

Stalker's Delight

Stark was stewing. He sat at the end of the bar, the lion slouched over his drink and glaring across the room at the night's center of attention. Brock the bull, standing under the only light in the bar that worked at full power, his horns gleaming in the light as he handled a coven of adoring twinks and gym bunnies. They fawned over him, caressing his powerful pectorals and playfully tweaking his nips. They pinched his butt, slapped his belly, and the most daring of them cupped up between his legs, claiming they wanted some good luck as they pressed their palm against the underside of the bull's fat sack or traced their fingers up the length of his thick shaft.

The bull was wearing a new pair of underwear, gilted silver, and it shimmered and shined while showing off every inch of his fat meat. The weight of the bull's nuts pulled the underwear away from his groin, baring the tops of those fat, rounded eggs and the underside of the flaccid sausage that was tucked snugly down over them.

Stark took a swig of his drink, ice crinkling against his teeth. "Look at them, touching him with their filthy hands. Worse than that, he *lets* them. Doesn't he have any self respect? Any pride?" He slammed the glass down, perhaps a little too loudly, and the bull's ears twitched as he turned to face the lion in the corner. Their eyes connected, and Stark felt a jolt of *something* slither down his spine as he held Brock's attention, just on himself, just for a moment. Then, Brock scowled, rolling his eyes and turning back to his companions.

"Well, from what I can see, he's got more than enough *pride* to share," Charn said, the bartender peering at Brock through slitted eyes as he took stock of his inventory on an old clipboard. "I imagine that's *why* he's so eager to let others touch him. I mean, wouldn't you, if you had the *most perfect penis in town*?"

Stark groused and Charn slid the lion another drink, smirking at the lion's sour fixation. This was, as far as the tiger could tell, Stark's favorite mood to be in. Over in the limelight, Brock was holding an imaginary lover in his hands and grinding his hips as he quipped out some bawdy tale. His laugh bellowed out, warm and deep and reverberating. Yup, Stark always picked the *perfect* guys.

"Can you believe him?" Stark muttered, the words spilling out like venom. "He's always flaunting it. Flaunting everything. He's leaving nothing as a surprise, it's like the entire world is his bedroom and he wants all of us to *worship* at the altar of his obscenely perfect package."

Charn's lips pulled back, eyes narrowing, and he rested his elbows on the bar, resting his chin in his hands. "Oh, my dear Stark, are you sure that's not just you projecting? I don't think he's expecting *me* to worship him. Or *you*. Just, you know, all those gullible rabbits and foxes who get off on *guys with beautiful dicks*." He paused, letting the lion scowl into his drink as he took another swig, before continuing, unable to help stirring the pot. "Oh, but, guess what he was saying before you got here? Our favorite little show off got stood up on a date last night."

"Good." Stark said, his tail lashing through the air behind him. He shrugged and turned back, staring at the bull again, flehmening in disgust once more. "I hope he got blue balled, too." "Oh, he is. Apparently, our cute little Brock doesn't think that *he* should have to get himself off, so when he gets stood up, he gets horny. Look at him, doesn't he look needy?" Charn teased the lion, winking knowingly. "Why, I bet if you played your cards right, you could *have* him tonight, all to yourself. Isn't that what you want?"

The notion sent a shiver down Stark's spine. Brock never paid him the slightest bit of attention, no matter what Stark did to impress and attract him. His shoulders tightened and his groin clenched as he imagined having Brock, all to himself, alone. Holding those heavy balls, the thick shaft throbbing against his palm. All of Brock's handsome masculinity, shared with him, and *only* him, a trophy for Stark to enjoy in the way that only he could, the way that Brock so desperately needed.

The lion took another glug of his drink, for courage, then pushed himself up from his stool. He was a predator on the prowl, confident and charming and savvy. He strolled towards Brock with a charming smirk on his face, and the taste of whiskey on his tongue. He got this. The bull stood among his admirers, reaching down to waggle his dick at a squirrel, who reacted with shock and blushy embarrassment. Stark's gaze was fixated, hypnotized by the pendulum sway of Brock's ample package cradled within the confines of that silver thong, a beacon of raw masculinity.

"Hey, Brock," Stark's voice rumbled, deep and possessive as he closed the gap between them. He reached out, casually, and wrapped his hand around the large, doorknob-shaped bulge at the end of that long thick bulge. He may have been a little fast in his reach, though, as he ended up slapping the bull's dick, and when he grabbed it, he clenched down hard on the fat meat. "All that for me, big boy?" He said, grinning down at the bull's heavy endowments, feeling a surge of lust and excitement as he finally got to *touch* the object of his desires.

