

He wasn't returning his calls, and that was more important than anything.

Colin is a cheetah. Running's basically his primary skill. Combine that with the thoroughbred in his family, some time back, and not only can he run like any old cheetah, he can run for a lot longer, and even though he was pushing himself to his limit, having run the full mile in less than a minute, probably hitting his top speed, the worry mixed with the adrenaline was keeping him from running out of breath as he tore down the street, the only thing on his mind being if Gala was alright, because he wasn't returning his calls, and he *always* returned his calls, and it didn't matter if he hadn't read the damn contract and gotten his dick and balls eaten because Gala was the perfect boyfriend who would love him no matter what but he was *missing* and the only text he had was a vague one from three hours ago saying he'd call when he was home from being out with friends but he never did-

He dropped to his knees, panting in the street as a wave of nausea shot through him, resisting the sudden and violent urge to expel what meager dinner he could nibble on earlier, his mutilated groin screaming out in protest at his extended strides that pulled on his abductors, his injured crotch shifting with every step.

He couldn't believe they ate his dick. They ate. His fucking, **dick**.

A sad mixture of a wheeze and a sob tore out of him as he grabbed at his crotch, feeling the uncomfortable emptiness in his pants and the small divots and raised bump of his urethra underneath, marking the half-done stitches that marked where his dick and balls once were.

He couldn't stop thinking about it, even now, when his boyfriend, the best thing in his life, was possibly in danger, and he wanted to hate himself for it, but he couldn't manage to get it out of his mind. The part of his body he was most prideful about, the only thing he thought made him even remotely unique, and it was gone. They hadn't even left a scrap. Even his sheath had been taken. And worse, he didn't even get to keep his nuts (That tiger could've at least told him that wasn't an oyster so he wouldn't have had to figure out when he got home.) He was a nullo, the only thing left sexually appealing about him was his ass, and even that wasn't remotely intriguing.

Luckily, Gala didn't care.

His breath finally started to catch as he felt the tightness in his throat subside just as quickly as it'd came. Sure, now that they'd fucked once, they were able to, and tried to, pretty often. But before they'd started fucking, Gala was so hesitant that he didn't even care to mention the thought for weeks. Even when they started entertaining the idea, he still would rather go on dates that ended in dropping Colin off at his apartment with a kiss and a hug rather than sharing a bed. He loved Colin for who he was, and even though he was sure Gala would be disappointed, there was no way he'd abandon him over this. He was too sweet, just like his namesake, too kind to let their perfect relationship die over him being a dumb nullo. The fox was just too good for that.

And he might be in danger.

He wiped the tears from his eyes, and even though he'd barely rested for 10 seconds, he felt like he could have run twice the distance in half the time. He shot up, taking a full sprint once again, despite his exhaustion and pain. He was just around the corner. He could do something, he could call the hospital if he was injured, or the police if someone was in there, or-

He stood just two houses down from the familiar one story house, and he stared, because what he could make out in the darkness wasn't an unfamiliar car, a busted down door, or broken windows. It was a perfectly normal house, but with a pile of items laid out in the lawn. He couldn't make them out, a few bags? A box or two?

...A burglary.

That was all it could be, he told himself as the sinking feeling in his gut only got stronger, as he dashed past the pile, not even taking the time to check what'd been thrown out. He pulled out his phone as he approached the door, barely thinking as he considered that Gala might be held at gunpoint, forced to watch as the burglar stole everything. He grabbed at the doorknob...

Missing, as the door swung open, to reveal a curt-looking, rather sleepy Gala.

The pain in his gut subsided, and the sinking feeling was replaced by his head breaking through the clouds. He simultaneously felt lighter than air, and like he could puke, and like he could cry, and like he could kiss the dumb fox into the ground. The anxiety evacuated his system so rapidly that it felt like someone had taken a spigot from his brain and just poured it all out, like sinuses draining. ...As he sniffled, he realized the possibility was just that he was tearing up, and his nose was dripping. All that said, that cocktail of feelings, and he couldn't help but smile, just a bit. He was okay.

Gala was okay.

"Oh, thank goodness." He made to wrap his arms around Gala, his lithe arms grabbing the fox by the chest, who didn't protest, but made no attempts to hug back. Colin barely noticed.

When he finally let go, Gala still stared at him, curt expression only getting worse.

"It's late. What do you want?"

Colin flinched, taking a step back from the anger in his voice. Gala didn't like to wake up early, sure, but he was usually somewhat happy to see him, regardless.

"Well, when you didn't answer my calls, I got worried, so I ran over, because you always answer my calls and-"

The fox sighed, before taking out his phone."Hm. Five messages. Yeah, sorry about that, I was so tired I came home and went straight to bed after I was done with my friends. No *fooling around*."

