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For Sterling, netting the evening gig in the yoga studio had been an absolute triumph. The resort “heist” a few years back had been one of his most successful outings in quite some time, matched only by the party where he’d shared some truly ludicrous horse equipment with a friend. The issue, however, was that being opportunistic didn’t really suit him. Sure, there’s something about having a treat rarely making the treat sweeter, but it wasn’t just about the treat itself.

One doesn’t read a book and jump directly to the climax. For him, every element of the hunt was a worthy endeavor in and of itself. Watching their eyes slowly lose the ability to leave him alone, feeling their gaze and flaunting for them until he knew he had the hook in deep. It was always the most confident ones, rigid paradigms of masculinity that walked with that assertive strut that he always relied on to gauge who would be good targets. Like a hunter who returns to the wilderness even though they can buy their favorite meats at the store, what was the fun in the climax without some rising action to make it more satisfying?

Thus, this gig. The kind of guys he usually saw here were almost always looking for tail of some kind, and while the majority of them were looking for females, there were always the ones who’d heard about the stoat twink doing the evening classes and figured they had a shot at bagging him, of course not knowing what was going to happen to their own bags in the process.

Today’s main course was going to be lupine. He’d noticed the guy as soon as he came in with that walk that told him this guy definitely never skipped leg day. The stoat had to admit he was impressed; he considered himself to be a master at disguising his own intentions, and he almost missed the quick appraising look the wolf gave him. He did not miss the slight quirk on the wolf’s lips, though, the kind of quirk that Sterling was used to seeing used by men that did not expect to work hard to get laid.

Perhaps the wolf thought he was the hunter. How *quaint*.

For now, he put it out of his mind. He would suss the wolf out during the class, and perhaps afterwards, he would make his move. The class was fairly full, a nice selection of male and female participants, various species, various body types, and they seemed eager to get started.

"As we get started, let's take a moment to center ourselves," Sterling said. He started the warm, repetitive music, the rhythmic drums and trilling keyboards and muted flutes swirling through the air as the various participants stood aright. Sterling meandered through this 'crop' of persons, occasionally toughing someone's shoulder to help nudge them into the correct position, or twisting their hips to help them align their chakras. The wolf had taken the back row - the entire back row - with a good six feet between him and the more tightly clustered group of people in front of him. He stood, muscles relaxed, towering over Sterling and all the rest of the group, relaxed and confident. It gave Sterling a chance to check him out more thoroughly.

Brown furred, thick shoulders, shirtless with a big rib cage packed with broad pectorals. A dark gray unruly thatch of thick fur coiled down between those broad slabs and towards the flimsy green gym shorts that the wolf had decided to pack himself into, for *some reason*.

It was ridiculous, how absolutely little the shorts did to contain the hulking wolf's package. There was 'obviously flaunting', and then there was this. The nylon bulged obscenely, the overhead lights gleaming in a sharp highlight that snaked along the ridge of a fat tube that snaked up and over the wolf's hip. The shorts' waistband was stretched away from his body with the sheer *thickness* of the wolf's soft, flaccid cock. Sterling peeked down, shaking his head slightly at the sight of it - the dark red sliver of flesh visible as it peeked out from under the frayed, stretched waistband.

Sterling reached down, and cupped his palm against the waistband itself, feeling the fudgy warm flesh just on the other side of it. The wolf's eyes swiveled down to regard the instructor, lips peeling back in a knowing, confident smirk as the stoat handled his cock.

"Sir," Sterling said, a professional smile on his face as he gently pushed his palm in against the wolf's hips. "I believe that these shorts are *not* correct for yoga purposes." He gripped the waistband between the tips of two fingers, and lifted, slowly pulling it up and over the slab of wolf meat.

"They're super comfortable, and I didn't see a dress code," the wolf rebuffed, his voice deep and low and gravelly. "Do you want me to leave?"

"That won't be necessary," the stoat said. He traced his hand down the length of the wolf's cock, and fuck there was a lot of length to stroke down. It was so warm, throbbing into fresh firmness against his slow touch over the straining nylon. "I just want to make sure that you don't embarrass yourself with any... incidents."

Sterling cupped up with his other hand, his palm pressing against the naked, heavy flesh of the wolf's testicle. It had slipped out through the leg of the wolf's shorts, the dense meat feeling good, *real* good, against the stoat's palm.