Brock's reaction was immediate, his face contorting into a grimace as he jerked back and away from the lion.. "What the hell, dude?" he bellowed, swatting the lion's hand off of his junk, and cupping it protectively with his own paws. "Who the fuck are you? Do I know you?" The rebuke stung, slicing through Stark's lust-addled mind sharper than the keenest blade.

"I'm Stark," the lion said, his tail curling, his fur bristling. He could feel his large ears beginning to burn in embarrassment. "We've met, before, and I can tell you need a real man to-"

"Oh god, no. Just know. Go away, dude, I'm not interested," Brock grunted, dismissing Stark with a flippant wave of his hand and turning back to his group.

Humiliated, Stark retreated, fury and shame boiling together up inside him. He slithered back into his seat, nursing his wounded pride along with the remnants of his drink. His nostrils flared, as he glared down at his reflection in the shiny bar top.

"That was brutal, Stark. I've seen you bag dudes before, and you've always had more rizz than that," Charn said, inspecting his claws. "This guy must really have you feeling some kinda way. Shame he doesn't see you for who you are."

"It's not fair, Charn," Stark spat, venom dripping from each syllable. "He knows that his cock is perfect, and he lords it over the rest of us like some unattainable king. I'm a good lover, you know, I would take GOOD care of him, but all he wants to do is *taunt* me."

"Ah, yes, puppy love," Charn quipped. He reached over and topped off the lion's drink with a bit of orange soda, a bit of sweet fizz to cut through the sour. "I saw the look in your eyes when you grabbed his dick, Stark. You need that guy, don't you?"

"I've seen pictures of him. Naked, I mean. I had to track down his old roommates, and it cost some money, but yeah. I've seen it. His fat dick. Charn, it's perfect. It's not just *big*, it's *beautiful*. The way the pee hole is gently pursed, the shape of his glans, the fat ridge. And his balls! They're so goddamned meaty, like, they're just the perfect kind of nuts to hang under a cock like that. Even his god-damned nipples are perfect. They're wide, and perky, and shiny, like fried pepperonis." Stark sighed, and took a sip of the drink, nose twitching at the fizz. "But, Charn, that *dick*... Fuck, I would spend a day just holding and admiring it, if he'd let me. It's unbearable. God, I need to **have** him."

"Yeah, big guy, I get it. The sweet agony of unrequited lust, exhibit five," Charn said, glancing around the bar conspiratorially. He leaned over the bar, his sharp features dipped in shadows, save for his mustard yellow eyes, which glowed with mischief. It was the look of a predator who knew that its prey was within striking distance. "But hear me out, here. Perhaps your pain... needn't be in vain."

"Tell me more," Stark demanded, the words escaping as a growl.

Charn's lips curled into a knowing smile, a whisper of danger beneath the charm. "I can guide you to what you so desperately seek. To possess, to claim, to have and to hold," he paused for effect, "you can own him. All of him," he purred. "For a price."

"Anything," Stark breathed, the promise slipping from his tongue without hesitation. The tiger smiled, then, and the two predators connived in the dark shadow of the corner of the bar. Stark sipped his drink, the burn of the liquor a mere whisper compared to the taste of conquest, a taste he had craved for far too long and which now unfolded before him as a dark, delicious treat. The predators conspired, and the big, beefy bull's fate was sealed.

~*~*~* Later That Evening *~*~*~

Stark watched Brock's chest rise and fall in the dimly lit bedroom, the bull's massive form sprawled across the lion's sheets. Stark only needed a twin sized bed to sleep, but this bull overlapped it in almost every direction. His arms and legs were bound, belts and zip ties and an extension cord used to tie the bull's thick, powerful ankles and wrists to the metal frame of the bed. The room was incensed with the musk and salt of the bull's mostly naked body, the masculine sharpness of his exposed armpits and big teeth left to steam in the dark, warm lion's den.

"Wha... what the hell?" Brock's voice slurred as consciousness clawed its way back, confusion etching lines into his broad brow. He lifted his head, then gagged as he found that his neck had been belted down to the headboard, keeping his head flat on the mattress. He could feel something between his legs, a sensation of something messing with his cock.

