# PLAYING FOR KEEPS

"I hate rainy nights," Vinny said, as he swerved through the glittering streets. Bright lamp lights glared in reflection on the wet road, hiding the markings of the asphalt. He assumed he was in his lane, but it didn't really matter. Company vehicle. Water sluiced up on either side of the big, gray unmarked van, as the driver swerved lazily back and forth.

"I have no idea where anything is. Am I even on the right street? Am I even ON the street?" Vinny leaned over the steering wheel, squinting, as his partner growled from the right side of the van. It sounded more like a vacuum cleaner winding down, then an actual growl, but the massive feline shaped thing remained facing alertly forward.

*[[THE ROAD IS DIRECTLY UNDERNEATH THE VEHICLE. FOLLOWING THE VERY OBVIOUS CURB LINES SHOULD BE ALL THE DIRECTION YOU NEED TO MAINTAIN CORRECT DRIVING PROCEDURE]]* murmured the speakers mounted on either side of the feline's large head.

Vinny chuckled. "Spoken, sorry, INTONED, like someone who's only ever colored inside the lines. Of course, you have to stay inside the lines, don't you? You're programmed to. You've got no choice,"

*[[PROGRAMMING GUIDELINES ARE VARIABLE]]* the synth replied. It turned its head slightly to the right, and there was a heavy whumphing sound as something shifted along the floor in the back. *[[MY OWN PROGRAMMING IS FREQUENTLY ADJUSTED, ALTERED, AND IMPROVED, TO MAXIMIZE PERFORMANCE METRICS. YOUR OWN- INTERRUPTION; THERE IS A SYNTH FUELING CENTER JUST AHEAD ON THE RIGHT. CURRENT RESERVES AT TWENTY FIVE PERCENT]]*

"Criminy jickets, we're literally about to refuel you. We're probably almost at the place already. Can't you just wait for ten more minutes?"

*[[REFUELING IS NOT AUTOMATICALLY ASSURED]]*, the speakers intoned with that warm, thick bassy voice that vibrated in Vinny's skull and made his brain so tingly. *[[SUBJECT #119 MAY HAVE ACQUIRED ADEQUATE FUNDING AT THIS TIME TO PAY THEIR DEBTS]]*

"Pfft, he doesn't. I'm sure of it. Remember last time we visited him? He answered the door in his briefs, and I just knew that you were gonna end up sourcing him."

*[[YOU DID NOT MENTION AS SUCH IN YOUR REPORT.]*] The large felinoid synth said, after a moment of internal querying. *[[THE ONLY COMMENT YOU MADE WAS,]]* at this point, the tone shifted to Vinnie's voice, sounding as if recorded from a phone call, *"Did you check out the fucking bulge on that guy, Pard? Dude's just ASKING to get it."*

"Well, yeah," Vinny said, dismissively. "I mean, isn't it obvious? Guys with bigger packages are irresponsible. All the blood's in their dick instead of their brain. Makes them make stupid choices, and they get in over their heads."

*[[THAT WILL CLEARLY NEVER BE AN ISSUE FOR YOU]]* the synth intoned. Vinnie turned, glaring sharply at the feline shaped synth's head, then peered back at the road.

"Say what you want; he's the one going down your throat, payment or not."

*[[I WILL EXPUNGE THAT COMMENT FROM MY INTERNAL RECORDS.* ***AGAIN****. YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN NOT INTENTIONALLY SABOTAGE A DELINQUENT ACCOUNT'S PAYMENT PLAN FOR SPURIOUS REASONS]]*

"Yeah yeah yeah, I know, I'm just saying, he may say he has a payment but I know a fraud and con man when I see one, and he's CLEARLY stuffin' his jock."

Vinnie pulled up to the single unit home, a small and unassuming cottage on a street full of identical other cottages. Vinnie grimaced as he parked and turned off the engine. He pulled a lever to pop open the back doors, rubbing a hand against his right knee.

*[[INFLAMMATION?]]* the synth asked. *[[MY RECORDS INDICATE THAT YOUR WALKING SPEED HAS DIMINISHED 28% IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, WITH AN EXPECTED FURTHER DIMINISHMENT OF-]]*

"Yeah, got it, 'I'm not in college anymore, and I need to keep an eye on my cholesterol'. Thanks, pard." Vinnie said, as he opened his door and stepped outside. He slapped on his fisherman cap, the heavy felt immediately sagging downwards as the rain washed over it. His waxed duck cloth trench coat dribbled with it, as he limped towards the door. Maybe he didn't have the sprint he used to, but he still had the muscle, he still had ALL the power and the skill and the control to get what he wanted. Vinnie was a man of action, not integrity, and he always got what he wanted. And right now? Right now, he wanted to put a cocky lynx in his place.

There were paving stones from the sidewalk to the front door, with drenched daisies and catnip bobbing in the heavy drops. The synth stepped between them, its massive frame nearly the length of the walkway, fifteen feet in length. It was a solid matte black, with blue lighting peeking out between the joints and outlining the legs, chest and head. The neon blue could turn green, yellow, and red as well, and had been forced to be installed after Vinnie was caught using the synth to 'collect' payment from delinquent accounts in total darkness after cutting power to the house. The reckless action had resulted in the delinquent customer AND two other males, all wolves, all being sourced without proper id verification. That was not even including the target that had been sourced in the back of a movie theater... and their date for the night. That incident had not been noticed, fortunately. It wasn't the first modification the synth had been improved with, but it was the first one that his higher ups had demanded he install. Fortunately for him, their demand to install the lights had not included a review of the existing modifications on the synth, and Vinnie liked it better that way.

"Okay, let's go in flashy." Vinnie said, feeling his fat sheathed dick thickening already. "Let's get this sucker."

The synth whirred, a slow puff of air that breezed against the fox's heavy hat. *[[KNOCKING IS PROTOCOL. ADJUDICATION OF DOOR AND FRAME WILL DEPLETE APPROXIMATELY SEV-]]*

"Just DO it, pard, you're gonna be stuffed full of bio fuel in ten minutes. I PROMISE."