"What would there be to get embarrassed about? Would *you* get embarrassed if you were packing *half as much* as I am, little rodent?" the wolf said, his teeth bared even further in arrogant confidence.

"I've packed away more," Sterling said. He pushed upwards, slipping that big rounded wolf fruit back up the leg of his short, nudging the heavy egg in against the other. "Just try not to flop out everywhere. Some people won't be as understanding of the needs of large lupine men as I am."

Returning to the head of the class, Sterling began the warm up stretches. He was able to get a good flow going, and the mood in the classroom was upbeat. People were enjoying the simple

movements, the pleasant music, and the stoat's vibrant, friendly energy. The wolf in the back did a good job keeping up, looming over the heads of the other patrons as he shifted and moved his massive bulk around in the back of the room. That kind of limberness, on such a large frame, was quite promising, and Sterling had to redirect himself again from thoughts of what kind of fun might be had before he got his meal. Perhaps he would *ride* that wolf's red rocket, first? Would such a behemoth even fit in the stoat's flexible mustelid ass? It would be fun to find out.

Sterling's rogue thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a latecomer. Sterling's eyebrows raised, as the door opened slightly in the back of the room. There was a small hallway with stacks of hollow wooden compartments, for storing shoes and bags and so on, which kept the door itself out of view of the rest of the class - only the stoat could see the new comer. Standing in the doorway was a large red serpent. It had *clearly* just used its mouth to open the door, and the bicep-thick snake pushed the door forward and ahead of itself as it slipped into the narrow hallway. *Taika*? What was the resort's mascot doing here? And what was it doing opening doors?

The python swung forward and landed on its belly, the mud rugs along the hallway muffling the sound of its landing. Then, it began to scooch closer. Sterling knew the snake was harmless - knew that it had been let out of its cage frequently to explore the courtyard and some of the other areas around the resort, but the stoat was sure that the snake was always closely monitored. Had it slipped loose?

He would have to ring the front desk, but he didn't want to alarm the other guests - right now, they were relaxed, focused, and at ease. Seeing a big serpent sneaking up on them would only cause a panic, and a panic could result in people - or serpents - being hurt.

"So, our first pose is going to be a 'downwards dog' pose. Yes, yes, *that* one. Face down, ass up, that is how we do it. Before we begin, make sure that your clothes are *comfortable* and adjusted correctly."

He said that specifically for the benefit of the wolf in the back, who was showing a long, thick ridge of red as his waistband slid down over the top half of the length of his growing erection. The wolf raised his eyebrows, thumbing at his chest in surprise, and then pulled up on his gymshorts again.

A blob of chocolatey brown furry flesh slid out the leg of his shorts. Not a hint of nut, the whole damned scrotum. Sterling stared, because who wouldn't, at the mass of solid masculinity that was being so happily bared and flaunted. The wolf's chest puffed out, his chin going up as his eyes narrowed with knowing confidence.

The snake noticed, as well. Sterling's brows furrowed, as the red scaled snake lifted its head, staring at that swinging, dangling wad of double barrelled wolf meat. The stoat's tail frizzed up as he recognized the look on the snake's muzzle; the serpent looked *hungry*, and was staring at

the wolf's nut-sack in the exact same way that the mustelid himself had, only a few seconds earlier. Sterling realized, suddenly, that he had competition.

"So, I'd like all of you to face this way," Sterling said, keeping his voice relaxed and upbeat. "Drop down to your knees, and rest your elbows on the ground in front of you. You're going to fold your arms, and rest your chin on top of them." The python was approaching the wolf, tongue tasting the air as it honed in on the wolf's massive nuts. "Great, now, pull your knees up, until they're almost against your elbows. Good, good! Now, you just push your butt up into the air. Not just a little bit, *all* the way up. Pretend that you're climbing a mountain, and there's a big, uh, tiger, trying to bite your butt. Yup, lift your butt ALL the way up, make sure that tiger can't get you."

Sterling circled, slowly but determinedly, around the edge of the classroom, towards the serpent. Everyone was doing the pose, and normally Sterling would be commending them, adjusting their form as necessary, all that kind of stuff. The snake was getting real, *real* close to the wolf though. It was already positioning between the wolf's spread knees, looking upwards, eyeing up the big rounded wolf nuts that hung nearly to the wolf's knees.

