

ROLL FOR NUTS - Churro and Moth

The neon lights of the Black Cherry's main lounge cast a soft glow on Churro's rippling stripes, as he prowled through gaggles of foxes and kittens to a place at the bar. He casually muscled a lounging wolf to the side, and leaned against the wooden countertop, waiting for the tender to make his way over to them. He glanced to his left, at the corner of the bar, where a soft and fluffy bug was sitting quietly in the shadows, staring up at the glittering fluorescents above.

"Evening," Churro rumbled, voice as smooth as silk wrapped around steel. He leaned against the bar, close to the winged anthro critter who seemed almost lost in the shadows, a slim contrast to the tiger's robust presence. "You're a moth, right?"

"I am," the bug said, his iridescent wings fluttering slightly along his back. "Hummingbird moth. I go by Thysbarr."

"Neat," Churro said. The moth had a velvety texture to his skin, and his hands especially were cloaked in big soft fur poofs, hiding his fingers inside them. Thysbarr was holding a greenish cocktail, but had not yet sampled it. "I think your wings are... pretty."

"Thanks," the moth said, drily. His muzzle was delicate, with large expressive eyes with no pupil and no lids. It was slightly unnerving, but Churro had always enjoyed the appeal of the strange and unusual. "Do you want to comment on my antennae, as well?"

"Heh, nah," Churro weighed his options, and then decided to just go for it. "I heard that moths... you guys are into nectar, eh? I've got some... fresh fruit that might just tantalize your taste for sap."

Thysbarr winced, not replying to the open invitation. The subtle downturn of his lips spoke volumes, a silent testament to his disinterest in the tiger's bravado. Still, you missed 100% of the shots you didn't take. Churro leaned in closer, the air thick with the scent of his musk and anticipation. "You seem skeptical," he purred, certain that the deep growl of his voice was vibrating the dust right off the meek moth's wings. "But trust me when I say, I am *full* of... nectar. You can ask anyone. I'm *quite* the shooter." He tapped the moth's martini glass. "I could fill that up, twice over... if volume is what you're after." It was not exactly a blatant lie, as Churro could easily fill *one* martini glass, especially as backed up as he is, and really, after the first cup, are you really counting ounces?

The moth shifted again, and it seemed that the moth's interests did not include indulging the appetite of a brash tiger boasting about his virility. Churro's tail lashed in mild frustration. Everyone wanted a piece of Churro and he was not used to being dismissed, especially not when he had laid out such a tempting morsel of falsehood.

Then he noticed something. The moth, not having answered vocally, had canted his head slightly downwards, towards the tiger's groin. Churro grinned, as he realized that Thysburr was checking him out. The bug had taken the bait, after all. Now all Churro had to do was reel him in.

"You're nervous, eh? Is that it?" He turned towards the moth, leaning over the bar so that what he was about to do was visible only to the fluffy bug in the corner, and his hands went down to his belt buckle. "Maybe I'll let you see for yourself, and you can decide for yourself instead of just taking me at face value?"

Churro cupped under the generous bulge of his denim, provocatively groping himself. The moth's antenna quivered, which Churro figured meant that he was excited. He kept one hand cupping under his junk, as the other pulled his zipper down with purposeful slowness. Too fast, and someone might hear him. The air around them thickened as the tiger drew back the fabric veil, pushing up from below and nestling his scrotum out through the teeth of his unzipped jeans.

Calling his balls 'peaches' had been apt; the cream-colored scrotum was softly fuzzed, not quite furry, but not quite skin. It was a tight scrotum, tautly gripping around the fattened tiger fruits that Churro was not so eager to bare to his new moth friend. Not quite the size of his own fists, they were nevertheless a testament to virility, heavy with latent power, the most impressively large eggs in the bar this night, and Churro was counting on that to count for something.

"Quite the pair, wouldn't you agree?" Churro's voice was a low rumble, tinged with the thrill of exhibition.

The moth reached out, his movements precise and unhurried, the long and dense fur of his paws enveloping the tiger's offered pouch. His touch was delicate, almost reverent, as he cradled the pendulous weight in his paws. Churro enjoyed the feel of the padded fingers as they held his organs, slowly tracing over them. Thysburr wasn't squeezing or trying to jerk him off, the weird little bug was merely examining him, and there was a certain excitement that came from being so casually handled in public.

