

NIGHT OF THE BALL KILLER

"Full moon tonight," The coyote outside said, taking a drag from a cheap menthol smoke.

"Ayup," Garras said, whittling at an empty dark brown whiskey bottle with one of his claws. The glass curved out in thin curls with a soft, horrific scraping sound, the moonlight shimmering against them as they slid to the ground at his feet. The bear lifted his thumb, examining the edge, which shone with the same smooth, glassy sharpness.

"They're getting rowdy in there," The coyote took another drag. "Gonna go up to the overlook. It's not right, what they did to Charlie. You wanna come?"

"Nah, there's another bottle of whiskey with my name in there, waiting for me to fuck it up," Garras grinned. The bear's cheeks folded up the edge of the patch over his eye, the disheveled teeth gleaming in the pale silver light.

"Sure thing, boss. See ya tomorrow." The coyote dropped, ground out the butt of the smoke, and started walking towards the bikes. Garras looked out, over the dusty fields, towards the distant mountains. Behind him, raucous laughter, bellowing grunts of dominance, a shattered glass. Pool balls clacked. It was a riot, waiting to happen.

Garras examined the bottle. The pour spout had been barely touched, save for the tip being more rounded and formed to resemble an extended finger, but the long, squarish rectangular body of it had been carved slowly to resemble a clenched fist. Garras smirked, and placed it on the wooden planks that made up the veranda around the old farmhouse that had been converted into a bar before the bikers had converted it into their headquarters. At least until the feds cleaned out of the old place.

He pushed in through the wooden doors, into the noise and chaos of a raucous Monday afternoon. The bar was a flurry of activity, with Angus mostly keeping people from grabbing things more than serving any drinks himself. Garras waited for the hefty bull to turn to slap at Meeper's hands before he reached over and snagged a bottle of whiskey from just under the bar. Well, he went to, anyway, but there wasn't one there. Angus glanced over and saw the bear grasping at the open air, and shooed him away.

"We're out of the black label, bear," The bulltender said. "Gave the last bottle to Markus."

"You know that's *my* whiskey, Angus," Garras growled. He searched over the remaining bottles on the wall, but it was all sweet brandies and fancy aperitifs. "It's not even the *good* stuff."

"He said he wanted it, take it up with him," Angus said. He snagged a handful of green bottled beers from the cooler and handed them to Tagin, the roo scurrying away and into the storage room behind the bar. Garras turned, scouring the bar for Markus. Maybe the gray appaloosa hadn't quite finished it off yet. No sign of him. The bear's bladder ached, and he shouldered past his brethren, towards the bathroom to drain the snake.

The bathroom had been defaced, like most of the rest of the bar, with holes drilled into the stalls, doors removed, and a big trough to piss in. Someone had punched a fist through the mirror, leaving shards along the ground. Pretty standard stuff. Garras moved up to the trough, unzipping his pants and hauling out a slab of dark brown bear meat. His sheath was covered in a dusting of white fur, grayed with age and trauma, but the uncut length of bear flesh was eager, solid and ready. He bounced it in his paw, ear twitching as he heard the slick fap-fap-fap of someone jacking off in the far stall.

The door swung open, and the heavy footsteps of a hoofed dude sidled up next to Garras at the trough. Garras could smell whiskey, *his* whiskey, on the broad shouldered horse's breath as the burly chested stallion unzipped his old brown khakis.

"Ugh," Markus said. "I have to piss like ... well, a *me*," he joked. His cock flopped out, dark and thick and as long as the equine's forearm. It slapped over the edge of the trough, and Markus started hosing the grime off the far wall, pouring out a day's worth of beer and Garras' whiskey.

"You got any more of that black label left?" Garras asked, eyeing up the horse's cock. It was thick, soft, dark but mottled with pink, the kind of warm hefty fleshiness that made Garras' teeth itch.

"Ah, fuck no, that shit was foul. I only drink the red label. I poured it out to save us all the bother of drinking it," Markus said. He turned to face Garras, his dick dragging up until only the muffin-cap flare was caught on the edge of the wooden trough lip. "Don't tell me you wanted it?"

"Fucker, you know that's the only shit I drink," Garras said. Markus laughed, and twisted his hip, so that his cock flopped over, drizzling a laser beam of piss across the floor, and over Garras's left paw.

"Well, damn, you're welcome to what's left, but it's mixed in with like, ten Coors Li-Hurf!"

Garras had leaned down, and ripped the horse's cock, about six inches from the end. He squeezed, compressing the cock down between his fingers, the glans forced by the pressure of blood being forced out from the middle of the shaft to balloon outwards into slightly more than a flare. The horse was protesting, but Garras *really* didn't care. This was a dude who poured out a bottle of black label, what could he possibly say that was relevant to the bear's interests?

The horse's cockhead was big and round and shiny, and there was a nice, slick hole in the middle of it. Garras didn't mind that there was still a bit of piss trickling out. He was more interested in what was going in. *His* cock. The bear turned to Markus, and pressed his cock, still only half hard, arched and fudgy thick over his fingers, up against the horse's own.

"The fuck dude, I ain't gay!" The horse protested, watching in tipsy confusion as the bear made their cock tips kiss. Garras paused, letting Markus fume, the stallion not quite yet thinking to try to pull away. The root of his dick even swelled a bit, suggesting that perhaps, yes indeedly, the horse might be just the littlest bit gay. Then, Garras pushed forward.

The horse's flared muffin top bulged grotesquely outwards as a two inch wide log of bear dick pushed through the urethral slit and split its way down into the horse's shaft. The horse's cock ballooned out, the broad rim puffing out as the bear's cock pushed through it. It remained, a bulging, swollen donut, an overinflated innertube of horse meat, before with a slick snapping sensation, it split along the top and bottom.

Markus whickered in shock as Garras pulled his grip around the horse's dick to his own groin. His cock split down the length of it, horse flesh separating into two bifurcated halves, until the bear was fucking into his own clenched fist. His cock bulldozed the inside of Marcus' cock meat ahead of it, tearing it free of the outer skin and into the root of the shaft. That bulged outwards as well, a slick gurgling sound as tissue was pulped into a pastey fluid, and then Garras' cockhead was *in* Markus' groin, buried just past the root of his cock and inside the horse's crotch itself.

"You know what's funny?" Garras said, releasing his cock to push a finger against the horse's blubbery, rubbery lips. "I'm not even hard. If I *was* hard, I wouldn't be able to do *this*."

Garras started to piss. There was no resistance, no backflow, at least not on *his* end. His piss surged up into the horse's groin, filling his urethra, pouring back up into the ureter that drained down from the horse's bladder. Markus, reeling from watching his cock get split in half with a bear's half hard erection, now grabbed at his waist, holding over where his guts began to bloat outwards on one side.

"F-fuck, Garras, wait! Stop! Please!" He whimpered, feeling the heat of the bear's supercharged piss ballooning out his half-full bladder. "Whatever I did, I'm sorry! Please! Garras, *Please!*"

Something ruptured, muffled by the horse's beer belly. He groaned in pain, wheezing and clenching his teeth, bending over as he felt a gallon of hot bear piss suddenly soaking in between his organs.

"Don't worry about it," Garras said, as he tugged his cock free of Markus' groin. He squeezed his fist around the horse's cock closed, keeping all that hot liquid inside, and with the other hand began wrapping and twisting the fleshy, dangling meaty lengths of shaft into a loose twisted knot.

He wrapped that ruined shaft around the root of the horse's penis, and tucked it into itself, and yanked it tight. Markus *boggled*, scrabbling at his ruined dick. "Now, isn't that more impressive than that stupid fucking cherry stem trick you're always bragging about your bitch doing back home?"

Markus looked back up at Garras, finally recognizing the cold, dead glint in the bear's good eye. He backed up, stumbling to the wall, shock and terror plain across his face. "W-wait, Garras, this isn't necessary, whatever it is, we can fix it-"

"Shouldn't have wasted good liquor," Garras said, as he balled up a fist and slammed it into the meat of the horse's side, right where his bladder used to be. There was a wet gurgling sound, as that mass of bear urine was splashed between and through the nooks and crannies of the stallion's internal organs.

"I'll get you more!" Markus wheezed, his innards burning horribly as the bear's piss 'cured' them.

"Oh yeah?" Garras sank his other fist into the horse's other side, feeling the satisfying popping sensation as innards, cured and brittle from the acrid urine, collapsed into chunks of slimy tissue inside the horse's guts. The bear felt a pang of satisfaction, the first he'd had in a while, as his clenched fist distended into the horse's guts far deeper than it normally would.

"Hurk!" The horse said, trying to slide away from the bear, his knotted bundle of dick tissue wagging like a bow on an early Christmas present. His hands clamped on his mouth, as a bulge of something slid up his throat. The stallion gagged, as Garras' left foot slammed up into his guts again, this time right in the center, with another organ-liquifying impact. The bulge in the horse's throat surged up the rest of the way into Markus' muzzle, and his eyes crossed as he tried to make out what the greasy, gray sack that had just slithered out into his hands actually *was*.

Garras slapped the horse's hand, the organ tearing free of its tethers, the big, gallon-sized kidney bean shaped thing slapping against the broken mirror. It skewered itself on the shards that remained, as acidic mucus oozed out of the torn ends, along with a slurry of half-crushed bar nuts.

