

*(Quick info: Writing a story about a tiger who has used portal rings to steal the genitals from various random fellows, and how he molests and abuses them. Themes can involve: forced homosexuality, (nonconsensual) milking, CBT, castration, cannibalism, blackmail/extortion, and the general causal abuse you would expect from your favorite monoballed tiger. If you would like to be involved, let me know through Furaffinity (note or comment on the journal) etc. Thanks. Feel free to say hi in chat.*

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## For My Glory

I closed the door behind me, with that familiar, satisfying click that meant that I was alone. The briefcase was heavy in my hands - I would not dare risk the handle snapping off with this precious cargo, so I held it by its sides, with both hands. Solid steel, reinforced with lead lining, I could feel my shoulders tight with the effort of carrying it from the subway.

It had gone smoother than I could have imagined.

I set the briefcase down on the worn old dining room table. Ears twitched, listening carefully. If someone were in my home, had somehow determined where I lived and beat me back to my own place - but that was nonsense. Still. Better safe than sorry. I peeked my head into the pantry, black jars with various handwritten details waiting patiently on the shelves, just as I had left them. The kitchen rested silently, sharp knives gleaming on the magnetic butcher blocks. The living room, bathroom, bedroom, all were checked, dismissed. The only other room in my apartment was locked, and if someone were in there, the pooch was cooked. So to speak.

I returned to my prize, solid and smooth. I teased at the latches, my ears perking forward, feeling my heartbeat thudding suddenly through my neck. I was biting my tongue like a silly little school girl.

\*kuh-click\*

The briefcase opened up. I was going to have to install an LED strip along the inside of the lid, so that as it was raised, my face would be illuminated in an eerie golden glow. Maybe later on. For now, I had to open it fully before the waning afternoon's light could fully illuminate my stolen treasures.

There were four metal donuts in the briefcase. Perhaps bagel would be a more appropriate term, actually, since it seemed that the donuts had been sliced in half. The flat middles of these metal 'bagels' were nestled up against the back of briefcase. There was the hint of flesh, bulging from the centers of these bagels, before disappearing into each of four silken drawstring bags. I had used a different color for each of the places I had visited during my shopping spree today.

I took the first one from the briefcase. A strip of black peeking from the tightly drawn green silken bag. There was satiny black flesh bared. It had a nice, comfortable weight in my paws, and the contents shifted as they were handled. The bag was warm, musky even. That was to be expected, of course.

The simple slip knot unravelled easily between my fingers and claws, and holding the ring, I pulled the cloth down. Ah, yes.

“There you are,” I coo’d, the flesh dangling limp and warm from the metal portal ring. It was a rather handsome cock at the time, though of course it was soft, shrunken. The portal ring allowed blood plasma to transfer through it without a problem, so there was no concern there about the lion, in this case, having to worry about his equipment starving to death.

He had been my first catch of the day, and my closest. On his way to work, he had climbed into the crowded subway with me. I had been riding for hours already, and swapped lines twice already. It was crowded, and he had been in a very nice business suit. I remember the feeling of his bulge, as I bumped into him.

I cupped his balls again, the warm, saggy weights cringing at the touch. On the subway, they had felt so warm, so blatant through his pants. He had smirked. Broad shoulders, an impeccably groomed mane, and the kind of body scent that required no cologne to accent it.

My fingers let his nuts free, moving to wrap around that soft cock. The head peeked out of the sheath, dragged down a silver ring, and I slipped a claw through the ring of the piercing, tugged at it playfully.

He responded, just as he had on the subway. Lions liked that sort of directness. He had growled on the subway, as I had stroked his crotch, smirking knowingly to him. We were both pressed against the side of the entryway glass. There were a lot of people on the train. Someone could have seen him. But as I unzipped his pants, he pushed forward, dominantly against my fingers. His eyes twinkled, daringly. So mischievous.

He was hard again, now, and I continued softly playing with him as I walked towards the locked door. Such a nice cock. Thick, with a dark, wine red cap that throbbed each time I stroked it. The tip was crusty from leaked precum - a good sign, I believed.

