

DON'T CUM!

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"Are you ready?" Wilbur asked, as the twins were led into the room. Almost entirely nude, the foxes looked at the group of males who sat around them, drinking and chatting and staring at their nude bodies. Finley stared back at the men, lustfully, his tail swishing lusciously back and forth as he strutted for the assembled party goers. Ryder held back ears back and cheeks blushing brightly as he felt the hungry eyes upon him. He looked down, to the pink plastic dome jutting from his crotch, looking like half of a pink tennis ball that had been cut in half. The plastic chastity cage was actually transparent, and it was his massive cock head that filled the chastity cage. The inside of his cage was slick with his precum, and it dripped from the underside down over the net'd balls down below. The metal fishnet had long since chafed past the fur, rubbing against smooth skin as the massive balls shifted with each step.

Ryder stroked a hand from his chest down to his belly, pressing gently against a slight bulge just above his hip bones. In the month since he and his brother had been tucked into their cages, the bulges of their displaced internals had not adjusted yet. Ryder longed to remove the infernal cage. He longed for fresh air.

There was a clicking sound at their groins, the domes springing open suddenly. Both foxes gasped, the warm slime that had coated their cock tips for so long transferring the coolness of the open air directly to their cocks.

And there was SO much cock. It slid out from inside them, the broad, smooth, rounded tips jutting forward, inch after inch of smooth vulpine shaft pouring out behind it. Ryder and Finley both moaned, clutching against each other's arms and shoulders for support as a full foot of dick drooped down and into the open air for the first time in weeks. Just the feeling of that had made the foxes' nuts clench up, and they held their breaths, whimpering as their dicks, not even hard yet, throbbed at the verge of orgasm.

"Woohoo! Look at that dick! Glyff is gonna eat GOOD tonight!" hooted a wolf from the couch, lifting a cheap beer and toasting the two foxes.

"Don't tease them, Lance!" a bull said, slugging from a water bottle as he stood by the aquarium in the corner. "You know how much that turns them on!"

That got laughter from the others. They teased, but Finley knew that the males in the room were incredibly jealous of the two fox brothers' endowments. So jealous they wanted to punish them for their gifts. Finley and Ryder enjoyed the attention, and loved the peril. For the past three semesters they had let the frat torment, tease and imperil their handsome packages, and so far had scraped and squirted through entirely intact. Tonight though, that ended. Tonight, one of the two foxes was going to be entirely emasculated.

The thought made Finley's dick throb.

"Look at you," Ryder said with a smile. The fox was holding his fingers together in front of them, his shaft straining and throbbing in great beats to harden up between his legs. "So eager to lose it all. You'll look cute, nice and smooth."

Finely chuckled, and reached down, gently pulling his sheath back. "You think I'm worried. Unlike you, my dear brother, I have the self control to keep from orgasming." He waggled his hips, helping to work and shift his knot out from inside. His sheath itself was damp, having been inverted inside him for so long, the soft fur of it having been an endless source of frustrating stimulation while he was locked away.

Ryder rolled his eyes and turned away from his brother, strolling teasingly around the edge of their little performance area. Everyone had something to say. The other fox in the frat, Alex, sipped his champagne as Ryder walked by.

"It's been so long since you've seen that big dick of yours, I bet you've forgotten what it even looks like. Don't worry, if you miss it, I'll let you lick and suckle mine." he said, eyes twinkling.

"Thanks, dad," Ryder teased. Monty the sun bear said nothing, just smirked and dragged a claw across his neck.

"You wish, shrimp," Ryder replied. He paused as he walked past Simon the bull. The bull glanced behind him, to the aquarium, then grinned his wide even teeth at the fox.

"You know I love ya, but..." The bull unzipped his pants, tugging out his thick shaft and stroking it, "You know I'm gonna cum, watching all that pred dick get eaten by Glyff."

"Dammit, you asshole, you know that's not fair!" Ryder fussed, looking down and blushing as he saw his cock jumping up to full erection.

"Oops. Sorry boss." The bull grinned. He stroked his dick, nice and slow. "If you wanna come here and suck it, I'll fill your belly. Might make up for your empty groin after."

