicious than the first. It was firmer and more like cooked meat than the uncooked one had been. He savoured every chew before swallowing it down and going back for the final half of the cooked orb on his knife.

After finishing his appetisers, he reached down to turn the stick once more – the skin had begun to turn a more golden brown colour and he was making sure he was going to cook this evenly. After all, this was once that fennec's dick. He only had one – it would be a shame to ruin it by burning it.

The cooking length began to sizzle quietly beside the fire... juices began to drip from the tip... and after another five minutes he decided that it was cooked enough.

He took the stick from the sand and held it up looking it over. The scent of cooked meat rose from it but along with it a hint of musk still there. The Fennec boy's once so precious dick, the thing that had driven him to climax so many times through his life, frozen in the moments before orgasm was now nothing more than a piece of golden cooked meat.

His foreskin had crisped up around the head trapping heat and helping steam the lower part of the head that had not been exposed to the most intense heat of the flames. He opened his mouth and slowly pushed the head in, closing his teeth just behind and biting down. There was a soft pop as his teeth ruptured the caramelised skin and a crunch as he bit through the cooked meat, biting the head with its foreskin clean from its shaft.

He slowly began chewing another burst of flavour. This being much more like the boy tasted when he had put it in his mouth after taking it from him. He closed his eyes and thought back to when he was looking through the window earlier and the fennec boy was stroking himself, the feelings this meat had been giving him... He almost didn't want to swallow to allow him to savour it longer but when he did he felt it slide down his throat leaving him with the aftertaste of well cooked meat.

He now began biting chunks from the rest of the shaft. Where as the head had been meaty and tender, the shaft was much more chewy, but he had eaten far chewier things through his life and none of them had come with the excitement this had.

He finally pushed the twine off the severed end of the dick before tugging the last piece of meat free of the stick and chewing it up with a contented look on his face. He swallowed down the last remaining scrap of the severed organs he had taken earlier and looked up to the moon shining down above him. If this was to be what life was going to be like from now on, he was excited to see what tomorrow would bring.

Time

Over the next year, Rakuel became bolder, more confident, and able to handle any situation or slip up that may arise from his activities. The cities he frequented would start to talk about a shadow who would stalk the streets looking to un-man anyone that he so chose. The story was laughed about in taverns as urban legend, and few really took it seriously until they happened to fall prey to the shadow. After that they were typically dismissed as making stories up after trying to explain away the fact they had tried getting a blowjob from a crocodile. But it was on one of those moonlit nights that Rakuel came across his first apprentice.

The raccoon was padding softly down a moonlit street in Memphis. To the left ran a wide stream with the sound of water running over rocks and stones in its bank - and to the right various mud brick built buildings that formed houses and shop fronts all shut up for the night.

As Rakuel made his way up a dimly lit alley toward some warehouses, a slim young cat, about 19 years old, suddenly emerged from the shadows. He was bare-chested, wearing only a linen kilt secured with a belt from which a small bag dangled. Brandishing a knife, he thrust it directly at Rakuel's face.

"You! Give me your money!" the young cat demanded.

Rakuel stood still, his hood pulled up over his head, only his muzzle visible in the moonlight as a smirk spread across his face. "Been promoted from pickpocket to street robber, have we?" he retorted with a snarky tone.

"I... I mean it! Give me your money, or I'll gut you!" the assailant stammered, his confidence wavering. Typically, the mere sight of his knife was enough to make people comply.

Rakuel's smirk now faded to a stern look "Ok." He said and without warning he brought his left arm up knocking the cat's arm backwards with the knife being thrown into the air. Rakuel's other hand immediately shot forward grabbing the cat boy by his crotch and pushing him forwards he forced the cat boy back and pinned him against the wall. Rakuel drew his own knife and held it down to the bulge of the cat's package in his hand "I doubt you intended to lose your dick tonight, but it looks like you just earned it." He snarled at his captive.

“WAIT WAIT!!! ... WAIT!!” the cat cried out “I’m sorry!!! I ... Wait ... are ... are you the ... um Shadow?” the cat asked going from terrified to inquisitive.

Rakuel felt the cat’s package begin to go from being a soft warm bulge to begin to have a little more firmness about it “Yes... and you made a big mistake” he said.

“But! ... I am a fan... I heard about what you do ... and fuck... did I ever want to give it a go. I just never had the guts to do it...” he said speaking quickly as if he had just met a famous entertainer.

Rakuel thought for a moment and then let go of the cat’s package leaving it looking like a tent. “Really.” He said thinking out loud “Well. Tonight is your lucky night. Because here I am, and tonight you either go through with ‘giving it a go’ OR...” he said suddenly reaching forward to grab the ‘tent pole’ “I cut off your eager prick.”

