

Detective Farth

"Do you understand why you're here, Baxter?" Detective Farth said. The ram's big horns spiraled behind his head, smoothly waxed, the very tips of them resting almost against his cheek bones and pointing at the detective's dark, tired eyes.

"Is this, like, a taxes thing? I haven't gotten my refund yet but I'm *pretty sure* I filed correctly," Baxter said. He had been picked up on his way out of the gym, his muscles still pumped, his nylon shorts gleaming under the harsh lights of the interrogation room as he sat relaxedly on the sturdy metal chair.

"You know it's not. Your coworker, Brock. Big guy. Bull. Fat mangoes between his legs." Detective Farth sneered as he strode up to the table. His shoulders were broad, his cheeks tan and his throat a pale gray. "Fat mangoes that *you* stole! Admit it!" He slammed his fist on the top of the table, the canine sitting before him staring up at him with wide, shocked eyes.

"Stole?! I didn't steal anything! Certainly not any mangoes!"

"Don't play stupid with me," Detective Farth said, already pissed off at the dog's 'stupid and innocent' act. He strode around the table. "That was your *one chance* to tell me what you did with them. Now I have to resort to more strenuous methods. Great job, sport!" The ram's hands were like iron shackles around Baxter's upper arms, the sinewy strength of his grip unforgiving as he pressed the golden retriever down into the cold steel chair. The room was silent save for the creak of leather as the ram strapped Baxter down, a big strap across his chest and two smaller ones around his biceps. His knees were stuffed under the table in front of him, keeping him from being able to kick. Then he was done, Farth standing upright, enjoying the concern in the dog's eyes.

"Second chance, Baxter. Talk!" Farth barked, his words cutting through the stillness like a cleaver. "Where are Brock's testicles? You must've been green with envy over those massive love orbs."

Baxter looked up at the looming figure of Detective Farth, his canine eyes wide with a blend of terror and bewilderment. His polo shirt, adorned in soft hues, clung to the construction worker's chest. His slacks, though tailored, could not fully conceal the roundness of his own anatomy, the fabric stretching over a pronounced bulge that betrayed the presence of something substantial beneath. It was an uncomfortable reminder of the situation at hand.

"His testicles? Brock lost his testicles? Please," Baxter whimpered, the fear-soaked plea escaping his lips as he trembled. "I don't know anything about it—I swear."

"That's not what your foreman said. He said you and Brock had a little thing going, finding ways to tea bag each other. Your foreman says that Brock was winning, by a lot. I imagine being constantly humiliated by a better hung bull was mighty aggravating to a PREDATOR like you.

Every time he flopped those fat nuts on your face, he was reminding you that he was the epitome of virility, and you weren't," Farth accused, circling Baxter.

"It shows you go to deli shops on the south side of town. A huge pair of nuts like his, well, they'd be worth their weight in gold on the black market, wouldn't they? He had a treasure trove nestled between his thighs—and you wanted them, didn't you?"

Baxter's heart pounded against his ribcage, each beat a drum of innocence trying to resonate through the haze of suspicion. "No! It wasn't like that at all! Me and Brock are friends, I wasn't jealous at all! I mean, hell, I'm just as big as he is!" he protested, the words catching in his throat as he struggled against the restraints, the prominent bulge in his slacks wobbling from thigh to thigh with his frantic movements.

"Was." Farth leaned in close, his breath hot on Baxter's fur, the scent of coffee and disdain mingling in the confined space between them. "You're saying you are as big as he was, and that's highly unlikely. I have seen pictures. He was massive. You can't possibly compare, which means you had the motive," Farth growled, his tone deliberate and probing, "to seize glory that wasn't yours."

To prove his point, Detective Farth sank his paws down to the irritatingly large bulge between the dog's thighs. The air in the interrogation room shrank to a stifling stillness as Detective Farth's hands, calloused and unyielding, made quick work of gym shorts. Grasping them on either side, he tore them apart, ripping down the seam along the groin and revealing the stark dichotomy of Baxter's anatomy. The canine yelped as his masculinity was bared, his small and sheathed penis overshadowed by two large, grapefruit-sized testicles.

Detective Farth was shocked; dogs were predators, and predators were not supposed to be so well endowed. His shock quickly soured into suspicion and derision. "Quite the pair you've got there," Farth sneered, his voice dripping with a veneer of contempt that failed to mask an undercurrent of envy. "Of course, they don't make up for that pathetic little thing," he said, nodding toward Baxter's penis with a smirk.