"Fuck you, Simon." Ryder said. He stepped forward, grunting as his cock slid against the bull's hairy belly as he grabbed his cheeks and pulled him down for a kiss. "You better hope I do lose my cock because if I don't, it's YOUR Throat that's getting filled with it tonight."

Finely was being similarly teased on the other side of the room. Everyone knew they weren't allowed to actually TOUCH the foxes, at least not without being asked, but they could tease them all they wanted.

Finely stood in front of him, smirking and letting his cock drool down onto the strings of Oscar's guitar as the dragon improvised an ode to the fox's great pink cock.

*♪ Oh, the fox's big bulging kielbasa sausage,
How it makes my mouth water and my heart race. ♪
♪ I long to hold it in my hands,
To stroke its smooth skin and feel its weight. ♪*

"You're very sweet," Finely said, as he reached down and took the dragon's cup of whiskey. He winked, stroking his oozing precum'd glans around the rim and then dipping it in, salting the brown alcohol with the tip of his cock. It burned, but the fox enjoyed the burn, handing the glass back to the grinning, blushing dragon.

The husky sitting on the couch next to Oscar had a gift for Finely, putting a leather strap with a small metal disk in the middle. When Finely touched a fingerprint to the band, it vibrated. Henry panted, grinning and glancing over to Ryder, then winking back to Finely.

Finely handed it back. "I don't need it. But thanks, cutie."

The two foxes ended up back in the center of the circle. Their shafts, erect, throbbed, level and even with each other. Ryder stroked his hips forward, rubbing the oozing sensitive tip of his cock against Finely's. Both foxes moaned. Finely ground his hips back, eyes closing as he ground his frenum against his brother's.

"Oh, it feels so good," he moaned. Ryder grinned.

"Yeah, it does. Just give into it, brother, it's clear you need to cum very badly."

Finely opened his eyes to slits, then twisted his body away. He was not willing to give up. He would see Ryder lose control over his body before he did. He twisted and sauntered past Ryder, his fingertips just barely caressing along the length of that aching, throbbing shaft. Ryder growled, sluttishly, twisting to press his rear against Finely's member, briefly hot dogging it between his buttocks.

"Mm, you're so big, though. So hard," Ryder purred. "And this is your last chance to finally sink your big meat into my soft, supple rump..."

The men in the room were jerking off now. Simon the bull may have led the charge, but all of the men were unzipping or dropping their trousers entirely, dicks of all shapes and sizes getting fisted in slick hands. Not one of the frat members were even half the size of one of the fox twins though.

Finely ground in, going up on his tiptoes as he stroked his dick between his brother's muscular, furry buttocks. He lifted his chin, groaning in pleasure, and the husky whined, spilling his hot load over his fingers as he watched. Finely glanced at him, winked, and then reached around to grip Ryder's cock in one hand.

"Oh, my lovely brother, I will have access to your luscious bottom every day, after you lose this annoyingly erect appendage. Won't you love finally embracing your true calling, as a dickless neuter?"

Ryder blushed, grinning and throbbing in Finely's hand. He stepped forward, his brother moving with him, and stabbed it at the air, pressing the very tip of his cock against Alex the fox's whiskered lips. The champagne-sipping fox closed his eyes, lipping and licking softly with his pink tongue against Ryder's maleness, and his black tuxedo pants darkened with his own hot load. He murmured something to the rabbit sitting next to him, sitting back and panting.

The others were just as easy to trigger. Finely and Ryder smirked to each other, knowingly, as they knocked down the frat members one by one. Arthur the cat came as Ryder pressed his snout into the warmth of his musky, heavy, soft fuzzy fox pouch. Lance the wolf, barking and blushing as the two foxes stroked their cocks along either cheek, each one whimpering about how close they were, how bad they needed to cum, how much they needed HIM to help them cum. They were always just on the edge of getting off, and they each knew which of the twins each frat member wanted to lose. It was a fun game, and they would have continued, making each male in the room orgasm, one by one, if the frat president hadn't noticed their sneaky little fox plot and stepped in.

