K'rr'rr's Night Out: Part 2

Blizzard had noticed the missing nuts as soon as he got to the club. A stag having a smoke outside, limp dick dripping cum, with nothing behind it. A yellow furred wolf with a big mess on his stomach and no nuts between his thighs. Clyde, the bartender, wiping down glasses without the boulders between his thighs that Blizzard so enjoyed watching sway back and forth as the Clydesdale worked.

It was peculiar, and it made the panda's cock thicken for reasons he couldn't understand. When his buds Suburius and Kenton finally got back from the bar, each holding two pitchers of beer, Blizzard's fat dick was already half hard. SUburius noticed that, laughing and pushing the ice-cold pitcher against the side of his dick.

"Earth to Blizzard!" the minotaur said, as he brushed some foxes away from a pool table. The slinky tube-top'd vulpines looked the three studs over, tails flicking as they slinked away. "I know your pent up, but try to keep it together!"

Kenton rolled his eyes as he padded over to the selection of pool sticks. "Seriously. You jack off all the time, you can't POSSIBLY be tossing wood." The centaur pointed back, and behind him, at the log of horse cock that hung down to almost the floor, the broad glans permanently half-flared. "Unlike ME, who's been holding off for-"

"Seven weeks, yes yes, I know." Blizzard mock yawned. "You've been edging so long that I don't think you could get off if you wanted to." The two foxes, both of which had VERY plump, fuckable asses, were talking with a ram sitting up on top of the windowsill. The ram's balls were hanging down, two soft furred white baseballs in a loose sack. It was pleasant to look at.

Kenton whickered, as Suburius started racking up the billiards. "Jealousy, such a bad look on you, panda butt. Sheila will beg to differ, assuming I don't DROWN her in hot centaur cum tomorrow night."

Suburius and Blizzard exchanged looks. Blizzard cleared his throat, "Oh, yeah? She's finally coming to visit?" He folded his arms over his chest, his dick feeling quite nice with the cool air conditioning flowing over it. There was something in the air in the bar tonight, something exotic, but he couldn't quite place his finger on- THWIP!

Kenton rambled about his internet girlfriend, but Blizzard couldn't focus. He looked over at the foxes, trying to figure out what the sound was. A bullfrog dude was walking past them, walking up towards Blizzard and his gang. The guy's cheeks were bulging widely, and Blizzard wondered if that had been a weird frog ribbit he had heard. But, no, this had sounded different.

The frog swallowed, and the individual bulges that filled out each cheek slid down his throat... one bulge at a time. He wasn't a frog, he was an iguana or something. Lizard dude. Cute face, though. He smirked, looking past him, towards the foxes and the ra-.... wait.

Those nice big softballs the ram had been showing off were gone. Just a little flap of pale colored scrotum hung underneath, the ram still smirking as he chatted with the two foxes. None of them seemed to notice.. or care? that the ram's balls were gone. He looked back to the lizard, who was looking directly at him.

Blizzard felt his dick harden, at the way the lizard was staring at him. Not at him, at his junk. The dude was eyeing up the panda's mangoes with a predatorial hunger, and it made Blizzard's cock throb at it. Shit, dude. He wasn't used to being looked at like that, not as a big, beefy panda stud. Usually people were looking at him with little hearts over their head, or seething with jealousy. This guy was looking at him the way Blizzard looked at the hunks of raw fish being turned into sushi at Pho Kango Noodles.

Then he looked away, towards Kenton. Not at Kenton, directly, but at Kenton's massive nuts. The centaur was still blabbing about his girlfriend, and how badly he wanted to finally fuck her. The poor centaur's discipline was driving him crazy, and his big, meaty brown nut-sack was hanging extra low, and extra dense, with all the backed up sperm packed into his nuts. The lizard sauntered around the far edge of the table, and the two friends kept chatting. Kenton had pulled out his phone, and was scrolling through pictures, showing them to the minotaur, who kept giving Blizzard concerned glances.

Yeah, they hadn't figured out how to tell Kenton that his 'girlfriend''s profile pics were all AI generated. Blizzard noted to himself to pick up the next round, to pay Suburius back for dealing with this. The lizard though... he had circled around, and was casually standing just behind Kenton's back flanks. Slender green hands cupped against his bud's massive testicles, lifting them up and letting the loose, over-stretched skin pool down over his fingers. The swollen eggs were extremely well defined, and Blizzard grunted at the open, wanton way that the lizard was appreciating the massive centaur nuts. They were definitely big, even for a centaur, and of course being so backed up, they were bigger still. The centaur's dark skinned hose thickened, flexing up to slap against his belly, but... weirdly, he didn't look back. He didn't seem to notice - just like the foxes and rams.

When Blizzard looked back to the alien, the alien was looking back at him again, a peculiar sort of fuzziness occluding the area around the lizard. It was hard to define, but it was almost as if it was hard to remember that the lizard dude was actually ~there~. More interestingly, his tongue was wrapped around Kenton's balls.