"You never did have the *stomach* for being in the gang, Markus," Garras said, as he sank his fist up under the horse's torso, this time an uppercut that went behind the protective shield of the rib cage. The stallion was lifted up into the air, hooves thumping against the tiled wall, and his eyes boggled wildly as he felt something *else* slither up his throat, *extruded* up until his crackly, foaming lung was clotting against the back of his teeth. Garras swung his arm, sending the horse against the far wall, the metal bathroom stalls shaking with the impact.

"Ey, enough with the fucking pissing contest!" a deep voice growled from one of the stalls. Something banged against the furthest wall as whoever was fapping over there kicked the door shut. "Stop fucking around with that pussy and come service a REAL stud!"

Markus was unable to even sob, as his lungs fell the rest of the way out of his mouth. Blood filled his throat, his esophagus ruptured and torn. He crawled towards the door, trying to get away from the bear, as Garras stepped up next to him.

"Yeah, I guess he *is* a bit of a pussy." Garras said. He lifted up one boot, waiting until the dying horse realized that he was holding the pose. Markus looked up at him, a semblance of hope, a prayer of mercy still pulling at his tear-soaked eyes, but all he got was the boot. *Crunch*.

The horse's head left a sticky, toothy, bone-shardy residue on the underside of the bear's boot, as Garras twisted his foot. The horse's body trembled, spastic twitches as what remained of the lower part of his brain attempted to send out orders that were just as scrambled as top part of the equine's skull.

The bear's ear twitched at the jingle of a belt buckle dragging on the floor, and Garras turned to see Deetz hanging half out of the stall. The graying, black-furred wolf was shirtless, grinning lewdly up at the bear. As soon as he saw Garras, he flexed his chest, making his pecs bounce, and gave the bear a wink. "Hey there, you done with him? Why don't you come over here and calm down, I got a nice big bone for you to play with."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Garras asked, his foot still embedded in Deetz' riding buddy's skull.

"My balls are only getting blue-er," the wolf said, his voice rolling with a pervy lust. He slipped back into the stall, his mind absolutely fixated on only one thing. Deetz was 'straight', in as much as he said he was straight to anyone who would listen, but disappeared into bookstores and porno theaters whenever they rode into a new town. It wasn't *gay* if you didn't know who was sucking your cock, after all.

The stall rank of old cum and fresh piss, and the musk of horny old wolf. Garras could see the wide bulk of the wolf's furry, oily sheath, being waggled just on the other side of the glory hole cut into the metal stall wall. The wolf's deep red cocktip was poking out already, excited for attention. Garras reached through the hole and snagged the tip of the wolf's cock, pinching the strawberry red tip between two fingers, and helpfully guided Deetz's sheath up to the hole. The wolf was more than happy to assist, thrusting forward with enough force to slide his dick free of Garras' fingers, and pushing his hairy dick holster up over them instead.

"Fuuuck... that's right, get in that sheath, bitch," The wolf moaned from the opposite side. The bear's fingers were tickling into his fat, loose holster, sliding against his dick, towards the hidden root.

"I'm just trying to figure out where your dick *is*," Garras sneered. He grasped the wolf's sheath by the bottom and yanked down, pulling it tightly over the rim of the glory hole, and stuffed most of his hand down through the glory hole, buried in the wolf's sheath.

There was a good amount of hot, ready red flesh there, throbbing against his hand, and the bear could feel the bulging knot slide between the knuckles of two his fingers, pulsing against his palm.

The wolf tried to pull back from the gloryhole, as he felt his sheath stretched to the point of tearing. "Asshole, what the hell are you doing? Let go of my dick and fucking *suck it*, I ain't into this handjob shit!"

"Oh, you aren't? My bad," Garras said, crushing the knot flat against the wolf's inner sheath with thick fingers. He could just pulp it, feel the straining bulbs rupture, but there was something he wanted from the big wolf. He pulled his fist back through, knot crushed nearly fat in his grip, and released it on the other side. Deetz' hips slammed up against the gloryhole wall as he was so casually manhandled, swearing as his knot inflated out from the savage kneading.

Garras almost laughed; this asshole was spitting precum. Despite everything, the wolf was still this damned horny. The fat knot was locked out, swollen past the rim of the gloryhole, and Garras crudely stroked it, rough fingertips scraping against the smooth red flesh as the wolf's cock throbbed and pulsed in eager excitement. Garras dug his thumb into the center of it, between and just above the two bulbs of his knot, digging his thumb down into the flesh.

"The fuck?!" Deetz yelped, feeling something stab into the root of his cock. He pulled back, feeling the edge of the glory hole crush his knot bulbs together, around the thing that was poking down into his dick. He felt the bear's other hand wrap around his knot, tightening behind it and pulling Deetz' crotch back against the wall again.

"Hey, relax buddy," Garras crooned, as he pushed his thumb the rest of the way through the cock, feeling the baculum slide along his thumb tip as he punched it out the other side. He pushed down, using his thumb to pinch the bone down against the underside of the gloryhole. His other hand held the wolf's knot like a big, fresh, juicy peach, and just as easily as you'd pull a peach off the branch, Garras pulled that fat juicy knot free of his groin.

There was blood, of course, a hoarse scream of shock and pain as the wolf's maleness was ripped free of his body, but otherwise it was a nice, clean operation. The bear deftly slipped the whole twitching cock down the length of smooth baculum, enjoying the *handfeel* of the fat, firm flesh between his fingers.

Deetz yanked himself backwards, feeling something pop loose from deep in his groin. He looked down at his sheath, his glorious black sheath, which had bright red blood pouring from it.

"My bone...?" He stammered, trying to comprehend what had just happened. He grabbed his sheath, pulling it back, staring at the emptiness. No stump, no ragged flesh, there was nothing. He stuffed his fingers into his sheath, feeling a harsh, electric burning sensation as dirty fingertips pressed against raw, wounded flesh. "It's GONE!?"

Garras left the stall, the length of wolf dick balanced in one palm, the baculum in his other. The other stall door flung outwards, and Garras whacked it with his hand, slamming it back into the wolf as the de-peened wolf charged out to challenge him. There was a crunch, a grunt, and the sound of Deetz collapsing against the toilet behind him. The toilet flushed, and the wolf sagged to the ground, dazed and losing blood.

That left Garras... and two newcomers. The two party bitches that they had managed to lure out from the nearby town were standing in the doorway, clutching each other and staring at the remains of Markus. A white lion, with orange tinged through his mane, and a gray cross fox, both wearing only brightly colored striped thigh high socks and wide-meshed t-shirts. Garras had never gotten their names, but they didn't really need them.

"You," he said, pointing at the crossfox with Deetz' baculum. The fox seemed to instinctually realize the trouble he was in, his ears flattening back in his head. Garras held the point, then swiveled his arm to the big wooden toilet trough. "Get in."

The cross fox complied, scurrying over the trail of blood and stomach slime and climbing into the trough. The wood wobbled with his weight, as the fox slunk down onto it, on his back, his large bushy tail curled protectively over his stomach and chest.

"What about me, what do you want-" the lion started to ask, his voice sharp with anxiety. Garras cut him off, the fully intact, quite large wolf cock sliding easily between the feline's lips and into his maw. He slammed the lion's head back against the bathroom door, keeping him pinned in place, as a good foot or so of what used to be Deetz' cock probed its way, blind and numb, over the lion's tongue and down into his gullet.

"I want you to *swallow* this, and I don't want you to breathe again until you do," Garras said, as he used his knuckles to push the broad, gloryhole-plugging knot past the lion's fangs and into the back of his maw. The lion looked up at him, tears brimming in his eyes, trying to say something but unable to, not with the massive wad of wolf meat in his gullet. "Uh uh, I didn't say you could talk. I am giving you *permission* to *swallow*."

Garras grabbed the lion by the scruff of the neck, lifting and dragging him from the door to the trough. The lion was scrabbling at his throat, soft muffled whines as he *tried* to swallow, but the knot was simply too big to be able to be pulled down the slender feline's gullet. Garras looked down at the crossfox, holding his friend up with one hand and grabbing his own cock with the other. He felt the need to piss, again.

The crossfox whimpered as the bear began to soak him down with hot piss, brine flowing from the bear's insides as he let loose. This wasn't a normal leak; this was months of endurance, of holding back, of playing nice, all breaking loose and flowing out of Garras in one constant uninterrupted stream. He started with the fox's groin, shaking his head as the vulpine's sheath melted under the stream, the bear's piss as strong as stomach acid as it burned through fur and skin and attacked the vulpine cock inside.

The cross fox whimpered, and Garras, smirking, traced the flow upwards, angling his cock to trail the piss in wide, clumsy, curving loops and coils.

"G.. a... rrrrrr..." the bear said, as the piss split open the fox's stomach. The cross fox cried out, feet scrabbling but slipping on the piss-soaked bottom of the trough, his torso peeling open and innards steaming as they were melted under the sharp urine. "Aaaaaa...."

"Aaaggghhh!" The fox screamed, as the piss looped up over his ribcage. Garras missed the fox's throat, but managed to finish the S in the fox's maw, smirking as the exposed tongue melted like cotton candy. The fox's teeth popped out as his gums disintegrated, eyes bugging out of his head as the sharpest, harshest acidity melted up into his sinuses.

It was hard to make out, but if you turned your head just right, you could definitely see that the bear had spelled out *GARRAS*.