Colin found his ears pinned back, sheepish at the realization that Gala had just been tired.

"Ah, my bad, I uh... usually you stay up later when..." When you come over was meant to be the end of that sentence, but he realized just how dumb that was before he could say it. He hadn't come over, he was at his own house, and he'd been out with friends for however long before. "Well uh... Wanna meet up in the morning, for coffee? My treat? Or, I could spend the night, and make you breakfast in the morning!"

Gala raised an eyebrow.

"Are you trying to make it up to me? You think breakfast will fix what you did?"

"...What I did..." Oh crap. Someone must've taken a picture while he was doing that damn job. "OH, I'm so sorry! I didn't know that the job meant for that to happen, and I didn't want them to take pictures or video, but I thought the extra money would be nice, so I could finally get you that new stained glass kit you wanted-"

"I'm not talking about your stupid job." He said, cutting the cheetah off, venom dripping from his voice. "I'm talking about all the times you did something like that before your job. You've been fucking whoever and whatever you can, whenever you get the chance, huh? Unfortunately, breakfast won't fix that."

He made to close the door, but Colin slammed his hand on it, shoving it back open, feeling his heart race.

"What?! No, I'd never, I haven't! And..." He sighed. "I don't think I'll even be able to... y;know, with you anymore. I don't know what happened at that stupid sushi place, but..."

"They ate your lying, cheating, dick and balls right off you?"

Colin jumped. There was a bead of stunned silence, where for the first time that night, Gala smiled. The kind of smile that made Colin scared, because it was *genuine*.

"H-how did you-" The answer was obvious. There had to be a video, or someone told him somehow, because otherwise-

"Because, I had a bite myself." The fox smirked, as the cheetah's eyes went wide. "Yep. I bit the head of that thing right off. Had a few of your barbs too. Your friends told me all about how you tried to get each and every one of them with that rod of yours, so we made sure you never could

again. Max even told me about how you fucked him in a bathroom. Max, of all people.” Gala shook his head.

Colin felt tears welling up in his eyes. They hadn’t just lied about him, it was his *friends*? It was... Gala? They tore him apart... and lied so Gala would go along with it?

He sniffed, trying to regain his composure. “There’s no way! I’d never do that, you know I love you more than anything, and none of them-”

“None of them were what? *Willing*? Open to help you commit adultery? Okay to keep lying to protect *you*?” Gala snapped, baring his fangs. He seemed like he was about to cry too, Colin couldn’t quite tell through his own tears, which had started to steadily stream down his face as he took step after step backwards, pressed out of the doorway by the agitated fox. “Listen, you should be lucky that I only ate some of your dumb barbs and one bite of that overused rod of yours. Maybe you’ll learn to think outside of it with your next boyfriend, because I’m not putting up with this anymore. Get your shit, and go.”

Colin sunk to his knees as the cheetah berated him, his vision blurring so badly that he could barely make out the fox’s face. As he pointed at the bags the cheetah had nearly tripped over, he recognized the box sitting on top of the whole pile. A watch. The nicest thing he could afford for Gala. It wasn’t fancy, not as fancy as he would’ve liked to have given, but it was a gift that he’d hoped would last.

“Bu-but I-” He blubbered, only to be cut off immediately.

“You *what*?”

“...I *ran* he-here...” Colin said, fully in tears, shaking as he clutched himself. It was beyond pathetic, but he wasn’t sure what else he was supposed to do. He was hurt, and he couldn’t defend himself against this anymore because Gala would never believe him. His wrinkled snout, his eyes... he’d be lucky if he got another word out. “I-I can’t carry all th-this...”

Gala pursed his lips, looking at him up and down with a condoling look. Almost in spite of himself, he pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing. “You know what. I’ll be nice. I’ll bring your stuff back inside, so it doesn’t get rained all over. But you better come back tomorrow with a moving truck, or some guy with a pickup truck, assuming he won’t ditch you when he realizes you can’t *fuck him afterward*.”

And with that, Gala grabbed one of the bags, and started walking it back inside, as Colin stared after him, his low-shaved fur allowing him to feel the tears as they streamed down his cheeks, leaving cold, wet tracks that culminated in splashes on the sidewalk, and there he sat, mouth agape, for a total of 10 seconds that felt like 10 years.

Colin couldn’t believe it.

He didn't want to. It couldn't be true, this whole day, the past six hours even, had to be a cruel joke, his anxiety giving him a nightmare before he would wake up and go do the stupid sushi job. He'd cancel immediately. He'd go find a different gig, he'd work a fucking meat packing plant if he had to, just anything but this. Anything but ending up here, a nullo with no boyfriend, no friends, and no job anymore since he'd already called and canceled his new position as a waiter. The problem, the sad reality he realized as he picked himself up off the ground, and sadly walked away, out of energy to run and more than certain that he'd trip over a rock or something with his waves of sobs and constant flow of tears making it impossible for him to see or react to anything in time, was that it had to be true, because his anxiety would never conjure anything this horrible. It would do horrible things, but never this. Because it was so unfathomable it stayed out of reach. And here it was, all too real.