"These, though, these are interesting..." He let the sentence hang, his eyes lingering with reluctant admiration on the disproportionate orbs that filled up the space between Baxter's thighs. Baxter's pulse throbbed in his ears, a visceral drumbeat that underscored his vulnerability. The detective's rough fingers encircled his tender scrotum, claspings tightly around the neck of his sack and pulling firmly upwards. A gasp escaped Baxter's lips as Farth gripped and squeezed at the two heavy balls with his other paw, each tug sending waves of pain radiating through the dog's body as he was unceremoniously 'appraised'.

"Doesn't make any damn sense," Farth muttered, almost to himself, his brows furrowed in a grimace of incredulity. "How does a runt like you end up with such... impressive assets?" He had a good suspicion as to why: Enhancements.

There was a new drug on the street, Rut, that could make your nuts bigger. No real drawbacks to using it, but Farth knew that the drug was produced by predators using the gonads of adult male ungulates, ungulates like Detective Farth... or his brother Mickey, who had been found in a park, crudely unmaled and left for dead.

"Guys like you make me sick," the ram growled, as he crushed the dog's nuts between his fingers. "You know what that poison you're injecting in your veins is? You know what you're *using used* to be your neighbor? Your FRIEND?" He enjoyed the feel of the big, malleable balls distending between his fingers, but he could tell by the way the dog started popping wood that he was enjoying himself too. That was fine, he had other ways of making the perp talk.

"Please, I didn't do any drugs!" Baxter protested, but the plea was cut short when he felt two metal prongs jam into the underside of his oversized glands. He looked down, gasping in shock - it was the officer's taser, a black plastic doohickey with a scale from minimal green to very dark red - the intensity scale. The ram's finger sliding a plastic fob on it from nothing, up past green, and into yellow. The threat was palpable, an electric promise of agony poised at the threshold of reality. All Detective Farth had to do was push a button.

"Talk, or I swear I'll light you up like a Christmas tree," Farth growled, his finger caressing the trigger, itching to push down. He held the scrotum in his other hand, and the stretched bag tried to tighten up with fear.

Baxter's breath hitched, his mind racing with the fear of what this agent of law turned torturer was going to do with him. His essence, his very manhood, lay exposed and at Farth's mercy, a perilous position that anchored him firmly between desperation and dread. The massiveness of Baxter's testicles, once a source of silent pride, now served as a cruel focal point for Farth's misguided quest for justice.

"These are my balls, Detective, my normal balls! I don't do drugs! You can test my blood!" Baxter said, each exclamation broken with a sharp keening intake of breath. "Please, don't zap my nuts! My wedding is in four days, and I've been saving up, and-"

"You want me to subvert the course of justice because it might interfere with you *getting off*?" Detective Farth spat, his brows furrowed. "Criminals like you make me sick. Nature doesn't play favorites, mutt, but these? These balls of yours?" He gave the scrotum a squeeze, making Baxter squirm, "You've got a pair that would make a Clydesdale envious. So I'm thinking there's no way you got these beauties from your mama's side, OR your papa's side."

He jammed the taser in against the dog's balls, the dog's whole body tensing, his body *reeking* with predator fear. Farth *loved* that smell. The taser made a slight humming sound, ready to discharge.

"I swear, my whole family is like that," Baxter explained, his words tumbling out of his mouth as he watched the ram's finger slowly push down on the button. "I mean I think my grandpappy's dad was a bull, and my mom's grandma, she was a bull, so maybe it's just some recessive genetics and maybe it's not that unusual and my brothers are just as big as me-"

JZZRRTPTT!

Electricity surged between the two nodes of the taser, bursting into the dog's left testicle, tickling through sperm and tissue and blood, crackling as it leapt from the left testicle to the right, and then grounded back into the taser. Farth could feel a slight tingle against his fingers, but that was nothing compared to what the canine was feeling.

A strangled cry escaped Baxter's throat as the current burned through his prized genitals. His limbs jerked, and his testicles thrummed with a sharp and pulsating agony, like fire and ice washing through the flesh of his scrotum. Time slowed down as he tried to grab at the taser, but his restrained wrists prevented him from anything more than feeble clawing, his eyes bulging as he watched his scrotum convulsing from the current that coursed through it.

Then, the ram released the button, and Baxter slumped down in his chair. The painful 'tickle' of the current was gone, the taser pulled away, and Farth firmly kneaded over one testicle and then the other as the dog's tongue lolled in exhaustion.