Beside him, the lion's tight little chastity cage was dribbling pee, too, but that was because the lion's eyes had rolled back in his head, his throat bulging obscenely with the knot that he had finally managed to swallow down. He hadn't gotten it all the way down, not past his trachea, and had plum run out of air before he got that last gulp he needed. The dead lion's piss drooled out of his cage, raining down on the steaming, digested corpse of the fox beneath him. Garras lifted him up and dropped the lion on top, letting the two friends 'cuddle' in the remnants of the bear's piss.

Out in the main bar, the party was in full swing. There was a billiards table, with a huge moose playing against a fluffy maned lion and a brown bear. Check. At the bar, a donkey slumped over his beer, while a tall wolf and a vicious looking hyena took shots and showed their dicks off to each other. Check. Angus refilled a white wolf's beers, who took the two steins to the back where Cyrus, the gang leader that had gotten Charlie murdered, was holding court. *Check*. There was a group of card players off in one corner, check, and a couple wolves throwing darts. Check. Garras cracked the bones in the back of his neck, and grinned darkly. This was gonna be fun.

"Can't believe he hasn't noticed!" Meeper whispered to Shank, the tall wolf leaning over the bar. It was a great night, and people were having a wild time. He and his hyena bud were hanging out at the bar, dicks out, coming up with more and more daring ways to get their precum in the shitfaced donkey Horace's mouth. The donkey was spackled with precum from both of them, rogue squirts that had gone awry.

"I don't think he *cares*," Shank remarked. His legs were spread, his fat nuts resting heavy on the bar-stool. His dick peeked out over the top of the bar, pointed and pink, and he was teasing his erection as he watched Meeper line up for the next shot.

The handsome wolf loomed over Shank, and almost everyone else in the gang, but sitting on a stool helped cut his awe-inspiring height down. Nothing could help normalize the size of his dick, though. Twenty four inches of marshmallow-colored cock, capped with a bulging, rounded burgundy glans, jutted up over the end of the bar, even with the grinning wolf's snout. Meeper was holding his thick veined shaft with one hand near the base, pinching it slightly, and cupping and fingering the end as he lined up his next shot.

"Three... two... one." Meeper released his pinch on the base of his dick, and squeezed slightly around the head at the same time. He felt the upwelling of precum juice slickly up through his shaft, and pulled his finger out of his slit at just the right time. A gob of precum shot up into the air, catching the overhead lights before landing with a splash inside the donkey's gin and tonic. A bit of it over shot, splatting on the donkey's fingers nearby, and Horace lifted his hand, shaking it. He looked up at the ceiling, confused but clearly happy, and toasted whatever ghost was refilling his drink.

Shank threw his head back, cackling in laughter, and Meeper covered his mouth with a grin. He glanced around, but nobody had yet caught on to the little game he and his buddy were playing. "Aight, that was like, at least mostly in. Take a shot, and now it's your turn." *Shunk.*

Shank lowered his head, mouth still open, but he wasn't laughing anymore. The hyena's dick pulsed, and Meeper crowed as his bud started spurting his cum out onto the bartop in thick, slimy gobs.

"Dude, party fowl!" Meeper laughed, slapping Shank on the back. The hyena's head wobbled, and that was when the big wolf noticed the inch or so of smooth, gleaming bone that was jutting out of the hyena's eye. "Oh, damn dude... is that yours?"

The hyena didn't reply, his cock spraying more seed, the white sauce pouring down over his balls, splattering on the floor. Meeper shook his bud on the shoulder, but the hyena wasn't responsive.

"Damn, here... I'll help ya." Meeper said. He wasn't sure if hyenas were supposed to have bones in their eyes or not. Maybe this one had gotten dislodged? He reached up, pressing a fingertip against the bone, to try to get it to slide back into place. "Boop." The bone made a vague scraping sound, but when Meeper pulled his finger away, it slowly protruded back out into the open air. Maybe it *wasn't* supposed to be there. Meeper could help with that, too.

He tried to pinch it, but it squirmed away, twisting left and right and up and down. Meeper's precum-slicked fingers were having a hard time getting a nice firm grip on it. Shank shuddered, a hoarse gargle coming from his mouth, and finally Meeper cupped the back of his bud's head and really pushed down to force the bone in between his finger tips.

"Got it!" he said, yanking it out with a flourish. Shank collapsed, slithering down, bonelessly collecting between the bar-stool and the bar itself, leaving Meeper holding a seven or so inch, long, narrow triangular bone. He squinted at it. "Wait, why did you have a baculum in your eye?"

He examined the bone. It was covered in eye gunk, so he flung it through the air a couple times, casually stroking along his erection as he sniffed at it. That was strange, it smelled strongly of *Deetz*. Well, it smelled most strongly of dog dick, but to be more specific, it smelled like *Deetz's* dog dick. He'd certainly sniffed and tasted the horny wolf's fat red cock enough to know that for sure. He stuck the bone in his mouth, sucking on it, licking at it with his tongue. Yup. Definitely Deetz.

He pulled it back out, grimacing at the other taste of Shank. The hyena is... was a smoker, and whatever fluid his eye left on the bone left a nasty aftertaste in Meeper's mouth. He poked the baculum against the tip of his cock, tracing the tip of it against the slit of his urethra. His cock surged, the veins along the side darkening briefly as blood thickened the length of his shaft. His nuts shifted, sliding off of the bar-stool ring that they had been perched on, thumping onto the base of the bar-stool with a bong sound. The seal of approval.

Meeper started stroking the strangely shaped bit of bone up and down along his cock, as he heard the floorboards behind him creaking with the weight of someone big, someone really heavy, walking up to him. He stirred the bone along the inside of his urethra, enjoying the way the pointed edges of the roughly triangular bone scraped against his tender inner skin.

"Fuck yeah," he muttered, as he felt a hard tap on his shoulder. He turned his head, finding Garras there, the black bear somehow looming over Meeper, even though Meeper, sitting down, was usually taller than him. "Hey Garr, what's up?"

"That's mine," Garras said, pointing with one long clawed finger at the tip of the baculum poking out of Meeper's cock. The wolf grinned and swiveled on his stool, dragging his nuts to swing around and bang against the leg of it.

"Oh, yeah?" Meeper said. "Well, I'm using it now."

In response, the bear lifted up one slick, gore-crusted boot, and rested it casually against Meeper's huge right nut. Meeper's fat testicles were roughly the size of soccer balls, and several degrees more dense, but Garras' boot somehow seemed to dwarf it. The bear stepped down, compressing and bulging the big nut out around the underside of the black leather.

"I think you're done," Garras said, but Meeper's dick was only getting *harder* from the rough play.

"Yeah?" Meeper said, and shifted, lifting up his own foot and resting it on top of Garras's boot. He leaned forward, until his cock was pinned between his chest and Garras's, until he was close enough to Garras' snout to give his nose a quick lick. "Fuckin' *take* it, then."

Garras looked down at the wolf's big, shiny red cock head, which was nearly as wide as *his* head. The smooth, shiny tip of the bone peeked just out of the slit, just waiting for Garras to grab it. Garras leaned forward, pinning, flattening Meeper's cock further, until it bulged in a roughly oval shape, and grabbed at the baculum with his rough fingers. As they snagged it, Meeper's dick slurped, and the tip slid free, disappearing down into the wolf's cock head.

Garras growled, and his fist followed it. His fingertips pushed into the wolf's cockslit, which stretched accommodately, the huge purplish head engulfing the bear's hand, warm and slick and stretchy. Garras felt the tip of the bone slide between his fingers, and then it slid deeper, just out of reach.

Garras *wanted* to extend his claws, and claw the whole damned thing off, but there was something intoxicating about feeling his forearm disappear into the wolf's cock. The bear stepped forward, putting more of his weight on Meeper's trapped nut, feeling that cock suckle around his arm.

"You trying to vore me?" He asked, his elbow forcing its way, being suckled into Meeper's huge dick.

"Me? Vore you? Not a chance," Meeper said, the big wolf folding his arms over his chest. "You're too *big* and *manly*, Garras. You're too thicc to fit down MY dick."

"Sounds like a challenge," Garras said. His eyes narrowed, and he clenched his fingers into a fist, and punched downwards. His fist slid through the wolf's urethra, the inner flesh slick and stretching slowly around it, like he was swinging his paw through molasses. He felt the bone, felt it wedge in between his knuckles as he extended the full length of his arm down inside Meeper's cock. The huge head, stretched wide, glossy and taut like a freshly proofed bagel. He could feel the wolf's foreskin pushing up against his armpit, could turn his head and take a bite out of it if he wanted, but mostly he could feel that his hand was *inside* Meeper's groin. The wolf's body throbbed around his fingers, a warm, latent pressure that gripped and kneaded against his fingers and wrist. He pushed forward, feeling the wolf's cock compress, accordion style from the pressure, as he jammed the bone down against a smooth, rubbery balloony thing.

Meeper let out a deep, low groan of pleasure. "Fuck yeah, that's my prostate dude. Keep punching it."

"No," Garras snarled, as he pulled his arm back, just a couple inches. Then he couldn't. Meeper smirked down at him, and Garras felt his fist get yanked back down inside. The wolf's cock head was slurped over his shoulder now, pushing up against his neck. He could feel his knuckles getting crushed into the wolf's prostate, grinding against it from the opposite direction that they normally would.

"Oh yeah, right there, that's the good stuff," Meeper said. He spread his legs wider, inviting Garras down his cock, even reaching to grip the bear's head. He pulled at it, trying to get Garras's snout to press against the oozing, stretched, slick, hungry cockhead. "Come on, gimme more, papi."