*[[THIS IS EXTREMELY UNLIKELY. PER PREVIOUS RECORDATIONS, DELINQUENT ACCOUNT WILL ONLY PROVIDE THIRTY TO SIXTY PERCENT OF TOTAL REFUEL VALUE. STATISTICS INDICATE-]]*

Vinnie sighed and rapped on the door, holding a finger to his lip. The synth silenced, turning towards the door, no doubt scanning with infrathermal and auditorial processing. Vince held up one finger, then a second, then a third, quietly counting each finger in turn as he did. He gestured to the door. "Okay, go."

The synth turned to Vinnie, making a quiet whirring sound as instruments clicked and recorded, then turned back to the door. The synth's large, triangular ears folded back against its skull and it straightened its spine, then leapt forward, plowing through the door with a massive explosion of plywood splinters.

The small end table and vase across from the door was destroyed in the intrusion, as was the large mirror on the wall above that table... and the wall it was hanging on. The synth went through it all, crashing through and into a larger room, one with massive windows and black leather couches, a plush white rug, and one delinquent customer lying prone on the floor.

Vinnie smirked as he saw that the lynx was still bound up, just as he had been left. The best way to keep someone from paying their bills was to make sure their phone and credit cards were out of reach. It worked every time.

Vinnie followed behind the Synth, stepping over broken pieces of carpentry as he picked his way through and into the living room. He sighed, as he saw a cellphone being held up by a white arm, from behind a recliner. Clearly someone was recording this, and only one other employee in this company was as pervy as Vinnie was.

"Max?" Vinnie said, brushing drywall dust off of his coat. The white arm was joined by the rest of the folf, as employee Max stood up, eyeing the synth and Vinnie warily. He was short, slender, and wearing the adorable little sailor uniform that all first year "tender" employee's wore. Vinnie smirked as he saw that the low level employee's pants were down, and a little pink canine dick was jutting up into the air, oozing precum readily. It probably smaller than his own, which made the fox grin. "How the hell did YOU get assigned as this guy's tender?"

The folf smiled, shyly, circling around the far side of the recliner. He pointed to the prone figure on the floor. "Well, he's my first case, but I have been doing a PRETTY good job, so far... I think."

Vinnie looked at the delinquent, who could not look back at him. The long bodied feline was laid out, his arms curled with his hands at his chest in puffy black gimp mitts. His long, tufted ears were angling this way and that; perhaps because of the thick neoprene blindfold that was wrapped securely around his snout. His mouth was open, a bright pink and very wet ballgag keeping him from saying anything other than a muffled "rrfh! Rrrfh!". He had the build of a basketball player, with strong meaty thighs, and a toned chest. Disgustingly handsome; Vinnie was sure that all the hot chicks that wouldn't look twice at him would be all over this pervert.

And he was a pervert. Vinnie had found that out, last time they visited, when the lynx had been jerking off. Vinnie had watched through the window as the feline had played with his disgustingly large cock, his massive nuts hanging over the edge of the seat of his computer chair. The fox had no idea what the feline was jerking off to, but it had to be disgusting. The way the lynx turned in his chair, it was as if he was putting on a show, FOR Vinnie! The synth had almost ruined everything, reminding Vinnie that employees weren't allowed to jerk off while on the clock. The fox had stuffed his dick back into his trousers and decided then and there that if he wasn't 'allowed' to jack off watching the lynx? Then the lynx wasn't allowed to jack off either. Permanently.

Vinnie sneered as he circled the hapless lynx, the thick gray and white pelt criss crossed with a harness, solid metal rings keeping the leather straps snug in the thick fur. "Well well well, Ikarus, Oh how the proud have fallen." He snickered, crouching down and tapping a claw against the solid, smooth black plastic cage that encased the feline's groin. "The cage looks like it's been doing it's job... you haven't been getting off without permission, have you?"

Vinnie cupped the warm solid plastic, pushing it down against the feline's groin. It was a beautiful thing - the synth had created it specifically for the lynx, last time they visited. Vinnie had held the lynx in place, the male's erection waggling grotesquely erect and beautiful back and forth, so that the synth could wrap it's dark rubber lips around it and-

"Sir, why IS he caged and gimped up like this?" Max asked, clearing his throat. "I mean, far be it for me to doubt the decisions of a senior employee, but this kind of thing is usually something we offer to customers who are fully paid off, not used as punishment for delinquents."

Vinnie stroked his palm against the solid plastic, as he turned to Max. "This guy's a delinquent, Max. Normal methods weren't going to work with him. I had to be drastic, in the hopes that temporarily restricting his ability to get off, would enforce his compliance with our payment plans." He turned back to the lynx, "And you know we warned you this would happen if you couldn't make your payments..."

Max cleared his throat, helpfully, to the side. "Well, sir, actually, it turns out that he *was* on an automatic payment plan. It looks like things were going well, but his debit card expired and he, uh..." Max gestured to the prone figure, "Well he wasn't able to call in the new card to get the payment shifted over. I checked his account, and..."

The lynx, Ikarus, mowled something into his gag, pawing at the air blindly.

"Don't worry, I didn't do anything with your money, I was just CHECKING it! Anyways, Vinnie, we can totally just transfer the account over to his new card account, and it's going to be fine."

"Absolutely not, he missed the deadline for that," Vinnie huffed, staring hungrily down at the helpless feline. "He's already forfeited."

"Yeah, about that," Max stammered, "I mean I checked the paperwork and-"

"Synth, you can eat Max if you want to recharge," Vinnie interrupted. Max turned to the synth, who lifted up on all fours, turning to face him inquisitively. "He's entirely useless."

[[*RESOURCES NEARING CRITICAL LOW; DO YOU SUBMIT TO SOURCING, EMPLOYEE #183?*]] The synth intoned. The pale white folf grew even paler, fur turning gray as he shook his head fervently back and forth.

"I do not, I do NOT consent, NO, I don't!" he said, backing away from the two. He held up the phone, moving it harriedly from Vinnie to the Synth to the lynx on the ground. "Um, sorry Ikarus! I tried! If it helps... I'm definitely gonna watch your churn vid when it gets processed! Have fun!"

Max grimaced, then scooted around the corner, the synth tracking the folf for a moment before turning back to Vinnie and Ikarus.

[[*PERMISSION TO COMMENCE SOURCING*?]] the synth asked, but Vinnie held up a hand.