"Prime specimens, are they not?" Churro growled, his dick inching down the inside of his pants, not yet invited to the party. He was eager to feel the moth reach into his pants, to get a feel for it, maybe even to pull him out right then and there. The bar had forbidden such behavior, but they were hidden, private, secretive. Nobody would need to know.

"Such heft," the moth murmured, fingers stroking, slowly kneading against the tiger's endowments. The tender squeezing, the judging pressure of those moth paws, the clinical detachment sent a jolt of excitement arcing through him, igniting a primal satisfaction in being so thoroughly evaluated. "They are, indeed, quite the specimens."

The moth carefully pushed the tiger's testicles back through the open zipper from which they had been fetched. Churro watched, stunned, as the moth carefully tucked the second after the first, pushing them together to stuff them back down between Churro's thighs.

"Your offer tempts me," Thysburr said, his voice speculative as he carefully zipped Churro back up. "But, you are quite large, are you not? And I am afraid of your big, sharp fangs and your dangerous claws. If you wish to share your nectar with me, then I must insist on precautions. Your vigor could prove overwhelming to me otherwise."

Churro nodded, his chest swelling with pride at the acknowledgment of his power. "Yes, I understand that. You're not the first to request that a big fierce predator like me allow myself to be restrained. *And perhaps he liked the idea of the soft and fluffy science bug being allowed to play with him.* "Restrain me, then," he offered, almost too quickly. "I mean, after all... I wouldn't want to spoil your... harvest."

The faintest smile flickered across the moth's lips, and Churro thought he saw the gleam of a predator sizing up its quarry. "Follow me," the moth commanded, turning toward the door, the subtle sway in his step a siren call that Churro was powerless to resist. Their spots were soon taken, a drunken fox quickly seizing the moth's green cocktail and draining it entirely.

They slipped from the bar into the cool embrace of the night, the sounds of revelry fading behind them. As they walked, the city melted away, giving rise to a neighborhood of charming houses nestled under the watchful gaze of ancient trees. The moth led Churro to a quaint house, its exterior bathed in the soft glow of the moon. The door creaked open, revealing a foyer, some darkened rooms to the left and right, and in front of them, a curling staircase that led upstairs. Churro followed Thysburr, his squint of apprehension fading as he picked up on the scent of faint musks, and the familiar starch of seed.

"Quite the setup you've got," Churro remarked, his voice betraying his awe as they entered Thysburr's domain. It felt like a dungeon, though there were no tools or toys that Churro could see. The center of the room had a table, with a laptop setup nearby. There were ropes and restraints hanging under the table, but Churro was impressed with the fastidious cleanliness of the room. It felt almost like a science lab.

"An enthusiast must always be prepared," the moth replied with a nonchalance that belied the carefully curated space. "And I take great pride in my work."

"So you've done this before, I take it?" Churro joked, attempting to mask the tremor of excitement in his voice. The moth gestured, and the tiger began to strip, peeling off his shirt and dropping it to the floor.

"Milking males such as yourself is something I excel at," the moth said, his pupil-less, unblinking gaze sending a shiver down Churro's spine. "If your claims are true, your contribution will be the greatest volume I've achieved yet."

Churro swallowed hard, wondering if he should clarify his earlier statement. One cup, two cups, not that big of a difference, really? He pushed his jeans down his hips, stepping out of them, his dick slapping up into the air, white as the untouched snow save for the vivid red glans that capped it like a ripe cherry. The root was narrow, the head thick and swollen with a pronounced bell and a long, slick slit. "Well, I hope you got Guinness on the line, because you ain't never milked a dude like me!" *Dammit.*

He could feel the moth's gaze upon him, heavy and analytical, stripping him not just of his clothes but of any pretense. This was no mere flirtation; it was an appraisal, a preparation for something far more intimate. With a confident stride masked by a tremor of vulnerability, Churro hopped up onto the table, laying down and stretching out. His feet jutted out over the bottom, and he could feel the edge of the top of the table against the back of his head. Thysburr began to restrain him, delicately but methodically strapping thick leather padded manacles around his ankles. Churro could not help but admire the unassuming, but assured way that his insect friend handled the restraints. He watched, his breath hitching slightly, as the moth's excitement melded seamlessly into a businesslike demeanor, hands fluttering over the straps with practiced ease.