He turned his broad snout to the left, able to peer down his chest with one eye, to see a dark shape kneeling between his legs. The poofy circle of a lion's mane bobbed slowly up and down, and he could feel wetness and sharp teeth dragging against his naked skin. Things began to click together in the bovine's drug-addled mind. "You... you're that guy... you grabbed my dick!"

The scent of fear began to bake off of the trapped bovine, mingling with the other scents of the room. Stark inhaled it all deeply, a delicious cocktail of arousal and intoxication that only a predator like him could savor. He leaned forward, and pressed his snout against the bull's chubby, half-hard cock, resting his cheek against the dense flesh.

"Shh," Stark whispered, breath hot against the velvet texture of Brock's engorged member. His tongue, a rough caress, traced the dark vein that snaked up the length of the bull's cock, the lion enjoying gently pleasuring his lover this way. However, the expected moan of pleasure was absent. Instead, a growl of protest rumbled deep from within Brock's barrel chest.

"Get off me, you freak!" Brock squirmed on the bed, his cock flopping away from Stark's lips, and then back, the length of it slapping against the entire side of his face. "I ain't into you like that!"

The rejection stung sharper than the cock slap did. Stark's heart squeezed tight, the bull's rejection a physical ache burned down into his gut. He felt the bull's cock slide off of his cheek, laying impudently along Brock's belly, and he pressed his lips against the base of it. He loved the taste of the bull against his lips, his tongue licking softly against the salted skin. "You will be." His voice trembled with a soft desperation. "I'm going to make you mine. You're going to love me."

Stark pushed himself up, erect even if Brock was not. He stuffed his knees under the bull's thighs, his erection hot and solid as it nestled against the bull's soft, low-hanging testes. They were just in the way. He grabbed the neck of the bull's scrotum and pulled upwards, tugging his nuts up and out of the way so that his cock could nestle in between the bull's thick, meaty buttocks.

The cleft between them was furry, damp, hot, and so tight, and with a careful, deliberate push, Stark entered Brock, the heat of the bull's soft star engulfing him in smooth, perfect warmth.

"God, you're so damn beautiful," Stark said, as he began to flex his hips, pushing himself and the bull's hips upwards with each thrust. The bull was heavy, but Stark was determined; once he made Brock orgasm with the exquisite craft of his lovemaking, the bull would recognize that Stark was the only man he would ever need. He would stop showing off for the others.

"Come on, big guy," Stark coaxed, his strokes deepening, reaching for the core of the bull's body, stroking his length against Brock's innards in smooth, sex, slick strokes. "I want you to cum for me. We both know how badly you need it. Let go for me."

Brock's response was a hardening of his jaw, his cock slowly flopping from side to side as Stark humped up into him. His dick was harder than it was while Stark was licking and kissing along it, and Stark drove upwards, knowing for sure that he was going to get Brock to cum, just from the skill of his artful sodomizing.

"Get the fuck outta my ass," Brock growled, looking anywhere but down, but Stark ignored him. The bull's erection was thickened now, not just erect but RIGIDLY erect, a solid, massive brick of beautiful dark skin and male virility. He must be close to cumming. Stark thrust upwards, grasping the bull's buttocks. He stared at Brock's shaft, swaying hypnotically, and as he saw a bead of cum welling at the tip, he went over the edge. He realized only as he started to cum that the bull hadn't been climaxing, it was only precum, but it was too late. Stark's release came as a shuddering wave, a single, lonely peak of pleasure that was meant to be shared.

Brock smirked as he felt the lion climaxing inside him, the twitching throbs as the feline was overwhelmed with the sheer beauty and masculinity of the large bovine. The lion's claws raked against his buttocks as he pulled out, panting and exhausted from underneath the bull.

"Damn you, Brock! You made me waste my time, my seed, my energy, my... my love." His gaze dropped to the prize between Brock's legs. There it jutted, as hard and powerful as he could have imagined it, the thick, impressive cock that had haunted his dreams and fueled his darkest fantasies. Stark didn't want to, couldn't lose it now, not after everything he had done, the crimes he had committed, the WEEKS of pining and lusting over this big stud. "I'll.. I'll make you come," he snarled, determination turning his hands into instruments of worship as he knelt back down between Brock's spread thighs. It wasn't Brock's place to deny him what he was due.