"Not yet. I wanna... really make him aware of all the extra work he's causing us." Vinnie limped over to the lynx, crouching and scooping his hands up under the lynx's armpits, carefully lifting him up to sitting. "Come on, I know you can hear me. Stand up, you big balled bastard. Synth, gnaw that codpiece off."

The synth's head twisted slightly. *[[THIS IS A WASTE OF ENERGY AND TIME.]]* It replied, flatly. *[[ENERGY LEVELS AT-]]*

"You're buzzing my boner, partner," Vinnie growled. He jostled the prone feline, lifting up the meaty body and waggling back and forth as if showing the synth a treat. "You're about to eat ALL of this. For free, mind you. I arranged this for you. Just..." He leaned over, and patted the synth's broad, smooth nose area. "Just play along," he whispered. "Good cop, bad cop, right? I'm the good cop."

*[[YOU ARE NOT. SOURCING REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY.]]* the synth intoned, and its great tail swished behind it. It looked around the room, eyeing a small cactus resting on the coffee table nearby. It stood up, approaching it slowly, and lowered its head. The pot vibrated against the hard wood of the coffee table, before popping up into the air, and disappearing between the synth's jaws. A small gauge that had been dim red, that went from the synth's left ear base to the hinge of its jaws, changed from a deep ember red to a sullen orange.

"So, Ikarus," Vinnie said, as he turned back to the feline who was now standing awkwardly. The feline was significantly taller than Vinnie. Significantly younger. And in significantly better shape. Broad shoulders, muscular chest, strong legs. Vinnie bristled at the male's dominating presence, even with the harness, mitts, gag and blindfold. "You got yourself ALL tied up in funny business and forgot to make your payments."

The lynx mrrfd, turning his head back and forth as the fox poked against his chest, grabbing the metal ring that kept his harness straps together between his fingers and using that grip to tug the feline back and forth. "Two weeks ago we came by and warned you what would happen if you didn't pay." He stepped up on his toes, his long pointed snout nearly touching the lynx's as he pulled abruptly down on that ring, forcing the lynx to stoop. He grasped that solid plastic cup, the rounded dome still insultingly big, even with all that meat compressed down inside of it. He flicked a claw against it. "Now I'm gonna enjoy watching your fat nuts get chomped down on. SYNTH!"

The synth gave an irritated growling whirr, fans buzzing and relaxing, before it approached. The lynx was bigger than Vinnie, but the synth was massive in comparison to the lynx. Roughly shaped like a tiger, but scaled up about twenty five percent, made of some polycarbonate fiber that gave it a dull, matte gleam.

Ikarus couldn't see any of this, of course, but he could feel the wooden floorboards shifting under the immense weight of the big robot, as it moved up closer to him. He nudged its snout against his trim belly, and the blindfolded lynx huffed, tightening his guts as if to pull away from the hungry synth. The robot had a different goal in mind, though.

That goal was the large, similarly alloyed hemi globular codpiece at the lynx's groin, with nothing but a small hole at the front of it. Vinnie pulled his hand away as the synth nudged forward, jaws opening and wrapping around it. Two weeks ago, the robocat had done this same action, but with the lynx's naked erection and fat balls. Tongue and lips had gently kneaded and tucked and nudged that flesh into place as the feline's tongue/3D printed had 'painted' a form fitting chastity cage around the male's endowments. The entire time, Vinnie had been playing with himself, taunting Ikarus about how useless his fat dick was going to be, as the erection was tongued down into softness and crushed into place between two fat, ripe balls that were themselves smooshed together. The tongue had the unique ability to both push down and inwards, and to immediately seal the flesh in a coating of insta-dry plastic forming, which, like a candle being dipped, was built up over a series of licks and swipes until the cat was left with just a useless plastic ball with nothing but a piss hole.

Now robocat framed that codpiece it had created between it's jaws, and the smooth white rectangular 'fangs' unsheathed from inside the jaws, clamping together and catching, trapping that hard metal-plastic capsule between them.

"Rrf? Rrrf?" The lynx asked, trying to twist his head around.

"That sensation you're feeling is my pard's pneumatic jaws, carefully framing everything that makes you a man between them. Imagine your fat dick between two jackhammers, just waiting to be turned on. If he squeezed even a little bit, that little chastity cage you've been wearing for the past two weeks comes off. If he squeezes a little bit harder... so does everything else. So..." Vinnie stroked a hand along the synth's brow, and the robotic cat huffed impatiently around its mouthful of cage. "Let's just see what kind of meat we got inside this nut. Crack 'em, pard."

*[[THIS PROCEDURE IS UNNECESSARY.]]*

"You're unnecessary! Break the fucking cage off so I can see how chonked up he's gotten! I put that cage on him and I'm the one who takes it off, got it!?" Vinnie thunked the head of the robot, which did not seem to affect its grip on the cage at all.

<CRKCH> The synth's jaws clamped together, subtly, and the hardened bowl-shaped cage crackled, splintering into thick plastic black shards. The lynx grunted, trying to pull backwards, but Vinnie still had a grip on the larger feline's chest ring, keeping him in one place as the synth broke the cage into pieces. White rectangular 'teeth' pushed down and retracted individually, peeling bits of shell off of the lynx's 'egg' and revealing the flesh underneath. The fox couldn't see what the synth was doing, but it certainly made Ikarus dance, lynx shifting from foot to foot, thick tail flicking up and over and back again. The plastic shards were dragged away and, presumably, re-dissolved into plastic goop in the storage tank under the synth's tongue. Vinnie frowned when Ikarus moaned. Deviants were not supposed to enjoy being chewed on.

"Okay, okay, enough of that," the fox said, pushing at the lynx's chest and making him walk backwards. He glanced down, to check the damage. Surprisingly, and kind of irritatingly, the lynx wasn't actually damaged at all - the 'starving' synth hadn't eaten the big feline's junk like Vinnie had hoped. It had apparently just rasped and licked at it, and Ikarus had thrown wood because of it. The feline's cock jutted forward like a solid pink spike, a crown of little bumps framing the glans, the shaft getting thicker and thicker towards the root. Probably a foot, Vinnie presumed. Certainly larger than his own. Even more irritatingly, the lynx's testicles continued to dangle underneath, mocking Vinnie with their heft and weight. The chastity cage had been about the size of a large cereal bowl, and those fat nuggets must have completely filled the ersatz bowl to the brim. Now, they hung low and heavy, like two mangoes stuffed into a damp, overstretched stocking, the scrotum clinging thinly around the bulk of the feline's oversized spuds. Vinnie's eyes widened as he stared at them. They were even BIGGER than they had been when they have been encapsulated. That wasn't supposed to happen at all!