"Alright," Wilbur said. The short, chubby rabbit said, as he stood up from between two drooling, orgasm-stupored frat brothers and shook his head. "That's enough of that. New rule."

Finely and Ryder aww'd, approaching the rabbit with the predatory saunter of two Very hungry foxes. The rabbit's ears twitched, as he held up a hand. "NEW RULE. Obey it or you BOTH forfeit your cocks. From here on out, you can not touch your own cocks. Only each other's."

"Well that's boring," Ryder said, looking down as Finely knelt. His jaw dropped as his brother swallowed all sixteen inches of plump, slick, salty fox dick in one easy pass. Finely's throat was soft, silken velvet, wrapped around and stroking down against Ryder's cock, and the fox could feel his body immediately clench up in orgasm.

"Whoa, WAIT," Ryder said, and reached past the grinning, pursed lips of his brother, to grab and crush his own nuts in his hand. Squeezing and pulling down, hard, as his knot KNOTTED in the air just before Finely's lips.

Finely felt Ryder's cock throb, ears perking forward in excitement. Too easy! He pulled back, making sure to inhale through his nose as he discharges the massive shaft from his throat, the hot suction breaking with a wet slurping glottal sound. Ryder's prized shaft flexed up into the air, flinging a spray of spit and precum across the room.

Ryder stepped backwards, wincing in excruciating pain as he squeezed the orgasm back away from overtaking him, even as the best blowjob of his life pulled away from his cock with a suction that nearly took him to his knees. His whole body pulsed with orgasm, but it was a ruined, mechanical orgasm, full of contractions but no pleasure. "Jesus, brother, you are a vacuum," He gasped, trying to sound chill.

Finely gasped, looking up at his brother's cock, watching the tip for more hot bubbling cum to shoot out of it. Ryder's cock throbbed, twitching as if it was cumming, but nothing so much as drooled out of the tip. He looked down, realizing that Ryder was grabbing himself. His jaw dropped, as he waved to Wilbur.

"He's cumming! He's cumming, AND he's cheating! He forfeits!"

"I'm allowed to touch my balls," Ryder wheezed, maintaining his grip and trying to act like he wasn't actually cumming. His death grip on his nuts couldn't last forever, though. While he had effectively blocked any cum from squirting out, he was actively crushing the cords, giving himself a vasectomy. Worth it, though.

"He's technically accurate, I only said you weren't allowed to touch your own cocks," Wilbur intoned. He squinted at Ryder. "I think you should let go, though. I want to see what happens."

Ryder stared at Wilbur, then down at Finely, who was kneeling in front of him, his big dick laying on the soft carpet. He grinned. "Sure." He said.

Finely looked back at Ryder, seeing that grin and realizing something was amiss, just before he felt his brother's foot rest gently on top of his cock. Pushing down, pinning it in place, Ryder slid his toes into Finely's sheath. "Hey, wait-" he said, but the other fox was already curling his toes.

"Gotcha." Ryder said, and tugged back with his foot, pushing down. The warm, heavy, soft furred foot ground down against the wide expanse of Finely's bulging knot.

"No, no, let go, Wilbur said to let go!" Finely said, as he tried to squirm out from under Ryder's perfect grasp. It was useless, his fat nuts being helplessly bounced on as the fox flexed his hips up and down, realizing how easily his twin had captured and bound his cock. "Stop... pulling..."

"You're pulling, not me," Ryder said, stepping up onto the ball of his foot on his other leg, then putting all his weight into stroking and grinding along Finely's trapped cock. "Checkmate. You're gonna cum. I can feel it."

"No! No, I can't lose to you! Not like this!" Finely said, as he lunged forward to grab Ryder's cock in both hands. He stuffed the whole length down his throat, to coerce his twin into climaxing. That was his worst mistake!

"Just admit it," Ryder said, as he grabbed Finely's ears and pulled the fox's snout against his knot. He held his brother's mouth there, his body finally ejecting all of that pent up seed in one long continuous flow down Finely's throat. "You got outsmarted. Heck, you threw the match. We both know how much you love the idea... of being MEAT."

Yup. That did it.