I pressed my nose against the black circle on the door. As far as I was aware, no two tigers had the same nose prints. The lock chunked, and I nudged the door open with my head.

Ah. The laboratory.

It had taken quite a while to get it all up and working. In the end, I had needed to learn the inner workings of this equipment all myself. It was simple enough, in theory, but then again, wasn't everything? It all wound up becoming complicated, the more you got into it.

"You'll be my first," I whispered to the lion's straining shaft. The wall opposite the door was a plain, smooth sheet of steel. There were all kinds of conduits and wires, and about a foot in front of the metal sheet was a plexiglass sheet. Down at floor level, a trough that they both ended in. An unfortunate, but necessary addition.

I turned to the right, to the preparation section, and slid the half of a bagel into the waiting slot. The machine whirred, lights turning on, and a monitor activated. Stats of the lion's equipment immediately began to stream inwards. Surface temperature, distance from the other half of the bagel, current weight -

Oh yes, that's right, the other half of the bagel. I hadn't quite explained just how I had convinced mister lion to give me his equipment, had I?

It had been a quick and dirty negotiation. He had let me open his pants, and had grunted at the freedom his equipment felt as his dick flopped out into the open air. No underwear of course. He had been planning on showing off - or had expected a quickie at work, perhaps. I didn't ask. It was, after all, his blatancy in not wearing underwear that had gotten me to stand up and squirm over to him enough to 'bump' into him. I knew better than to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Besides, my computer could do all the analyzing I needed.

Mister lion was panting, holding back growls - but not too much - and pretty much about to cum when we got to the next station. I had my first bagel already in hand, and as the subway slowed, as he leaned against me with the momentum change, I deftly slipped it up under nuts. Still stroking him, even as he glanced down, as people started pressing into him from behind. I sand them through the donut hole, bent his cock down, and with a grunt from him, ground it up over his maleness. It had taken only a twist of my fingers to separate the two, his cock tenting the green silk admirably as it slid off of his groin and into the waiting bag. The doors opened at the same time, and I let myself be pushed out.

Oh, he had roared, had chased me, but lions are fundamentally belligerent. I had ducked around a column, doubled back and hopped back onto the subway, just as the doors closed. I had almost lost my tail on that one. The lion had the silliest look on his face when he saw me through the window. Sooooo mad. Heh.

Ten kilometers away. So still in the city. Good, good. A chat box popped onto the screen as secondary communications were activated between the two halves. I flexed my fingers. Activated the sterilization subroutine, and the straining shaft and dangling balls were promptly dragged into a microwave sized box.

I authorized the connection, and somewhere, about ten kilometers away, the lion felt a vibration against his groin where the bagel was locked in. When he reached down to examine his new, inconvenient body augmentation, he'd find a slip of paper with a randomly generated internet address. He's also be feeling the sudden spraying of his equipment with an alcoholic, antibiotic gel, and the rough nylon bristles of the scrubbers digging into his flesh, scrubbing and cleaning in a very professional, unempathetic way along his very sensitive, delicate flesh.

"Time to wake up, lion boy," I snickered, watching that proud thickness quickly shrink down at the cold, burning chemical wash. The computer pinged - someone had gone to the address.

Now they were confronted with a pay wall. It was, perhaps, the cruellest aspect of this little exploitation. If he wanted to communicate with me, the thief who had taken his prides and joy, he would have to give me money.

The computer noted someone had signed up. It might be the lion - might be someone else. Whoever it was had a simple terminal interface open in front of them - similar to the one might find at a customer service website.

A single blinking cursor appeared. In the microwave, a rinse of purified water, warmed to a luxuriant fifty five degrees, was jetted against the lion's equipment. The cameras had already build a three dimensional model, and the jet of water would cover along the whole of that model. The lion's cock flopped upwards as the hose sprayed into the tip, the piercing catching the stream and wrenching it upwards. His nuts flopped around underneath, pulled up tightly now in the hostile cleaning chamber.

I decided to let him wait. Let him enjoy his little bathing session. I went back out to the dining room, where the briefcase laid open.