The weight of Brock's genitals was monumental in his grasp, a sacred heaviness that spoke of untapped bounty. When he had finished tying Brock down, while the bull snored, he had just wanted to wake him up with a soft, tender, loving blowjob. He hadn't had the time to appreciate Brock's endowments for the glorious monuments that they were. His fingers danced along the bull's swollen testicles, each the size of a ripe grapefruit, their masculine heft a silent promise of virility and potency. They filled his palms, heavy and ready to be unloaded, ready to spurt for *him*.

His fingers slid up the length of the bull's scrotum, to the root of the bull's shaft, still erect, still gleaming with a second pearl of precum. The first had trickled down over under the glans, disappearing into the bull's frenum, a slickness there that demanded the touch of a tongue to gather it back up. A second beaded at the tip, calling out to Stark to claim it, to take it from this terrible bull who would not let his penis be properly worshiped, properly OWNED, as it desired. Stark stroked the length of Brock's shaft, feeling the supple, smooth skin. It bulged into his palms, as thickly proportioned as the pictures had shown Stark it would be. He could feel the solid bulge of a vein snaking up its backside, as his palms stroked up, and up, and up along the barrel of it.

His hands gripped around the neck of the bull's penis, just under the foreskin that was not loose enough to cover the cap. The skin was stretched with wide horizontal wrinkles, as it feebly attempted to protect Brock's member from the lion's desires. He pressed his fingers into the soft skin and pulled down, the rim of the big perfect sloping glans finally bared, the shape of a strawberry but the size of a fist. The bull's cockhead was beautifully pink, supple and shiny with days of needy secretions soaking into it, and it demanded that the lion have it. Stark growled and his fingers squeezed around the bull's cock, pulling down fiercely, as he demanded what was rightfully his.

"Cum for me," He snarled, as if he could demand a climax from the bull. If the bull came, it would bind the bull to him, a visceral sexual agreement that the bull would not be able to break. "Give your seed to me, as I have to you," he said, and he began to roughly stroke the bull once more. Furred paws scraped rough and dry over the bulging glans, pulling the foreskin down until the frenulum turned white from being stretched, only to roughly scrape up over the end of it.

"Yield your pleasure to me, you bastard!" He demanded again. The dark room closed in on the two, tension building as the lion tried to extract pleasure from his boyfriend. But Brock refused. No matter how Stark twisted and wrung the bull's flesh, Brock *refused* to share his bounty with the lion, selfishly keeping from Stark what he had openly shared with anyone else who bothered to ask. Eventually, Stark came to terms with a dark realization. There would be no victory for him, no shared moment of pleasure and ecstasy, no realization from the bull that the lion truly was the one, the only one, for him. The bull refused to share, which forced the lion to *take*.

He climbed up, turning around to face away from Brock. The bull spit at him, but the lion could only grin a leonine grin as he brought his shaft, rigid and smooth and ready, to press it against the bull's monster cudgel. He was fascinated with the soft crease between the lobes of the bull's penis, the seam that didn't quite seal, the exact spot where the bull's pleasure was jetted out for all of his admirers to see. That was the spot, the most important spot on the bull's penis, and so it would be where he started his conquest.

Musk, arousal, seed, and fear lingered in the air, filling Stark's lungs with his quick, shallow breaths. Every bit of fur tingled and crackled with excitement as he traced his fingers along Brock's length, slowly bending it down towards the bull's belly, so that he was looking down at its underside.

He rested his own on top of it, smiling widely as he realized just how much Brock's dick extended to either side. The thing was a barrel, a cannon of flesh, and Stark's cock was ready to explore it. He ground his dick down against Brock's, stroking along the underside of the bull's cockhead especially. The foreskin was too tight, too cosmetic to wrap around his own dick, but he enjoyed marking it with the slime that oozed from the tip of his shaft. He stained Brock's flesh with his lust for him. This wouldn't be the only mark he'd leave on the bovine's perfect masculine body, however.

"Mine," Stark whispered, as he brought his hands back to the bull's glans, cupping his palms against it. He rubbed his palms together against it, caressing the gleaming bulges of his delicate flesh. His thumbs pinched together at the very narrowest part, the part with the deep, long piss slit, and clear precum bubbled up. It clung to his fingers, and he traced his thumb-tips down over the underside of the glans, until the tips nestled gently into the soft fold of the bull's frenum. The delicate flesh was intricately wrinkle, the webbing taut as he scraped the tip of a claw just slightly into the tender webbing.