Finely cursed Ryder, suckling and swallowing his hot, pent up load, as his cock throbbed. A massive spurt of cum shot out, shooting *upwards* at an angle and painting across Oscar the dragon's face and leather jacket. He moaned, his failure now unhidable, and Ryder lifted that foot away, letting Finely's cock to spring up against his belly.

Finely grabbed it, not trying to pull off of Ryder's shaft, suckling and slurping it, teeth even digging menacingly against the hard flesh, as he jacked his cumming dick out. Cum shot everywhere. A load befitting such majestic equipment splashed out, dousing everything he pointed it at. Oscar, Monty the sun bear, Wilbur, each in time. He didn't care. They got to keep their junk, so he was allowed to hose them down. He closed his eyes, just enjoying himself, throbbing and spurting out a month's worth of pleasure.

He barely felt as rabbit paws gripped him by the package, lifting him to a standing position. Cumming, cock sliding out of his mouth, he blearily staggered after his cock as Wilbur pulled him to the chopping block. The waist height butcher's table was all ready, with antiseptics and wound dressing. Finely was still trying to clear his mind as Wilbur slapped a band-strap across his package, the innocuous metallic strap curling tightly, binding the fox's shaft and nuts at the root.

"No, wait," Finely said, his dick throbbing as he watched Wilbur pick up the heavy meat cleaver from the knife block. The metal edge gleamed, honed to a fin edge. "Wait, I'm not done cumming yet," he tried to explain.

Swoosh!

The cleaver swung down. Its blade, made of the finest steel, shone brightly in the light, and Finely watched, his eyes widening in horror, as it swung slowly down into his prized package.

Finely watched with such rapt attention that time itself seemed to slow down.

The cleaver suspended in its downward motion, just above his prized cock and heavy balls.

There was absolutely no way to escape now, even if he wanted to. He was about to watch his cock get chopped off. Finely's body was tense, every muscle in his body rigid with fear as he watched the blade descend. The cold metal came to rest upon his flesh, right at the root of his sheath, behind the knot and in front of the band strap. Only, it kept going, pushing smoothly down and in, the blade's sharp edges separating through the skin and muscle.

Finely's eyes boggled as the blade forced down, the metal unyielding and thus the flesh forced to. The sheath is a protective shield, but it was nothing against sharp steel. Still, it dimpled down, even as the blade cut into it, trying to keep the powerful blade from touching the precious cock beneath. The bulbs of Finely's knot were pushed down, crushing into the two nuts resting directly underneath, forcing them to shoot forward to the end of their cords. The blade separated through the top of the sheath, and now sank into the root of Finely's cock itself, slicing through the delicate tissue of his penis and scrotum. He watched the prized, beautiful penis being separated from his body as the cleaver cleaved through. There was no pain yet, just a dull pressure, and the distinct sound of flesh being chopped down into. He felt the blade shearing through his cock, he felt one last tickling spurt of cum drip from the tip of his shaft, and then there was nothing.

The cleaver's blade continued its downward motion, and the fox felt the heat of the blade as it sheared through his flesh. It popped free of the bottom of his cock, the entire maleness bouncing up and away from Finely's groin, the base of his shaft peering nakedly up at him. The fox's scrotum, just underneath, was already compressed flat by the pressure of the cock being sheared through just above, and the blade sunk into it and through it with very little fanfare. The honed edge of the cleaver hadn't even buried itself completely through that thin sack skin by the time it thunked into the wood beneath. The nuts rolled away, peeling the skin back on one side like a magician showing that there was nothing up his sleeves. No tricks left in this fox's bag.

Finely's penis and scrotum were completely severed. The Thunk confirmed it, a solid wooden thunk that silenced the entire room. Wilbur lifted it back up, and there was a sickening wet sound as the metal blade moved away, revealing the neatly banded root, all that was left to jut from Fine's groin. Finely's eyes were wide and filled with shock, his breath coming in shallow gasps. His entire body was trembling, and he could feel the pain beginning to radiate from his groin, his body confirming what his eyes had watched.