There were three colors left. Yellow, blue, and red. The yellow bag, shaped much like a banana, twitched. Heh. That's right. Best to get him out of there, next. I scooped up the slender, warm silk bag, untying it on my way back into the lab.

The flesh was pink, and writhed in my hands as I caressed it. It was just a cock. No balls. Usually this would be kind of.. A strange choice for me. Like asking for spaghetti and getting fried shrimp on top. But.

It was a NICE cock. A beautiful, smooth pink and cream, glossy pink. It had belonged to a bird. I did not even know birds could have cocks, but here I was, holding what might have been a foot of bird dick.

I hoped the poor fella had found a way home. His cock was still alive, still flexing, stiffening and shifting between my fingers, so at least his bagel hadn't been cut off. He had shown up at the glory hole out by the highway, at that old truck stop with the hotdogs that were guaranteed to give you food poisoning. I had expected some greasy porker of a trucker or maybe some grizzled old biker dick, so when these slender bird legs nervously stepped up to the partition, I'd been quite surprised.

My balaclava was on - I didn't want any identifying features, of course - and I pushed my mouth right up against the waist height hole. Stuck my wide, rough tongue right through it, licked at the air. It was dangerous, of course, doing such a thing. Guy on the other side could be looking for a fag to bash, or worse. But this was a sleek bird in a dirty truckstop glory hole. There was no way he was coming in here to pick a fight.

I heard a gasp from the other side of the partition - a male gasp, and my tail flumped against the toilet. I had heard that tone before. That was the gasp of someone who had gotten hard by surprise. Bird must have seen my sharp, predatorial teeth. I peeled my lips back, risking a kick to show off my chompers, and licked along them again.

Something pointed, rubbery, and male pressed against my tongue, urgently. Yup. Called it. Bird was into stranger danger. Poor, innocent fool. I wrapped lips around it, pulling back. It didn't come with, sliding out of my mouth like a rebellious popsicle. Little bitch.

Jerked my head forward, caught the tip of the bird's dick between fangs this time - not enough to bleed of course, I'm no sadist - but enough to know I was serious - and reeled my catch through the wall.

The bird whimpered, moaning as that cocktip thickened between my teeth. I got enough through the wall to grab it with a hard, rough fist, and squeezed tight. Pulled harder, and got another fist's length of dick through the hole. Heh. Come to papa.

The machine in front of me beeped, the whirring fans dying down as the sanitized, analyzed lion package protruded from the far side of the microwave. I set the bird's handsome shaft on the counter, with it swaying slowly, blindly through the air.

Mister lion's equipment looked defeated. Reddened from the scouring pads, the harsh cleaners, the hot air that had dried it out, it looked like it was trying to invert itself back through the portal. Of course, that wasn't possible. I removed it from the machine's holster, and the machine reset it back to the starting position. I started the procedure with the bird as well, updating his stats into the computer, connecting the data link, all that good stuff. When I saw *Sagittarius serpentarius* on the screen, I nodded. Excellent. I hadn't planned on collecting any non-mammals, and wasn't even sure I had installed the Feathers and Scales subdirectory of species data. If I hadn't, the computer would have rejected the specimen entirely - which would not have been pretty.

While mister bird was getting hosed down in an uncomfortable way, I took care of mister lion. Being the first of my little pets to go through the process, I wanted to make sure nothing had gone wrong. His piercing, I noticed immediately, was hot to the touch. I frowned. May need to turn the temperature of the air dryers down a bit. Nothing a little tender aloe wouldn't help, though.

There was a dip of fluid I had concocted myself, just to help with this step of the process. Aloe, a bit of dissolved carnuba, and a teeny tiny amount of garlic in a water base. I know, I know, garlic? On a penis? Are you mad? Well, garlic is a proven antibiotic. Even with the sterilization techniques, the last thing i want is some stray germ landing on one of my pets and getting them sick. That's a real boner killer, in my book. Ha.