"Stop it, it's too sensitive!" Brock said, his resolve breaking. Stark grinned wider, and captured the delicate webbing between the very tips of his claws. He could pinch down and slice through the soft flesh, but that would maim his love's big beautiful cock. He stroked it instead, letting the slow, sharp strokes drive the bound bull wild. He fucked and humped upwards, trying to get away from the insane sensation of scraping enamel against his tender, delicate skin, which made his bulbous cockhead swell out even further with trapped blood.

Stark reached up, sliding his finger tips back to the bull's glans, and squeezed his piss lips together again to watch another bubble of precum squirt out of the tip. Then he forced them abruptly down, peeling them away from each other. The bull's pisshole splayed as wide as it could, and there was a soft little crackling sound as the skin tore slightly, the glans lobe on the left side separating slightly from the end of the urethra. The bull cried out behind him, but the time for Stark to care about the bull's feelings were over. He worshiped every inch of the bull's body, but of his entire body, these twelve inches he held in his hand were the most important of them, and of those twelve, it was the last three, the bull's crown, that he wanted to claim for himself. The slick entrance of Brock's urethra beckoned him, and he felt himself succumbing to an impulsive lust that demanded he *fuck* it.

The lion's cock, painfully rigid, pressed into the yielding flesh. The bull's glans spread slowly around the very tip of his shaft, and he watched with glee as the strength of his smaller, denser cock overpowered the bull's larger, meatier one. Slowly, reverently, he breached into the bull's shaft, the glans spreading wider, further than any urethra was designed to spread. It stretched, and then it split, as Stark claimed the most intimate, sensitive, and delicate part of Brock's masculinity for his own pleasure. He felt the tissue give way, the tightness ripping and yielding to his firmness as he forced his cock further down into the bull's huge dick.

Brock roared in agony as his slit stretched wider, the inner lining of his urethra tearing to accommodate Stark's cock. The flesh ripped in tiny increments, sensitive webbing stretched beyond its capacity before rending wetly. Stark could *feel* it loosening, just enough for him to push in, and he reached down to touch that sensitive underside of the bull's cockhead, along the webbing of his frenulum.

It was as taut as blown glass, and as his claw traced teasingly along it, it snapped, tearing apart from itself. The flesh shredded, destroying the most sensitive, delicate part of the bull's cock, *permanently*. The bull would not be able to hide that his cock had been fucked, it would forever be marked with the feline's passage into it.

It was exquisite. The inside of the bull's cock was a velvet vice, and he groaned as it resisted, and then yielded to his *superior* erection. The engorged cockhead pushed into his own hips, the lion completely sheathed inside the bull and yet still not all the way into him. He opened his eyes, looking down, and his mind *reeled* as he saw the massive, unnatural bulge that had ruined the bull's shaft. The cock head was crushed up against his hips, the skin unnaturally taut, the foreskin's flexible stretchiness doing nothing to account for the entire cock of a lion that was now piercing into the center of the bull's shaft.

He pulled back, moaning as he felt liquid pool and slurp around his cock on the inside. Oh yes, the urethra was completely obliterated, he knew that already, and he could feel the striations of the spongy tissue that made up the cock, felt them flexing against his dick as he stroked himself against them.

The bull was still hard, and Stark wondered, only for a moment, if the bull was erect to defy him or because *this* was what the stud truly wanted, what he NEEDED someone to do to him. The burden of his perfect cock was too much for the haughty jock, but Stark was here to fix that.

"Take my dick," Stark growled as he pulled back and thrust inwards again. The bull's cockhead was stretched, gaped beyond any usability. The frenum was *torn*, ripped down the middle, and the beautiful lobes of his glans were crushed inwards with each stroke, then pulled back out, looking more like puffy, pouting lips than the cap of a man's cock. Stark drove himself deeper. In truth, Stark had started to cum since the first stroke of his shaft inside the bull's own. Any other situation and Stark would have let loose a primal roar and spurted his seed, but this was more important than that. His orgasm would have to wait. His balls clenched as he gritted his teeth, watching rapturously as he bucked his hips into the bull's cock, ruining it more with each thrust. Each torque of his hips buried his shaft into the softening, yielding, ruined dick between his hands, and as soon as he came, that was as ruined as he would be able to make it. He wanted it to count.

Eventually it was too much. The bull roared in agony, and Stark roared in release. The proud lion's masculine essence surged forth, flooding Brock's ravaged maleness with the hot, sticky proof of his dominion over the flaunting stud. His seed spilled down into the bull's cock, forcing Brock to *feel* his ejaculation while having none of his own. That was *all* his cock was good for.