The cleaver was placed back in its sheath, and the party cheered, Finely being twisted away from the chopping block to show his freshly denuded groin to the rest of the gang. He watched his package, laying nakedly on the chopping block with the grinning rabbit, as he was led back to the party to be teased and played with.

Ryder grinned, from ear to ear, stroking his half-hard cock as he watched his brother's emasculation. He got no sexual pleasure from that, but he did from knowing that he was now the absolute biggest dick in the frat. He didn't really pay attention, as he felt a strong hand wrap around his cock. He looked down, seeing Simon handling his cock, the big bull casually tugging Ryder towards the aquarium. "Hey, wait."

Simon just chuckled as he led Ryder to the side of the aquarium, as far from Glyff as possible. There was a metal valve there, the kind with a wide bar across it, a twist-locked gasket kind. Simon grabbed it now, twisting it and opening it up. "In ya go!" He said, as he pulled Ryder's fattened cock up against the hole.

"No, I won, I get to keep my dick," Ryder protested, letting out a pained moan as his cock penetrated the too small rubber gasket. He yelped as Simon squeezed his nuts in alongside, forcing the too-big balls in along the underside of his cock and then pushing firmly at the fox's butt.

Ryder was sure his nuts had popped, as his knot slammed up against them and Plop-plopped them onto the inside of the aquarium, before folding through as well. "Simon this isn't fair!"

"Maybe it isn't fair, but it's fucking hot," Simon grinned, as he rubbed Ryder's ass, pinning his hips against the reinforced glass walls. "Maybe you'll get lucky and Glyff will be satisfied with just ONE cock.

Wilbur reached down, sliding his hands under The large knot-locked erection that lay on the cutting board. A hint of bone peeked out from the base of the fox's knotted dick. Wilbur wrapped his hand around it, his other scooping up the limp, soft musky fox pouch. He lifted up all four pounds of fox package, holding it in his hands. The cat sitting next to the table nodded in appreciation as Wilbur hefted and felt up the spent goods.

The rabbit walked over to the aquarium, where Glyff was sitting. The ooze was seeping slowly up the side of the glass, bits of pebbles suspended in it, as well as a beer tab and a bottle cap. Wilbur sighed. The frat loved Glyff, but they kept forgetting that Glyff was a gelatinous slime, not a garbage disposal.

Wilbur opened up one side of the aquarium, unlocking and lifting up one metal flap. He held Finely's fine, handsome package up over ooze, and dropped it down inside. The cockhead slapped against the rim of the aquarium, before falling in, the entire package landing with a rattle next to Ryder's jutting cock, the softening doggy dick draping over Ryder's erection. Ryder's cock throbbed at the contact, precum oozing down along the side of Finely's lost cock, puddling in the spot just between and above the two nuts.

Glyff immediately began to shift towards the sound, the 'thump' of flesh against the stones and trash that littered his glass prison. Ryder squirmed as it moved up and engulfed Finely's nuts.

"Jesus, it's gonna eat my dick guys! This isn't funny, lemme out!" He watched in fascinated horror as the green goo slurped up over the lost shaft. It paused at the slender tip, as if feeling the air, and then continued up and over the tip of Ryder's own cock. "fuuuck!"

Ryder gritted his teeth, as the cock engulfed the end of his shaft. It slurped, wet and tingling, up over his seeping shaft, gelatinous body defying gravity as it swaddled and consumed his dick. Finely's own package, completely engulfed now, was floating in the jelly predator, as the ooze suckled and slurped at his own shaft.

The severed end of Finely's cock was the first part to be consumed by the ooze, and it probed into it, every cell of the ooze independently probing up against the dark flesh. It wasn't hard to find a way inside. As the green ooze coiled slowly up and over, engulfing the fox's lost manhood, it pushed between the flesh of his shaft and the looser skin that wrapped it so snugly. It pushed into the severed cords that led down into the fox's scrotum. It slid up the marrow of the baculum. Each place it touched, it dissolved, filling each cell with itself, breaking it down, and then moving to the next.

Both Ryder and Finely whimpered as they watched the handsome package being attacked. The knot was swelling up, ooze pulsing into the glands. It looked so deliciously tense and painful, the fox grinding against the hand that was daubing antiseptic against his little stump.