He walked the whole way back to his apartment, and dropped on his old, beaten up futon, not wanting to even touch his bed, because there was still remnants of red fur and Gala's smell in it, and he couldn't bear to spend the whole night there or else he'd stain the bed with all the crying he was doing.

They were really over. And not just that, it was all because of some lies told in cold blood, by people he thought were his friends.

Gala sighed as he walked back into the house with the last bag of Colin's clothes. They were fuckin heavy, it was only because Jason was able to stop in and help him bag them up that he was able to get them out there at all.

The look on Colin's face still stuck in his mind, and he wished he could get rid of it.

He took a deep breath, digging his fingers into his temples. Alright, sure, maybe he'd be willing to empathize with that cheater for getting his junk torn right off him for a meal. It sucks, he wouldn't want it happening to him. Whatever. The problem was, he deserved it, and he could pout and cry and play dumb all he wanted to, but he knew he fucking deserved it otherwise he wouldn't have left so easily. That asshole didn't just cheat, he tried to cheat nearly eight times, and even though he only succeeded a few of those times, the fact that he tried was enough of a reason to key a car or put dye in his shampoo. After eight times, he might as well have handed Gala a cleaver and layed that overused dick on a board and told him to lop it off. He would've done so gladly too. Maybe if he'd said it to his face instead of having to hear it from his *friends*, he would've taken the cheetah back without his dick to make all the decisions for him.

He sat on his couch, arms crossed, and allowed himself to sink back into it. He didn't care *at all*.

His eye twitched.

Okay, he cared a little.

He just didn't understand why Colin would cry over that. ...Well, he did understand why the cheetah would cry over losing his dick and balls, but he didn't understand why Colin would cry over Gala learning the truth. He was honest, *usually*, and tried his best to own up to his mistakes when he did make them. Sure, he lied about being a filthy fucking cheater, but he'd never been anything short of truthful before. Why would he be so adamant about defending himself when he'd already been found out? He couldn't have been that in love with Gala if he was willing to cheat.

His eye twitched again.

...Plus, it wasn't like lying was going to get his dick back. Even if Gala could spit up what he ate, that was barely a seventh of what'd been consumed all in all, and considering everyone had bitten directly off of it, there was no chance of sewing any back on or back together.

His eye almost refused to stop twitching now, and as he furrowed his brow in frustration, the mounting evidence making him tap his foot as he sunk deeper in thought, he realized how poorly their alibi's stacked up against what he knew of Colin, and Colin's behavior just now. He was pretty sure he even remembered Benny trying to contradict Priam earlier... And Rabid had never even tried to support their claims, and refused to eat any of Colin until Gala had damn near forced him to take one of his- THE cheetah's nuts. Not his, not anymore, just Colin. Annoying, asshole, cheater Colin.

Annoying, asshole, cheater, Colin, who cried harder than he'd ever seen him cry when he was told than his boyfriend- EX-BOYFRIEND, ex-boyfriend had bitten off a piece of that oversized fuckmeat to teach him a lesson... that he might not have even needed teaching, because there was no evidence, and none of them had anyone else to prove that it happened, and the only person who did contradicted them moments later...

He stood up, taking a deep breath. Who was the most loose lipped of the friend group, and most likely to spill the beans on if they'd lied or not.

...Rabid.

He pulled out his phone, hovering over the contact. The odds of the rabbit being asleep were high, but it stacked in Colin's favor if he answered immediately. Odds are he wouldn't be able to get to sleep if he really had sat by and watched his friends tear another friend to pieces over some lies.

He tapped the call button, and was prepared to wait. He wanted to wait. If he waited, then the odds were he'd been justified.

His heartbeat built in his chest so rapidly over the two seconds it took him to hit the call button it might've scared him, if what happened next didn't scare him more. Because he didn't have to wait. There wasn't even a full ring before the phone clicked into Rabid's voice. He could hear the TV in the background. The rabbit wasn't even trying to go to sleep.

"...Hello?"

"Rabid." Gala began, a creeping sense of dread running up his back and turning into a cold sweat on his temple, making him itch. "You'd tell me, if anyone was lying to me, and you knew about it... wouldn't you?"

"Uh..."

Oh shit.

"Wouldn't you, for your *friend*?" Gala urged, that cold swear accompanied by an ill feeling. Bile, as it rose in his throat. He realized, no matter how much he fought it, that it was a guarantee at this point.