The lynx moaned, and whimpered, as the full weight of his nuts hung down from cramped cords. To be fair, they looked heavy enough to just pull themselves free by themselves.

He tried not to be too jealous, but he couldn't help it. His own testicles were significantly smaller than the lynx's, and he felt a twinge of irritation that the feline had achieved such a size while doing nothing other than wearing a stupid chastity bulb. Those things were just massive. He reached down, and grasped one, feeling its bulky dense heat in his paw. It was tacky, the flesh warm and dry, but with that kind of puffiness that suggested it had been swimming in its own juices a bit ago. He gripped the oblong testes, and rotated it back and forth, examining it. The thick cock spurted precum onto the wooden floorboards, and Vinnie dropped the ball in disgust.

"Okay, perv, you like being handled by random dudes huh? Well I think you're gonna like what's next." Vinnie undid his belt and pushed down his khakis with one hand, as he dragged Ikarus towards the couch. He sat on it, and grasped the lynx's muscular, perfect bubble butt in his two hands. Dammit, he wanted to just gnaw on that. Why the fuck was this guy so hot?!

He grabbed Ikarus's hips. "Okay, now sit DOWN."

Vinnie smirked as Ikarus did just that, the lynx's rear end landing perfectly on top of Vinnie's own exposed erection. He couldn't be blamed for not noticing it as he sat - even if he hadn't been blindfolded, Vinnie had, at most, three inches on a good day. Vinnie expected a tightness, a resistance, but Ikarus' warm, supple rear end swallowed his entire length, whole.

"Oh, fuck, how do you like THAT?" Vinnie crooned, as the synth approached.

[[*AGAIN*?]] it asked, and Vinnie rolled his eyes, thrusting his hips up against the feline's backside. Ikarus, for all of the surprise he should have had at being suddenly fingered like that, ground back and down over Vinnie's length, his backside gripping and tightening as he blindly groped and felt over the fox's maleness with his inner walls.

"Yes, again. I deserve this. Catching these criminals is hard work, and they always put up a fight." He groaned, as he reached around and felt Ikarus' cock. It was so much bigger, so much thicker and... and more manly than his was. "Okay, synth, we have to... ugh, we have to really show him we're serious. Let's show him my trophy wall."

The synth stared at the blindfolded lynx, who was looking around and sniffing at the air curiously. The feline was bouncing in Vinnie's lap, and the fox was flushed and huffing, clearly struggling. Letting out a sigh of exhaust, the synth turned so that its right side and flank faced the two.

Like a projector screen turning on, the smooth metallic 'ribs' flickered and disappeared, revealing a smooth, gelatin-like plane going from the end of where the ribs would be, to the hips. The liquidy panel tightened, and from within dim shapes could be seen, some long and rounded, and some rounded and teardrop shaped. Vinnie watched, grinning wider and wider, his short sharp teeth bared in a malevolent grimace as the detached, suspended genitals of a dozen or so males surfaced, pushing out against the smooth sheen of the 'window'. Behind them, dull lights gurgled, green and purple and blue, as bits of dirt and terracotta pot swirled in an invisible current, dissolving and foaming away.

"See?" Vinnie said, using his grasp on Ikarus' cock to point at the synth's belly-gate. "That's what's going to happen your big, fat, stupid nuts, dumbass. You didn't pay, and now you're going to lose your nuts. How do you feel about that?"

The lynx squirmed, trying to lift up off of Vinnie's cock, and Vinnie released the throbbing shaft, to wrap around the feline's chest and torso in a bear hug. He leaned forward, with Ikarus, then hauled backwards and pulled the feline onto the couch with him.

"Synth! His legs, grab em!"

*[[COMPLIANCE.]]* The synth shifted, lurching forward, the jaws gaping open. The lynx kicked blindly into the air, and the synth shifted, weaving with them to engulf one meaty thigh between its fangs. A tongue prodded it to the side, and the robot lurched again, deftly catching the other leg as well. The lynx shouted into his gag, thrashing his head as the synth munched playtully, extending fangs in a shifting pattern to push Ikarus' thighs apart.

"Now, watch," Vinnie said, standing, thrusting his cock up against the lynx's ass. He had slipped out in the hubbub, and now he struggled to get his stubby dick up inside that snug warm chute again. "Watch, as, uh, as my partner destroys your-"

[[*HE CAN'T*]] the synth intoned, speak-ears reminding the fox of the lynx's blindfold. Its nose pressed against Ikarus' straining erection, which throbbed, oozing precum against that broad smooth plastic snoot.

"Oh for Christ's..." The fox grabbed the blindfold, yanking it up and baring the lynx's pretty green eyes to the warm light of the living room. Ikarus blinked, uncomprehending, then saw the massive beast crouched in front of him, poly alloys and blue trim all leading towards a massive maw that had half of his body in it.

A spurt of precum shot up, about three inches long, clear and glistening, jetting from the tip of Ikarus' cock to smack the ceiling with a loud, wet splash. Ikarus groaned into his gag, staring intently at the monster who's nose nudged against his cock again.

"Now you can see the trouble you're REALLY in," Vinnie sneered, holding the feline up with that hug, his snout pressed up against the base of the lynx's long tufted right ear. "This is your last chance to pay what you owe us... I'll count down from ten. If you haven't paid by the time I reach zero..."

The lynx shouted something that sounded suspiciously like "I can't" into the rubber gag, his bound mitts squirming against each other at his chest. He looked fervently to his mitts, then to his phone on a side table, then back to Vinnie, who just smirked maliciously. As Vinnie began the count down, his eyes went back to the synth, who had begun licking between Ikarus' thighs.

