Cross Foxes are Easy

The night air was heavy with the scent of the city, and Hunter reveled in it. It was a beautiful night, the streets alive with the sounds of laughter, music, and traffic. Dogs barked on distant balconies, and fireworks crackled and popped overhead. It wasn’t often that Hunter was able to venture out into the city, certainly not this late at night, and he was determined to make the most of it. Hunter was a cross fox, a black fox with a vivid red mantle across his shoulders and down his sides. He was proud of his fur, and he wanted to show it off. His species was rare, especially in this part of the world, and Hunter enjoyed the attention. It was the end of the True Nature moon cycle, and this would be one of the last chances he had to show himself off.

Seeing people gawking at his fat fox cock was, incidentally, also nice. It swung, loose and free, like him, giving little damp kisses from one inner thigh to the next. The way he was pudged up, he may need to find some cute little otter or something to give him a blow-

He was yanked backwards, stumbling, feet scrabbling as he was pulled backwards, roughly through an open doorway by hands grasping onto each shoulder. The suddenness of it all left him more surprised than anything else, the cross fox tripping and struggling to stay upright as he was pulled into the darkness. Outside, a single bright pulse of bright pink neon firework sparkles burst through the air, before the door slammed shut, locking him in the darkness with his assailant.

“What the fu—”

The words barely escaped his mouth before he was silenced, a large hand pressing against his muzzle. He could smell feline, big feline, and some kind of other heady scent. Poppers? Why- but before he could contemplate it, he was forced back against a wall with a thump. There was something, a piece of wood or something, at his feet, and he was stumbling, trying to stand with it rolling and sliding under his feet. He went stiff, finding his balance immediately, as a blade pressed against his throat.

“Listen carefully, little fox,” a deep, chilling voice growled from the darkness before him. “I’m going to do something very special for you tonight, and you’re going to enjoy it.”

He felt the grip on his muzzle twist upwards, forcing his chin up and baring his throat. Was he about to die? Was he going to be murdered? For what - his pelt? His beautiful pelt?!

The knife slid down his throat, the tip scraping into the flesh above his clavicle, and he could feel the scrape of metal against bone as that sharp blade sank further down. Wetness followed it, a trickle of blood from the shallow slice. It continued down his chest, between his pectorals, leaving a stinging drooling cut in his beautiful pelt. *This guy was a madman.*

"Precious fox, with his precious pelt. Flaunting down the street, yes you were. So high and mighty." The feline spit, really spit, a hot loog landing just above the fox's left eye. It clung, tickling his skin, as down below the knife jabbed gently into his belly. Even the gentle jab was enough to penetrate the skin of his navel, splitting his belly button in a way that made his whole body convulse with nausea.

*MMMF! MFFFF!* He tried to shout, helplessly. He couldn't help it, he grabbed for the knife, but the hand that held it was just out of his grip as he tried, and he felt the blade against the side of his package again.

"Uh uh uh, naughty naughty." The dark voice growled, purring between each word, and pushed the blade against flesh.Into flesh. The sharp edge scraped against the fox's groin as if it were shaving off fur, and the edge of it sank into the side of the fox's sheath, parting the soft skin just as easily as a straight razor. "I'm cutting off your junk, fox. You wanna die? Keep moving. I don't care either way."

The flat of the blade was flush and firm against his belly as the tip of the knife slid under his scrotum, being twisted like the hand of a clock through the bulk of his meat. Hunter SCREAMED, howling through his nostrils as he felt his flesh being sheared off so nakedly, so openly. He was being emasculated, he felt the right testicle go numb, felt the tug on the left side of his sack as the weight of a severed nut sank to the bottom of it. His dick was burning down one side as the nerves were being sawed into, and-

"You're getting hard," the feline teased. "Why not give yourself one last jerk? Maybe you'll even ~cum~."

Hunter couldn't not, could he?! Blind with pain, senselessly, he reached down and grabbed his dick. He felt it, half hard in his hand, tumescent and proud, the knotted bulbs half inflated, but he wasn't *hard*, it wasn't like he was *enjoying* this, and then he could only feel his dick in his hand, he couldn't feel his hand on his dick anymore, and oh man why was it so heavy all of a sudden, did that mean, did that *mean*-

"All done!" The attacker laughed again as he watched Hunter’s reaction. He let go of the fox's muzzle, and as Hunter turned his head towards the door, and tried to scream, he felt the heavy WHUMPH of his lungs collapsing as the solid fist slammed up into his belly, coughing all of the air up and out of him. Hunter's legs wobbled, and he collapsed down to his knees. He couldn't shout, he couldn't even BREATH.

He felt the numb, severed package of his cock and balls lifted from his hand, and he couldn't stop that, either. He tried to reach for it in the dark, but it was gone. He had lost everything.

A paw grabbed the back of his head, gripping the short fur of his mane and twisting it backwards. His head was wrenched upwards, his mouth open as the fox struggled to pull in air, to regain his breath. Something pressed against his lower lip, sliding up over it and then into his mouth. Was it... was the asshole trying to rape him?! Putting his dick in Hunter's mouth?!