He'd spat in his poor boyfriend's face for something that hadn't even happened.

He heard the rabbit gulp over the line, before sighing. Just say it already. Please, just say it so he can drive over there and hug him and cry and apologize, and make so many plans to do so many things because yeah he could never make up losing his dick and balls to him but he could sure fuckin try-

"Yeah... I would." His train of thought shattered into a million pieces, and the resigned tone in the rabbit's voice was all the confirmation he needed. He could hear the TV click off in the background, as Rabid got closer to the phone. "You can't tell them. They told me not to tell you, or I'd be next, after Colin. I don't think a single one of them was telling the truth. Benny and Priam said that there wasn't a single exciting moment on that fishing trip, save for Colin catching an eel by accident, and Max even mentioned that he was sad he'd never get the chance to get with Colin once, since you two were already together once. I know for a fact William was lying, but even everyone else... well, it was all shaky at best, and it's looking a lot like it's worse."

Gala was dead silent. And it wasn't because he wanted to be. He found himself unable to unclench his jaw, mouth set in a grimace.

Rabid didn't stop talking.

"Colin... I don't think he ever would try and cheat on you. Especially not sober. Maybe if he was drunk... and did a half pound of cocaine... maybe then he'd be out enough that he wouldn't fight anyone trying to get in his pants. He's gushed about you basically any chance he could, since I've met him. You... he really loves you."

Is it not ironic that such a kind, endearing set of words tore his heart to pieces.

He didn't quite know when he hung up, but he knew that it was before he'd gotten in his car. As he buckled in, he didn't think to try and steady his breathing, or stop gripping the steering wheel so hard. He only thought about the fact that Colin was **alone**, and he'd just been told that his boyfriend thought he'd cheated, and had eaten his dick, and all his fuckin asshole liar friends besides Rabid had just *gone along with it* and god he could not have gotten to that apartment complex fast enough.

He practically jumped up the stairs, reaching Colin's apartment and banging on the door so hard it startled even him. He heard something drop, and in a scary, steadily growing number of seconds, he almost considered doing something he saw on one of those dumb youtube videos to get the door open, until he heard it unlatch.

Colin was a wreck.

It was his first thought as the door opened. His eyes were bloodshot, and tear marks had dried on his face in clear streams, even as more fell. His entire body shook, hands in particular trembling as he sniffled, and in his left hand, he held a roll of gauze. He was bandaging up his wounds. His underwear were on, and a less than clean shirt, but no pants.

He looked like a disaster, and it was all Gala's fault.

"...Gala?"

Colin's voice trembled as he addressed the fox, and Gala's first thought was where he could bury bodies.

He couldn't find the words.

It was so unbelievably simple, and he couldn't find the words. He wasn't sure where to start, he didn't know where he wanted to end. Just saying 'I'm sorry' didn't seem like it would mean anything, but what else do you say when you just ignored your partner, and chose to believe they cheated without a second's hesitation, and fuckin *ate* their *dick and balls*...

"...Hey..."

"...Hi?" Colin responded, wiping his eyes.

Well *that* wasn't it.

Gala sighed. He briefly considered getting on his knees and begging for forgiveness, but he got the idea that Colin may not like anyone down there for the time being. God, he could already see the distinct lack of bulge in the cheetah's pants.

"...I... well..." He stuttered, before groaning. "Listen, I didn't mean to, er... I shouldn't have just... listened to them, without asking you. ...That apology's pretty worthless, huh..."

"S-so, you believe me?" Despite everything that'd taken place less than 5 minutes ago, Colin sounded almost hopeful.

"Yeah, I do. I should have from the beginning." Gala sighed. "I... I get it, if you don't, y'know, wanna get back together, but-"

He didn't even get to finish the sentence.

Colin nearly tackled him, and Gala had barely managed to brace himself so both of their full weights wouldn't tackle to the floor and wake up the whole building. For a while, they stood there, Gala whispering about as many apologies as he could manage, while getting an understanding of how the fur on Colin's face felt as he kept crying on his shoulder, blubbing, sobbing, and so distraught that as much as Gala wanted to focus on Colin, on cheering him up, he almost couldn't. He felt like he didn't have the right.

"...Have you eaten anything?"

Colin shook his head, still nestled on Gala's shoulder.

"Here, I'll cook. You get cleaned up." Gala said, pulling the cheetah off him, and grabbing his face in his palms. "I love you, okay?"

The way Colin shook, a sob wracking through his body as he came down on Gala again, and the first thought Gala had was how to make it up to him. How he could somehow get the moon and the stars into his boyfriend's hands.

The second thought was how to get revenge on the people who took what joy Colin had, and stomped on it.