The cat blinked and looked back a little unsure “so I have to cut off some guy’s dick?”

Rakuel nodded and held up two fingers “Two of them. Tonight, you are going to bring me two dicks. If you don’t accept, I’ll just take payment by cutting this off right here. What is your name?”

The cat looked around ... he had always wanted to go through with this ... and now it was a case of doing it or getting his own dick cut off... “I accept... and I’m Menni” he says, “Will you be coming along to help me?”

Rakuel shook his head “No. Show me you can do this. If the sun rises without you giving me two dicks, I’ll be taking yours. I’ll be watching” he said before letting go of the cat, walking past him, and turning down an alley way.

Menni blinked ... suddenly alone with a raging boner... “Wait!!” he said spinning round and running round to the corner the raccoon had just stepped round, but he could see no one. “Shit.” He said then looking down at the tent at the front of his kilt “fucking get down for fuck’s sake!” he said pushing it down more as a gesture than anything as it bounced straight back up.

Menni leaned against a wall, realising now he had to go through with what he’d said or this would be the last night he would have his dick... “OK. Think Menni... think! its late at night ... where am I gonna get some cute guy to cut his dick off...” he said out loud .. “I don’t know idiot... maybe someone’s house?” he replied to himself.

The cat started jogging down the alley way back out to the main road by the stream and then started checking out the buildings and houses. He hadn’t a clue who was in any of them.

He slowed to a walk as he started looking into windows but most of them were just filled with blackness, and the only house which had a flicker of light in it didn’t appear anyone was home.

As Menni peered through the windows, he heard footsteps approaching down the road. Realizing how suspicious he looked, he quickly leaned against a wall, pretending to examine the cracks around a window as the person passed quietly by. As the figure moved on, Menni turned to see who it was—a man enveloped in a large cloak. "A target!" he thought to himself.

Glancing around, Menni spotted a piece of timber on the ground in front of the house. He grabbed it, holding it like a baseball bat, and began to stealthily follow the cloaked figure. Quickly closing the distance, Menni called out just as he drew near, "Hey, you dropped something!"

The figure turned around, now clearly visible in the moonlight. To Menni's horror, it wasn't just a man in a big cloak but a bear, a 30-something-year-old bear with more muscles than Menni had ever seen. As the bear looked down at him, Menni's ears drooped.

The bear, looking displeased at being stopped, grunted, "What?" Then he noticed the large piece of wood in the hands of the cat in front of him.

Menni started speaking but his sentence trailed off "You er .. dropped .. this wood."

"Did I now?" the bear said snatching the wood straight out of the grasp of the cat "Well here! You can have it" and with that the bear swung the wooden timber round and straight into Menni's stomach.

Menni let out a squeak as the wood impacted, bending over double and falling to the floor.

"Thank ... you! ... for the ... Wood!" he gasped back at the bear as he turned and continued his way.

Ten minutes later Menni had managed to get back up to his feet and was starting to wonder whether he should just give up... go somewhere... jerk off and enjoy his dick while he still had it and just give it to the raccoon in the morning... He carried the wood and started walking down the street again.

Minutes later, Menni's pulse quickened as he saw someone exit a house and head down one of the smaller alleyways off the street. Energized, he sprinted towards the building, peered around the corner, and sure enough, there was a figure walking up the alley.

Without a second thought, Menni leapt from behind the corner and charged forward at full speed. The footsteps alerted the figure, who turned just as Menni closed in, only to be met by a piece of wood swinging straight toward their face. THUNK. The sound of the impact reverberated through the alley as the figure crumpled to the ground in front of Menni.

It was then that Menni realised he hadn't checked if this person even looked like a male... He moved down and grabbed the person's shoulder 'please have a dick ... please have a dick ... please have a dick...' he thought to himself turning the person over.

It was a 20-year-old Husky and looked male. Menni looked at him "oh you're cute." He said out loud and then immediately groped the dog "oh thank fuck for that. You have a dick!" he said giddily "...er ... for now..." he moved down to check the dog was definitely out cold and given the cut on his forehead it looked like he may be for the rest of the night.

The dog had a black tunic on with some gold trim, his fur was fairly dark with white markings on his face and a white muzzle. Menni wasn't going to waste time though. This guy's dick was his. He knelt down and lifted up the Husky's tunic and untied his loin cloth finally revealing the husky's sheath and balls. "Ok cutey... let's see what you have down here" Menni said quietly as he moved his hands down to the husky's sheath slowly kneading it and gently rolling his balls within their fluffy pouch.