"Comfortable?" the moth inquired, his voice a smooth cadence that belied the clinical nature of their encounter.

"More than," Churro replied, a growl of eagerness lacing his words.

With precision, the moth surveyed Churro's exposed groin, his black eyes reflecting the pearlescent sheen of Churro's hefty testicles. They were formidable orbs, full and robust, blatantly hanging between the tiger's striped thighs.. The moth's furry paw reached out, enveloping them with a tenderness that contrasted sharply with their substantial girth. Churro's cock, all twelve throbbing inches of it, throbbed immediately at the soft attention, the tiger growling happily as he was appraised once more.

"They are remarkable," the moth murmured, his touch ghosting along the engorged length of Churro's shaft, eliciting a shudder from the restrained beast. "But even these impressive jewels may not yield the bounty you boast."

"Try me," Churro challenged, his voice a deep rumble from within, each word vibrating through the confined space like a taunt.

"Two cups..." the moth mused, skepticism threading his tone as he weighed the dense flesh in his palm, the softness of his paw pads juxtaposing the taut skin of the tiger's sac. "We shall see if your claim holds true. I suppose I should warn you, of course, that if you fail to live up to my expectations, I will have to remove these."

Churro's breath caught in his throat as the moth casually threatened to castrate him. "W-what?" He flexed his biceps, tugging at his restraints, his heart seizing in his chest as he realized all at once that he *was* actually quite secure. "You're joking, right?"

"Oh, I never joke," Thysburr said. "I take my time very seriously, and I have no need for horny kitties who *don't*. You better hope that you are capable of delivering, mister tiger. Don't worry, though, I am very, *very* good at milking. I'll make sure to extract every drop."

The moth's examination along those swollen testicles became a slow, deliberate caress, the soft fur of his paw igniting a fire that coursed through the tiger's veins. Churro was the predator *and* the prey, and he couldn't be any harder. The cool air of the attic kissed his exposed skin, but all he could focus on was the moth's mesmerizing presence, the slender creature now leaning in with an air of professional curiosity. His arousal built steadily, a pulsing monument to his virility, as beads of precum pearled at the tip of his turgid shaft.

'It had to be a joke.' Churro rationalized, staring at the drooling precum that eased its way out from between the tiger's puffy dicklips. He could feel each oozing secretion, seeping its way out from his loins, an overflow of arousal that could not be contained. Thysburr noticed it, and, still massaging the tiger's balls, leaned forward and over the primal feline's groin.

The moth unfurled his proboscis. Churro hadn't noticed it, tucked underneath Thysburr's chest, but suddenly there it was, a gleaming brown spool of sleek, damp flesh that unspooled in lazy loops around his erection. It was, Churro realized, prehensile, and his toes splayed at the peculiar sensation of the cool, slick 'rope' softly gripping and sliding against his naked sex flesh.

"Are you gonna suck me with that?" He whispered, fascinated and aroused and spooked all at the same time. He knew better than to *think* about what was going on, not if losing his erection meant losing his balls. *It was probably just a tease.* The tip of the moth's proboscis curled its way up and over the edge of his glans, pressing into the beading, salted syrup that Churro had so generously provided. With a methodical grace that belied the fervor building within Churro, the moth began to sip at the clear essence seeping from the tiger's pride. There was enough there for the moth to taste, his delicate mouth tool bulging with tiny blobs of fluid being sapped away from the tiger's generous cockhead.

"Exquisite," the moth stated, maintaining a clinical tone that resonated with an unfamiliar thrill through Churro's sinews. The detachment in the moth's voice was a stark counterpoint to the intimacy of the act, and Churro found himself reveling in the impersonal adoration, his hefty testicles aching with a heaviness that begged to be harvested.

Feeling emboldened by the tiger's mounting desire, the moth aimed his proboscis towards the weeping slit, attempting to navigate the engorged terrain. Churro's dick strained harder than it had from any cockring, another spurt of precum glazing out over the end of the moth's hose. It was this steely hardness that turned out to be the problem, in fact. Thysburr scraped and prodded, his tongue digging against the edge of the tiger's slit, vying for a way inside.