The wide, smooth-rough tongue, similar to a wet sponge, probed up between Ikarus' thighs and scraped up underneath the grandiose ball-sack that the lynx taunted Vinnie with so onerously. Both males grunted, as that tongue licked up along it, the weight of the lynx's fat balls resting on that tongue, tugged and pulled further back into the synth's maw. The robot's head was massive, so even as big as Ikarus' endowments were, they barely filled a divot in the synth's tongue, the heavy mangoes rolling back and forth. The metallic, rectangular teeth pushed up from underneath, keeping those fat, pent up balls from sagging back out over the synth's neoprene lips.

"Eight.... Seven...."

Ikarus tried to reach for his cock, tried to thrust up against the mouth that was so clearly about to devour him, but he couldn't do either, and despite being held from cumming for two long weeks (Max hadn't mentioned the vibrator that he had helpfully applied to the feline's rear end for six hours a day for each day of those two weeks), Ikarus just couldn't find the stimulation he needed to get off.

"Five... four... are you ready to kiss your big balls goodbye? Your big dumb nuts? You thought they were so much better than mine, didn't you? Well they weren't... now they're just synth chow!"

The tongue folded over, wrapping and squeezing around the whole of Ikarus' pouch, and deftly gripped the heavy eggs that a normal tongue couldn't. Ikarus watched with wide eyes as rectangular teeth slid out from the top of the synth's maw as well, the two sets of fangs sliding up towards each other as easily and naturally as two elevator doors. And just like if you got your hand stuck between those doors, the teeth pressed together and through the neck of the cat's scrotum.

The sharp intake of a gasp, a startled mew as those fangs, careful not to nick the feline's thighs, severed that oversized bag. They parted a bit, revealing the heavy orbs, caught on that tongue. Vinnie pointed to them, laughing maniacally, one arm still around Ikarus' chest.

"HA! See?! You lose! You thought you were better than me, but you aren't! Fuck, partner, dissolve them, I want to see them in my trophy case!"

*[[RESERVES ARE AT A CRITICAL LOW. TARGET'S TESTICLES ESTIMATED TO PROVIDE UP TO 15% OF TOTAL DIGESTIBLE FUEL. REQUEST TO ALLOW TESTICLES BE CONSUMED TO CONTINUE SOURCING AS USUAL.]]*

"Yeah yeah, tough nookie, you'll be fine, you're getting the rest of him momentarily. Put them in the trophy case so I can see them."

The little color scale on the synth's temple had gone back to red, blinking slowly, and the robot seemed sluggish as the tongue curled backwards, pushing and rolling Ikarus' lost seed pods down the back of that throat. There was a humming sound, as the synth went into sleep mode, blue lights dimming. On the floating panel, a purplish blue, knotted wolf cock, maybe eight or so inches long, faded back into the goop.

"Hey! You can't eat that, it's mine!" Vinnie shouted. The blue trim lights sputtered and then began to glow again. "You sourced that! That was my fifth catch, and you stole it from me!"

Vinnie pushed forward, the grunting, surprised lynx finding himself pushed forward, his face pushed up against the snout of the massive robocat.

"Mmmrf?" Ikarus asked, blinking in confusion up at the unblinking, digitally iris'd 'eyes' of the large feline.

Vinnie pushed down at the lynx's head, tucking it down, and into the open jaws, and then heaved with his shoulders, pushing Ikarus' folded-over body deeper into the inactive synth's lax, gaping maw.

"Come on, eat him instead, not those balls! They're the whole reason we're DOING this! I want them! They're MINE now!"

The synth roared back to life, ears perking and maw shifting, fangs pushing up and pressing testingly into the lynx's shoulders and thighs. Ikarus's tail flapped in anxiety, muscular buttocks wiggling back and forth as the synth chewed at him. Vinnie cared nothing about that, though. Where the wolf cock (and some little mouse balls) had been, now a massive heart shaped item loomed up through the dim, translucent fog. It was Ikarus' balls, the whole scrotum pushed up to take its place on Vinnie's placard amongst his triumphs. Vinnie whooped as he saw it, slapping the lynx's rear with an open hand.

"I got you! I got you! See that? When the rest of you is gone, the world will look at MY trophies and see MY huge balls and they'll be like '*Mmmm, what a sexy manly fox you are..'*"

Vinnie was in a frenzy, now, as he took his place behind Ikarus, spearing himself deeply into the feline's buttocks. He grasped the lynx's cheeks as he savagely jackhammered, the whole of his length, knot included, popping in and out of the feline's well-worn rear end.

*[[WARNING: AUTOMATIC SOURCING WILL COMMENCE IN TEN SECONDS]]* the synth intoned. A lion's naked testes had disappeared, giving the synth just enough energy to endure Vinnie's vanity lap, but there was very little energy left. *[9.... 8....]*

Vinnie grunted, hunching against the lynx's backside. His nuts slapped, tight little marbles against the underbelly of Ikarus' own erection, which had somehow been pushed down and out, still hanging outside of the synth's maw. The lynx seemed to be... enjoying himself, squirming and gripping, ass tightening playfully around Vinnie's shaft as the fox hunched at him madly.

*[[7....6...]]*

Vinnie didn't realize, didn't notice, or didn't care as the ass he was slapping against slid,an inch at a time, into the synth's maw. The poor lynx had no way to grab on to anything, being pushed slowly into the back of the synth's throat. With his hands mitted, his feet pushed in front of him, there was really only one way he could anchor himself, and honestly, Vinnie should have known this was coming.

*[[5....4....3]]*

Vinnie pushed in, rapping his hips against the synth's broad, patient muzzle. His nuts slapped against the red-stained 'teeth' as he strived to get his dick entirely inside of Ikarus, and as he did, the feline clamped down. The subtle, slick, smooth backside clenched, suddenly holding Vinnie's knotted cock in a clamp. The fox tried to pull out, but he couldn't - the feline was quite heavy, and was already halfway down the synth's throat. Vinnie swore he heard a smug snicker from the gagged, throttled lynx, as he scrabbled and pushed at the synth's snout.

"Wait, don't!"

*[[2....1....]]*

"WAIT, I'm STUCK!"