Stark pulled back, roughly, his cock popping free and dragging shreds of the lining of Bull's cock out with it. The pink strips glistened, dangling out of the gaping, stretched, town cap of the bull's cock. There was no pleasure left to be found with that erection, and Stark's own cock twitched in justified superiority, squirting out one last spasm of salted seed to splat on top of the bull's own.

"Alright, Brock," Stark said, as he moved back to kneel between the bull's wide-spread, bound legs. He was still painfully, achingly hard, and he felt that even if he wore the skin clean off of his shaft, that he would still be hard, would still want to stuff his flesh into Brock's to claim it again.

"What have you done," Brock sobbed, staring down at the wide, gaping hole where his beautiful, perfect cockhead used to be. What used to be supple lips was now a soggy, gaping hole, a blown out orifice, sagging and torn and flappy from the rough fucking it had received. "My cock... you *ruined* my cock, you *asshole*!"

Only it wasn't Brock's cock anymore; Brock didn't deserve it. He didn't know how to use it, how to enjoy it, not like Stark could. Stark stroked the base of it, holding the shaft up to admire his handiwork. *HIS* cum oozed from the bull's shaft, pink and frothy, stinging all along Brock's ruptured urethra. No, not Brock's urethra, *Stark's* urethra. He had claimed it. He grinned maniacally and began to jerk Brock's shaft, holding it at the root and stroking up to the middle. The root of the bull's dick was still sturdy, solid and firm, but in the middle, where he had ruined it, it got softer, squishier. Brock whined in pain, each time he reached the middle, and Stark delighted in crushing his fingers in to run the torn inside of the bull's dick against itself.

"What's wrong, Brock, don't you want to cum for me?" He asked, as he stroked his fingers further up the bull's dick. The upper half, bloated and saggy, could not even stay erect as he lifted it up. Its spine was broken, and it sagged forward, the tip drooling Stark's cum out onto the bull's belly, mindlessly. Stark tugged upwards, and then down, mocking the way the bull must have to jerk himself up. "Doesn't this feel *good*?"

"You monster, you can't do this, just because I'm not into you doesn't mean you can ruin my cock!" Brock shouted, angrily, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Yes, I can, I can do whatever I want, Brock. You could have stopped me, all you had to do was love me, but that was too much for your pompous, haughty ass, so now you pay the price," Stark seethed. He gripped the glans, and pulled down, and gasped in deep, corrupted arousal as the bull's dick turned inside out. The glans pulled downwards, outwards, popping over the bull's shaft which thrust up through the pisshole. The inside was pink, glossy with cum, seeping blood and ragged, SO ragged, like torn fresh meat. Stark pulled the glans down, hearing the soft crackles as the urethra was stretched even wider as it was pulled down over the cock that it was normally inside of.

Part of him wanted to rip it all the way down, and leave Brock with an inverted, ruined dick mound. A louder, hungrier, more depraved part of him wanted to leave the bull with even less.

He slowly folded the cock back upwards, the tissues bruised and darkened from being crushed so tightly against themselves. He held it up, and admired it, admired the anguished look on Brock's face as the bull stared down at him with one eye, defeated and broken. Good.

Stark reached over, to the one tool he had brought onto the bed with him. A knife. A slender, curved blade that arched backwards, and a black onyx handle. It had been his ancestors', used to claim trophies from those that fell before their might in battle. Now, Stark would do the same. He traced the sharp blade down the ruined, beautiful cock. He was even more fond of it now than he was before. He had mated with it, bent it to his will, forced it to accept his seed.

The tip of the knife plunged into the bull's groin, jutting into the root of his cock. Brock whined, shaking his head, but Stark ignored him. He sawed the blade deep, feeling the delicious crackle as metal separated flesh from flesh. He knew enough about the male anatomy to know where the veins were, where the roots of the penis were. He roughly cored out the bull's groin, dragging the blade around the root of his shaft, down to his balls. By the time he had gotten to them, the rest of the cock was already separated, and it flopped wet and heavy against the bull's belly. Stark lifted the testicles up and flopped them upwards, slapping them against the underside of the bull's cock. They were just as full as they had ever been, and now, they would get no fuller. There'd be no release, not for them. The blade sank underneath the neck of the bull's scrotum, and all of a sudden, Brock was a steer. The blade touched where it had started, and Stark lifted the cock, the balls, and the roots that had anchored both into the bull away.