Garras growled, ripping his head back and away from Meeper's hand. "Meeper, there's been a misunderstanding." Deep inside Meeper's groin, Garras unfurled his fingers, thick scythe claws dragging against the wolf's swollen prostate. He tapped them, pressing tips in against the panting, horny stud's pleasure button. "This... is *my scene*."

Meeper's back arched, his free nut clenching up and slamming up underneath the bar-stool rung as it tried to retract up to his groin. Garras was pushing one claw into his prostate, crushing the plump, cantaloupe sized inwards. The love button dimpled, as much as it could, before the claw skewered through it, hissing cum against the bear's palm as it was punctured.

The bear's other claws followed, one after the other, stabbing in and through the tightly packed prostate. Fingers gouged after them, crushing the nut into itself so that it ballooned outwards, popping against claws that sank deeply into it. The wolf twitched and jerked on his stool, still thrusting his hips upwards, panting and grabbing at his dick, stroking it as the bear totally obliterated that deeply held kernel of pleasure.

"Fuhhhhyiiiiuuuuck!" Meeper shouted, grimacing as the bear ripped his prostate to shreds. The suction on the bear's arm released, the wolf's cock voring disabled as the bear tore up the 'control center' at the base of the wolf's cock. The bear could feel the nut under his foot yank upwards, sliding out from under his step, as the wolf's chest thrust, wide nipples hard, mouth open, eyes scrunched shut as he started to *cum*.

He started to, but Garras had other plans. With the prostate ruined, he splayed his palm, fingers sinking into the wolf's groin laterally. He could feel hot slime jetting, pulsing against his hand as the wolf's cum surged against his obstructing arm. He clenched, twisted his paw, and his fingers sank claws deeply into and through Meeper's crotch meat. He lifted up one boot, slamming it onto the top of the bar-stool, and *tore* himself backwards.

SHRLURRRRIIP! The horrific suckling, tearing, gargling sound as Garras ripped his arm and Meeper's entire package free of his groin made the entire bar stop, turning to stare at the panting, groaning wolf who was leaning back against the bar, his legs spread, his groin denuded, and the big black bear who was now wearing a two foot long white wolf cock along the length of his arm like a stocking. The wolf's balls swung loosely from the end, huge pendulums swaying down by the bear's waist. Cum spurted, foamed undirectedly from the wolf's crotch area, and from the gash at the top of the long, low hanging sack.

"Damn," Meeper said. He stared at his nuts, swinging in a lazy circle. Garras began to swing his arm, spinning the low hanging nuts in a wide circle, gradually picking up speed. Meeper held up a finger. "Okay, ONE second and we'll get into it."

He grabbed his shot, and then grabbed Shank's too, holding them between his fingers and tossing his head back. The liquor burned, feeling good for the last shots he might ever have. He tossed the glasses behind him and stood up, grinning at his fellow gang member. "Let's do this."

Garras had gotten used to the weight of the stolen hyper balls, and liked the feel of them swinging around his arm. His fingers curled around the torn root of the wolf's cock, keeping it from being dragged down his arm by the swinging nuts. He could feel the gaze of the gang resting on him, sizing him, trying to figure out what he was *up to*. They would all be finding out in short order.

"Are you gonna- " But Garras curtailed Meeper's question, swacking him on the side of the head with his own nuts. The wolf's head twisted to the side, shock clear on his face, and when the next swing came, he danced out of the way. The wolf's groin spurted cum and blood, as he lifted a foot, extending his long limb to slam his shin into the side of the bear's ribs with a satisfying *crunch* for both of them. Pain danced in his eyes, and the bear grinned.

"What the fuck is going on here?!" A bulldog said, swaggering up with a beer in one hand and his other on his hip. "The fuck you doing Garr?"

"Shut up," Garras said, swinging his cock-sheathed arm in a wide circle. The dog turned his head, watching as the wolf's nuts closed in on his face, and then his face exploded out the back of his skull as Meeper's dense testicles crushed into and through the front of his head. The dog's body crumpled, stumbling backwards instinctively, still holding the beer glass as it slumped into the bar behind it, and rolled over onto the ground with a crash.

The bar erupted, but Meeper and Garras were dancing. The wolf's testicles had somehow survived the crush into the canine's muzzle, and Garras swung them up, intending to catch Meeper in the chin, to rip the wolf's head clean off. Meeper leaned forward, and caught his nuts in his guts instead, wrapping his arms around it even as he was lifted off his feet by the whumph of momentum dislodging into his body.

Garras yanked backwards, and Meeper stumbled forward, past Garras, and then did something unexpected. He turned, and used his momentum to yank Garras back. Still holding his nuts, he dragged Garras off balance, bringing the bear towards himself. He stepped back, twisted, stepped, pulled, dragging Garras into a widening circle. The bear stumbled, feet awkwardly grasping, scrabbling at the earth as he found himself being spun around, holding onto the wolf's severed cock, and then his feet were off the ground and he was being spun *through the air, two hundred and sixty five pounds of black bear kicking legs out*, staring incredulously up his arm, at the wolf who was maniacally laughing. The skin between the wolf's cock and balls stretched wider, tearing, snapping, and Garras wasn't spinning, he was *flying*.

The ceiling beams soared overhead, and he looked down, to see that he was coming down hard and fast at the card table. Jax, the peregrine falcon, was staring up at him with wide eyes, feathers poofing up in alarm, but it was far, far too late for him to duck out of the way.

"SQUA-"**poof!** The bear's fleshy posterior just cleared the card table, and slammed into the bird's hollow-boned chest. Feathers erupted in all directions, along with chunks of bird meat, viscera, and shattered bones. The bar's cinder block wall held, but just barely, a large crack snaking up from the impact of bear ass against the solid wall.

The other card players, a lion and two bears, kicked their chairs back from the table. The lion shoved the table as he got up, slamming it into the gut of the brown bear sitting across from him. It winded the bear, knocking him back down onto his chair, which split in half from the sudden flop of weight onto it. *Rrrrrrip!*

Garras found himself lying on the floor, under the card table. He turned his head, and saw another bear sitting next to him. It was Scoots, the gang's mechanic. The bear was panicked, and scrambled onto hands and knees, crawling away from Garras. What Scoots didn't realize was that the back of his pants had split wide open when he landed on the ground, and the bear's big, round nuts were just hanging out through that hole, forced back by the bear's lack of thigh gap. Garras swung his free hand over, grabbing hold of the bear's big nuts in his paw.

"Gimme a hand here," He grunted, pulling to help get himself turned over, but the bear's balls offered no help. Garras's paw just ended up with open air. The balls were an optical illusion that slid free of his grasp. Garras stared at them confused; the bear's heavy, hairy sac had two dense, rounded softballs in them, how had they slipped away? Then the lines appeared. Scoots shuffled away, and as his nuts waggled and swayed, four vertical red lines appeared, trisecting both of his fat eggs. The scrotum peeled away from the weight of the medallion of bruin balls that were suddenly sagging against it. The gleaming, glistening disks had been sliced through perfectly, and now they were dropping out the back of Scooter's sack, about to plop greasily on the filthy bar floor. Garras had to act fast. He kicked his legs against the wall, sliding himself along the ground, jaws wide open as he kicked himself up under the crawling bear's dangling, juicy meat. He felt the first of the falling medallions slap salty sweet against his tongue and slapped his jaws closed, chomping through Scooter's scrotum with a sharp CLACK. The bear above him groaned, shuddering, and Garras sat up, slamming his head into the bear's ruined groin and sending him catapulting up and away.

Garras was on his feet before he realized it wasn't just balls in his mouth. Scooter's salty, uncut dick had gotten trapped by the clamping jaws as well, the chewy, plump cockhead rolling around between the bear's fangs as Garras chomped and gulped down the sliced eggs. *Bonus.*

Garras could feel bits of Jax soaking through his pants, grunting as he stood up and felt something digging into the back of his thigh. He reached behind him, feeling around, and felt something about the size of his palm, jammed into his buttock. He squeezed his hand around it, pulled it out, and looked at it. A black, crushed, bent beak. He tossed it to the side, feeling blood pooling down from the 'peck' in his ass.

Meeper was examining his nuts, holding them in his hands and giving the two of them an appreciative appraisal. There was a solid dent in the left one, from where it had caved in the dog's face, but otherwise they were surprisingly intact, aside from being torn from his groin. When he saw Garras walking towards him, he lifted his nuts to his mouth, gave them a smooch, and then tossed them behind him. Horace bleated as the huge nuts crushed his glass, confused as to why he was suddenly looking at sixteen pounds of wolf balls instead of the bowl of bar nuts.

Garras lifted up his arm, the one still sheathed in Meeper's dick, and wagged it at him, taunting him to come get it. Meeper did so, loping towards the bear, and Garras grinned and loped back. It felt good to take someone on head on, someone who wasn't so caught up in how fragile their egg shell of a skull was. Garras lifted up his arm, feeling the flesh of the wolf's dick split at his elbow as he readied a haymaker.

"Eat a dick, Meeper!" Garras said, delighting in the look of realization in the wolf's eyes. He leaned forward, adding a surge of speed and velocity, as Meeper straightened up, mouth opening to protest.

