

Skritch's Bad Day

It was Skritch's first day on the job at the CharnCo production facility. His job? Quality assurance. His real goal? To *steal portal tech* and bring it back to his *actual* employees, the big rats over at Blackwater Ballistic Solutions. The plan was simple; since his position involved checking to make sure that the CharnCo portals worked, that meant he would have open access to hundreds of the portals each shift. All he needed to do was make sure the one, ideally two, made it back off the shop floor without anyone noticing. And Skritch knew *exactly* how to do that.

"First day?" the rooster next to him said. Skritch glanced over to the handsome feathered dude, who was casually jacking off the test dick that he was used for testing out the CharnCo portal rings. It was a dark purple wolf dick, with a veined and throbbing knot, with a chrome metal ring at its base. Skritch realized he had been staring at the oozing shaft, glanced over to the chicken, and nodded.

"Yeah. I wasn't really given much training," he said, as he looked at the cock in front of him. It was small. Pink. Tapering. He had thought it was a dildo, until he had tried to pick it up, and it had *throbbled* hot against his palm. "So I just put the rings on it?"

"Yup," The rooster said. His nametag said Benny, as he firmly pushed down with the ring, crushing it down over the bruised, swollen bulbs of the wolf's knot. "You just put it on, push a button, wait ten seconds, then push it again." He demonstrated, and Skritch felt a twitch in the back of his brain as the wolf's entire dick came free in the chicken's hand. "It's your first say, so you got an *easy* dick. Looks like a rabbit's."

"Uh huh," Skritch said, watching as Benny squeezed and jacked off the darkened shaft, then put it back into place. There was a click, and a humming sound that Skritch hadn't even noticed he could hear faded away, as the rooster began twisting and prying the ring free of the well-worn shaft. "So, these are... *real*?"

"Yup. On loan from the penitentiary. If something goes wrong, the inmate gets a reduction in their sentence..." Benny chortled. "You ever been in the brig? You're a skaven right? I thought you dudes were all criminals and such."

"Not *all* of us," Skritch bristled. His tail curled along the ground behind him, and he felt it brush against the pants of a passing person. "I've never gone to jail, for example." He took the first of the test rings. It was a decent heft, around the side of his bicep, and deceptively light weight. He stroked his thumbs along the outer edge of it, until he felt a small, sleek button on one side, and a small micro usb c port on the other. He pressed the button, and the middle of the ring glared an impossible dark white, fizzing and crackling with energies not meant to be harnessed by mortal men.

"That just means you haven't been caught, right?" Benny said. He reached over and took Skritch's wrist, leading it down to the small pink shaft. The white staticy field was suddenly interrupted by the penetration of the bunny's dick, the tip of it emerging from the center, 'growing' out into three or four inches of erect shaft. "Now depress the button."

Skritch did so, feeling a pop as the inside of the ring somehow stretched and separated from the part he was holding in his hands. He lifted it up, to see what was underneath, and found that the ring was resting flat on the table. But the dick was still in his hand. Wow. He slid the portal back into place, twisting it slightly out of place as he did so, and pressed the button again. The field remained in effect, until he aligned the two halves, and then, finally, it secured back together. This was an important detail, and he was sure that he would need to remember it later.

"Now you put it in the approved pile, and grab the next one. Rinse, lather, repeat. If the dicks explode, you have to mark it down on your tablet. If the dicks disappear, and don't reappear, you have to mark that down in your tablet. If the dick is dematerialized into pure energy, your family members will be compensated," Benny said, then winked. "Don't worry, that's never happened before though."

Skritch gulped. What had he signed up for?

Stealing the portals were easier than Skritch had expected. While there was a camera monitoring the cock he was testing the rings out on, there was none underneath the table. Skritch the skaven had a magnificently long tail, nearly nine feet in length, *extremely* dextrous. He was able to curl it up and behind Benny, around the back of him, and into the box of spare rings at his side. Curling the tip down into it until he found one to slip into, he lifted it back up and straightened his tail towards the ceiling, so that the ring slid down its fuzzy length. His tail undulated, nudging the ring down foot after foot, until it slid up snug against his tail base, underneath the loose flaps of the back of his work shirt.