Menni felt the husky's sheath twitch and begin to firm up. The dog's body was reacting out of instinct rather than out of thought. Whether the dog had wanted to or not – his red sensitive member began to slowly grow from its protective sheath. "Fuck... why the fuck did you have to be hot." He said as he slowly teased the emerging member "Maybe we could have been a thing!" he said moving down to lick at the tip as it grew, almost fully exposed now and with the knot at

its base slowly starting to grow. "Bet no one else ever told you your dick tasted good." Menni said, still talking to the unconscious husky "but... yeah your dick tastes goooood!!" he says before pushing his muzzle down on the husky's dick and taking half of it in. He started to suck and bob back and forth on it, feeling the knot growing more with his hand.

Menni was loving it, the husky's salty taste filling his muzzle, now leaking pre and starting to throb as he reached to his belt. He brought his knife round and pushed the husky's sheath back to be able to cut nice and low, when suddenly the husky's dick throbbed and began to pulse, followed by a gush of the husky's seed flooding his mouth.

Menni went wide eyed briefly only to wonder why he had never knocked some guy out to suck him off before... he swallowed down the dog's seed hungrily and then slid from his dick "That doesn't make us gay does it? It's only gay if you knew about it. Totally – not – gay." he grinned and then pushed the blade against the base of the dog's dick below the knot and sliced in.

It was going well until he hit something hard inside... "Oh come on what the fuck do you keep in there?!" he said. He sliced round the hard bit and then pulled the dog's mostly severed dick towards him. There was a snap as the bone inside broke, and the husky's severed member came free in his hand.

Menni stood looking at the severed dick in his hand and then spotted a drip of the dog's seed escaping the tip. He lapped it clean and then noticed the blood coming from the dog's crotch "Oh ..." he said and looked round.

He grabbed a lit torch from one of the buildings and brought it back shoving the hot glowing wood into the dog's sheath. A hissing sound along with an unpleasant smell rose into the air – it extinguished the torch but when he pulled the torch back the bleeding had slowed right down. "Fixed!" he said putting the severed member into the small bag secured to his belt. "I bet no one has ever given you this kind of attention before! Cut off your dick and given you serious burns in your sheath... Well... uh bye!" he said with a cheeky look on his face.

He turned and headed back down the alley and to the street once more. 'That's one down – one to go' he thought. He walked a fair way further down the street and spotted an open window into a large looking building. He walked over and could hear snoring coming from inside.

"Here comes victim number two," Menni whispered to himself as he hoisted himself up and through the open window. He landed softly inside, careful to make no sound.

The room's wooden floor creaked under his weight as he moved stealthily towards the source of snoring, which was coming from upstairs. Guided by moonlight filtering through the window, Menni spotted a ladder leading to a ceiling hatch. He climbed it quietly, the snoring growing louder and now sounding like several people.

Emerging into the warm, dark attic, Menni could barely see anything until his eyes caught the faint glow of dying embers from a torch. Needing more light to navigate, he approached the torch and took out his flint and striker. Sparks flew, and the torch ignited easily, casting light throughout the space. That's when Menni saw them: ten soldiers.

Frozen for a moment, Menni realized he was in a den of danger, akin to a snake pit. He scanned the room—soldiers sprawled on reed mats, their swords beside them, bows and quivers hung on the wall. "Nope," he thought, decisively turning on his heels. Menni then started tiptoeing back towards the hatch, careful not to wake the slumbering soldiers.

Menni was halfway to the hatch when a hyena soldier on the ground, looking to be about 25 years old, stirred and slowly opened his eyes, puzzled by the sudden light. Menni froze in place.

The hyena rubbed his eyes, blinking as the room came into focus—his comrades asleep on the floor and, amidst them, a terrified cat staring right back at him.

“HALT!!” he bellowed, scrambling for his sword as he leaped to his feet, his shout awakening the other nine soldiers.

“I WAS HALTED!!” Menni retorted sharply, seizing the moment to dash for the hatch, leaping over two dazed soldiers now struggling to rise.

The hyena lunged, arms outstretched, managing to grasp Menni's foot. Menni tumbled heavily onto the wooden floor with a loud thud but immediately began kicking, trying to break free. The hyena, groggy from just waking up, couldn't maintain his grip, and Menni slipped away, diving through the hatch.

Above, the hyena pointed at another soldier, a badger about his own age, and barked orders, “You! Follow me—the rest of you, check to see what he stole!” Then he plunged down the ladder, reaching the ground just in time to see Menni regaining his footing and dashing towards the window. The badger quickly descended the ladder behind the hyena, slinging a quiver over his back and clutching a bow, and together they pursued Menni across the barracks floor.