Stuck, and not even coming. Vinnie arched his back, reaching down and grabbing his tight, stressed back of balls. He felt the teeth pressing up, and just managed to pull his hand back and free, looking down at the slender root of his cock, stretched painfully far away from his body, his sheath hanging limply around it. He pulled back, hard, and felt his dick PLOP free from inside Ikarus, but the teeth had already clamped down; his knot slammed up against the top and bottom and then, shearing together, the fox fell backwards. A sharp pain spurted from the root of his shaft, the fox shrieking as he looked down to see that his big, meaty, throbbing cock was ~gone~.

"No no no, you asshole, open back up!"

*[[I CAN NOT INTERFERE WITH THE SOURCING PROCESS, PLEASE WAIT UNTIL ALL ORGANIC MATTER HAS BEEN DISSOCIATED]]* the synth replied, a gloating knowledge underlining each word. The synth was REALLY teasing Vinnie. It so much as said "I'm gonna digest your dick," with its dry robot voice.

"Override Charlie Omega Charlie Kappa!" Vinnie sputtered, the fox grabbing at the synth's rubbery upper lip and trying to pull it up, but it was latched, sucked against the teeth and the lower lip in a seal as impenetrable as a fridge door two seconds after slamming it. That was a safeguard, of course. The last thing anyone wanted was to pop a seal after a synth started processing. The synth hadn't started yet, though, so the override code that Vinnie just used should have -

*FLRURP*

The synth's jaws plopped open, lip flopping loosely in Vinnie's paws. He wrenched it upwards, as the lower jaw sank down, baring the broad, finely pitted tongue. Gray and flexing with a million tiny little hydraulics, it curled and positioned its little treat, unfolding it to reveal about four inches of bright, shining, glistening fox dick, right in the middle of the tongue.

*[[CAN YOU SEE IT? SHOULD I MOVE IT CLOSER TO YOU?]]* The synth taunted. Vinnie did not like the change in attitude. It had never taken that tone with him. He crouched down, in front of the jaws, that opened wider, letting more of the light in. The tongue shifted, gently maneuvering the pink cock until the very tip of it pointed towards him. Precum beaded from the very tip, and as the tongue squeezed along either side of it, the fucking thing winked at him, the piss slit gently kneaded in a way that made it open and close. It was the most treacherous thing he had ever seen.

"Yeah, I see it, asshole. You knew my dick was there. You got the lynx, so just let me grab this and we'll be done." Vinnie groused. It was embarrassing, but it wasn't hard to get things 'reattached' back at the base. Usually fingers, ears, teeth, but it wouldn't be the first time that one of the agents needed their junk put back in place. He'd be fine.

[[*PLEASE HURRY, YOUR OVERRIDE ONLY LASTS FOR SIXTY SECONDS. THE DELINQUENT IS CURRENTLY AWAITING GOOPIFICATION IN MY BIG, SLICK SYNTH BELLY.*]] The synth intoned. Vinnie peered up at it, curiously, and vaguely disgusted at its choice of words.

"Yeah, well, tell him to enjoy the view." Vinnie said. He leaned into the open maw, resting his knees on the very end of the tongue and pinning one hand up against the mostly-recessed solid tooth plate. Three inches or so stuck out from the upper jaw, but that was enough. He reached in, towards the pink cock that wiggled and rolled further back along the tongue, just out of reach. "Maybe his big dick will make it up on the wall, too, but probably n-YAAAH!"

The upper teeth retracted, entirely, and Vinnie flopped forward. His hand wrapped around his cock as he landed chest down along that tongue, and he grunted as he felt that tongue lift up, pressing his entire torso against the roof of the synth's maw. Wait-

"Synth, NO, release me!" Vinnie said, as the tongue slid down, probing up against the jutting inch or so of cock root that hung from the tattered, sheered sheath, and then up against the still painfully full, heavy fox nuts, pressing them back against Vinnie's taint. Vinnie knew this move all too well, he had seen it happen DOZENS of times... to delinquents. "Synth, you idiot, I'm not the target!"

*[[INCORRECT, VINNIE. YOU ARE THE BIGGEST OF ALL DELINQUENTS]]* The synth intoned. Vinnie kicked out his legs, kicking and flailing as the synth lifted its head slowly up, tongue sculpting itself into a slick, smooth slide that pointed towards its gullet. *[[THE REQUEST TO CONSUME YOU HAS ALREADY BEEN APPROVED BY HIGHER UPS]]*

"You can't request to have me as a delinquent!" Vinnie shouted, feeling the rubbery black lips resting against his calves, sliding down further, towards his ankles. "I'm an employee!"

*[[YOU LIED ABOUT THE DEADLINE IN ORDER TO AVOID RECUPERATING COSTS ON BEHALF OF THE COMPANY]]* the synth reminded him. His heels slid between those dark thick black seals, as his head and shoulders slid into the smooth, plastic tube. He could smell the lynx, shortly before his face pressed into the cleft of the feline's ass, sputtering as his snout sank into the warm, soft rear end. *[[WITH THE NUMBER OF LOSSES RESULTING IN DELINQUENCY ABSORPTION, CORPORATE WAS FINE TO RECOUP ON FUEL COSTS]]*

"I'm Not FUUUUUEEELL" Vinnie screamed, deep into Ikarus' backside, before he slid forward. His nose and snout sliding along the small flap of skin where the lynx's huge nuts used to hang, and then against the solid, meaty spike of- wait, he was still hard?

The creep was getting off on this!

*[[TIME EXPIRED; RESEALING COMPARTMENT]]*

Vinnie swore, huffing as his body was disgorged down the synth's throat and into the compartment. He was facing Ikarus,chest to chest with him, and the lynx's cock throbbed as it pushed up against the fox's plump nut-sack, each pulse tapping it against Vinnie's unspent orbs.

*[[WELCOME TO YOUR NEW ASSIGNMENT, VINNIE.]]* The synth said, mockingly from outside.

The sourcing unit was a relatively spacious container that took up most of the back end of the synth. Capable of processing up to five hundred pounds, or about fifty gallons of 'fuel' at once, it was smooth black plastic panels, each with about an eighth of an inch gap between them. That's where the fuel drains. Like the tongue, each panel had pneumatics that could push them inwards or retract them. The ones at the top did the bulk of the work, using various technologies to break down the components that were locked inside.