He watched Blizzard as his long, slick, pink tongue coiled slowly around, and around, and around the centaur's heavy testicles. Kenton kept chatting, as his prized eggs were being tasted and licked by this weirdo lizard, but Blizzard had NEVER been harder. He could speak up, say something and get Kenton's attention, but he didn't. He was curious what the lizard wanted to do with his bud's big nuts.

The tip of that tongue finished enclosing the centaur's eggs, which were entombed and wrapped in the snake-like appendage. It was amazing to see such big balls being so easily wrapped up. Blizzard reached down, resting his hand on his groin, his fingers kind of loosely holding the base of his own dick. He could jerk off... if he wanted to. If he needed to. His balls ached with need - not as much as his buds', of course, but-

The tip of the lizard's tongue slid effortlessly through the top of the centaur's nut-sack, and the whole massive bulk of his friend's scrotum, and balls, all hidden inside that tongue, sagged down. There was nothing connecting them to the centaur's body. The huge lump of ribboned testicular meat just dangled in the air, tauntingly, before the lizard's jaws opened wide and the whole tongue retracted back into his mouth.

"Oh, ~FUCK~," Blizzard gasped, feeling a splat of something hit the underside of his chin.

"Something up?" Suburius asked, eyebrowed raised in concern, and then furrowed in confusion. "Dude, why are you throwing wood?"

Blizzard stammered, looking down, at the precum leaking cannon of his cock. It was thick, as thick as his wrist, and the broad, beautiful glans was DARK with blood, shiny and tight, with precum drooling from the tip. He was amazingly, intensely turned on from watching his bud get castrated.

"I, uh, I was um, I wasn't watching, I swear I didn't notice..."

"Didn't notice what?" Kenton asked, innocently. He closed the phone's screen, turning to look around the room. "Is something up? You see someone? Someone HOT? Maybe that otter fella...?" He teased.

Blizzard's mouth worked. How could he say he had just almost cum from watching his bud get castrated, when his bud didn't even realize it himself? He just smiled, wanly, watching as Kenton's erection slowly began to sag and droop towards the floor. Would it ever be that hard, again? Had the centaur even noticed that he was at full erection? Getting such a big dick THAT hard was usually something he took pics of to share around.

Suburius looked relieved. "Well, yeah. Anyways, let's get this game started. You want stripes or solids?" He asked Blizzard, as he set up to take the shot. Suburius was a minotaur. As big as Blizzard's mangoes were, as big as Kenton's cantaloupes were, Suburius' pineapples were a spectacle to behold. The minotaur loved this bar, specifically because he didn't need to use the specialty leather strap harness to keep his balls from being crushed between his thighs. Now, the smooth-skinned, gleaming, chocolate-colored scrotum was free to hang between his spread thighs. And, as Blizzard watched, the lizard's tongue snaked out, from somewhere to the panda's right, and behind him, just wrapping around the twin pineapples in a broad, solid band.

It was so casual, so open. Blizzard bit his lower lip for a moment, as the minotaur peered over his shoulder at him. If he saw the long pink tether teasingly coiled and squeezing against his huge, prized eggs, he didn't show it. "Stripes or solids?"

Blizzard panted, and nodded, pointing to the minotaur's nuts. "Uh... Striped!" It was all his horny brain could think of.

"Cool beans." The minotaur said. He lined up the shot, crouching down a bit more.

"Um, are you still planning on... you know...." Blizzard stammered, trying to stall the lizard. Trying to stall the minotaur, too. "You getting your balls sized for Guiness?"

The minotaur grunted. He pulled the cue stick back, leaning slightly forward. "Tomorrow. It's why I've been saving up for EIGHT weeks." He glanced at Kenton, smirking, then back to the cue ball. "Probably can't win for size, but I Think I can win for density. You should feel them, dude, they're like rocks." He grunted, and plunged the cue stick forward, taking the shot.

CRACK!

 FWIP!

Blizzard grunted, as a solid weight slammed into his belly, sending him back against the wall. He had seen it happen, seen the fleshy pink tongue tighten, growing taut, had seen it retract back at nearly instantaneous speed - and watched it slide up from the middle of those balls, to tighten and 'pull through' the neck of that sac. He watched those minotaur nuts just disappear, and a split second later, there they were again, nearly embedded in his intestines. He folded over, grunting as the wind was crushed out of him, hugging against the massive, severed ~rocks~ of his best friend.

He looked down at them, as the balls rolled and clacked into each other on the table. It was his friend's nuts. He was holding them in his hand. The neck of the scrotum was just twisted, or melted somehow, fused. He lifted up the massive nut-sack, amazed at the feel of them in his hands. They were heavier, somehow, then when he had playfully groped or slapped his bud's balls before. Maybe because they were not connected, the minotaur's groin was not holding them close. They were fucking dense, too. Suburius hadn't lied. Shit, they were two, three pounds...each? He held the scrotum by the neck, feeling the sheer density of those aching, backed up balls just pulling down, making his arm ache.