Menni leapt through the window with the hyena and the badger close on his heels.

Menni's hope dwindled as he realized his only chance was to outrun the highly trained, well-armed professional soldiers. He dashed down the street, his heart pounding, when suddenly an arrow zipped past his ear. “SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!!!” he yelled into the night; veering left into a narrow alley in hopes of losing his pursuers. But the alley stretched into a long passage with no turns for quite a distance.

Desperately, he summoned the last reserves of his energy to increase his speed. Another arrow whistled by, narrowly missing him. He zigzagged as much as the tight space would allow, but just as he was about to turn out of the passage, a thud echoed behind him followed by a sharp, piercing pain in his right leg. He screamed in agony, collapsing to the ground and skidding to a halt, then scrambled around the corner of the passage.

He heard the hyena's voice command the badger to guard the passage leading in and wait, signalling that he was coming after Menni himself. Dragging his injured leg, Menni crawled further up the side alley, each breath a fiery torment being so out of breath. He hadn't made it far when the hyena's voice reached him again.

“It's pointless trying to run now,” the hyena said as he advanced slowly, his sword ready in hand.

“I ... Didn't ... Steal anything!” Menni gasped out, struggling for breath as he turned to face the approaching hyena.

“So, what the hell were you doing sneaking around in the barracks?! You some Nubian spy?!” the hyena snarled menacingly.

“No! I ... I was... looking for some food,” Menni stammered, scrambling for a believable excuse that didn't reveal his actual, more perilous mission.

"Oh! A thief. Well, time to put one more thief out of their misery," the hyena declared, stepping forward and raising his blade.

"WAIT!" Menni cried, covering his face with his arms and shutting his eyes tight. But then, suddenly, silence fell. Tentatively, Menni opened his eyes to a surprising sight: Rakuel, or at least it appeared to be him, was there under the moonlight, the gleam off a mask visible under his hood, positioned over his eyes and resting on his muzzle. He had subdued the hyena with an arm around him and a cloth patch clamped over the hyena's nose and mouth. The hyena slumped back, unconscious after inhaling whatever potent mixture soaked the cloth, his sword clattering to the ground.

"Shadow!" Menni cried out, tears filling his eyes—relieved to see the raccoon, yet overwhelmed by the realization that he had failed to accomplish what he was tasked with, and now that person he was relieved to see ... was shortly going to be slicing his precious dick from him.

Rakuel glanced over at Menni and carefully lowered the hyena to the ground. "You were shot," he stated, walking over to where Menni lay and kneeling down to inspect the injury.

"Lucky for you, it's gone through the side of your thigh... and straight through to the other side." Rakuel said, reaching down to examine the arrow. He snapped off the fletching. "This is going to hurt," he warned, giving Menni little time to prepare before gripping the arrowhead and pulling it clean through the cat's leg.

Menni cried out in agony as the wood was pulled through, blood seeping from the wound.

"Don't be so dramatic... Try having a sword run through your gut," Rakuel remarked, standing up and returning to the hyena. He untied the sash from around the hyena's waist and brought it back to make a dressing for Menni's leg.

"I didn't do it..." Menni said, reaching into the bloody bag to his side and pulling out the severed husky member he'd taken earlier in the evening.

"Your job was to get me two." Rakuel said "or forfeit your own".

Menni nodded with tearful eyes.

"And you brought me three." Rakuel said.

Menni looked up with a confused look to his face... "No I only got this one..."

Rakuel pulled a slender tapered severed dick from out of a pouch on his belt and gently tossed it at Menni who caught it and looked at it. It was still warm.

"But ... Where ..." the cat asked before quickly checking it wasn't his that looked different in the moonlight, but no he still had his.

"The badger round the corner is a little lighter than he was." Rakuel grinned "and since you will be ok with a little care, I'll see what this handsome boy has hidden away." He said gesturing over at the hyena. He stood up and walked back to the hyena who was wearing some soft leather pants which had bunched up around his crotch as he was slumped on the ground.

Menni watched as Rakuel undid the soldier's pants and the hyena's bits flop out loosely. The hyena had a cut human like dick with a set of heavy looking balls that it was resting on. Rakuel pulled out a fine wire and tied it neatly behind the unconscious hyena's now vulnerable bits.

He wrapped the ends around a small brass bar that sat attached with a spindle on top of a little brass square that he positioned to the side of the Hyena's junk. He then began twisting the brass bar. With each turn the loop of wire became smaller and smaller. Menni watched as the hyena's precious bits were beginning to be bunched up more and more. His flaccid dick was starting to be lifted as the wire began to dig into the base of its length, but Rakuel kept twisting.