I dunked, gently massaging the lion's shaft in the warm liquid, until the skin had a glossy, rubbery finish to it again, and then slapped it on the metal wall. CLUNK. Hmm. That was an awfully loud, resolute seeming clunk. I stroked the lion's shaft, tugging on it a couple times, but the bagel had locked itself securely to the metal sheeting. Well. Better than the alternative.

I went back to the computer, where mister bird had just finished his scouring and was in the process of getting his weenie roasted. I slid my hand into the drying chamber, grimaced. Yeah, definitely too hot. I typed a few keys, and checked again. A little better. Not quite tandoori levels.

Mister bird had squawked when his hips hit the wall, when I had pulled all of his cock through to the other side. I had expected balls - but there were none. I had reached through, fingers feeling around, but the only thing I felt was some kind of ... lips, kind of like labia. Some kind of internal sheath or something. Elephants had internal testicles. Maybe birds did, too? It was disappointing, but also educational, to learn this little tidbit. Reluctantly, I had pulled my fingers free, and reevaluated mister bird's dick. It was a very healthy, virile shaft, and the way it shifted, seeming to convulse between my fingers, was appealing. Maybe such a nice big dick made up for not having balls. I only had so many 'pets' I could take home, but... I suppose I could take a chance with mister bird. After all, I couldn't guarantee that anyone else was going to be coming.

I slid the yellow silk bag up over mister bird's cock. He may have been expecting something else. A blowjob, maybe? Handjob at least? Little nibbles along his length? What he got was a banana sock and the feeling of my donut going down along his length. It bulged out of it, when I got the metal ring to the base of his shaft. The silk execution hood had to be pulled back a little bit, before I twisted the bagel, and took my half free.

I was setting it down in my briefcase, next to the lion's, when I heard the clunking sound, and the confused squawks, each one more alarmed and confused than the last.

"What.. what's happening with my?"

I laughed. I really, really shouldn't have, but it was comical, watching that other half of the bagel bumping against the cheap stall wall. It wouldn't fit back through the hole. How embarrassing. I snickered, tugged at the bagel myself - it wasn't going anywhere. Twisting it had locked it at that particular place on the bird's groin - no physical material would be going through either direction of that inner dimensional space, now. Poor thing.

"I'll be sure to leave a note on the door for ya."

And I did, of course. I'm not some asshole that's gonna leave someone locked to a glory hole wall, helpless and vulnerable.

"FREE ANAL IN THE BATHROOM" took up the whole sheet of scrap paper I found though, unfortunately. Not even room for me to leave my phone number, should the bird want to contact me. Such a shame, such a shame. But it looked so nice, pinned to the ice machine at the front of the building. I'm sure some nice person would figure out that the bird needed ... assistance.

I took the bird's shaft out of the machine, bringing him to the dipping bath. Hmm. I would have to check the newspaper to see if the fire department had anything to say about having to rescue a bird from the bathroom stall. Perhaps they used the jaws of life. This could be potentially troubling, if the police were involved.

Nothing I couldn't handle, of course. I gave the bird a couple therapeutic strokes of the soothing balm, then CLUNKed his metal bagel up on the wall, next to the lion's.

Two down, two to go.

I went back out to the briefcase. I really saw no reason to go through the ritual of taking each one back to the lab, so I grabbed both of the silk bags that were left. A blue bag, and a red bag. The red bag was as heavily stuffed as I remembered it being, and the blue bag was sticky and smelled like piss. Well. That was pretty self explanatory. Actually, I wasn't surprised about that one bit.

The red bag was the warmest of all of the ones I had retrieved. I dropped the blue bag into an old cereal bowl, and worked on undoing the drawstring for the red bag. I must have been rubbing against the contents inside, because the knot was awfully tight, and I could feel the warm flesh shifting, straining. I could smell the decadent, hay-musky scent of naked horse flesh. I may have ripped it, or it may have been from the straining horse dick inside. Either way, the bag split down the seam, and suddenly I was juggling fat floppy horse nuts and thick rubbery horse hose. It was ridiculously big, especially without the rest of the creature there to compare it to.