It was soft, but slightly scratchy, giving it a rubbery fingernail feeling as it dug and teased against the fortress of Churro's arousal. Each touch sent electric quivers along Churro's spine, simultaneously wanting more and wanting to bat the probing tongue away. Thysburr could not gain entrance, however. The swollen glans refused entry, bulging against the intrusion as the proboscis was only able to insert itself a quarter of an inch at most, sapping fluids from the cavernoso just behind the outer lips. The proboscis scraped firmer, roughly against the sensitive flesh, making Churro's member jerk reflexively, a dance of escape and pursuit that taunted both parties.

"Ah, it seems you're quite eager," the moth commented, a hint of amusement threading through his words. "I thought that my threat of testicular removal might have softened your arousal a bit." His head turns back up towards Churro, who's ears and cheeks flushed hot and red at the insinuation. "It's no problem, though. I have ways of making you spurt, mister cat." His assurance was calm, undisturbed by the obstruction, as if such challenges were mere trifles in his quest for fluid extraction.

Thysburr's delicate wings fluttered, casting an ethereal glow in the dim light of the attic as he re-spooled his proboscis, and opened his mouth. Churro had never seen the inside of an insect's mouth, and in the dim light, he couldn't make out much, just a blank, inviting emptiness. Then it was gone, as Thysburr descended upon Churro's throbbing cock, surrounding the bell shaped glans between his toothless jaws. The coolness of its embrace was slick, smooth and soft, a strange yet deeply pleasurable contrast to the heat radiating from Churro's engorged member.

The attic went silent, then, save for the beating of Churro's heart, thudding in his chest as he watched the small moth bobbing slowly up and down over the glans of his cock. The moth wasn't suckling - but Churro wasn't sure if Thysburr *could* suck. It felt more like he was feeling more than attempting to pleasure, as shifting pieces of moth mouth parts touched and rubbed, grazing and sliding against his sensitive, straining organ.

Of course, Churro could not see the moth's hidden mandibles, as they emerged into the moth's maw. They were not very large, merely the size of a pair of safety scissors, but the tips were quite sharp, designed for piercing, for shearing. They began to tease the sensitive flesh with soft, exploratory nibbles, gripping at first against the webbing of sensitive nerves at the underside of the glans. Churro twitched as the soft pinch, his dick lurching, precum oozing down the sides of it as it drooled from the moth's maw.

"What are you doing?" He whispered, but the only response from Thysburr was in the way that the gentle, exploratory pinches continued. They were no firmer than a nip, feeling around the broad bulk of Churro's cockhead, feeling for the right spot. It was a dance of sensation, each playful squeeze making his abs tighten, and his balls throb. They were as heavy and full as they had felt, and at this point they ached with a pent-up urgency that bordered on pain. "Damn... If you don't start soon, I'm gonna explode," he murmured, his voice laced with a mix of desperation and anticipation.

Undeterred by Churro's warning, the moth continued its work with a meticulous fervor. Its mandibles transitioned from gentle grazing, to taking a small, hard, sharp bite, just at the tip of his maleness. Churro groaned as the pinch pushed past playful and into pain, feeling a strange burst of euphoria as the mandibles clicked. The pinch was over, save for the residual pang, raw and hot, and the sensation of even more precum oozing out from his dick tip.

The moth paused, and while Churro couldn't see what the moth was staring at, he got the distinct impression that those big black eyes were watching him, and his reaction. He scoffed, unsure, the pang not subsiding as he felt a second pinch. This time, one of the mandible slid down into his cock tip, into the urethra, and he felt the keratinous fingers pierce into and sever through his flesh.

"H-hey! Too rough!" Churro stammered, trying to wiggle his dick away from the moth's maw. It ripped free, flopping up against his belly, and Churro saw, with a shock, that part of it was *missing*. The tip, and part of the left side of his bell, had been surgically removed.

"It is necessary," Thysburr said calmly, as the dick swung back and he re-engulfed it in his loose, soft, cool maw. Immediately, Churro felt the mandibles again, claiming another piece of his beautiful, perfect, sensitive cockhead.