That's when Sterling noticed all of the bulges. There were at least a dozen of them, filling out the serpent's body, large and small lumps that were very specific, particular shapes - at least closer to its muzzle. Towards the serpent's tail, they lost their definition, becoming long, mushy oblongs versus specific objects. These were... balls. Sterling had seen enough bulges sliding down his own throat, in selfies he had taken while he committed the crimes, to recognize the specific shape and size of them. He had heard *rumors* about Taika. It seemed those rumors were true.

Suddenly, it looked like frozen pizza was back on the table, in regards to his *own* dinner plans. The snake reared up, examining the big, fuzzy eggs that dangled so provocative in front of it. Sterling forced back a smirk. The serpent's eyes were clearly bigger than its stomach; those balls were each at least as wide as the snake's body was.

Then again - some of the bulges that were sliding down that endless throat looks like they may have, at one point, been bigger. Sterling stepped closer, standing behind the wolf, his sheath disgorging his cock as he realized he could see the pale pink orbs through the snake's scales. The serpent's body, where it was stretched around the oversized eggs, became slightly translucent. Two grapefruit sized, grapefruit shaped balls were the easiest to make out, and even as Sterling watched, one of them collapsed, slowly rupturing into a slick, warm, chunky goop under the constant massaging onslaught of the serpent's belly.

"You're doing a great job," he said, the words coming out with a detached cheeriness. Was he talking to the yoga students, or the snake itself? Both? The wolf seemed to think that the stoat was speaking to him specifically though, swaying his hips provocatively for the amusement of the yoga instructor standing right before him. The heavy boulders swung and thumped, from one muscular inner thigh to the other, a clear invitation. Sterling *wanted* to grab them, to snag that sack by the neck, pull down and *slice*.

The snake was faster.

The wolf had walked into the yoga class with two huge mangoes dangling down between his thighs, the dark fuzzed flesh plump and heavy and meaty, dense and smooth and full of rich potent wolf seed. The snake's maw was unable to fully engulf the two of them, but it was able to strike. The red scaled serpent's muzzle hitched onto the bottom fifth, the majority of the two eggs jutting outwards and upwards, dwarfing the muzzle of the serpent that was claiming them.

The wolf let out a grunt, as two hollow, sleek, curving fangs plunged into the underside of both testicles at the same time. Sterling was fascinated, the scrotum gripped so snugly around the wolf's testicles that he could see the bulge of the epididymus, could even see the dark squiggly veins through the taut skin. He could also see the base of the two fangs, sinking deeply into the center of the fat nuts.

"You might feel some *pinching*, that's just your ummm... your muscles relaxing. Go ahead and hold that pose, the sensation will pass," Sterling said, watching in fascination as the snake dangled from the wolf's scrotum. The big lupine's tail had flagged upwards, at first, but now was relaxing, was even wagging. Was he not aware that he had been bitten? Fascinating!

The snake began to swallow, but the wolf's balls were not slipping into the serpent's mouth. The wolf's plump fruits bulged *outwards*, swelling to the absolute limit that the ripened outer tissue could handle, for a long few seconds as a particular snake venom was injected deeply into the precious orbs. At that point, the wolf's nuts were no longer sacred vessels of masculinity; they were only useful as a source of protein and nutrients for the serpent.

Sanchez felt the soft sting along the underside of his fat balls, nothing too serious, just the kind of tweak and pings you get when you're swinging *pounds*, not ounces, of meat between your thighs. The sensation faded almost immediately, leaving him with just a peculiar sense of heaviness, his cords *aching* with the added burden of unseen weight that clutched against his flesh. Then, a peculiar sense of heightened fullness, like his balls had suddenly swelled. The cool pressure inside them made them ache, and the wolf's long, unsheathed cock flexed up and over his waistband, dangling in front of him arched and half hard.

Damn, he wanted to cum. He wanted to empty out his nuts, hard. He hoped the instructor *noticed* the eighteen inches of prime wolf dick that he was showing off, since he couldn't exactly reach back and grab it.

With the wolf's legs spread and locked, Sterling had a perfect view, as the snake began to feed. He didn't notice, at first, just how tight and strained the scrotum was around the huge testicles all of a sudden, but he noticed as it began to loosen. The soft brown skin began to puddle around the snake's mouth, as the testicles inside it began to deflate.

Takia enjoyed the sensation of the warm, sweet meaty goop that flowed easily up through his fangs and into his maw. The wolf's potent testicles had been extra backed up, a veritable fountain of heavy cream. The serpent had injected extra venom, just to make sure that he totally soaked the insides of the two balls with the digestive enzymes; he would hate to only liquify half of them.