The second portal ring theft was just as easy to snag, but Skritch realized at the very last moment that if he wore both of them together, that they would jangle against each other. They needed to be separate, and there was only one other place he could keep it. Down his pants. That was okay; Skritch was used to slipping his tail against his groin as well. He had to weave it around his own workbench, curling it underneath and then up the leg of his shorts, the metal portal ring tucked neatly up against his inner thigh as he teased and edged it closer and closer to his groin. The trouble was that he was sheathed, his cock normally hidden away safe and sound inside him. Fortunately, Skritch had a plan. He carefully nudged the edge of the metal ring against his sheath, the soft white fur of his cheeks darkening a tinge as he felt his cocktip nestling against it. He played it cool, testing another couple portal rings, as he wiggled and probed and slipped the smooth ring up inside him. He had stuffed other things in his cock pocket in the past, but this might be the widest.

The broad rim finally slipped through the lower part of his sheath, mounting itself naturally along the sheath's inner walls, but all the nudging and probing ended up stimulating the poor skaven, and his own pink cock started to slide through the ring. The ring was dormant, but it still made Skritch nervous. Just as he pulled his tail tip free, the lunch bell rang, the loud klaxon making the ratty boi jerk in surprise.

"Oh, boy. Lunch time." Benny grinned, standing up and lifting both hands in a middle fingered salute as a viper on the other side of the room was snagged by two security guards and led towards an unmarked door. "Ha ha, suck it VAL, hope you enjoy getting your DICKS MUNCHEd!"

"Really?" Skritch asked, his face growing pale.

"Yup, each day, *someone* gets dragged in there to 'feed' the boss. Don't worry, the company has an excellent severance package, and it's only ever 'big' guys that get picked." Benny sneered down his beak at the smaller rat. "You'll be *totally* safe."

"Heh. Cool," Skritch said. He rubbed the back of his neck, standing awkwardly and curling his tail around his waist. His dick had only gotten harder, pushing down the inside of his seam in a *pronounced* bulge. "So for lunch, I'm gonna head back out to my car to get my food, and..."

"Oh, sure, just make sure you check out through security, they'll let you out through the front doors."

"What about the back doors? My bike is parked close to them..." Skritch said, sidling away from the rooster. Benny rubbed his chin.

"Well there's no security, so there's nobody to check you out..."

"Pretty sure I see someone okay bye," Skritch said, walking quickly towards the door. He knew he couldn't pass even the barest of scrutiny; there was a solid metal ring wrapped around the base of his tail, and his massive cock was now being gently constricted by the one in his sheath, which meant that he was getting harder, and his big skaven dick was nearly peeking out the bottom of his shorts. He could feel the heat of it, throbbing gently, against his inner thigh, the shorts bulging tightly around that leg because of the extra bulk of it.

There was the door. He composed himself, keeping his tail raised to keep the ring from sliding down its length, and strutted towards the door. It said [[WARNING: NOT AN OFFICIAL CHARNCO AUTHORIZED PORTAL, DO NOT EXIT]], but why would Skritch *want* to go through a CharnCo Portal? They could go *anywhere*, after all. He pushed through the door, and a flash of white light shone briefly through him. He didn't hear an alarm, but he knew a security photo flash when he saw one. Something slapped his tail, and Skritch *ran*. He had parked his car only fifty feet or so from the door, so as long as he got to it, he was gold.

As he ran, he felt his cock bend awkwardly, sliding further and further back, and further and further down as his legs rubbed and stroked along it. He felt a peculiar sensation, like a sliding feeling, as he got to his motorcycle. Almost there! He hurried up to it, and slung his leg up over the seat of his road hog, and felt the strangest thing. Air. Air, whistling past his cock, and then as he sat down on the seat, he felt something slap against his cock, hard enough to sting.

He didn't have time to think about that; if he had set off the alarms, he only had *seconds* to get out of the property. He foot-rolled his bike back up, tires skidding as he made his escape. Something was definitely wrong, multiple things were wrong, but he could *not* take a second to analyze the situation. He spun his hog in a circle and gunned it. There was a big pink dick laying in the road, but he deftly dodged it and hauled ass towards the guard station at the entrance.