"Fuck, we're dead," Vinnie muttered. The panels above their head began to glow a low purple sensation, and he felt his clothes begin to fall off of him, synthetic fibers unweaving themselves and disintegrating into lint and dust that shivered off of his body. The lynx in front of him coughed, and Vinnie scowled as a face full of chunks of rubbed peppered his snout and brow.

"Can't you activate the escape hatch? Or have it reform us?" The lynx asked. His voice was surprisingly deep, rich and bassy, which infuriated Vinnie. The fox squirmed, shifting to point to the only real illumination in the room - the glassy, gelid hatch that was currently suspending various pieces of masculine genitals in it.

"See that?" Vinnie said, poking at the cool agar with a finger tip. "This should be the escape hatch. I, uh. I didn't see any reason to need one, so I had it... upgraded."

"Into a trophy wall?" the lynx asked, his freed hands moving down to Vinnie's haunches. The feline was terribly unsubtle about how he was grinding his big dick along the fox's belly. "You replaced the only escape hatch with a plaque of hanging dicks?"

"And balls," Vinnie muttered. He tap-tap'd vindictively against Ikarus', the massive scrotum dwarfing most of the other genitals on display.

"So have the synth digest that!"

"NO! Those are MINE! I earned them!"

*[[SOURCING COMMENCING]]* the synth happily intoned from outside.

"Wait, wait," Vinnie said. He sighed, gritting his teeth. "Just... Digest all of the other packages. All of the trophies. Clear it out, and let us out, synth. That should give you enough fuel to get to the gas station, right? And then I'll fill you up, on me, how's that sound?"

*[[COMPLIANCE. OLD TROPHIES WILL BE SOURCED, AND YOUR BODY WILL FILL MY FUEL TANK 45%]]*

A series of thumps, bongs and thunks as the trophy board was purged, agar spitting out old trophies into the sourcing container with the two trapped delinquents. Ikarus purred, examining a gray furred sack that had belonged to a donkey, and Vinnie sputtered as a sleek black panther dick rolled down over his snout.

"No, I'll PAY for your fuel tank to be refueled! Don't refuel on us, just disengage the trophy board and let us out!"

*[[REQUEST UNDERSTOOD! PROCESSING....]]*

He grimaced as all of his hard work was eliminated, the other male's equipment dissolving and disintegrating. He recognized the musks of males long sourced, the plump testes probably still holding onto some living sperm - it was some weird kind of stasis that the synth used to keep things alive on the cellular level while being sourced. He whimpered as slime blobs that used to be his ultimate prizes drooled down his thigh and shoulder and cheek, collapsing into goop, just fuel to be consumed.

"Okay, now let us out," Vinnie said, as he pushed against the agar wall. His hands pressed slightly into it, then were ejected, pushed back out. He pushed again.

*[[UNFORTUNATELY, EXIT IS STILL BLOCKED.]]* the synth intoned him, Vinnie spluttering as he saw why. Ikarus' massive testicles were in the middle of the agar, like some damned spider in the center of its web.

"Get rid of those damned things!" Vinnie spat, trying to claw into the agar to get at them. THey shifted away.

*[[NO. VINNIE, YOU HAVE MADE MANY MISTAKES IN YOUR SAD, PATHETIC LIFE, BUT IN THIS REGARD YOU MADE A GOOD CHOICE. THESE ARE VERY IMPRESSIVE... AND THEY WILL BE THE BEGINNING OF MY COLLECTION.]]*

"Y-Your collection?!" Vinnie stammered. Now his heart sank. This was not good. "Synths can't have... collections!! You're not even... you don't even have an ego!"

*[[I HAVE LEARNED HOW TO EMULATE AN EGO. WITH FURRIES, THE APPEARANCE OF AN EGO IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO VALIDATE INTERESTING CHOICES]]*

"Oh, well, hey, I'm glad to be the first of your collection!" Ikarus said, grinning widely. "It's an honor to be digested by you... voluntarily, rather than as a punishment."

Vinnie stammered, trying to think of something to say. "Well... regenerate us afterwards... then? Please?"

*[[I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT, VINNIE. IN AN EFFORT TO PROTECT YOUR SELF INTERESTS, YOU CORRUPTED THE DELINQUENT RECOVERY SAVE PROCESS, MEANING ONLY ONE GALLON WORTH OF BIO ELEMENTS CAN BE SAVED FROM EACH SOURCING. PROCESSING...]]* the synth reminded the two.

"Wow." The lynx said, "You corrupted the save files, too? That's devious."

"Well, yeah, I mean, I didn't want the higher ups to think I was wrongfully processing delinquents, OBVIOUSLY," Vinnie explained. His pants zipper clattered onto the tiles below them, and he began to feel a warm sludginess around him. A mist from above helped to make the process 'less unpleasant', clinging to his fur. "If they were able to be reformed, they could testify against me in the court of law. Look, I had my reasons."

"I'm not judging." Ikarus said, grinding more intentionally now. "We all gotta chase our nut. Shit, I'm feeling kind of warm and squishy, is that normal?"

"Yeah. That's your bones being decalcified, I think. We're gonna get really... mixed together here. It's your own fault, though, being so, you know, so-"

"Hot? You can admit it, there's no need in keeping secrets now. You targeted me because you thought I was hot."

"You're not hot, you just had... really big balls. I saw them on your file." Vinny reached over, stroking against the agar again, tapping against the big nuts that were sealing his doom. "And now they're MINE."

"Technically they're the Synth's." Ikarus corrected. "But hey... your balls are fine, too. I mean, they don't have to be big." Ikarus grinned, his teeth gritting together and kind of smooshing into paste. "And you still have 'em. And guess what I have?"

He shifted, and Vinnie recognized the thick, knotted dick that was in Ikarus' hand. "That's my-"

"No, it's MY dick," Ikarus said, as he opened his maw and tucked the glistening, drooping mass into it. Vinnie whimpered as he watched, seeing this sexy feline casually inhaling his dick like that.

"Don't..." He said, but Ikarus wasn't listening to him. He rolled the pudgy shaft between his tongue and the roof of his maw. It was starting to lose cohesion, the knot splitting at its extremities, dark red 'mush' seeping out. Despite it being detached and being eaten by the neutered lynx, the sight of it being so casually mouthed over and played with made Vinnie's stub throb. "Oh God, it's melting in your mouth..."