He wondered how much sperm was in them. How good it would feel... would have felt, for Suburius to have emptied them out one last time. He lowered them, letting the weight of them rest on top of the head of his cock. As stiff as his cannon was, the heavy eggs still bent his cock down, aiming it to the floor.

His nuts were so smooth, though. The testicles inside radiated heat. It felt... Blizzard blushed, as he realized that it felt like a smooth pair of tits rubbing against his cock.

The lizard approached him, smiling, as Blizzard held his bud's severed nut-sack in each hand. The panda didn't know what to do, or what to say, but somehow he had the feeling that his buds couldn't see him, couldn't even think of him right now. It was just him and the lizard.

The lizard cupped against Blizzard's own dense, swollen mangoes, and the panda groaned in need.

"I'm really, REALLY backed up," he said, whispering it quietly. He couldn't help himself; he was stroking his dick between Suburius' nuts, stroking his precum slicked dick into the groove that the fat balls made. He wouldn't last long, not doing this, not knowing that each second he waited, his friend's balls were dying on the vine. He could save them - if he wanted to, but he realized how hard, how aroused he was, to think about NOT saving them. He wanted his hot stud buds to be geldings.

The lizard was handling his balls, appraising them and smiling, nodding knowingly, licking his lips. Fuck, he wanted to eat them, didn't he? The lizard wanted to eat his nuts.

"Just lemme... finish... and they're yours. Our secret." He heard himself saying, unable to believe he was saying the words out loud. He wanted it though. He wanted to watch this lizard ~devour~ his nuts.

Sure, they weren't as big as his buddies, but they were just as dense, just as needy, just as fertile. He watched as the lizard's tongue snaked out, curling around his balls around the neck. Oh, shit, it was touching him. He could feel it, and not feel it at the same time, something about the lizard keeping his body from 'recognizing' what he was doing to it. He could see it though, his oblong, rounded, heavy eggs being lifted up and tugged at playfully.

"I'm gonna cum," he whispered to the lizard, loudly, feverishly, "Just gimme ten seconds oh fuck, pull em in your mouth, eat my balls."

The lizard did, the sensation not painful at all as his scrotum was stretched like taffy. His massive eggs had already sunk far lower than he had ever seen them before, the neck of his scrotum thinning as the skin stretched further and further. It was the width of a pencil, now, and there were his huge balls, he could feel them aching, churning with cum that needed to cum out.

He squeezed Suburius' nuts against his cock, looking down to see his cockhead jut up just past the full length of his scrotum-titjob, the weirdly melded 'tip' of the severed scrotum resting on his cockhead. He was fucking his bud's severed nuts, RIGHT in front of him. He looked back, to see his balls had been stretched further, at the back of the lizard's open mouth, and that did it.

He came.

Well, he *started* to cum, anyway. His balls CLENCHED, and he felt the seed in them pulse, contracting hard, and then the lizard swallowed. Blizzard grunted, and had the peculiar phantom sense of cumming, even as he watched the long-stretched noodle of his scrotum trail after his balls as they disappeared down the back of his throat.The torn end of it slurped between grinning lizard lips, and his entire nut-sack was ~gone~.

The panda thrust against the nut-sack, but he couldn't cum now. His orgasm had disappeared along with his testicles, despite being in the middle of starting to get off, his body just couldn't seem to anymore. His dick, sensitive and erect, rubbed against the slippery, precum soaked skin of Suburius' nuts, but it was already starting to soften.

"Fuck, no, no, I needed to... oh fuck, you ate my ~balls~," he whispered, as if the lizard didn't realize it. He whimpered, as the lizard wrapped his tongue around the minotaur's balls, and he lifted his hands away. The twin pineapples were squeezed against his dick, and the lizard playfully crushed them against his dick, the massive, hardened rocks bulging out around the constriction of the dick. His own cock strained, throbbing as hard as steel between two massive stones.

The lizard was helping him, or taunting him, he wasn't sure which, if he was trying to get him off or crush his dick into paste, all Blizzard knew was that he might get to cum. He closed his eyes, and grabbed his thighs, hunching his neutered dick up against that crushing handjob.

He realized, then, that he hadn't 'felt' his balls get removed. His body hadn't noticed it. His eyes shot open, and he looked down at his cock... only it was too late.

Both of the minotaur's massive nuts, with his cock wedged between them, vanished down the back of the lizard's throat. Blizzard's smooth groin pulsed out a blast of clear, sterile fluid, as he watched his organs be gulped down, just another snack.

He touched between his legs, the flesh tender, as the lizard began to walk away. This had been a life changing moment for him; but for the lizard, his balls, his cock, and his friend's balls, they were just a snack.