The warm, smooth bulge of the wolf's cock slapped against the snake's throat, where a gulp was drawing a blob of drained warm nutsoup down into his belly. The wolf didn't process the sensation correctly, his brain on other thoughts as his wounded eggs were siphoned. So much potent cream, so much virile meat, dissolving into a fluid to be slurped and drained away. The snake gulped, repeatedly, the warm slick bulges of stolen vigor slithering smooth and easy down the snake's throat. The most recently captured balls, from the stallion in the hot tub, were pushed further down as they were caught up in the frothy 'rapids' of swallowed testicularity. Some of it squeaked past, but there was more, so much more, coming down the line behind it. The equine's stolen boulders were inevitably uprooted, pushed into the tighter, constrictive, hungry depths.

Sterling, for his part, was enjoying massaging the snake's body as he watched. He was careful not to squeeze too hard, but he could feel the masses of other male's virility, reduced to calories, under his fingers as he gently kneaded against the soft bulges along the snake's body. He watched in fascination as the mangoes no longer pushed against the insides of the wolf's thighs. The long ovoid eggs were thinning, the taut scrotum that shrouded them slowly sagging down over the narrowing bulges as the insides were siphoned casually out from inside.

'Damn, those were huge.' Sterling thought. Technically, they still were, they still easily out classed anyone in the yoga class, but they were warped now. They weren't really *balls* anymore. He imagined they would slosh, if the the wolf were to strut out of the room, the nuts tear drop shaped and streaming cum or whatever was still inside them. He felt the warm bulb of someone's nut, some random dude, gently shudder into mush under his gentle squeezing.

The first wrinkle appeared on the wolf's left testicle, as the outside pressure collapsed the emptying testicles inwards. The back of it went concave, dipping inwards as the sides of it collapsed. Sterling had seen basketballs deflate after suffering a puncture, and this was no different. He imagined that, if the snake wasn't holding the bottoms of the balls in place, that the nuts would crumple inwards from all dimensions, like that house at the end of the Poltergeist movie.

He could see chunks slithering out, bulging out along the collapsing testicular shell, thick hunks of slick testicular innards being slurped with soft milkshake noises from the underside of his nuts. Wildly, the lupine was rock hard, throbbing harder and harder the longer it went on. The emptier his balls got, the fuller his knot got!

Taika had suckled out about half of the innards from the big, plump nuts at this point, which made them much easier to handle. The very bottom of the testicles had mostly collapsed,

making it hard for him to keep his fangs from poking through to the other side. Fortunately, he could afford to be indulgent. He pulled his fangs free from the partially emptied nuts, the bottom halves completely emptied, the whole organs crumpled looking, and began to wiggle his jaws up over the whole expanse of the wolf's scrotum. One inch at a time, Takia engulfed the wolf's scrotum, lips stretching over the bulk of the still-fat balls until those fangs were nestled along the top of the twin bulges. He bit down again, sinking those sharp prongs into the top of the nutmeat instead of the underside, just where the cords connected to the tissue. He gently chewed, conforming jaws against the squishy tissues, helping to soften and work more of the pre-digested sex flesh loose so that it could be slurped in gooey chunks and hunks up the hollow fangs.

Sanchez was *loving* this. His dick was out, and raging hard, and he could feel the instructor handling his balls, rubbing and massaging them in a way he had never felt before. He knew his Alpha sized puppy makers were gonna score him some tail, *now* he just needed to feel that mouth around his dick. He had to bite his tongue, to keep from making any noise, not wanting anyone to turn around and ruin the little fun time he was having with the horny yoga instructor.

If Sterling could pull his dick out and jerk off, he would. Watching this wolf voluntarily pushing his nuts down and into the snake's maw, watching those prized specimens of masculinity being *devoured*, was the hottest thing he had seen. Was it this hot when *he* was eating a dude's nuts? He hoped so.

Taika felt the last of the testicles' innards come loose, his fangs now just sliding through empty space where there used to be balls. There was nothing except scrotum between his lips nose, and a bit of collapsed, withered cords. The snake gulped, the tension pulling him up along the stretched out furry scrotum until his nose nestled up into the musky wolf taint. Then, quite simply, it bit.