Smaller and smaller the loop became, there was a moment of critical tension before the wire sliced cleanly through the once proud hyena's sensitive flesh, just his shaft remained. Then, there was a quiet twang as the wire sliced through the remaining manhood and struck against the brass square plate. The hyenas full package slipped from his crotch and fell with a wet slap onto the floor between his legs.

Rakuel now put his little contraption away once more and reached down to grab the flaccid hyena meat from the floor.

"One thing that always interests me. It doesn't matter how tough, macho, or 'manly' a guy is. His dick is soft, delicate, and floppy. Not very manly, eh?" he says tossing the hyena's whole package over to the cat.

Menni caught the hyenas' bits and looked them over. He looked over to the still unconscious solder and gently fondled the head of his severed dick. It felt almost jelly like with velvety skin... "Yeah, actually you're right..." he said and put the package along with the badger's into the bag with the husky dick he had taken earlier.

Rakuel now came over to Menni and helped him back on his feet, allowing the cat to lean on him so as to not put weight on his injured leg.

Menni, now close to Rakuel, took a good look at the mask he was wearing. It was made of bronze, with dark black enamel inlay and intricate bronze detailing.

"Why do you even wear a mask?" Menni asked.

"It adds to the persona. When someone's describing me, it helps to instill a little extra fear, don't you think?" Rakuel grinned back.

"But you're a raccoon," Menni pointed out matter-of-factly. "You already have a mask."

Rakuel nodded. "Well, now I have two masks," he said as they began to make their way down the alley, the sun rising in the distance.

Menni chuckled. "A raccoon in disguise... you should be called Twomasks," he suggested with a laugh. "What is your name anyway?"

"Rakuel. But Twomasks is good," Rakuel replied, leading the way down the alley.

Menni ended up becoming just as adept at stealing precious things as Twomasks, and the pair worked together for just over 25 years, but it was with Menni that Twomasks first learnt how his gift of not aging would become a curse. Menni was 45 years old when he left the mortal realm and went to the Duat. For someone of the age that was considered a good life, but to Twomasks he had lost someone dear to him, and too soon.

Twomasks ensured that his beloved cat apprentice was mummified and buried with all the honour befitting his best friend, whom he had grown to love dearly.

The pain of Menni's loss haunted Twomasks for decades. He had never anticipated that the very gift he had once looked forward to; living to always see the next day, would become such a heavy burden to bear. Everyone he would come to know would grow old and die, leaving him.

Those decades were his darkest. But some 50 years after the loss of Menni, he encountered his next apprentice. It was her who would help to teach him that love is in the present, and never dies. And that so long as someone is remembered, they are never truly gone. Her name was Tiyet.

Twomasks would also lose her to time but he held on to her wisdom. The ancient Egyptians believed that even to speak someone's name who has passed, is to almost invoke them and ensure that they are never truly gone. Twomasks may be a genital harvesting tool of the gods, but for those who he lived their time with, he will never permit their names to be forgotten.

Time passed. Decades into centuries. The Golden age of Egypt, his beloved homeland he saw in all its splendour and then its fall. Its invasions, its subjugation, freedom and the last Pharaoh Cleopatra... But time continued to march on. The gods were all but forgotten, but he remained steadfast... after all it was what he was best at!

Empires rose and fell, Religions formed, Scientific discoveries were made, forgotten and rediscovered hundreds of years later.

Twomasks left Egypt to travel to distant lands. Though his accent changed, and languages changed he remains in his heart where he belongs: In Egypt.

By 1500AD he was in a small country called 'England' and his name was often mispronounced by his apprentice Jason. He persistently called him Raskul, and eventually just allowed Jason to call him Rascal, which then became the name he would maintain.

Colonisation, more empires, and when things seemed to be settled the world erupted into the biggest wars that Twomasks had ever seen. As the 20th century drew to a close, the internet became widely available to people and Twomasks found even more creative ways to snare his prey.

But at the end of each day, wherever Twomasks is as he is now; laying in his comfortable bed with his mobile phone charging beside him he will always remember those who have shared his life with him. And they will never be truly gone.

"Menni, Tiyet, Thesy, Merisyu, Khethu, Rekhmet, Nesmerith, Siavash, Behzad, Tisandros, Maia, Itylus, Titus, Max, Aurelia, Styr, Ricco, Catalina, Marcos, Rémy, Izzy, Jason, Jacob, Todd, Simon, Tiny and Jask."