He had made it halfway home before he realized *who's* big pink dick that was, and by the time he had parked in his driveway, he had started receiving texts from coworkers at his real job. Texts with links on them. He swung his leg back off of his bike, and felt hands touching his dick. He didn't know whose they were, of course, but he knew it was his dick they were touching. He had sworn he had felt something like that while he was riding, a strange weightless sensation of his dick hanging in the air, not touching anything, followed by the dry scratchy sensation of styrofoam webbing pressed snugly against his length. Then he had felt his tail being picked up, being wound around someone's wrist as casually as one might spool up a loose extension cord or a string of Christmas lights.

[[I fucked up]] he texted his boss. The response was almost immediate, a link to a dark web stream site. The one that Charn posted his shows on. His *live* shows. Reluctantly, Skritch went to the fridge, grabbing a can of whatever, and flopped himself on the couch. Psst. He cast the link to his television, groaning as the screen on, revealing the tiger himself, grinning and holding a very familiar slab of skaven meat: Skritch's big, thick, erect cock.

He had never seen it in someone else's paws like this. One hand held the portal ring, the ring that Skritch could still feel inside his sheath. The other was lightly teasing the tip, using soft touches to evoke the skaven's shaft to a full, brimming erection. *Dammit*.

Skritch reached down, into his sheath, and wiggled his slender fingers in and around the outer edge of the portal. It was still wedged deep in his sheath, at the thickest root of his dick. He waited a few seconds, watching the stream and feeling the fingers against his cock, waiting for the moment that the tiger's fingers were no longer touching him, then *yanked*.

Across town, Charn smirked slightly as he presented to the camera. There was no visible indication of what had just happened, but he had felt the slight twitch in the portal as the ex-employee had tried to sneak his dick back. The portal was, unfortunately, locked; a static field, harder than resin, that created a framework of impermeable force *between* the molecules that made up the cells of the skaven's penis and tail. The temp hire *could* rip the portal off, but only if he used enough force to rip the lock-wall free of his cock, leaving only a stump behind.

Others had done as such, and it was always a disappointment when it happened, stripping the feline of all the fun he could be having.

"Such a *nice* dick, isn't it?" He continued to the camera, as he resumed gently teasing the smooth, throbbing shaft. "You know, this one just dropped into my paws this afternoon... literally. A new employee, so *excited* at the chance to use CharnCo portals, tried to sneak some out of the facility, leaving behind their cock and tail as 'payment'."

The feline gripped the root of the shaft, pulling up along it, striped fingers squeezing down into the hard flesh before sliding up over the tip. Over at the computers, Max gave Charn a slight nod, indicating that Skritch's IP address had joined the stream. Charn would have been disappointed if he hadn't.

"So for those at home, if you're horny for the feeling of a tiger mauling your junk, you don't have to go to ALL This trouble. We have 'one way' portals at a discount on the website, and you can have your own equipment sent *right* to my larder. There's no need to be sneaky about it! Share your meat with *pride*!" Charn continued, as he smacked his chops. "But let's look at this special treat we have today."

He put the cock on a nearby table, the thick shaft wobbling stiffly, and then picked up the other prize, the rat's tail. It was inordinately long, so that even as he held it in both hands, arms outstretched, it hung limp and dangling by over a foot from either hand. He swung it gently, spinning it between his paws, and then lifted it up over his head and draped it along his neck. The tail curled, curving blindly, and he took the end of it in his paw.

"This is gonna be a day where we start giving love to *tails*. And this one is a beaut. You know, there's a *lot of meat* on tails, especially rat tails," He stroked along the end, giving it a squeeze, feeling the fleshy muscle twitch at the attention to it. "They do have a bone in the middle of it, of course, with a lot of vertebrae, but if you compare it to, like, a snake's body, or a bull's tail, or a cat's tail, you get a lot more meat from a rat than you do from those other species. There are definitely thicker, meatier tails out there, but are they half as much fun to play with?"