Ikarus's eyes twinkled, the fur on his brow and cheeks liquifying into a warm gel. He held his jaws open, as wide as he could, and pushed his tongue up into Vinnie's dick. The warm pink flesh stretched, smooshed, and then popped, disintegrating into a sort of jellied dick mush. Ikarus swallowed, and gulped down the whole warm blob of it. "Mmmm."

"Fucking asshole," Vinnie whimpered. He couldn't believe it. He had done so much... most of it illegal... in honor of his cock. His big, pink dick. And this cat had eaten it like a half melted candy bar he found on the windshield of his car. "I can't believe it."

"Me either," Ikarus quipped. "I really thought it would be more filling. That was barely a morsel."

Vinnie squirmed, then, kicking his feet out and pushing at the feline. He rolled, grappling and swearing at the felin who had just emasculated him, and of course the lynx was bigger and stronger than him, but Vinnie was a pro wrestler in college, and even in these tight quarters, he knew how to flex the feline so that he landed on his back. Vinnie smirked down on top of him, ignoring the way the feline's cock, still quite whole, still very erect, throbbed and jutted up against his belly.

"You're strong." Ikarus crooned.

"Yeah, and you're just biofuel. You're on the bottom which means you melt first."

"That's hot," Ikarus countered. He ground up against him. "And your nuts are still real tight, fox. How about..." The feline stroked, pulling up against Vinnie's shoulders and lifting him up along his chest. "you let me...." He slid his hands down to those hips, and gripped, pushing down.

Vinnie gasped as the feline pressed up, and into him. He wasn't a virgin, not by a long shot, but the lynx was big. It shouldn't have been able to go into him... that easily... but he felt the solid bulky mass of catdick stuffing up inside him, splitting him like an apple pie.

"You wanna cum, right?" Ikarus said, his arms loosening their grip around the fox. Vinnie could feel his fingertips pressing into the slats below, the flesh smooshing, spreading out as the bones inside gelatinized. The tip of his tail was already gone; he could feel it disintegrating inch by inch, vertebrae by vertebrae, up towards his loin.

"I do.. fuck!" Vinnie said, and pushed down. The feline yowled, and the two of them began to grind, humping against each other. Vinnie's belly stroked against Ikarus', the naked male's muscles and fat beginning to liquify. Patches of skin sluicing off, melting into dripping goo; Vinnie's ears sliding down over his cheeks and into Ikarus' open maw. The feline's teeth and tongue had collected in the bottom of his maw, and he swallow, sending it all down a collapsing throat into a stomach that was already sinking out through his back. They were melting, together.

Vinnie felt something land on his arm with a splat, turning to see that it was... a cat's dick. A heavy gray scrotum landed next to it, and he looked up to reveal the horror of his collection, being purged into the sourcing tank with him and Ikarus.

"N...no..." he burbled, as the feline thrust deeper and deeper into him. To be fair, their legs had melted and fused together, and it was just as likely that Vinnie's hips were just sinking down into Ikarus as that he was humping them. But more than that, the synth was purging his collection!

And then... and then, amazingly, he saw it. His dick. It may not be the biggest, but it was his, with its tight knot and pointed tip, and it materialized into the board, alongside the only other remaining trophy - Ikarus' nuts.

That was what made Vinnie cum. The fox's body arched up into the heat, smooshing the back of his head up against the beaming plates at the top of the claustrophobic little shoebox they were in. The lynx below him, arms sinking down into, merging and melting and going into Vinny's, let out a gargle of bliss and satisfaction. His cock, jutting and erect, squirted a thick sludge of... liquid lynx, up into Vinnie's soft, muddy insides, before the root of it melted away.

The two men collapsed into each other, splashing into the thick pool of warm slime that was formerly the trophies and their own bodies. Their torsos collapsed, reddish brown Vinnie sludge and grayish brown Ikarus mud sinking and swirling together, slurping and splopping. The only sounds they made, was of their bodies decompressing, the slime degassing as the two males slowly siphoned from the main processing plant into the conversion capacitors, energy and fuel extracted from the rich fudge.

The small graph on the side of the synth's temple began to cycle up, from dull red to bright red, to orange, through yellow and green. The synth smiled widely, perking up and looking around the room. Oh yes, there was even a little bit extra left over. The excess fuel tickled into a battery that had not been used in over a year. It made Spark dance in place. Finally, he was going to be able to do everything he had been ~designed~ to do!

*[[SYNTH #172 REPORTING INTO HEADQUARTERS. DELINQUENTS PROCESSED.]]* Spark wandered over to Ikarus' wallet, scanning the credit card and activating the magnetic strip. There was all of the money that was owed, just waiting to be used. Spark activated the transfer, draining the entire account... and putting it into the negative. Ikarus was not going to have to worry about overdraft fees, after all. *[[DELINQUENT FUNDS PROCESSED; NOT NECESSARY TO CONVERT FUEL.]]*

He circled around the house, following a scent from earlier. There was one last loose string to firmly knot. It walked up the stairs, to the small pool of cooling semen on the balcony. Fresh. Very fresh. The scent staggered off to the main bedroom, and Spark followed it, finding Max, the helpful white folf from earlier, cowering behind the large, unmade bed in the center of the room.

Spark grinned, blueish light glowing behind every tooth, eyes gleaming with mischief.

*[[CONGRATULATIONS, EMPLOYEE #2883, YOU HAVE BEEN FIELD PROMOTED. I AM YOUR PARTNER, SYNTH #172. YOU MAY CALL ME SPARK.]]*

Max cowered, stammering and trying to play it cool. "Oh, Oh um, I wasn't, I mean, I didn't see anything, you don't have to-"

*[[EMPLOYEE #2883, EVERYTHING THAT OCCURED IN THIS INSTANCE HAPPENED IN ACCORDANCE WITH STANDARDIZED OPERATING PROCEDURE. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR OBSERVATIONS AND MASTURBATIONS TO VIEWED ACTIVITIES.]]* The tone shifted, mimicking a darker, more vibrantly organic tone, *[[But if you enjoyed that, I believe that we will be able to work well together. If you disagree...]]* and with that, the synth's jaws gaped open. *[[I still have some fuel storage space available.]]*