"Now wai-GRRK!" Meeper's tongue was flattened as Garras punched straight past his lips, and into the back of his mouth, and down the wolf's throat. Meeper's torso was lifted up as Garras sheathed his arm down his esophagus, sleeving his cock in the wolf's gullet. There was a bison running up from the card table, and Garras swung his arm over his head, bringing it down and crushing the bison with Meeper's body. The bulky black furred bison's spine cracked in half, folding him like a broken taco shell, his head crushed down into the middle of his rib cage. A gray wolf that had been running up as well skidded to a stop, as Garras swung the flailing wolf around again.

Meeper was still very much alive, and had even managed to get one arm around Garras' neck. Stupid, irascible wolf. Garras didn't have the interest in deconstructing Meeper piece by piece, and if he was gonna keep fighting back instead of laying down and dying like he oughta, then Garras was gonna have to deal with him a different way.

"I loved how you threw me across the room," Garras snarled, feeling the wolf's long arm pinching against his neck. "But lemme show you... how it's DONE!"

Bikers fled before Garras as he stomped, spinning Meeper in a circle. The card table was smashed into, flung against the wall in a flutter of cards and cracking chipboard. Then Garras slammed the wolf into one of the support beams, a foot thick and solid wood.

The beam exploded, a leopard in a black leather jacket screeching as pencil thick splinters riddled through his throat, cheek and eye. STILL Meeper clung on. Fortunately, there were more support beams.

The back of the bar, the part with the bathroom, collapsed behind Garras as he stomped and spun to the next beam, cracking the wolf's spine against it and exploding it in a fresh spray of wood. Men were shouting, and Garras could see glimpses of the other gang members gearing, arming up to take him down. Time to finish this little dance.

A third beam ruptured, and Garras finally felt Meeper's grip around him loosen. The wolf's fangs gouged down over the bear's bicep and tricep, trying to bite even as he was flung up and away. The wolf's body smashed through ceiling beams, and then up through the sheet metal, cock still firmly sheathed down his throat as he spun, arms and legs splayed wide as he sailed out into the night and out of Garras' sphere of destruction. Hopefully he landed somewhere pointy.

Garras' back exploded with the shred of buckshot, as a shotgun unloaded behind him. Garras spun, finding Angus at the bar, quickly trying to reload two chambers. He wasn't fast enough, as the pissed black bear stormed over, feeling the sting of pebbled grinding between the fibers of his back muscles.

"ANGUS!" He roared, slapping the shotgun out of the way as the bull desperately tried to take another shot. It discharged, and Horace was blown backwards, his chest a red mist blooming behind him. **"You GAVE MY whiskey away!"**

Garras wrenched Angus's gun, and the hand holding onto it, away from the hefty bull's body and tossed them both to the side. The bull shrieked, grasping the stump that used to be his right hand, as Garras sank claws into the fur and muscle of his chest and dragged him up onto the bar.

"Fuuck, my hand! Garras, what the hell?! Why are you DOING this?!" The bull bellowed, and frankly, Garras was getting tired of being asked this. He ripped away the front of the bull's leather chaps, belt snapping as leather was peeled away from leather, and rested a paw on the bull's huge balls. Some of the biggest nuts in the gang, and some of the most well used. Angus had a kid in every state, he liked to argue. The bear patted his palm against the top of the bull's huge, potent eggs, grinning down with malicious glee at the squirming, sobbing bull.

"What do you do when someone asks for MY whiskey?" Garras boomed, tossing an elbow backwards to shatter the face of a crocodile that had been sneaking up on him. The brown scaled dude slumped to the ground, long snout bent upwards nearly ninety degrees, brainpan crushed into a space half its normal size.

"I don't know! What do you *want* me to do?" Angus squealed.

"WRONG ANSWER!" Garras belched, curling his hand into a ball and driving it deeply into the bull's left testicle. The testicle ballooned outwards, but somehow didn't pop. It didn't matter; Angus felt *something* change. When Garras pulled his hand away, the huge dent in the underside of his left nut remained. And the small flip phone in his vest pocket began to buzz.

Several states away, Angus Jr. was about to get head from the head of the wrestling team and frat president, Chad Donglickicus. The doberman was kneeling between his legs, holding Angus' huge oblong eggs, fawning over them.

"They really are the biggest in the frat!" The doberman said, holding them reverently. Angus Jr wanted to answer, but there was the faintest feeling, like the sensation you get when someone is about to call you. Then, his testicles exploded in Chad's hand. He thought he had cum, like he was just so excited to get sucked off by the handsome stud that he was imagining his balls cumming, but no, his great big oval nuts just ruptured like two huge kernels of popcorn, their insides violently escaping to their outside. Chad's muzzle was coated, Angus' belly and chest was coated, the entire frat room closet was coated with a gravelly, slimy mist of Angus' entire future lineage. He fumbled for his pocket, trying to find his phone, his only thought that he needed to let his dad know what had just happened.

Angus Sr. read the text with despair, his voice choking at the picture that followed; his son's heavy cock flopped over one thigh, with just a flap of skin where his balls should be.

"I ask again, what do you do when someone asks for MY whiskey!?" Garras asked, raising his fist over the bull's groin.

"It's impossible, you monster, how could you!?" Angus cried out, staring at the fist in horror. It sank back down, and this time the bull's left testicle DID explode, a wet splattering sound as the mash of meat ricocheted in a rippling pool of male slime inside Angus' tough leathery sack.

Up in New York City, Calvin smiled and posed for the new Snackrz brand underwear shoot. The shiny blue underwear gripped and accented around every curve of the bull's generous endowments.

"One more shot, then you can go," the camera man said. "Can you cup under your balls, and lift them up? Yeah, like you're offering them to the camera, like you wanna let someone else hold them."

"Sure!" Calvin said, scooping his palms under the huge eggs. Underwear modeling was a family business, and he was excited to have his fifteen seconds in the limelight. He lifted them up, as the camera man zoomed in.

The shutter clicked just as the bull's underwear exploded.

Angus' phone buzzed again, and he sobbed as he saw the damage that Garras had inflicted on his second youngest son. "No, no, *no*, Garras, *stop this please!* My boys are my EVERYTHING!"

"What do you do when someone ASKS FOR MY WHISKEY!?"

Angus was testing his two remaining sons, or at least, the ones he knew about, telling them to get to the sperm bank ASAP, to collect their cum, anything. They were joking, and one started a live stream. It was Giovanni, out on the beach in Miami, video calling.

"Dad, I can't possibly go to the sperm bank, why are you asking?" He said. He panned the camera down, slapping at his beefy, shiny, sun tan slathered black scrotum. "MY balls are perfectly safe, I always use protection!"

And then they exploded. Garras laughed, watching along, his fist buried deep in the right nut, feeling the power that allowed him to extinguish not only Angus' masculinity, but all of the masculinities he had created in all his wanderings. It wasn't just Giovanni's balls that exploded with that punch, it was a dozen more, all across the country, stud bulls finding themselves suddenly emasculated as pounds of bull meat ruptured and scattered in brilliant sprays of tissue and sperm and testosterone.

In a far off place, Charn cackled with glee. He had finally gotten his paws on the balls of one of the Swifthorn family's prized, massive ball sacks. The stud was leaned back, a curtain pulled across his groin as he let the tiger 'doctor' examine him for what, the tiger had assured him, was a near-terminal case of blue balls. Charn had not eaten in days, his stomach gurgling and burning with eagerness for the chance to digest the huge, rounded mangoes that dangled down right in front of them.

And then, like a daydream ending, like a bubble popping, like a big juicy bug splattering across his windshield, those massive balls self-obliterated. The bull's legs twitched on either side as the tiger was caked in rich, salty nut paste.

"Oh no, doctor... is it too late!? Did my balls explode?!"

Charn frowned, deeply, and pulled out his phone, scrolling through his contacts to find Garras. He had some serious, angry words for the bear. He had promised not to do that again.

Garras pulled his hand back from the flattened, swollen, ruined mass of Angus' huge sack, and took the bull's phone, booping him on the nose with it.

"Last chance, Angus. What do you do, when someone asks for MY whiskey?"

"I tell them to fuck off because only you get to drink your whiskey oh god please dont do it dont kill me Garras I'm sorry for giving your whiskey away-" Angus blubbered, snot and tears pouring down his face, the pain of his ruined, mushy testicles nothing compared to the fear and panic he felt as he pled with the bear to spare him.

Garras traced a finger up along the bull's ruined scrotum. There might be a bit of use left in the bull's testicles, even crushed and mashed as they were, but that ramrod stiff, straight as an arrow cock needed to be marked, too.

He wrapped his hand around it, pleased with the heft, the thickness, the bulk of the solid meat in his hand. Angus sobbed, begging underneath him, the bull pissing himself in terror. The yellow brine fountained up, drizzling over Garras' fingers, and the bear neatly folded, bent, 'crooked' the bull's cock upwards, so that he was pissing up over his own belly and chest instead.

"Little reminder for ya," Garras said, wiping his fingers off on the bull's thigh. **"Not to let Garras' whiskey stash get empty."** He gave it a little pat, his ear twitching as he heard someone new running up to him. *Sigh*. He shoved Angus over, behind the bar, and turned to take on the new guy.

It was the lion from the card table, Fresco or something like that, all carefully sculpted muscle and perfect white teeth. He was charging at Garras, a cue stick raised like a spear above his head. Garras made a note to take care of the cat's teeth later, but for now, he yanked the cue stick from the lion's hand and used it to slap, scoop and slam the lion onto the table. Fresco grunted as Garras slammed a fist into his stomach, all the air in his lungs whooshing out of him in a gush.