Sterling watched as the serpent dropped down to the floor, revealing the absolute *lack* of anything beneath the wolf's big, hard red rocket. He reached forward, and lifted up the leg of the wolf's gym shorts, to see what had been left behind. There was nothing. There was no sack, no bite, no scar, there was just *nothing*. It was like the wolf had never had a big pair of balls to begin with. Sterling couldn't help himself - he pulled out his phone. Reaching between the wolf's legs, he gently gripped it around the middle, just below the straining knot, and took a picture. Not of the cock - though it was huge and impressive in its own right - but of the blankeness where there should be something.

The wolf murred, grinding his hips downwards to fuck his erection through the stoat's fingers.

"Gonna help me get my rocks off?" He asked, looking back over his shoulder with a sultry wink.

"Bit late for that. Besides, I've got a class to run," Sterling teased. He let the gym shorts go, letting them conceal what was formerly unconcealable, and stood back up.

"All right, great job!" He said, as the snake slunk towards the door. "We're finished with downward dog, and our hips are feeling great! Now we're going to flip over onto our backs. That's right, belly up, and don't worry, if you are feeling a little self-conscious about being on your back in front of a bunch of other people, you ain't got nothing we haven't all seen before!"

The big wolf didn't notice the lack of weight flopping from thigh to thigh as he did as ordered, spreading his legs and then pushing up to grind his hips up into the sky. The people in front of him did, though, staring at him upside down and noticing the massive gap that should have been balls, hanging from the leg of his shorts.

Sterling heard the first giggle as he sauntered back towards the front of the class. He could have stopped the snake, *should* have stopped the snake, but it's not like *he* lost anything except a possible meal ticket. There would be someone else, some tourist at the local watering hole, some guy from a passing cruise ship sunning himself in a stupor on the beach. Just because the snake filled *its* stomach doesn't mean that Sterling wouldn't.

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The small fennec fox knelt obediently down, as the strips of leather from his mistress' flog crashed down over his back. She had been at it for almost an hour now, listing off a litany of his offenses - real, perceived or otherwise - to account for each strike of the punishing toy against the sub's frame.

Bear took each of the slaps with a shudder of agony and joy, pleased that she was finding such purpose and joy in punishing him. His small, pointed muzzle was wrapped tight with duct tape, his nose peeking out from the edge, allowing him to breath but not much else. He whimpered, with each slap of the flog against his body, his small frame reddened and sore from the abuse.

"And one more, just because you got a cute face, which I hate," his mistress said. *Whumph*. The large framed crocodile tossed the flog to the side, and pushed Bear over onto his back. The fennec whimpered, both with the pain of the tender muscles and raw skin being laid on top of, but also with the humiliation of his small prick jutting relentlessly up into the air, demanding to be abused. She ignored it.

Instead, she went over to the sliding glass door that led to the small patio outside. Being on the ground floor, this afforded Bear the luxury of being taken for walkies, naked and blindfolded, walking on all fours as they explored the grounds of the resort. He hadn't been able to see who could see him, but he could hear gasps, murmurs, and he was *pretty sure* that she had walked him past one of the large, populated pools in the middle of the day. He had certainly heard splashing sounds, at least, and had heard at least one guy, who sounded drunk, shout out "free the puppy!" in his direction. There was no way he would be getting free though, not from Queen.

There was a sight even more peculiar than the vision of an adult fennec male being paraded around by a dog leash, though. There was a snake. The large, red scaled serpent was just on the other side of the glass, raised up as it about to nudge the protruding handle to the side. Queen swore and took a step back, startled at the sight of the massive creature, her curiosity immediately noticing the pronounced bulges dappling down its length.

Bear made an inquisitive noise from his rough gag, not sure if he should be sitting up again, and deciding that if he needed to sit up, Queen would tell him to. He turned his head, just enough to see the slender silhouette at the door, and his ears perked forward as Queen pulled the glass to the side to allow the snake entrance.

"Well, well, well, this must be the famed Taika. Freila texted me about this guy," Queen said. The crocodile folded her arms under her bosom, walking beside and slightly behind, watching the snake as he slithered into the room - and towards Bear's bed.

"Miss...tress?" Bear carefully asked, able to wiggle his lips and jaws just enough to squeak out one syllable at a time. He watched the serpent approaching him, his ears reddening with his rapidly intensifying stress. "That's... a.... snake..."