"Not me... I wasn't... involved... wouldn't ever...." Baxter mumbled, still protesting his innocence, still thinking that innocence was what Farth was looking for.

"You're getting off on this, you sick fuck," Farth said. The dog's penis, small and pink and pointed, had blasted out a yogurty splurt of cream across his chest and stomach while he was being tased. Baxter stared at it in shocked betrayal. He had... cum? He hadn't felt himself cum. He hadn't felt any kind of pleasure, or orgasm, at all! It jutted upwards still, a bewildering erection defying the torment of Farth.

The detective scowled - that voltage should have *fried* the dog's nuts, *had* fried a dozen other sets in previous interrogations. This canine's balls were built tougher. Was it purely because they were so much larger?" He squeezed and rolled them between his fingers, the heavy glands still rubbery and squeezable, not breaking apart like cooked meat would have under the intense manhandling. The dog's legs trembled under the casual manhandling, no doubt even more intense now that the balls had been jolted to full sensitivity by the taser blast.

There was nothing *innocent* about such glaringly oversized canine balls. Predators had small balls, and herbivores had big nuts. If Baxter had done the reasonable thing and had a normal pair of balls, he would already be out of this room and on his way home. But no. He had to come in here, flaunting *those* balls in *that* bulge, unbearably masculine and grand. Their size, their heft, demanded recognition of their existence, and the sheer bravado of the canine for sporting such a pair filled the ram with righteous fury.

The tiny little pink dick that jutted out above them only emphasized the size and scope of the huge testicles, and Farth found himself glaring at that erection accusingly. The erection was an *admission* of guilt, a corporeal confession that betrayed everything Baxter had said. He was involved, and his erection was proof of it.

"Looks like you're enjoying yourself," the ram said, though the dog whimpered and shook his head in fervent disagreement. "Looks like you think this is a little game. Did you come here to use me to get yourself off, you sick pervert?"

"You summoned me!" Baxter cried, but he could see the ram's knuckles tightening around the taser as he brought it back to the big heavy balls between the dog's legs. "No, wait, don't-"

But nobody told Farth not to. The ram grinned as he yanked the balls upwards, piercing the taser tines into the underside of the dog's sac once again.

"Let's see how your body sings this time," he said, pushing down on the little button. *Click*.

Electricity surged once again as the taser's batteries, just as full as Baxter's cum tanks, discharged gleefully into the soft, supple flesh of the canine's testicles. The taser crackled out its delight at having something so moist and conductive to electrocute, and Baxter's back arched in agony as his prized and precious orbs were fried in their sack by the intense jolts.

It was only a couple seconds of zapping, but Farth could feel the difference in the dog's balls when he pulled the taser away the second time. He could feel them throbbing, feel the heat of catalyzed flesh seeping out against his palm. Whatever sperm was in there was *dead*, for sure, and it would take *weeks* for the canine to recover from the electrical trauma.

"So much for *pups*, eh?" Farth said, as he leaned back against the table. Baxter sobbed, exhausted and in pain, his dick oozing clotted clumps of seed in erratic blobs from the tip of his cock.

"Please, no more," Baxter whimpered through clenched teeth, his body racked with anguish. His scrotum was drawn tight over his testicles, and he could see through the stretched skin that his balls had been bleached *white*, visible even through the golden tufts of fur on his scrotum. His manhood was being seared like a cut of steak, his precious testicles being damaged by this insane cop.

"I'll stop - when you confess," The ram said. "You think I *like* holding your balls and watching them die? I'm only doing this because *you* are refusing to cooperate! Confess what you did to your coworker, and we can end this! Admit it, you were jealous of your coworker's nuts, so you *STOLE* them, and sold them for drugs to make your *OWN* balls bigger!"

"I-" But before Baxter could say another word, the door to the interrogation room burst open. It was Detective Charn, the tiger sweeping into the room with a sleek assurance that belied the tension between cop and suspect.

"Farth, we got a lead. Video evidence," Detective Charn said. He eyed the dog's testicles with a raised eyebrow, sniffing at the scent of fried musk in the air. "We don't know who the culprit *is*, but we have video evidence from two surveillance cameras - one showing the attack at the construction yard... and one showing Baxter here at the Double Cherry bar, getting his dick sucked by a squirrel.

Baxter's cheeks reddened, the canine closing his mouth as Farth turned to glare at him.

"You said you were saving up for your wedding," Farth noted. "Was that squirrel your fiance?"

"N-no," Baxter said. "She was just.. a squirrel. Look, I was drunk, and she... she said she liked my nuts."