This.. this was something Hunter could use to his advantage. He could bite the guy's dick off. He lapped at it, tasting a bit of pee dribbling out the end of it. Gross, but, whatever. He lapped, finally getting a lungful of air, a lungful that was blocked off as the, what, seven? eight inch dick slipped down into his mouth. The tip of the cock pressed into his gullet, as fat nuts drooped just past his fangs, right against his tongue.

He chomped down, feeling a surge of satisfaction as his fangs chomped down into the nuts from underneath, and the knot of the base of the cock. The fox ripped his head to the side, and was surprised, confused really, with how EASILY the whole package tore free, just hanging in his mouth. Ha! HA! Fucker!

And then he heard that voice, again, growling against his ear from above, the hand on the back of his head pulling back. All at once he realized something. The knot. Cats... cats don't have knots. Hunter did. He whimpered, realizing what was in his mouth, what he had just bitten into, who's balls he had just pulped between his jaws.

“Eat it, fox,” the attacker said. “Eat it all.”

Hunter trembled, the pain finally hitting him now as he realized that he was biting into his own package. He tried to push out the mass of flesh, hurging and trying to disgorge it with his tongue. He could taste his cock, salted, musked and sweet in its own way, he could taste the inside of his nuts against the edge of his fangs. Oh man, he had destroyed his balls, could he even get them reattached? He gagged as he felt the texture and taste of his own flesh, but he forced himself to push it out. Only it wasn't going out. It was pushing in. Sliding past his tongue, the head of his dick nestling against the back of his mouth, teasing between his tonsils.

"That's a knife I'm using, fox. To help you with eating yer meal. You need help with it, don't you? So much dick, and such a little fox to be eating it all." The feline snorted, chuckling deep and gravely as the edge of the knife pushed against Hunter's lower lip. "Swallow it down, because you're not going to like this shish ka bob."

For the second time, Hunter was gagged, unable to do anything but sob and gulp as his own dick was pushed into his mouth. He could feel each inch of it, being slid across his tongue, his knot bulging out his cheeks as he reluctantly swallowed. The balls were... fortunately.... crushed already, and the pieces of them were easy to swallow, but the cross fox's knot was thick. Thicker than he had swallowed before. He whimpered, begging for mercy, to not have to do this, but he was met with only laughter.

"Having trouble?" The feline said, as Hunter gagged against his own knot. The whole length of his dick was in his throat now, but he was having a hard time swallowing it, with his head pulled back like that. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down, tears and blood dripping from him, as he heard the unmistakable *vvvvvbt* of pants being unzipped. "Need something to wash it down with? I gotcha."

His mouth was being filled again, this time with hot, acrid piss. Hunter could smell it, briny and sharp, with the punch of tobacco and onions. it drooled past the cock in his mouth, spilling out over the corners of his lips. He gulped, sobbing and nauseous as he did so, gulping down both the piss and the meat that used to be his cock.

His stomach curdled, as the piss continued, streaming over his eyes and back and forth into his pelt of his shoulders. He was released, curling over, and puking. His body clenched to squeeze out all the horridness he had just endured, but his dick didn't come back up. Just piss. He could feel it, in his stomach, a thick thing that rubbed against his stomach lining as it crushed and tried to purge it. He sobbed.

And then he was lifted up. He had no idea which way the door was, but he was led through the darkness, stumbling and kicking things as he went. Every foot stubbing his toe.

"Pl-please, why? Why me?! What di-did I d-hu-hoo?" he cried as the feline pushed him out another door, and into a backyard or park of some sort. There were high walls around him - large buildings with no windows, overlooking this forgotten courtyard. Overhead, a green firework went off, illuminating the area for a few seconds. A bonfire, trees, bushes, and crudely made X-frames were all he could see in the darkness. That, and naked men. Grinning, horny, dirty looking men.

He felt the collar snap around his neck, clinking with a snapping sound. He reached for it, and as he tugged at it, blindly, he felt manacles latch onto his wrists.

"Oh, god, please, no, whatever this is-" He said, and something hit him from behind, stumbling him forward. He walked, his wounded groin burning with each step as shorn flesh rubbed rawly against itself. "I just want to-"

"Shut up," the feline growled. His collar was yanked to the left, and then to the right, and then he was ... let go. Whatever was happening, the cross fox was no longer being frog marched around, and so he ran. Well, he lurched forward, but his collar didn't. Strapped between two posts, he could only move about a foot in every direction.

"Dumbass," he heard, from his feet, as more manacles were snapped over his ankles. Strapped in, and yanked apart, forcing his naked, empty groin to be bared. A light turned on, illuminating him fully. He heard male voices, from behind the light, murmuring and chatting. He couldn't hear what they were saying - but they were talking about him.

There was nothing he could do now, but hope that... whatever came next, whoever took him, or used him, or freed him... that they would be merciful. He had a feeling though, he knew, deep down, as the fireworks exploded across the sky above him, that they wouldn't be.