Garras turned and threw the spear, enjoying the crunch-crunch-crunch as the smooth maple wood plunged through the eye, mouth, and nose of a dalmatian, zebra, and skink respectively, and out the back of the heads of each as well. The bloody tip of the cue stick slammed into the wooden pillar near Cyrus, the wider base vibrating violently as the three bikers' bodies twitched and spasmed, the remains of their brains trying to find a way to pull the pole out of their heads.

Garras locked eyes with the ram, who was standing, glaring, a hand on his gun, and gave a knowing smirk. *Coward*. He turned back to the lion, who was trying to roll away from Garras, and slapped a palm down on the tawny belly.

"Ahh yes, Fresco. You know, I've always liked Fresca. Such a refreshing beverage,"

Garras growled, as he traced his fingers down to the lion's groin, cupping against the thickening cock. It wasn't that Fresh liked what was happening, it was that he didn't have a choice. Garras wanted him hard, and the lion's body *got hard*. It knew its place.

"You know, Fresca, ruining generational masculinity is exhausting. I'm *parched*," Garras said, as he cupped, rubbing his palm against the lion's swollen sack. Oh yes, two big eggs, both of which ready to share their load with Garras, just waiting for the order. **"I think I'll have myself a *refreshment*."**

Garras gave Fresco's cock a lick, just a single lick, coiling his tongue lazily around the feline's proud, jutting shaft. The glans throbbed, his whole body primed and ready to share his precious seed with the looming maw of the bear above him. Fresco closed his eyes, hoping that the bear wasn't going to bite his dick off, praying that he was JUST gonna slurp down the lion's nut.

Instead, Garras grabbed Fresco's fat sack in his paw, fingers spread wide to get the whole big saggy mass between them, and clenched his fist. Two balls became one, flesh crushed into flesh, organs distending, popping, crushing and fusing together. The mass of the lion's nuts shot up into his groin, a slippery bulb of pure virility that cored its way up the lion's hard shaft. Inner dick tissue was bulldozed ahead of it, the top of Fresco's cock popping wide, the glans coming with it as a slug of condensed nutmeat plopped up through the air.

Garras snapped it out, gulping the combined mass of testicle, glans and inner dick meat, as Fresco retched into his own mouth. Stupid lion, couldn't handle even a single punch.

Garras pushed Fresco down the bar, clearing out bottles and cups, walking directly towards Cyrus.

"HEY BOSS!" The bear shouted, as he raised a fist up over Fresco's head. The lion's hands were already at his wounded groin, feeling the flap of empty, pulverized skin, and he had just enough time to protest a single 'no' before Garras hand went down through his face.

The lion's snout inverted itself, pushed so hard up into his skull that most of the flesh and bone was abruptly dislocated into the top of his brain pan. This proved to be too much for the seam, and Fresco's skull erupted like a party popper, just as a dude stepped between them. The blood, brains and bone splinters plastered him in a slick red and gray crust, and at first Garras didn't recognize who it was. Not before he launched his shin up between the dude's legs. There was some kind of athletic supporter there, a cup of some sort that was inverted, domed inwards instead of outwards. The big bruiser of a bear keeled over, hurling out a wad of puke onto the floor. He gasped, coughing, gagging as Garras grabbed him by the scruff and pulled him back upright. The dude's *dick* was jutting out of his mouth, five inches of bright pink bear meat, half hard and twitching confusedly. Underneath it, three glossy, slick looking testicles rested out of each corner of his mouth and one in the middle. The dude's whole groin had been kicked up through his body, and out his lips.

"Hrrfhhlghghrl!" The bear said, putting up his hands defensively, and Garras squinted as he counted the balls. THREE balls? But only *Dozer* had three nuts. The recognition clicked in his brain, and Garras realized he had just almost taken out one of the only decent dudes in the gang.

"Fuck, sorry dude!" Garras said. He reached up, poking one of the balls helpfully back into Dozer's mouth, as the bear gagged and grabbed at his throat. Garras eyed the length of the dick hanging out... five inches? But Dozer was normally packing about a foot, maybe a foot and a half. **"Oh, shit, are you *choking*?"**

The bear nodded vigorously, a soft squelching sound heard in his throat as he bent his erection nearly in half with the action.

"Lemme help, *stud*," Garras said. He grabbed the bear's dangling nuts and used them to pull Dozer in for a kiss. Garras lapped along the bear's cock, enjoying the peculiar residue that its travel through the rest of the bear's body had given it. The bear's naked balls filled his palms, and he relished the weight of them as he squeezed and kneaded them between his fingers. Dozer was a good dude. Dozer deserved some special attention.

Garras turned his head to the side, romantically frenching, suckling on Dozer's thick, salty cock. It was a nice one, though it usually had a furry, sheath-like foreskin. It must have gotten lost in its travels, because Garras' tongue was coiling around raw, naked skin and meat. It was a nice thickness to curl around, and the black bear *helpfully* tugged at it, dragging the big dick further up out of Dozer's throat.

The bear whimpered, the fat balls in Garras' paw swelling, clenching with a rolling need to climax. Poor bear. Garras drew more of Dozer's hard dick into his own mouth, between his sharp teeth, savoring every inch that he could steal from the handsome friendly bear.

Dozer rested his own paws on Garras' shoulder, legs shaking as his cockhead flared in the black bear's mouth. Dude was gonna *cum*. Garras really wanted to let him, too, but he could see more dudes between him and Cyrus and, as bad as he felt about it, he had bigger fish to fry. If only Dozer had cum a couple seconds earlier.

Garras bit down, not shearing through, but plugging the other bear's dick full of thick bear teeth, and yanked his head back. Dozer's muffled groan was suddenly much louder as the four inch thick column of bear meat that was clogging his throat was ripped free, the bear taking in a deep, raggedy gasp of fresh air. Garras didn't both chewing or swallowing, he just liked having the dude's cock in his mouth. He grabbed all three of the bear's dangling balls by their cords, yanking down to make a corsage from the bear's clenching, almost-cumming eggs, and then headbutted them.

They were as soft as marshmallows to the bear, and they popped like bubbles, splashing Dozer's gene supply over Garras's brow and cheeks, a morbid bukkake. Dozer passed out, his sad whine gargled through the shreds of the root of his cock and the mouthful of nut gruel that he had ended up with.

Garras licked his palm clean. Dozer tasted good. There weren't many dudes left. Some of them had been castrated or killed so easily that Garras hadn't bothered even noticing them as their hearts exploded, their bones evaporated, or the heads twisted around. It just wasn't worth Garras' time or energy to *care*.

Brawn clearly thought himself a cut above the rest. The moose was taller than Meeper, wider than Angus, and about five times heavier with muscle than Garras himself was. Former cop with the attitude to prove it, he took a wide stance between Garras and Cyrus.

"This ends, Garras. I know you're pissed about *Charlie*, but-

"You don't get to decide how I feel about Charlie, or *anyone*," Garras interrupted. "The time to have cared about..." Garras gestured to the mayhem and bloodshed around him, "Was two weeks ago. It's too late now."

Brawn pulled a tactical knife out of its holster, wielding it, the blade sparkling with a keen edge. "God mode only goes so far. I saw what you did in Detroit, in Albuquerque. You're fucking **dead**."

"Awesome," Garras said, and stomped towards the moose. "You seem to think I care."

The moose's expression shifted from dead pan hostility to confusion, then back to rage. He stepped back, as Garras stalked up to him, then ducked and brought the knife up in a clean sweep, sinking the full eight inch blade of it deep into the bear's guts. Garras didn't stop.

He felt the burn, but it didn't matter. It was just pain. Just another wound. He grabbed the moose's antlers, and ripped them apart.

"**Hey, Cyrus,**" Garras said, as the moose's head tore apart down the middle. Brawn's left eye waggled in its socket, teeth clattering from his maw, the right eye pulled back into its socket as it was torn and dragged with that half of the brain to follow the other. "**That's your last lieutenant, right?**"

Brawn's fist tried to twist, tried to push at the knife that was embedded in the bear's guts, as Garras ripped the huge muscular hunk in half like an old t-shirt. Bones cracked, ribs sluicing through lungs and guts as they were dragged one way, the rest of the muscle and meat being dragged the other. For all that beef and bulk, Brawn's frame had been no harder to crack open than a well cooked lobster.

A wolf that had flanked Garras as he sauntered up to Brawn, now came at the black bear, running quick and fast. Garras was ready for him; he shoveled a foot up under the dead moose's nut-sack, shearing through the neck of his scrotum and kicking the fat balls into the air. He twisted, slamming the front of his foot into the big cantaloupe sized orbs, and launched them into the wolf's guts, with catastrophic results.

The testicles, *and* the wolf, detonated, the sheer force of all that mostly-liquid mass totally obliterating the moose's testicle shell and scrotum, liquifying the wolf's bones, and blooming out the back of where the wolf's torso had been. The wolf's last breath farted out of the remains of his lungs, his upper torso crashing to the ground, his legs stumbling one more step before tripping and falling down next to him.

"HE was your last lieutenant, that's right." Garras corrected himself.

Cyrus was nonplussed. "You got it out of your system?"