"Not just a snake, little one, this is the resort's mascot!" Queen said, a dark mirth infusing her tone as the serpent nestled against the fennec's ankle. He craned his head, eyes widening as he saw the large reptilian snout peeking up over the end of the bed. It was regarding him - no, it was regarding his erection, its tongue tasting the air curiously. "Don't worry, he's completely harmless, to me."

Bear whimpered, unable to ignore that she said 'to me' and not 'to us', which meant the snake wasn't harmless to *him*. He lifted his knees up, pulling his legs away from the serpent, only to get a stinging swat from a riding crop against his knee. He yelped in surprise, putting his legs back down against the bed, as the huge red scaled snake slithered up between them.

"Now, now, little one. I want you on your best behavior. Rakia is our *guest*, and he is clearly hungry," Queen said. She dragged the edge of the riding crop from the fennec's knee up along his thigh, stroking it up to his belly. She playfully batted it against the straining, knotted pink dick that poked up out of his groin. "So you are going to let him eat you."

She waited for his whimpered panic of a response, chuckling and giving his cock tip a sharp, stinging switch with the crop. "No whimpers. Big boy behavior. Your mistress is telling you to spread your legs and watch as this snake eats your balls. Is that... a *problem*? Are you being disobedient?"

Bear's ears flushed hotly as he stared at the serpent, who's cheeks pressed against either of his thighs. He didn't *want* to be eaten, though! Not all or in part. His toes curled inwards as the snake's tongue tickled against the soft pouch of fennec balls that clung tightly to his groin.

His balls had been slapped, squeezed and tugged on quite a bit earlier, but Bear had, of course, not been given permission to ejaculated. They felt bloated and soft and sensitive, and the snake's tongue slithering against them made his scrotum tighten around them, which only made them ache even tighter. He looked over to his mistress, letting out a whining keen, but she didn't seem to be at all interested in what he had to say about the matter.

"You are being rather bratty about all of this," she said, as the snake opened its maw, it's gleaming fangs sharp and pointy. Drool oozed out of the hollow tips of them, as it pushed its snout forward. The top fangs scraped teasingly against the top of Bear's scrotum, and the bottom fangs scooped up underneath, pressing dangerously up into the underside of the fat scrotum. "If your testicles had any value to me, at all, you wouldn't be in this situation. You can't make yourself more of a male, so you might as well at least behave while the friendly snake *corrects* your pathetic little problems."

Bear whimpered, watching in horrified fascination. His hands *were* free, he *could* reach down and pull his balls out of the snake's mouth. But that would be disobeying Queen. He didn't *dare* do that. He hoped that the snake would lose interest... he could see the bulges in its body,

alternating swells that marked the tombs of other men's testicles, no doubt. Perhaps his were too small to be considered a quality snack.

They weren't.

Takia closed his jaws, staring up at the fennec defiantly. Was there intelligence in the serpent's expression? Was it mocking him for allowing it to consume his balls? Bear never felt the pinch as the fangs sank into the flesh of his scrotum, though he knew that the snake's teeth were definitely pushing together, his jaws snicking discretely closed.

"There they go," Queen cooed, as she gave the bear's cock tip another sharp slap with the riding crop. She hadn't even thought to try to get him off one last time - but why should she? He was here for *her* amusement, not the other way around. "You should be proud, little one. The snake decided your balls were worth gobbling up."

The snake's head lifted from Bear's groin, sniffing disinterestedly at the pink, oozing cock that remained. There was no pain, no sting; Bear couldn't feel his balls at all. He couldn't even remember what they *should* feel like. Everything seemed natural. The serpent turned its head, leaving the bed, leaving Bear emasculated on it. He reached down, to feel what the serpent had left him, only to have his hand stung with the crop.

"No touching yourself. You know that, little one," She said, smirking slightly at the soft whine emerging from the fennec's taped up muzzle. "Even if there's nothing left to touch." She turned to face the serpent, who was slithering towards the door out of their room. Realizing that the snake wanted to leave, she walked to the door and pulled it open, watching in fascination as the snake, with all its bulges, began to slither out of the door.

"Oh, I just realized something," Queen giggled. "He ate your balls, for sure, but... even eating both of them, whole and together, there's no bulge. They're too small to make an impression. How embarrassing! For you, I mean. You must be *relieved* to have such pathetic little berries removed, hmm? Thank you, Taika, on behalf of my subby little bitch, for helping him with his little endowment 'problem'. I hope your *next* snack is more satisfying!"