"Of *course* a squirrel would say that!" Farth said. "I can't believe you would *cheat* on your fiance like that! Have you been lying to me, the way you've been lying to her? You said you're not doing drugs - you said your balls were *natural*. Well, let's just see how NATURAL they ARE!"

Detective Farth casually flicked the plastic fob from the middling yellow zone all the way up to the top of the red, the most dangerous and intense part of the scale. Baxter's face blanched, his head shaking in terror as the ram adjusted his grip to hold the huge dog nuts by their neck, pushing their cleavage up against the canine's twitching erection. Baxter's dick splopped out a blob of scorched cum out onto his ballbag.

"Farth, stop-" Charn protested, but he was smiling, eyes glistening with excitement as he watched it all unfold. Baxter saw no empathy in those eyes. The tiger was not here to help him.

"Forgive me," Farth said, though whether this was said to Baxter or to some unseen high power, who could tell. Then, with a push of his thumb, he unleashed hell.

The taser made a very loud, capacitive TOK sound, as most of the juice in the batteries were discharged almost immediately. There was a flash, a bright light that illuminated Baxter's scrotum from within as the heavens were torn asunder and the big, beautiful balls he had been carrying between his thighs for thirty-some-years were annihilated.

The musky spheres *burst*, as the water inside them was immediately converted into hydrogen and oxygen. The steam pushed outwards, the dog screaming in agony as the steam ripped through tender tubules, seaking an area of less pressure. Any remaining sperm that hadn't been fried in the first two shocks, was now poached as the air bubbled up out of the testicles and into the epididymis.

The soft and squishy pouch on the back of the two testicles, used for collecting the finished sperm and gradually sending it up the line to the scrotum, swelled outwards, ballooning grotesquely before they popped with soft wet tearing sounds. These explosive decompressions separated the cords from the testicles themselves, which fizzled and hissed as they were further cooked by the taser's discharge.

This was when Charn finally took action.

"Farth! Stop! You're killing him!" he said, the concern almost sounding genuine as he scurried over to the now-unconscious Baxter and the gleefully grinning Farth. He slapped the taser away. "Let go of his balls! You did it! You proved your point!"

Farth turned away from Baxter, dropping the taser on the table and leaving Charn to deal with the maimed scrotum.

"If he was a 'natural' as he said, then his balls would have popped," Farth said, as he walked over to the window. He picked up a small tan and white box of smokes, and shook a cigarette out into his hand. He stared morosely out the window, as he lit it up. "We can keep his balls as evidence that he's a user. Bag 'em, and file 'em with the others."

Charn pulled an evidence bag out from his pocket, the gallon-sized ziplock pulled open. The steaming, ruined remains of Baxter's masculinity were slipped into the bag, and Charn tugged neatly at the scrotum neck, feeling the cooked flesh detach cleanly from the canine's groin. There was a small, whitish area where the balls had hung, but in a week or two, there would be no indication that he had had any balls at all. His stomach growled as he held up the ziplock bag, bulging heavily with the canine's stolen goods.

"You are going too far," Charn said, licking his lips as he sealed the bag. The weight of what had been taken from Baxter was impressive, even cooked. He knew Farth would never check to make sure that the 'evidence' made it to the locker. That was their agreement.

"I gotta find this guy, before he strikes again," Farth swore. "Whoever's nutting these dudes... they're a monster. They need to be stopped. That's the fifth guy - and that's only the guys we know about. You know as well as I that most of them won't report."

"I do, yes," Charn said, sidling towards the exit. "You're doing good work here, just try not to be so dramatic with the final results." He lifted up the steaming evidence bag. "If you completely cook the balls, there's no way to, um, test to see if there's any drugs in them. You want to aim for, like... medium rare. Seared but not cooked all the way through."

"This is an interrogation room, not a steakhouse," Farth said, blowing out a cloud of smoke as he peered out the window. "The taser works. When we find the guy who did it, he'll confess. I'm sure of it."

"Of course it does," Charn replied, his voice smooth as silk over the ram's jagged emotional mindset. "Just keep in mind, the court cases... if you ruin the evidence, it won't be usable at trial. We wouldn't want to lose track of such... valuable assets."

As he turned to leave, the implication hung heavy in the air, a specter of past interrogations and a chilling prelude to those yet to come. Farth watched him go, the predator's graceful retreat a stark contrast to the grizzly scene left behind, where Baxter remained, lessened but alive, a testament to the cost of suspicion in a world where justice was as malleable as the flesh it sought to protect.