"It's fine, Brock," Stark said, as he held up the bull's masculinity. It drooled liquids down his forearm, dripping from his elbow and onto his thigh. "You didn't want to share with me. I respect that. I would have been so, so happy, with just *some* of you, but instead you gave yourself to everyone else. So, instead, I will be even more happy, with *all* of you. Everyone else gets nothing. That's fair, isn't it?"

Brock sobbed as he saw his shaft hanging from the lion's fingers, limp and inert. "You can't! Give it back, it's mine!" He cried, and Stark huffed triumphantly down at him.

"Oh, you want your dick back?" Stark asked. Brock nodded, tears in his eyes, as Stark narrowed his eyes, looking down at the gash where pride had jutted for so long. All Brock had left now was a *crater*. The wound gaped, a hollow that testified to the world of Brock's loss, of his need. He *needed* dick, but his dick wasn't good enough anymore. Ruined, severed, limp and gross. No, what Brock needed was a *man's dick*. Stark was all too eager to give it to him. He traced his fingers along the edge of Brock's new, defining features, lips tightening in an eager, lusty grin.

"What's yours is mine, and what's mine is yours, my 'love'," Stark said, as he moved to mount the emasculated steer. He positioned himself, cock jutting into space that used to be filled with cock and balls, and it was as if the void that their removal left behind was tangible, a thing he could fuck. He ground into the air, making sure Brock could see as his dick stroked into the space that used to be genitals, the erect tip thrusting closer and closer into the raw wound that he had left behind. "I hope you finally learn to appreciate my *generosity*."

Brock's body shuddered, but there was no way to tell if he enjoyed it, as Stark stuffed his cock deep into the gash that was between the steer's legs. The inner lining was surprisingly smooth, hot and wet and velvety, not nearly as tight as the bull's piss slit had been, but gripping against his length with a firmness that he didn't expect. It was pleasant, but not the kind of sensation that would get a man like Stark off, not without assistance.

Still, Brock had other sources of pleasure for Stark to play with. He laid along the huge bovine's body, thrusting into the gap between the steer's thighs, and latched his sharp leonine teeth into the flesh of his left pec. He savored the salty sweat and the bitter tang of fear that adorned the firm, perky nipple. It was erect, Stark realized, which confirmed in his obsessive brain that Brock *had* enjoyed what had happened, had accepted that he needed this to be what Stark wanted him to be. He grinned as he pulled his clenched jaws back, feeling the flesh split and shred between the tips of his pointed teeth. It snapped back, the nipple pulled half free, split in half and baring the tissue underneath. *ruined*.

He moved to the other side, as Brock wailed and begged, loud ugly noises that Stark didn't bother to try to listen to. He captured the mouthful of firm, masculine flesh, and forced it to yield between the power of his jaws. There would be no intimacy with this beast, not with him, not with anyone ever again. The big, haughty top jock was less than nothing, a sexless, pleasureless monster that offered nothing except horror to his potential mates.

Stark's mind swirled with the intoxication of his power over Brock, his every sense honed in on the act of claiming everything that was special about the steer and taking it away from him. He pinched off the pointed tip of that nip, and lapped at the remaining tissue. He scoured, lapping away the surrounding fur, and then the skin. Naked tissue underneath, seeping blood but far less than you would expect, his barbed tongue digging through tissue to peel it away. He eroded the nipple away, one lick at a time, lapping at this meaty bowl of ice cream until what had been a pleasure center for the bull had been sanded down to a featureless, raw pink space of naked muscle.

Stark came, a final time, pulling away from the debauched bovine, observing the disfigurements and maimings and finding it *good*. He left the mark of his seed deep inside the steer, a stain that would not, could not be washed away, and stood over him to let the last few squirts of his domination splash down on the bound steer's belly and chest.

"Bye, Brock," He said, and spit a wad of saliva out to land amongst the sperm and blood on the bull's chest. "I got what I came for, but I guess you didn't cum at all. What a shame. If only you weren't so *particular*, maybe tonight would have gone differently." He turned his head, nuzzling against and licking lewdly up the length of the steer's stolen shaft. "Then again, maybe not."