He curled the tail around his neck, looping and feeling it clench, muscles flexing coordinately to attempt to throttle the feline. Feisty. "It's remarkably well taken care of, as well. You would think that such a long, dextrous tail would be getting slammed in doors, stepped on, crushed by vehicles, but... as far as I can tell, this bad boy is in mint condition."

The feline tucked the portal ring through the loop of the tail, and the tip through the other side, creating a loose knot. He could feel it squirming, the living organ flexing and attempting to un-pretzel itself, but the poor skaven was about to be a little too distracted to be able to focus on such silly, futile attempts.

"Let's see if we can sell this bad boy, Max. I'm thinking, let's see, we can sell it by the inch? Fifty bucks an inch, or...." He stroked along the thick, meaty base of the tail, giving it another squeeze, "Five thousand for the whole thing. I mean, it is a nice tail and would do well in all kinds of situations. Food, sure, but as a fashion accessory? Top notch. Perhaps a body pillow to sleep with? Wouldn't you like curling up with this cute thing every night? Or perhaps as a pet! No need for food, no litter boxes to clean, just a cute little wiggler that only needs pets and brushes. The world is your oyster!"

Charn walked back over the Skritch's cock, picking it back up. "While that gets figured out... look at this big piece of meat."

He gripped the tip, pulling it away from the base and stretching the dick to its full length. "It's gotta be like... seventeen inches? At least? I imagine it looks even bigger than usual, because this part here," and Charn stroked a finger along the base, still holding the portal with the other hand, "is usually hidden in the sheath. You can tell by the slightly different texture, the *patina* that it has, but it looks like our little thief gave us an extra three inches or so. Very nice."

"Boss, the chat is going *wild*," Max said. "I think it's *him*. There is someone demanding that people *not* buy inches of the tail. He's saying that rat meat tastes terrible."

"Oh, I'm sure there are those who still think of rats as vermin, filthy and diseased ridden, but that's simply not true. Rats are very clean animals as a rule, they're just a *little* musky, as all rodentia is. I'm honestly a little confused. Most guys, when confronted with the threat of losing their cock or their tail, would focus more on keeping their *cock*."

Charn lazily stroked that shaft, enjoying the warmth of the flesh, the solidness of the skaven's arousal against his fingertips and palm. "I mean, does he not *realize* what I do on this show? Do you think he's fussing over his tail, because deep down, he still feels that horny prey drive to see themselves be *devoured*?"

The tiger opened his jaws, then, lifting Skritch's dick up as one might an ear of corn, bringing the middle of that long tapering length up to his mouth. Drool dripped from his top fangs, dropping onto the firm length, the tiger lazily tugging against the last five inches of it with his other paw.

"I mean, I'm gonna be taking big, mean, nasty bites, right out of his *dick meat*. As big as this fat cock is, despite it being his pride and joy, I'm just gonna *eat it*, because I'm a predator, and I don't *care* that it's gonna ruin his day. All I want is meat in my stomach. Do you think he cares-"

The cock throbbed, and white, milky rat cream spurted from the tip of it, a long streaming shot of skaven seed. Charn's face curdled with dismay, as the powerful ejaculate shot clear off screen, splattering with an audible splash against the floor and wall.

"Well, I think we have the answer to that question," Charn said, as he stroked his thumb over the tip of the shooting shaft, pinching the whole thing closed for a moment. "To be fair, don't mock him too hard in the chat comments, *most* dudes with dicks like this secretly *need* to have their fat cocks taken away from them."

The shaft throbbed, angrily, bulging with seed that was being prevented from being fully ejected. Charn turned it towards the camera, and roughly scraped his thumb down, opening up the tip just enough to send the backed up seed pouring gratuitously outwards, splattering against the camera's lens with enough force to send the tripod flopping over onto its back. The following spurts were not nearly as impressive, but they would still put any normal male's ejaculation to shame. Long, vigorous spurts of skaven seed shot out, painting the floor in a great white mess of Skritch slime.

Across town, Skritch hunched up into the open air, grasping at his soft empty sheath, feeling every part of the orgasm, but cocklessly, and cumlessly. He tugged at the soft flesh, kneading it as someone he couldn't see stroked and milked out his load, draining the rat's fat balls out, wasted on the ground.