Ryder squirmed as the blob attacked his own cock, but it wasn't disintegrating in the same way as Finely's was. Perhaps it was because it was still attached, still alive and therefore tougher in some way, but Glyff was merely stroking and squeezing against Ryder's massive shaft.

Finely giggled as he watched his intact brother's cock throb, the thick knot bulging out into the ooze. "Are you enjoying your ooze job, brother?" He teased, licking his lips as Ryder shook his head against the temptation to enjoy and give in to the hungry jelly. "You know that the moment you cum, he's gonna eat you, right? And you ARE Gonna cum."

Ryder's nuts still ached from crushing them earlier, but Glyff's soft cushiony kneading almost soothed them. Almost. The bulging tubes along the back were still too sore to appreciate the grinding, rolling rhythm of Glyff slurping and suckling against them, and his cords ached with the pain of being stretched as the ooze attempted to pull both of its meals together.

Finely's lost scrotum, bloated and full as it floated submerged in the green ooze, ruptured. The skin shriveled, disintegrating into nothingness as the ooze devoured it, the gleaming testicles shining, bulging massively despite their recent purging as they emerged from their protective sheath and into their immediate and utter end. They began to break down, the pressurized tissues inside unspooling into the slime as the walls that contained them were softened and melted down to the toughness of wet tissue paper. Both foxes could see the root of his baculum, jutting out an inch from the root of his cock, as the flesh was eaten away a centimeter at a time.

"Looks like..." Ryder gasped, wincing and straining to keep from cumming, "you finally found someone who was willing to swallow your load, Finely."

Wilbur tapped the glass, stroking a finger along it to where the ooze had burst the tip of Finely's broad rounded cocktip like a misfired cannon. Thick strips of flesh peeled away, like a banana skin that was being dissolved as it was stripped away.

"Glyff LOVES the cock tips. I wonder why, I imagine that there are interesting flavors there. I imagine yours was saturated in precum, after a month of leaking, huh?" the rabbit said, smugly. "I wonder what he's gonna do to YOURS, Ryder."

"Shut up," the fox snapped, his nuts tugging up close to his body. His scrotum had been scoured of fur and musk, the tightening scrotum looking scalded, flesh reddened. His sheath, similarly, looked stripped and poached, clearly beginning to give in to the ooze's incessant digestive stroking. "Fucking hell I've never had my dick INSIDE a stomach before!"

Finely's cock itself was shedding skin like an old sunburn. The cock was slowly exploding, as the vascular sponges that made up the shaft were separated, the ooze probing out from the inside and separating segments of the fox's cock away from each other. Despite the trauma involved, Finely couldn't help but think that it looked like the most amazing blowjob he had ever seen. He was jealous of Ryder, really.. The ooze was stroking and tingling every single inch of his cock, inside and out, mindlessly, hungrily.

Ryder ground his hips against the glass, panting and yipping in tormented lust. "Oh fuck, it's like it's stroking every part of me all at once, and I know it just wants to DIGEST my MEAT but I can't help it, it feels so good! Finely, help me, keep me from cumming, I don't want Glyff to melt my big dick into goo!"

Finely grinned widely. "I am looking forward to watching every inch of your dick melt away, brother. I know you're enjoying yourself, because you don't even realize it's already happening.

Ryder's scrotum had surrendered, the wrinkling nut-sack separating, muscle striations sliding apart from each other to let Glyff's hungry pseudopods into Ryder's nut-sack. The fox moaned as he felt the cool goo engulf his aching, bruised testicles. He began to come.

The first spurt from Ryder's cock spurted through the green gel like a ballistic bullet, shooting a full foot through the slime to splash into and over the picked over carcass of Finely's erection. Wilbur and Finely both gasped, the massive cumshot a solid white streamer inside Glyff's body, for only a second or two before the liquid protein was dissolved, consumed and converted into more goo. The second, third, and fourth spurts were not nearly as heavy, but the thick pudding of Ryder's orgasm gelled and bulged out in a growing creamy pocket at the tip of his cock.