The ram was sitting down again, filling up the bulk of a LA-Z-BOY that had been pulled out of the bar's back office. The ram was wearing a camo t-shirt, ripped sleeves to show off his guns. The ram was big, heavy, a combination of muscle and pudge filling out his arms, beefing up his thighs, puffing out his broad pecs and fat gut. Garras could smell the booze in the ram's bloodstream, could taste the weed on the ram's breath, even from ten feet away.

"Not yet. Got one more asshole to kill," the bear said. He sauntered forward, towards the ram, who crossed his arms over his chest.

"No, you don't. Get the fuck down on your knees, you spoiled fucking brat, and learn to obey."

Garras began to *feel* the pain, then. The shotgun blast to his back, the knife in his belly, the cramp he always got in his left foot when he exercised without stretching first. The lion's pulped virility had given him the strength to deal with Brawn, and the wolf, but now he was *tired*. Not tired of murdering and mayhem, but tired of everything else. He pulled the knife out of his guts, grimacing as he felt the notched blade catch, shear through *parts* of him that he couldn't quite feel. He looked at the blade, then at the supine, chubby ram sitting down in front of him. He *could*. But he wasn't going to.

"Sure, Cyrus," Garras said, as he knelt down in front of him. "But I'm doing it because I want to, not because you're telling me to."

"You're doing it because I have the balls here, and as much as you hate being a little sacked squirt, you still recognize REAL authority," Cyrus said. He reached to the side, picking up a cigar from a chair that he was using as a little mini table, and brought it to his lips. He had burned some of it earlier, and now he took some time, puffing and breathing to reignite its cherry. He smirked, and spread his legs to either side, and cranked the lever at his side. The recliner's leg rest jutted up and forward, crunching into the bear's package and scraping up over it.

Garras sucked at his teeth, noting that a fang on the left side of his mouth had cracked at some point in the evening. He looked down, at the bulk of his balls and dick resting on top of the extended seat. His nuts rested on top, his cock a thick black snake that lazed over top of the cleavage his big bear balls made. Garras gestured to himself, plainly.

"All you're proving is that I have the bigger balls, el capitan," Garras said. "After all, I actually have balls. Displayed proudly, even in the midst of battle. Where are your balls? Did they shrivel up inside your body, when you set Charlie up to get killed by the Skull Crushers?"

"Charlie fucked up, and *deserved to die*," Cyrus said. The ram leaned towards Garras, scooting his ass towards the edge of the chair. "And those are *nothing*. You think doing drugs and murdering people proves anything?"

"It sure does," Garras agreed. He stroked over his balls, teasing his claws against them, enjoying the solidness of them, dense and dark, as brutally unmerciful as the cannonballs they resembled. "Look at these beautiful fucking nuts, Cyrus. They've grown two sizes today. And yours... well..."

"Mine are *huge*," Cyrus said, stuffing the butt of his cigar between his lips and reaching down to his belt. The gang leader's bulge was legendary, but his balls had always been tucked away, reserved, 'too good' to share with riff raff with Garras. Still, even tucked away, the ram's groin was packed. There was a bulk between his thighs, and when he walked, it was with the strut of a male who knew that, not only did he have the most packed away, but it was the most potent, the most powerful, the most virile. No contest.

The bear watched, nonchalantly, as Cyrus tossed his belt to the side, and began to unbuckle himself. "Keep watching, faggot. Simp away. Fantasize what it would be like to be a man like me, because we both know you got nothing on these, because you're a nothing piece of shit turd."

"Ayup," Garras said, watching as the ram pulled his fly open. Sheath sprung forward, but balls did not. The black bear could see them, tucked underneath, crammed between the ram's haunches, but his cock flopped out all springy, lifting up out of the way and pointing accusingly at the bear's face. "Woo. Dick. Big man."

"Fuck you," Cyrus snapped, pushing his ass up into the air. He scooted his pants down over his hips, the wool shorn down low and close to his skin. He didn't push them all the way down, just tucking them enough to reach down inside. He snagged his sac, grabbing the whole neck of it and yanking his hot, compacted balls out from deep inside. They hung, huge and limp and bloated, the skin a soft, supple pink, dangling from his fingers in some perversely tantalizing offer. A worn, rounded metal ball stretcher slid along that loose scrotal neck, nestling on top of the twin titans. "THESE are *BALLS*."

"Sure," Garras said. He yawned, covering his mouth with a blood smeared hand. "Are we done here?"

Cyrus snorted, and lifted his nuts up, then slammed them threateningly down on the chair's leg extension. The chair bounced, and Garras' nuts slipped down over the back, hanging back down between his legs. "No, we're done when you learn your place, and acknowledge that you're here to *obey and serve*, not... not whatever the hell that was!"

Garras closed his mouth, tasting blood on his tongue. The corner of his lips cracked upwards, just a tinge. "Are you sure? Not the 'obey and serve' bullshit. That's just nonsense."

He pointed at the ram's nuts, realizing that he was still holding the baculum from the wolf earlier. He hadn't even been paying attention, but there it was, nestled between his knuckles. He used it as a pointer, shaking his head. "I'm not convinced that you're bigger. Why don't you just let me... double check? Trust, but verify, right?"

Garras didn't really wait for permission. It's better to ask for forgiveness, after all. He didn't stand up from his position of kneeling; he didn't need to, not for this. He just reached down, cupping one of his big, hard, meaty bear balls in each of his hands, and lifted them back up. He stretched them a bit further than was comfortable, lifting and pulling them in their worn black furred sack, but that was okay. There was a purpose for it.

"Let's just see who's the *man*, Cyrus," Garras said, and dropped his balls on top of the grinning, gloating ram's.

The sound that came out of Cyrus' mouth almost made the bear cum. It was the perfect mix of surprise, pain, and embarrassment. The bear's cannonballs landed on top of the ram's oblong, soft, juicy mangoes, denting into the middle of each of them. Usually, round objects will slide off of the top of other round objects, but Garras' nuts just flattened Cyrus'.

If the ram had pulled his nuts to safety, he would have been fine. His hand was still on the neck of his scrotum, all he'd have to do is *acknowledge* the danger that the bear presented to his masculinity. He had the time, the durability to do so. Instead, eyes watering with pain, he let go of his ball-sack, reaching up instead to take the cigar out of his mouth. "See? Mine are-"

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His balls didn't just explode, they didn't just pop or disintegrate or rupture, they were *purged from reality itself*. The organs didn't fail, the *tissues* didn't fail. No, each and every cell, every sperm, every particle that made up the five or so pounds of what was formerly Cyrus' testicles and the scrotum they hung out in was released, unzipped from itself, fissioning out in free expression. The entire room supernova'd into white light, chunks of cum and nut that had been slung around the room sizzling as the gamma radiation burned through biological tissue, searing the shadows of corpses against the cinder block walls.

Cyrus didn't get to finish his sentence, because Cyrus was boiled into a plasma state by his own fat fucking nuts. The couch was a blackened, smoldering skeleton, as bits of metal jewelry clinked and bounced down over springs and mechanical gear, laying in a spray of discarded artifacts on the ground.

Garras wasn't much interested in any of that. The bear's fur was singed, his nuts a little scorched from the grand finale, but his dick was hard. He reached down, picking up the ring that had, moments earlier, been laying loosely on the ram's testicles, keeping them stretched down nice and low. He twirled it around his finger, thinking about things. Thinking about how things turned out. He reached down to scratch his nuts, as he stood up, and realized that Mister Fattfuck had stiffened to *full erection*. He grinned, looking down at his cock as the meaty bear meat stared back up at him. It felt good in his hand, and he stroked slowly up its length, squeezing just behind that nice good head meat. Fuck yeah. He looked back at the smoldering chair, the ram completely vaporized, then around at the ruins of the bar.

"Damn, what an asshole," he muttered. He stretched his arms up over his head, twisting his neck, feeling the aches and pains starting to settle in. The radiation didn't help. He cracked his neck, swinging his arms left and right, and walked towards the exit.

Outside, the moon was shining brighter than ever. It could be that part of that was from the energy of the neutron event that Garras had just caused, reflecting from the moon back down on the surrounding countryside. Garras walked towards the bikes. He wasn't the biggest, the oldest, or the loudest, but he knew it was going to get him to the next place he was going.

"Garras?" He heard a voice from behind the bikes. *Randall*.

Garras' cock twitched, as he turned slowly to face the voice. He knew that he had missed *someone*. The white wolf must have bolted as soon as Garras had started fighting with Meeper. The white wolf was *supposed* to be the boss's right hand man.

"What's up? Your boy Cyrus is in there," the bear said, thumbing to the darkened bar. What was left of it, anyways. "What's left of him, anyways."

"Oh, yeah?" Randall looked over to the bar, then back to the bear, nervous. "That's cool... hey, you know... I always thought *you* were better suited for leading the gang anyways."

"You did? Well, that's nice to hear." Garras said, relaxing. He could feel the *strange radiation* that his body had absorbed from Cyrus' dissipation, surging through his flesh, making him so damned hungry. "I guess I am pretty strong, huh?"

"Y-yeah! Strong, and smart, and handsome too..." Randal approached, the wolf looking pleasantly muscled, pleasantly caloric. His fur was white, but between his legs hung a thick, foreskinned black cock, his dickhead already peeking out from its wrinkled sheath. Garras had

seen the wolf hard; being Cyrus' right hand man seemed to mean letting Cyrus use his right hand to jack you off while you rubbed his horns and told him that he was *strong* and *smart* and *handsome*. Garras' smirk broke into a grin.