The camera feed on the stream switched to an overhead shot, showing a stained wood butcher's block hashed with gashes and indentations from dozens of cooking shows. The tiger dropped the skaven's twitching, oozing shaft onto it, and the portalled shaft rolled over to a collection of steel knife handles that were slotted into the block itself. Skritch's dick was shamelessly spilling the dregs of his seed, showing the whole world just how pent up and productive he was. He had muted his phone, to avoid the stream of alerts he was getting via texts, emails, and tweets.

He felt hands gripping around the loops of his tail, lifting them up off of the shoulders and neck that they had been resting on. He felt the whumph of his tail slamming against the wooden chopping board moments before he saw it on the stream.

"Well, that should calm him down for a while," Charn said. He slapped his palms against the thick tail, petting it as it shifted and uncoiled, waking up from its 'nap'. "Thank you for working for CharnCo. We hope you accept this generous *severance* bonus!"

Charn reached over, patting the softening length of skaven dick that he had decided to keep all for himself. Getting to play with a tail and a dick at the same time was a special treat. Dicks were such a *fun* litmus test as to how intensely he was... affecting his prey with his attention to their dicks.

Charn's hand lifted up off of the softening, spent shaft, and took one of the handles of the knives. His other hand fondled its way down the length of skaven tail, feeling over the soft fur that bristled under his touch, until he had captured it at a certain spot, about a foot behind the tip. The rat's tail was prehensile, but it was tangled, looped, confined on the chopping board, but the tip was able to wiggle and squirm as he scraped the back of the blade along the soft flesh.

"The trick with slicing up rat tail is all about the precision. Especially here, at the tip - this is a very nerve dense area, with very soft, tender muscles. You can't treat it like the base of the tail, which is a more muscular and beefier cut."

As he talked, Charn flipped the knife so that it was blade side down. He rested his thumb on the blade, and pushed down, and the sharp edge disappeared into the flesh of the tail, about three inches back from the very tip. There was a scraping sound, as the metal slid between vertebrae, the finely honed edge cleaving succinctly through tendon and nerves alike.

Thunk.

The severed tip of Skritch's tail spasmed, muscles clenching reflexively, the tip curling up briefly in confusion. Charn brushed the tip of it away from the rest of the tail, confirming visually that that piece of Skritch had been fully removed. It slapped against the portalled dick, flopping up over the exposed underside of it. The twitching tissue blindly nuzzled against the hard pink flesh, and then relaxed, going inert.

Charn was already moving on to the next section, though. The blade slid up the revealed edge of skaven tail, scraping against the edge of vertebrae that had been exposed through the slice, and then along the top of the tail. Charn kept the twitching, flailing tail held down, pinned in place as he counted back along the hidden ridges of the other vertebrae.

"You don't want to slice between each vertebrae, because that results in flimsy medallions that won't hold up against the heat. Some say three vertebrae is too much, but I'm a big tiger, and I like how crunchy those bigger chunks can get. I like wiggling my teeth between them. It's, uh, what's that called..." He glanced over to Max for help, as he casually sliced off another chunk of the rat's tail. It was about as long as the first one, and it twitched even more vigorously, perhaps because at this point its owner *knew* what was coming, and knew the pain of feeling a piece of your prized tail being chopped through by cold, uncaring steel.

Thunk.

"Enrichment, that's it. It's good for enrichment. We all need that." He tap-tap-tap'd down the length of the tail, before nestling the blade between another two vertebrae. "Make sure you get something new for yourself to play with as well," he said, as he began to press the knife down in.

"Now, I'm seeing that the tail is thickening up a good amount here. It's just about as wide as I can fit in my hands, so my knife is still slicing through this meat, but it's not as clean as I'd like."

Charn wiggled the blade, and there was a soft crackling sound as he used the blade to wedge the vertebrae apart from each other, so that he could shear down between them and into the bottom of the flesh.

No thunk, just the sound of the metal blade dragged along the wooden board. He flicked the tail segment to the side, and it rolled over to join the other two previously sliced pieces, against the rat's cock.