"It's not! It's not necessary!" Churro cried, his voice rising in octave. His entire cock was beautiful, but it was his glans that made it impressive, the bulbous rounded cap supple and plump, eager to plug any hole that would accept it. Now, that beautiful, mouthwatering glans succumbed, his most sensitive anatomy being delicately dismantled.

It would have been better if it had only hurt, but it didn't. The sensation was bizarre, a blend of pleasure and discomfort that left Churro in a state of disoriented ecstasy. He was helpless, his powerful muscles useless to prevent the small, soft, fluffy mouth from extracting his masculinity from him, one nibble at a time. He felt part of himself being taken away, bite by bite, his dick throbbing stupidly, senselessly with each chewing slice of Thysburr's mandibles. The moth moved with an uncanny precision, taking his time to consume the fleshy crown of his cockhead like a gourmet savoring a particularly decadent dessert.

Churro could only watch in stunned silence as his once proud member was gradually reduced to a bare stump. Thysburr had carefully extracted every hint of red from the tip of his maleness, with a maddening, cold, surgical precision. What was left of his shaft throbbed painfully, the exposed end raw and vulnerable without its protective helmet, his length truncated by three inches. "Why, Thysburr? Why did you do this?!"

"Call it.. a refocusing," Thysburr said, as he turned his head, allowing the ball of shredded flesh that he had collected from Churro's cockhead to flop into a small plastic trashbin near him. "You promised me two cups, after all. I have removed the greatest obstacle to obtaining those two cups."

"You're insane!" Churro squealed. "I need my cockhead to fucking cum! I can't give you two cups if I don't get off!"

Thyrburr's wings vibrated in a soft rustle, the bug canting his head to the side. It almost seemed like he was *chuckling*.

"Now, why would you think *that*?" Thysburr queried, as the tip of his proboscis unfurled from the coil under his chin. Churro's wide, flat cock stump had a decidedly naked, exposed urethra in the lower center of it, and the moth's probing tip hovered just above it. With the intricate care of an artist completing a masterwork, the moth guided the tube-like extension right into the grayish, smooth hole that was still bubbling our precum.

Churro was confronted with two new sensations. The first, of course, was the alien and invasive feeling as the rubbery, smooth, cool proboscis probed down into his urethra, sounding its way into his shaft. The other was the sensation of slurping. With each half inch, the moth drew sap from his loins. There was no way to drool his precum out into the open now; blood seeped and mingled with the precum that had flowed from the tiger's cock during his reduction, but his cock was plugged by the invasive probing tendril. He could feel the slickness being sucked up from deeper in his cock, as it wiggled and pried its way deeper, and he could feel soft bulges of captured 'milk' being siphoned up and out of that proboscis.

Deeper, and deeper it slid, tickling an inch at a time down Churro's maleness, until it had slinked its way into the tiger's groin. As it went, more of it unspooled from under the moths's chin, gradually widening and thickening as it goosed its way down into Churro's groin. He could feel it, wiggling inside him, touching and stretching areas of his body that had never been touched before. A peculiar sensation made him want to clench down, but he was worried that if he did, he would hurt Thysburr, and hurting Thysburr was not something he wanted to do while he was restrained like this.

Then, he felt a tickle in his prostate. He couldn't help himself, his buttocks clenching, his tail flicking behind him as he clenched down. There was nothing in his ass, though; the tickling was in his prostate, not against it. His dick strained, vying for freedom from the tube that had sunk so deeply down into it, but escape, or even release, was not yet an option.

The moth began the milking process. It was nothing like the explosive release Churro had anticipated; no volcanic eruption of fulfillment. It was *theft*, a siphoning off of his essence. It started in his prostate, the plump and juicy bladder being drained, emptied from within as cum that was supposed to be spat out of the dick was instead slurped out through the moth's prophylactic. Each slurp was a draw, timed with his breath, so that each time he breathed in, the moth drew out, until his prostate had collapsed down into a prune.

The moth pushed the tongue just a bit further, and started again. Churro roared in surprise, in shock, as he felt the tautness of his testicles quiver.

"What.. please, whatever you're doing, stop it..." Churro begged, as the moth's suction kissed against the inside of his testicle, a shift of pressure drawing the fluid up and out of them.