He had been a fine, feathery beast. A rhinogriff, or something like that? I hadn't asked his name. I was scouting around the college, after I had claimed mister bird, and had wound up in the library. It was dead. I guess it made sense, nowadays, with most books being scanned in to apps and such. Still, it was surprising.

He was up in the zoological anatomy section, which was, incidentally, exactly what I had figured I would take a perusal through. Where, exactly, were bird balls? He had been sitting by himself, reading some old hardcover book, glasses perched precariously on his nose. I flipped through a book on western pennsylvanian swamp moss, then decided to go the direct route.

"So why don't you guys have balls?" I asked, sitting on the top of the chair next to the reader.

His beak had been comically agape. "Huh, wha?"

"Yeah. Just blew a dude in a bathroom." Lie. Had only nibbled - the guy's dick was still thumping against my briefcase lid. "Bird dude." Probably true, I only saw his feet. "Guy had no balls." Well, no external balls.

The birdy horse closed his book, clearing his throat irritatedly. "I'm trying to study, if you don't mind."

I was playing a dangerous game, approaching a mark like this, but I had been peeking under the table he was sitting at before I approached, and whether he took more after a bird or a horse, he was definitely packing.

"Well.. so am I, sailor," I said, with my widest, sluttiest smile. "And it's an honest question. What's up with bird nuts? Are they internal or something? Where are yours?"

"Mine are..." the birdhorse pushed up his glasses, glancing around the library. "Mine are external. Look, I think there's a book you would probably get a lot more of, over here. Lemme show you where it is. Will explain everything."

"Everything? Like how you managed to cram all that into those tight jeans?" Well I learned TWO things today. Hippogriff can blush. So cute. If only he knew. I followed him towards the back of the library, to the dark and dusty corner where the lights didn't reach.

"I don't see much point in trying to give me a book, it's not like I'm- well hello there."

I found myself suddenly with a fist full of flesh, as the horsebird took hold of my wrist and shoved my hand down the front of his too-tight pants.

"Shhh." The birdstud said, feathers fluffing up around his head as he ground his hips into my paw. "Don't say a word. Don't want to get caught, do we?"

“Feisty,” I said back. I didn’t bother lowering my voice, because I wasn’t concerned about being caught. If anything, mister horsebird was. Thick red feathers, maybe a hawk? It seemed the wrong time to ask.

I shifted my fingers, feeling warm, soft tissue to play with. His cock was going down one leg - I could feel the flesh, taut and compressed. His nuts were jammed against the other thigh, and I strummed my claws against them.

“Some birds have internal testicles.” The horse said, in an almost lecturely tone. “And others, like us hybrids, have external. I consider myself fortunate that my bottom half is the horse. This would have been terribly less exciting, I imagine, otherwise.”

The idea of a horse with a chicken’s butt was amusing. I would have laughed, if I hadn’t been on a mission.

“Lemme blow ya,” I wheedled. I saw no point in mincing words. I undid his buttons, pushing him towards the far corner, where absolutely nobody would find us. It smelled of old spunk. Aha. The horse had been here before. “It won’t take long.”

The horsebird grunted, feathers ruffling as I pulled his jeans down, pulled him out into the open. Pink and black looking dick, and glossy dark testes. Magnificent equipment, for a horse or otherwise. “Uhh..”

“Won’t even take long at all. I’m an expert. I can take \*all\* of this.” I gestured, kneading. Holding his dick up out of the way as I reached underneath and grasped a hold of his sweaty, slippery scrotum. There was the grunt I was looking for. You grab a dude by the balls, he’s gonna grunt. Might be a defensive grunt, which means you’re about to get punched, or it might be a scared grunt, which means you needed to either kiss them or suck them, immediately. Or, like in this case, it was a startled, masculine grunt. The kind of grunt that said “you have my attention.” Which, I did, didn’t I, clasped between my two greedy paws. Oh yis.

“Reach into my side pocket, would ya?” I said, as I worked to play with the horse without letting him get too hard. “I’ve got a cock ring that’d look real good on you.”

“Don’t need a-” he muttered, but I cut him off, because that’s what you do in this situation.