"When you get to this part of a tail, you can still cut it down by hand, but there are better, faster, cleaner, and more *efficient* ways to do it," Charn said. He picked up the truncated end of the tail, nearly a foot shorter than it used to be, and showed off the smooth muscle and boney core to the camera. He dragged a finger along it, pointing to the soft red flesh, dimpling into the tissue. "Just look at that. It doesn't get fresher than this."

He put the knife to the side, letting the blade rest on top of the skaven's cock, the sharp edge gleaming as it bit gently into the straining pink flesh. Charn picked up the remaining eight feet of tail, feeling it twist and try to retract from his hand.

"Now now, we're just getting *started*, my dear," the tiger cooed, as he carried the heavy appendage towards a large aluminum machine standing nearby. It had been wheeled in by Max while Charn was hand-slicing the end of Skritch's dick, and it lay humming and active. Roughly the size of a mini fridge on legs, it had a large hole in the back - a hopper - with a funnel leading out of it. A metal wheel with thick, sharp looking one inch spikes was mounted at the top of the machine, above the hopper, so that the spikes pushed down slightly into the hopper tube.

Charn took the truncated tip of Skritch's tail, holding the rest of it under his arm, ignoring the way it kicked and bucked, trying to pull itself free from his grasp. "This poor guy must have seen one of these in action in the past. Not too surprising, I'm sure people have sent him videos from the last time I used one of these. I wonder if he's ever fantasized, I mean, *worried* about what it would be like if *his* tail was fed into one of them!" The tiger slipped the flattened tip of the rat tail in through the hopper, the loose wheel rolling as the bulk of the meaty tail rubbed into the spikes and pushed it in.

"This thing is similar to a subway turnstile. It only rolls in one direction." He said, tugging at the tail. The wheel locked, and the hard metal spikes dug into the soft furry flesh. "So he can buck and twist and writhe to his heart's content, but this hopper is enter-only."

Not wanting to have his portal ring slinging around and banging against the back of the machine, he pulled two nylon straps from either side of the machine. The straps had small C-shaped clasps at the end, and they latched onto either side of the portal ring itself, so that when it was released, the portal rested against the back of the machine, underneath the hopper. Seven and a half feet of tail looped and coiled in great, meaty arches from the ring to the hopper, a length that would be diminishing sequentially going forward.

"Now for the good part," Charn said. He twisted the machine around so that it faced the camera, revealing the glass panel that protected the viewer from all of the content happening inside. The end of the rat's tail was just peeing into the chamber at the top of the frame, and as Charn gripped and pushed from the other side, the tail extruded into the machine.

"You might say, '*Charn, having a huge tail, penis, or other appendage in such a machine would be quite messy, with it flopping and flailing around!*'," Charn said, "and if you did, I'd say, 'oh, so you DID see that other episode!' Well, we learn through experience, so check *this* out!"

He pressed the big round red plastic button on the top of the machine, and two metal arms unfolded from the sides of the machine. They extended, rubber capped fingers splayed wide before latching into either side of the exposed tail. Captured, snagged, and dragged, they pulled it downwards towards the bottom of the machine. The turnstile clanked happily as the spikes were pulled, each one digging in to ensure that the tail wasn't able to be pulled or wiggled out the back. When the arms were done, a good two feet of tail was pinned and held in place, on display in the machine, trembling and twitching with the urgent attempts to break free being sent by its owner.

"Must be weird, seeing your tail on display and being unable to do anything to save it, huh?" Charn teased, as he walked over to the cutting board and picked up the rock hard erection. "Must be soooooo distressing, knowing that your big beautiful tail is about to be sectioned off like cattle meat. How's the sales going, Max?"

"Well," the folf said, pushing his little blue sailor cap up over his head, "There was one guy trying to buy the whole thing, but he kept getting outbid. So he bought about half of the inches - which have all sold by the way - and he's demanding that he get the biggest pieces, the ones closest to the ring. Can we do that?"

"Unfortunately, that would be unfair!" Charn lamented. "We'll make sure he gets about half of the pieces back, but we WILL have to slice them all up first, and then assign them randomly to everyone who purchased them. No returns, no refunds! But trust me, you're going to love tail meat, it just melts in your mouth!"