"Stop now? Whatever for? This is what you promised me, after all," Thysburr said. His mouth was not impacted at all, as the 'sap' that he extracted was being drawn into an organ underneath his mouth, along his neck, under the thick mane of soft white fur that pillowed there. Each pull from the moth's feeding tube was a grazing touch on the precipice of pleasure. It *almost* felt good, which made the excruciating sensation of having his cum involuntarily drained out of his ball so much more damning. The moth's paws, covered in velvet fur, cradled the heavy orbs of masculinity that hung between Churro's spread legs, cupping the precious orbs that had been offered to him so generously.

With each draw of the proboscis, the tiger felt his libido being drawn away. He was losing his load, his massive, pleasurable ejaculation reduced to a fracking excursion, his cum a liquid treasure that flowed silently through the moth's hollow tongue. Despite that - or perhaps because of it - the moth cared for Churro's dwindling testicles with a tenderness that belied the brutality of their encounter. Thysburr massaged the once-proud sac, kneading the testicles that were noticeably lighter, noticeably less plump, but still just as large. Fingers gently squeezed, and Churro realized bitterly that the moth was helping to work any remaining packets of fluids free of his groin, caressing the virility free from his fat balls with the deftness of a pianist coaxing notes from a cherished instrument.

In the silence of the attic, every sound was magnified—the quiet drawing slurps of the buried proboscis, the rustle of furry fingers against Churro's scrotum, the faintest whimpers escaping Churro's lips. Churro's balls deflated like rotting pumpkins, caving slowing inwards as what kept them plump and full was drawn out of it. The tissues that made the cum still remained, but the semen factory was shut down, as every resource, every splinter of seed and juice, was drawn out of the leathery, tender tissues.

"Almost there," murmured the moth in a voice smooth as silk, betraying no emotion. "Your contribution is most... appreciated, mammal."

Churro lay motionless but for the involuntary twitch of muscles and the soft quiver of his striped fur, the act of being emptied reducing his once-proud form to a mere shell. His breaths came in shallow drafts, cool air brushing against the raw stump where his most sensitive flesh had been nibbled away.

The moth continued its commentary, clinical as a surgeon during an operation. "You have remarkable reserves... truly remarkable." It was a detached observation, the sort one might make over a fine specimen pinned under glass rather than a living, breathing creature.

When the semen was gone, the proboscis suckled free the gametes, leaving the cellular powerhouse with nothing to propagate seed with.

These were the most painful, a hot tearing sensation repeated millions of times throughout his balls as these, the final pinions of his ability to make 'milk', were stripped from his body. The moth retracted his proboscis with the glut of those jellied cells still trapped at the tip of it, the tiger wincing as the long tube was unzipped from deep inside his groin.

The tip scraped against the flattened trunk of the tiger's cockstump as it retracted, the tiger left with a hot stinging sensation going down the full length of his maleness. Humiliated, and emasculated, the tiger urinated himself, his headless cock flowing his piss out onto his belly, flushing small remnants of his seed and tinged red with blood as he unloaded himself.

The moth said nothing, letting the sound of the urine flowing off of the tiger's hips and over the edge of the table fill the room, giving Churro no way to hide what he had done to himself. His eyes closed in shame, his body wracked in pain and exhaustion and the horrible, lingering feeling of being invaded, Churro felt most of all the eerie hollowness within him. The moth was still holding his balls, holding them up, his scrotum looking sad and empty even with the shrivelled, defeated husks of his balls still filling it out. He had had every *drop* of his cum stolen from him, his limp testicles now just empty shells. He couldn't see a visible difference in his big tiger peaches, but he could feel it acutely. There was a void where once there had been his masculinity. There had been weight, gravitas, and fullness in his balls. Now there was just... flesh.

"Two cups," announced the moth as it re-coiled its proboscis from the deflated landscape of Churro's groin. "A full extraction, including even the most elusive stem cells. You've outdone yourself. You should be proud."

Thysburr dropped the tiger's numb, empty nuts to thump against the table. The moth's gratitude, though spoken with the same professional cadence, seemed to hang in the air. There was a casual indifference in his tone, as if what he had done was no greater or no less than measuring a cucumber at the county fair. He had taken *everything*, and he knew it, and he didn't care.