Unfortunately, Ryder's orgasm was his greatest undoing. He had climaxed just as Glyff had dissolved into his epididymus, the green gel being siphoned up and through Ryder's reproductive tract in a long green spaghetti strand. By the fourth spurt, it had stretched from the balls up through the cords, up through Ryder's prostate, and then out through the root of his

cock. A single green blob, that had consumed stray cells and feasted on Ryder's milk as it traveled, popped that creamy bubble of cum.

Ryder thrashed, then, as everything happened all at once. Still cumming but no longer spurting anything, he felt the heat, the itchy cool gellid tickle of Glyff's enzymes soaking into his cock from every direction.

Finely watched as Ryder's cock began to split apart at the seams, just as his had, but he had already seen that once before. He turned back, to watch the finality of his own emasculation come to its completion. Finely wouldn't have identified it as his package if he saw it now. It looked like a bizarre bubbling octopus or something, the flesh was 'cooked' white by the enzymes and acid, curled and splitting and dissolving down. The sheath and scrotum were just gone at this point, and as the testicle cords dissolved, the epididymii silently collapsed inwards, slurped inside out by the clutch of the ooze.

The testicles were only partially shielded with their hard shells. The ruptures from earlier allowed the stringy innards to flow out into the ooze, but those innards were gone, and the slime pushed in through the ruined walls and through the disintegrated epididymis. Half dissolved blobs were slurped out of the shells, and the shells themselves were fading into translucency inside the ooze's dissolving caress. Finely scoured the ooze's gelatinous body, but there was less and less to see. Five pounds of fox meat... gone. All except for a single gleaming white bone, that sank slowly down to rest amongst the dozen or so other bones, piercings and metal cockrings that had been fed to Glyff in the past.

Ryder's cock was really being digested now. His balls were already gone - Finely had to peer into the cloudy mass of Glyff's body to find the two egg shaped lumps, totally removed from Ryder's body and being melted down.

"Oh, god, my ass! My prostate! Please help me! Guys it might eat me!"

Simon chuckled, the big bull kneeling down behind Ryder. "No worries, stud. This has happened before." He reached up, cupping against Ryder's taint. Feeling, kneading, he pinched down hard. Squeezing, twisting his fingers together against the fox's perineum, until he felt the swollen nugget of the fox's prostate inside. He squeezed down, twisting firmly, and felt it come loose. "He doesn't wanna eat all of you. Just your junk."

Ryder's cock was being hollowed out, the urethra dissolved from the inside out. Finely stared at it, amazed. A broad hole where a supple, slender piss slit had been was bored down through the fox's cock, and it looked like a ghost was fucking it, rippling sensations squeezing and stroking back and forth along the inside and outside of Ryder's cock together.

Ryder moaned, eyes rolling back in his head, as the bull let go of his taint, and the fox rapped his hips against the aquarium glass. Something bulged, sliding down his cock, until it reached his knot. The sheath was gone, obviously, and the bulge, whatever it was, was unable to slide between the two bulbs, still fully inflated after the previous orgasm.

Ryder's knots split apart like an overcooked hotdog. The two bulbs peeled away, baring a gleaming hole moving down the middle, the white enamel of a baculum buried inside, and a peculiar looking pruney thing, just a mass of flesh that, Finely realized, must be his brother's prostate.

"Damn. At least I'm gonna be able to get off. You're TOTALLY fucked, ha." Finely smirked. It was all over very quickly after that. Glyff was fueled, after digesting Finely's crotch, which meant it attacked Ryder voraciously. Flesh stretched and disintegrated into nothing, the prized cock shuddering and twitching as inch after inch drooled and melted away from it, tissue exposed and then devoured. At the end, there was only a single white bone left, and it floated down through the goop, lying alongside Finely's at the bottom.

Finely sighed, sadly. The rest of the party had moved on, people chattering and drinking. Ryder had passed out, falling from the side of the aquarium after his cock had finally come free. Simon was checking to make sure that all of Glyff had come out with the fox's prostate. Finely looked down at the little bandaid over his own stump, the inch or so of narrow root of his cock all that he had left. All that EITHER of them had left.

In the end, Finely *had* won, after all.