“Course not, but you’re a horse and it takes a long time to get all this hard. Trust me. I’ve sucked a Lot of stallions.” Not really true, but it sounded good. His hand fumbled in my pocket as I played with his balls, groping one openly, letting it sag between my fingers and then squeezing the other.

“Here, here,” He mumbled, trying to pry the ring down over his cock, and I left the pale, pinkish end of his maleness go. I took the ring from him, kneeling down.

“Thanks,” I said, appreciatively, and then swallowed over the flare of his shaft. Deeeelicious.

The machine whirred into place, and I rested a hand against the glass of the sanitation chamber, watching that fat cock get buffeted by jets of soap and water. Such a delicious musk. I felt that bad things were going to come to mister birdhorse, if he couldn't contain how tasty his equipment was. Well.... to be fair, though, those things were most likely coming regardless.

The blue bag was cut open with a pair of scissors, and I dumped the soggy flesh onto the counter. It dangled there, sticky, two fuzzy white baseballs with a smooth white bat above them. The cock head peeked out of the sheath. No, not a sheath, a foreskin. It was a humanoid shaft. Huh. I hadn't noticed that, at first. Of course, I hadn't had much time to examine it.

It had been such a ridiculously fortuitous situation, I just simply couldn't \*not\* take advantage of it. I was on my way back home from the college, walking through frat row on my way to the subway station. There was a party going on at one of the houses, and there was a good bit of hollering, whooping, music, and beer I could smell from the sidewalk. I only paused for a moment, but I saw mister bear, sprawled out on a hammock, passed the fuck out.

There was a stag taking a piss off the porch, and I waved to him as I headed towards the bear.

“Wuzzin the suitcase? Money?” the stag chortled, as I set the big metal case down on a nearby picnic table.

“Better!” I stage whispered to him, putting a hand to my mouth so that the sleeping bear wouldn't hear me. “DEEEEeeECKS.”

The stag laughed, I laughed, and then I stole his friend's junk. Bear was passed out, and the mad dog bottles - not one bottle, but three - laying around the hammock told me I could operate unmolested. It took less than a minute to unzip his pants, fish his dick and balls up out through his fly, and jam them through the donut.

“Hey, no fags!” A wolf growled out from the porch, where he had started his own piss painting of the dead hydrangea bushes there. “Get outta here!”

“Oh, sorry, I thought I was at Tau Kappa Kappa,” I joked, twisting the bagel and tucking the bear's stolen equipment into my inside jacket pocket. Okay, so my jacket doesn't have an inside pocket, and I actually just shoved it into my armpit and hoped it didn't slide down my jacket sleeve, but whatever. Pocket sounds cooler.

The wolf growled again, and I deftly zipped up the bear's pants again, holding my hands up to show I meant no offense. No harm, no foul. Just took your buddy's dick and balls while he was passed out on the hammock. Chill, dude.

The wolf let me go, without any further alpha posing, which was good, because I had just filled my last donut of the day. I didn't have any more room for any knotted cocks or whatnot. But, if the weight of the bear's hastily taken package was any indication, I would be returning to the fraternity again in the future.

And of course the bear had probably woken up, staggered to the piss bushes and gone to relieve himself. He had instead relieved himself in my nice briefcase, the asshole. Guy may not have even realized he'd lost his junk.

I hmphed. Tail swishing irritably, I punched in the data for the bear, loading him into the machine. Went to the other side, where the horsebird's equipment lay, limp, clean, and damp to the touch. I unlocked him from the machine, examining him as I walked over to the moisturizing bath.

Heh. It had been fun, slowly grinding those balls, one by one through the hole of the bagel. The bidhorse had struggled not to squawk, had stuttered something about not seeing the point of using a cock ring on Those, but I had not responded. Having a half a foot of living, throbbing horse meat in your mouth satisfies any part of my brain that feels a compulsion to respond verbally. I was enjoying manhandling mister birdhorse's thick equipment. I pulled off, wetly popping, and bent the horse's maleness down.