~*~*~* The End of Charn's Shift *~*~*~

"Look what I've got," He cooed, as he held up what used to be a bull's greatest adornments, the massive, heavy, limp flesh of his genitals. His voice purred as smooth as silk as he wagged his hand, making the long, limp hose sway along with the sagging, unspent balls. He dropped the huge mass of meat onto the bartop, not caring who saw it.

Charn raised an eyebrow in surprise, putting the glass he had been wiping up into its rack above his head. He walked up to the bar, nostrils flaring as he stared with interest at the ruined cock and the surprisingly un-ruined testicles "Quite the haul, Stark. I'm guessing that you are satisfied with your decision to be a little more 'hands on' in your hunt?"

Stark leaned back away from the bar, grinning proudly. He looked good; confident, self assured, and content. Charn could smell the afterglow from here; the lion must have scampered right back to the bar to show off his spoils.

"You've got no idea, Charn. It went off without a hitch. And, as you asked," the lion reached over, resting his palm on top of Brock's severed testicles, pushing them towards the tiger. "A tip for your trouble."

"You're most generous," Charn said, as he gripped the cock in one hand, and the neck of the scrotum with the other. He pulled them apart from each other, stretching the loose testes down low in their sac. With no connective tissues holding them to a body, they shifted, curving to better fit into the shape of the stretched out sack. "You go to a lot more effort than I would, but I think we get different things from our 'hunts', my predator friend. You want power. Domination. You want to *own* your prey. Whereas for me, well..." Charn reached with the pinkie of the hand holding onto the base of the cock, and with a slow, simple curl, severed the two from each other.

"I'm just looking for a snack." He pulled the severed scrotum back, and revealed the two large, glistening orbs that it had protected for so many years. "Oh, look at them. Are you sure you are willing to part with them? This is all of Brock's potential, all of his calves, generations of future studs just like him. We could collect the sperm, breed them, make-"

"No, I want you to eat them. I want to watch." Stark said, with a confidence that made the tiger's ears twitch. He leaned forward, elbows on the bar, staring up at the gray-cheeked tiger. "Do it."

"Oh, I've never turned down an audience," Charn teased. He lifted up one of the slick testes, holding it in his paws reverently, the same way he holds oysters in their shell. "Fuck, these are really fucking loaded. I'm surprised he didn't cum just from being castrated. He must have been horny beyond belief."

The tiger bit into the top of the testicle, into the epididymis, and spit that to the side. He latched his fangs and lips into the flesh, and with a wet slurping sound, he shlorped the inside of the nut clean out. It came loose, a large soft paste of oozing, slimy tubules, just a hint of it visible between his lips as he pulled the head back, and then he gulped and it was gone.

It didn't even make a bulge in the tiger's throat; the soft testicular innards disintegrated into a paste as soon as he mashed into it with his tongue, and was effectively drank down.

"Fantastic. Rich vintage. Damn, Stark, I'm glad you shared with me. I had been eyeing him up for a while, but I knew as soon as you saw him that he was gonna be yours. Someday." The tiger winked as he casually bit off the 'cap' of the other nut, offering it to Stark. The lion demurred, and the rest of Brock's chances of parenthood slid down the tiger's throat as easily as any other oyster or cheap beer.

The tiger belched into his hand, coughing, and dropped the leftovers into the trash can under the bar. "Fantastic. You have great taste, Stark, but not as great as Brock does."

Stark groaned at the pun, but gripped the root of the cock that remained on the bar and lifted it up. "And this? Can you do with this what you did for Duke? I saw what you did with that wolf cock for them, and I kind of want one for myself."

"Sure, but it won't have that stiffness of a wolf's cock," Charn said. He gripped the top of the cock head, lifting it to reveal the gaping orifice that had been a piss hole at one point. "And I can't fix that. The dick's gonna look kinda gross."

"This isn't for display," Stark said, stroking the base of the shaft, lovingly. If it had been connected to someone, it would have plumped up with all that tender affection. "I want it to be turned into a fleshlight. I want it to be gaped, reflecting the things I did to it with *my* cock, and I want to be able to do those things to it, over and over again."

"Oh!" Charn rubbed his chin, then nodded. "Sure, that'll be easy. The process will destroy the original, but you'll have an exact replica of it. We'll replace all of the water in the cells with a silicate gel and then use ultraviolet to solidify it. It should last you a good long while, as long as you take care of it."

The tiger picked up the huge, severed masculine appendage, and dropped it into a quart sized ziploc bag, writing Stark's name on it. It was, after all, *his* cock now.