"Yeah, I guess I am. You look like you're turned on by me," Garras said. He stroked his cock, gesturing for Randal to get closer. The wolf did, shuddering as Garras cradled along his shaft, stroking it between his warm, slick fingers. Randall was clearly trying not to think about what was making the bear's hand so slick, but his dick didn't care, stiffening up and pointing straight at the bear's stomach.

"I am.. I always have been, but I've been... afraid to show you," Randall said, words just stilted enough to tell the bear that he was making it up as he went.

"You can show me now," Garras said. He winked, as he brought the wolf's cocktip against his own. The bear's own glans was wide, the tip oozing and slick, and he smashed it up against Randall's own. "You can cum. Since you're so turned on."

"Oh, yeah," Randall said, as he furtively hunched against the bear's cock head. "I mean, maybe not right now, I just got off a bit ago, but... tomorrow... when we wake up together?"

Garras shook his head, and stuffed the wolf's cocktip into his own. His dick enjoyed the stretch, wrapping around Randall's erection, slurping and squeezing as it nursed wetly at it.

"H.. How are you... what is that...?"

"It's muh dick," Garras said. "Here, hold on, lemme try something." The bear continued jacking off the wolf's shaft, the dark gray glans of Randall's dick embedded inside his own. He bit his lip, focussing on the strength of his cock, feeling the latent power that had been unlocked during this wild and crazy night.

Randall shrieked. He jerked back, staring at his cock, his wrinkled foreskin sliding forward over a gap, a gap where his cockhead had been. The shaft was truncated, pinched to a narrow point, like clay that had been sculpted. He stared at the bear's cock, where a small bulge was sliding down its length, moving towards his groin.

"Whoops," Garras said, and now his grin was wider, his fangs bared, the bear's one eye glaring at Randall. "My bad. Who'd'a thunk your cock was so soft and weak? You don't mind, right? Sharing your dick with your *new boss*?"

Randall grabbed the head of his cock, looking back and forth between the bear's hungry dick and his grinning face. "No, you sick fuck, you can't eat my dick!" He turned, to run, to flee, but Garras grabbed his big white bushy tail and yanked it towards himself.

"Now now, that's no way to treat your betters," Garras tsk'd. He dragged the wolf's tail to his dick, and without really thinking about it, stuffed the long furred brushy tail down into his piss slit. He liked how it felt, probing it down inside, even with the feel of all the hair bristling against his urethra. "Come on, gimme some sugar."

Randall shrieked, knowing immediately what was happening. He scrabbled, toes digging against the gravel as he strained to pull away from Garras, but the bear's cock was indomitable, it would not be refused. The bear reached up, cupping his hands behind his head, and flexed his hips forward, as his cock reeled the white wolf in. Inch after thick inch of furry wolf tail sank into the bear's piss slit, the glans chewing, squeezing, gripping and slurping over the wolf's tail.

"Oh god, Garras, please, let me go! I didn't have anything to do with Charlie's death! I couldn't have stopped it! I didn't know anything about it!" Randall pleaded, grasping at one of the motorcycles. The bike fell over, as Randall was dragged away from it, feeling the cock munching its way towards the root of his dick.

"Don't care about Charlie's death," Garras teased. "I'm just *hungry*."

"Then let me... let me cook for you! Or... or... I can find someone else! Someone tastier! Beefier!"

"You'll do just fine," Garras reassured Randall, as his cock clamped around the root of Randall's tail. He reached down, stroking the gym-chiseled wolf's sides, squeezing his fingers along the beefy arms. "You've put so much work into your body, Randall, and you've spent so much time showing yourself off. Such a cute little *snack*."

"I'm not a snack! I'm... I'm a wolf! I have a wife!" Randall blubbered, as the bear's cock stretched inordinately, elastically glorping up over the wolf's muscular, perk buttocks. "Fuck, Garras, PLEASE?!"

"Nah," Garras said, grunting as the wolf's weight was lifted up off the ground. He could feel the long tail, curling through his groin, the tip of it plunged down into his balls. Balls that wanted to be fed, that wanted to grow even bigger, fatter, heavier. "I think I'll eat ya. But, please, keep begging me to let you go. Who knows? Maybe you'll make me *cum*. That's what you're good at, right?"

"I'm not! Don't cum, Garras, I don't want to be turned into cum!" Randall reached back, trying to pry himself away from the bear's body, pushing futilely into Garras' thick, beefy pecs. There were soft crunching sounds coming from Garras' shaft, as Randall's body was folded flat, knees pinned up against his chest as the bear's cock chewed down over meaty thighs and up over his sleek, cum-stained back fur. Garras patted the wolf's head, feeling the slime of his cock's hungry drool slithering down the underside of his cock, felt the wolf's ass stretch its way into his groin.

"Fuuck, I think I'm gonna cum, Randall!" Garras said, as he grabbed the wolf's shoulders, and pushed down. He felt that masculine body enter his, involuntarily being consumed, being taken and used by Garras' own, for his pleasure. The wolf's legs kicked, toes splaying, paws scrabbling at the air as the bear's cock crushed his knees into his chest and swallowed over both of them.

"I'll give you anything! My bike! My trust fund! Please, Garras, I just want to live! I just want to lllive!"

Garras rested a paw on the wolf's snout, squeezing it closed, and used it as a handle to force the wolf the rest of the way down into his cock. It was just his hands and feet sticking out, grasping at anything, trying to find something to hold onto to save himself. Garras gave the wolf a high five, and watched as the last of him slithered down his cock.

Randall slumped down into the bear's scrotum, crushed between two massive cannonballs. The bear's nuts ground against Randall's body, intentionally pinching, pulping the wolf's flesh between them as they shifted, tightened and relaxed. Outside, Garras gripped his dick, kneading and squeezing it as it slid back into its normal shape. It seemed thicker, perhaps, a bit longer as he squeezed and pulled against it.

The wolf, crushing and squeezing, pushing back against his balls as they bullied and cudgeled him, felt good. The bear had been through a lot tonight, and the feel of the wolf's squirms, his muted pleas for mercy, his softening voice, was making him feel some kinda way. He could get used to that. He paused, closing his eye and breathing, as he felt the wolf's muted scream, as his body began to melt and dissolve around him. His balls absorbed the wolf, latching on and ripping him apart, sucking in energy and mass and fluids from the wolf, breaking him down from one male wolf into two miasmic blobs of seed and testosterone, plumping up and filling his balls well past their regular maximum.

He cupped his nuts with one hand, feeling how big and heavy they were, how solid and powerful and dense and permanent they were, felt the last squirm of whatever was left of Randall fade away as he was fully churned into bear batter inside his prized nuggets. He pointed his cock at the collection of bikes, squeezed hard right behind the head, and came.

The surge of pleasure was so intense, so raw and needed, that Garras thought he was about to nuke himself the way he had nuked Cyrus. His entire body *boiled* with the intensity of his seed, his fur smoking as blood crisped, and hot, molten blasts of raw cum and energy infused shot from his dick. The first spurt blasted holes through the engine of a Harley and melted through the seat and gas tank of the bike behind it. The second took out Cyrus', slamming into it with the force of a tanker, the bike exploding in pieces of chrome and plastic. Garras threw his head back, roaring at the moon as he laid waste to the remnants of his gang's bikes, feeling other things spurting, shooting through his cock as he did. A penny pinged out of his slit and ricocheted off of a bike's muffler. A barbell piercing - Garras had no idea where on Randall it had been originally - embedded itself into a nearby tree trunk. And then, he felt teeth, a row of teeth

scraping along the inside of his urethra, gouging against the tender flesh before he spat a lower jaw out of his cockhead. It bounced on the ground, clattering and covered in slime amongst the gravel.

Then, his cock ballooned outwards, as a big egg shaped object extruded itself up from the bear's nuts. He yelped, his dick abruptly swelling to disgorge it, and Garras fell to his knee once more as he shot a fucking *skull* out of his dick. It stared up at him, drooling cum, bleached white by the bear's hungry nuts, right in front of him.

Garras could feel the last dregs of his orgasm oozing out of him, quarts of hot slick seed gushing out from his dick and onto the ground, but he let his dick go for a second. Just long enough to raise his fist over his head, and bring it down. Randall's skull shattered, breaking into a dozen shards of brittle bone that scattered out over the bar's parking lot.

Garras watched the pieces disintegrate into the night, and flopped over on his back. His dick spurted cum, just cum, onto his chest and belly, pooling and seeping into the fur as it drooled and gushed out and over and across him.

At that point, Garras passed out.

When he woke up, whatever he was doing... was done. The energy inside him had left. It was over. The gang was gone, Garras had cum, and things were back to normal. The cum on his chest had crusted over, his skin prickling as the white seed flaked off of him, clinging to his fur. He sat up, brushing it off of him, reaching down to pat his big nuts. Maybe they were a little bigger than normal, maybe they weren't. He didn't bother looking at the bar, there was nothing there worth thinking about anymore. He stood, brushing the dirt from his knees and ass. The stab wound in his belly burned, as did the gravel that had been ground into the shredded meat of his shoulders and back. Garras was *hurt*. He needed to recover.

He slung his wide bodied frame onto his bike, and revved it to life. There was a long highway ahead of him, and somewhere down the line, he was going to find more of his whiskey, and someone willing to patch him up. All he had to do, was go.

So, he went.