With that, he turned the machine on. Beneath the pinned and displayed tail, the smooth metal back of the machine slotted open, revealing eight or so tracks, each about three inches apart. The machine ground to life, the pleasant hum turning into a raging mechanical purr. At the bottom of the machine, just above where the arms clamped into the tip of the rat's tail, a spinning metal blade appeared out from the slot just to the left of the trapped appendage. It moved smoothly, precisely, and effortlessly cut into the side of the tail, the flesh vibrating as the teeth of the spinning saw chewed through skin, muscle, tendon and bone alike. It popped through, leaving a smooth shear mark as it sank back into the slot on the other side of the shorn appendage.

The arms dropped their medallion, and lurched upwards, clamping around the freshly trimmed tail, holding it in place. Another blade emerged from the right side, shearing up and through just as the first had. The tail wiggled, the truncated tip struggling to escape the blade, but the machine didn't care, and sliced right up and through it. The blade cleaved two inches off, the muscle fibers visibly contracting as they were shorn from the tail even as they were still reacting from the previous segment being removed.

"Look at that. Perfectly even rounds of rat tail. They may be differing lengths, but they are each exactly eight ounces, a perfect portion of meat. Oh! And on top of being flavorful and easy to cook, tail meat is also nutrient dense! A rat tail soup will nourish your mind, body, AND soul!"

Charn casually stroked the poor skaven's cock, pleased to find it fully erect once more. Down below, another two inches of tail was shorn free, the wheel clacking as the hands gripped, and pulled, dragging more of the tail into the machine. It was self feeding it, the tail thrashing but pinned in multiple places as it were, it was unable to do anything more than bang the portal against the back of the machine. *SLICHT*.

Another medallion of tail meat slid down the back of the tail, dropping down into the guts of the machine below. They were dropping out of the bottom of the machine in plastic baggies filled with a salt water base, preserving their freshness. A third, and then a fourth baggie dropped out, landing in a big plastic cooler. Up above, the machine sliced through the tail, stealing another couple inches away from the hapless rat.

"The sensations of that must be intense," Charn said, as he wagged the impressively large, granite-stiff log of pink skaven dick around for the camera. "I'm surprised he's managed to get so erect. He must be awfully embarrassed, getting so big and hard and stiff while knowing that everyone he knows is *watching* him get so big and hard and stiff, all because his perfect rat tail is being turned into single serving packets of rat steak! I-"

But before he could continue, he found himself with two nostrils full of skaven jizz. The big cock in his hand flexed, and spurted again, a long thick ribbon of hot seed shooting directly into and over the tiger's muzzle. He sputtered, turning the dick away from his mouth as he coughed, and another huge, thick wad of cream splashed out over the glass front of the machine, coating it in Skritch's desperate attempt to fertilize something, anything.

"**This** is why I eat the balls FIRST," Charn growled, wiping his snout with his forearm. He brought the big, twitching shaft to his muzzle, staring directly into the camera as he bared his teeth, and bit down.

Sharp fangs punctured into the flesh, the sound of skin popping as enamel stabbed into it mixing with the metallic grinding thump of tail meat being sliced off a couple feet away. Charn clenched his jaws and ripped his head to the side, pulling the tip of Skritch's cock away from the rest with a savage wrench. He didn't bother to chew, his throat bobbing to indicate the fate of the poor, delicate, sensitive tip of the skaven's dicktip. He felt it throb against his tongue, as he stuffed the remaining dick back into his mouth, an unnerving length of inches simply disappearing as the tail and cock both throbbed and twitched. There was no escape, though, nothing that could be done to prevent the tiger from biting down and chomping off another mouthful of delicious skaven cock.

The shaft spurted into his mouth, and the freshly sheared chunk of meat was slammed into the back of his maw by the force of it. Charn would shake his head, but that would just get more slick skaven cream all over his muzzle. He stabbed the remaining cock, all ten inches of it, to tamp that severed chunk further into his gullet, so that he could swallow it down. The pronounced, gratuitous spurts of cream complemented the dense, firm, squirming dick flesh, and he playfully chewed down into the rat's shaft with the side of his maw, biting off the left half of another three inches or so, feeling the flesh compress before yielding and coming free in his maw. He tasted the raw *meat*, still drooling the cum that had been being shot through it when he bit it off, a salty masculine glaze that tingled on the tongue.