"No, I don't think it's gonna-" but I made it fit. Tiger spit is one of the slickest things in the world - ask anyone. That well greased cock head pushed down through the hole of the bagel, grinding, I'm sure, painfully against the swollen cords of the hybrid's nutcords. Of all of the 'captures' I had taken today, this was definitely the most fun. I didn't have to be sneaky, didn't have to be fast, and it wasn't even all that anonymous. I was taking this dude's junk, and he was just watching me, beak agape, blushing. Maybe he liked the way I was manhandling him, the look of determination as I bent his poor rubbery wang in all kinds of ways it wasn't meant to be, until the donut was jammed flush against his groin.

I swallowed him, again, and this time I reached up, pushing him to lean back against the bookshelves. I gave him a show - it would be the last time, most likely, that he'd be seeing someone handling his equipment like this, after all. Might as well make it worth it. I watched his eyes, as I bobbed, swallowing stiff flesh, grinding and swallowing against it.

I maimed his nuts, squeezing, pulling, tugging them taut. They tugged, but I kept them stretched and helpless, with one paw. The other moved up to the bagel, resting on the right spots, getting ready to do the dirty.

He was watching me, beak clicking, tongue lolling before being pulled back in. "I'm, I'm gonna..." He tried to warn.

I probably should have warned him, myself, but I was having too much. I twisted the bagel, feeling all that weight slide loose to hang from paws and maw.

He blinked as I stood up, still with his shaft in my throat. His hips thrust, and I could feel him struggling to grind against me, to get the sensation he needed to finish himself off, even when faced with the abrupt reality that his cock was no longer attached to his body. I took a step back, then another, reaching up to the metal ring. Like a sword swallower in reverse, I lifted my head back, and pulled upwards, tugging all of that hose dick soooo slowly, so carefully out of my throat, out into the open air. It continued flexing, and I stroked his balls consolingly.

"That's - how did-" he was sputtering. They always sputtered when you emasculated them at the verge of climax. Seen it a hundred times.

"Mmhmm," I said, as I walked to the briefcase. Click. I took out the red silk bag.

"But that's-" He continued, panting, approaching. He glanced guiltily around the library, as we were back in a slightly more public area of it.

"Was." I corrected. His feathers bristled as he watched, and felt, me pulling the red bag up over his balls. I tried to bend the rigid horse cock down, to fit it in as well, but there was no use. Dude was rock hard. "Now it's mine."

"You can't!" He flustered. I carefully arranged the horse's equipment in with the yellow and green bags, putting the ring in one corner and coddling the stiff prong to fit diagonally across the length of the briefcase. It was a little surprising that he was still so hard. The surprise should have softened him a bit. If anything, he felt \*closer\* to climaxing.

Not that that mattered, of course. I pushed the lid down, and he squawked, loudly, as the briefcase scraped against his flared cockhead. I had to push it down to make it click, but it was such a satisfying click. Almost as satisfying as the click on my front door, when I got home.

"Now. Professor..." I guessed, and he reddened, ruffled up even more. "...I think you'll play my little game. I'll contact you a bit later today about your little situation, and, we'll see what can be done. Go to the police, and I'll know. Tell \*anyone\*... and not only will you be my dinner..." I said, patting the briefcase with a loving paw, "but everyone on facebook is going to know exactly what I took from you, how, and why."

I didn't know mythical beasts could faint! I felt a little bad, leaving there, all crumpled on the floor with a metal ring affixed to his groin, but I'm sure he could see himself out. My briefcase was satisfyingly heavy, and I had only one more ring to fill. It was a good day.

“Three out of four ain’t bad,” I said, taking the cleaned bear dick out of the drying chamber. It was plump, a nice representative of the bear species, but that chewy foreskin would have to go. Eventually. If I were to keep it. I bypassed the moisture bath and slapped it to the wall, down low, where the other ones might occasionally splatter on it. Serves him right.

Then, I turned back to the computer. There were three cursors signed in, and none of them had said anything, yet. At fifty bucks a character, I imagined they were reluctant to go in blind.

“Hello, gentlemen,” I typed into the console. I paused, then changed “men” to “man”. They were each in their own, private chat. I had no need to tell any of them that there others out there.

The game had truly begun.