The machine happily whirred through another fat disk of skaven tail. The machine didn't mind, could not care that it was coated in Skritch's last wad of ejaculate that he would shoot as a fully intact male skaven. *CHUMPK*. The thicker root of the tail was being sliced into almost slivers, so thick and muscular that a full eight ounces was only a half inch thick. The hands gripped and pulled, a bit at a time, the portal ring slowly being dragged up the back of the machine. Wet slaps of freshly shorn meat landing on the metal, before sliding down to get 'bagged and tagged', accompanied the wet, grisly, chewing sounds of the tiger munching down on one of his favorite snacks. Charn gulped down a mouthful and licked his lips, staring at the still throbbing, still oozing rat dick.

"This stuff is the tastiest!" He said, as he nipped off another inch, only six inches of Skritch's formal sixteen remaining. "I swear, if you have a rat friend? Male? Pull down their pants and have a taste. As I understand it, they can regrow their cocks and tails anyways, so they probably won't even mind."

He held the portal ring in both hands, sticking out his tongue to catch a faltering blast. The poor skaven's orgasm had been going on for nearly a minute at this point, and even the prolonged, sustained trauma of losing both his shaft AND his big beautiful tail couldn't keep him orgasming indefinitely. Even perversion has its limits.

He snapped down another mouthful, pausing with his teeth embedded deeply in the tender flesh. This was a male's penis. This was another male's pride and joy, a part of their body that they had tenderly, carefully rubbed and cleaned and admired and shown off, and here *he* was, gobbling it down like a Slim Jim. Charn thought about that, then snapped his jaws closed and pinched off another bite.

The metal portal ring around the rat's tail clanked as it was drawn snug against the back of the machine. Stuffing the remaining six pieces of cock in his maw, Charn used his forearm to wipe the cooling flotsam from the window pane, revealing the taut, strained length of tail that had yet to be sliced into medallions. He suckled on it, teeth worrying, pressing into the rubbery flesh and slurping the remnants of the rat's seed from deeper inside the male's groin, the thick severed stump prodding against the back of his throat.

The slicer buzzed through the air, the rat's shaft losing only a millimeter of flesh as it whittled off the very edge of what it had already removed. Sensing the lack of length, the spinning wheel shifted underneath the metal slotted backboard, and pressed up into the tail from beneath. The flesh vibrated, the exhausted limb struggling once more to lift away from the sharp, electric pang of pain, before the spinning blade emerged through the top of the tail, and another vertebrae's worth of tail slipped down to be bagged.

"With nine feet of tail to work with, this is *quite* the haul. For those who are sustainably minded out there," Charn said, taking the chew-dented dick out of his mouth the way one might a lollipop and gesturing with it. The machine continued succinctly trimming fat rat tail steaks away from the appendage, "You might want to consider investing into rat tail farms. Now, they don't quite exist yet, but I do have something in the works, a sort of 'timeshare' opportunity that invites male rats to a remote ranch for a business opportunity. The opportunity is, of course, how much they're willing to pay to keep their tail, and if it's more than the going market rate, well..." the tiger shrugged, and popped the cock back in his maw. His jaws flexed, the soft squelch of teeth pulping tissue audible even over the sound of the blade sawing up through the root of the rat's tail beneath the glass pane at his side.

Then it was over. Charn unstrapped the portal ring from the machine, revealing the very last inch of dinner-plate-thick tail root, the muscles trying to flex, to wiggle something that no longer existed. Charn pulled the smooth-sheared portal from his maw, revealing the similar looking base of the rodent shaft, trimmed back to a similar inch in length. He pressed the two portals together, making a sandwich from them with the remains of the two limbs pressed together in the middle.

"So the important lesson here is, don't try to steal from CharnCo. Especially if you're well hung or have a nice tail. Because I *am* going to get my due." Charn winked at the camera.

"Next up, we have Tweets the secretary bird joining us with his buddies Amir the elephant and Orson the polar bear. They have a bit of a contest that they need *my* help settling! I wonder just what that will involve! Stay tuned!"