

Sashimi Party - Part 2

Gala unlocked the trolley and pulled it free of the table, a bowl of soy sauce falling to the floor. Lazarus waited until the trolley was completely unsheathed, and then carefully stood up next to it, his fingers tracing down over his denuded groin. "Damn, they didn't leave me with much, did they?" He cupped his remaining testicle, feeling the naked gleaming flesh against his palm, the scrotum clinging wetly but only about halfway down its length. The massive naked flesh bulged between his fingers as he kneaded it, grinning broadly. He bit his lips, then tightened his fingers around the bulk of his flesh, and began to pull. The cord stretched, the angelic ungulate wincing as he twisted and tugged.

"How about I just hand it over, and you guys can have it as a treat, later?" The ram asked. Caleve licked his lips, and Gala rubbed his chin in thought.

"I dunno, I don't want to have my body taken over, like these guys," The fox said, gesturing to the table of paralyzed, still, quiet customers. "Well, not right now anyways, but I can see how that might be fun to have happen in the privacy of a bedroom, with friends you trust."

Caleve chortled. "I don't think it will last nearly that long, Gala. Fresh ram testicles are a specialty in this area, and I'm pretty sure that tiger chef is staring at us through the door into the kitchen." He paused, letting the others peek towards the kitchen, as he reached down to stroke fingers along the underside of his cock. The gryphon's bird heritage had given him a generous, long, sinuous shaft, which darkened from a light coral to a succulent merlot at the slender, barely flanged tip.

Lazarus grunted, the sound accompanying a soft tearing sensation as the cord yielded from deep inside the ram's groin. The testicle came free, the cord drooping out from his crotch to tangle slick and hot and dripping over the ungulate's fingers. He examined his nut, lifting it up and twisting his wrist to examine both sides.

"Well, eat it or not, I'm not offended. It's better for me to get the full removal; helps make sure that when they grow back that they're not lopsided or anything."

Caleve's fingers caressed along the soft nubs that ribbed along the root third of his shaft. His wings rustled along his back, itching to unfurl, as the playful gryphon pressed his hips against the edge of the table, lifting the bulk of his cock up into the air. His taloned fingers released it, and out unfurled his impressive endowment, the hefty length of his cock landing on the polished wood of the table with a resonant thump. It was a bold statement, made all the more imposing by the sheer size of it. The gryphon leaned slightly forward, his hands resting on the table on either side of the nine inches of prime gryphon flesh, crowned with small rounded nubs that promised a deep, satisfying *scratch* for even the thirstiest lover. Playful intent played across his sharp beak, as he eyed the stupefied customers.

"What do you think, Gala?" He asked, as the heavy scent of gryphon musk seeped through the air, a tangible reminder of the raw virility that Caleve possessed. It hung between them, a heady perfume, and the fox's eyes glimmered with predatorial interest. "Do you think my meat passes muster?"

The fox leaned forward, glancing to Lazarus, who was also peering at the gryphon's bared endowments, the sheep's dark fingered paw sliding across the table. Gala was faster though, and grasped the head of Caleve's warm, rubbery cock between his fingers first. The heft of it filled his grasp, the skin smooth and flexible beneath his tentative strokes.

Feeling the responsive swell of arousal in the gryphon's groin, Gala's touch grew bolder. His thumb ran along the underside, tracing the vein that throbbed steadily, a testament to Caleve's stirring excitement. It surged, thickening and pressing up against his palm, warmth flushing into the aroused gryphon flesh.

He stroked his fingers down along it, to caress against the small, regularly spaced nubbin's that protruded regularly from the root third. As he did, Lazarus took his place, grasping the end of the gryphon's cock.

The small nubs flared out as Gala teased along the very edge of them with his finger tips, extending into bright pink cones with a thorn-like curve at the tip. They were exquisite in their design, an intriguing contrast to the silken skin, each a delicate thorn on a springy, stiff stem. They stood erect, firm yet yielding slightly to the fox's exploring fingers, flexible as he pressed along one to fold it back along the cock itself.

"Such handsome decorations," the fox said, as Lazarus gripped and kneaded, milking along the smooth slender tip of the gryphon's shaft. "I've never seen such fanciful adornments on a shaft. Colin is going to *love* these."

Caleve's eyes widened in excitement as the fox unrolled the bundle of silverware next to the gryphon's plate. He glanced around the table, realizing for the first time that each of the guests had their own, uniquely shaped bundle of 'silverware' next to their plate, each a promise of some exquisite torture. He looked back to his own shaft, the sheep holding it taut and ready, the fox lifting up a small, stainless steel scoop of some sort.

The tool's business end was a simple dome, but Caleve could see that the rim of the scoop had been cut to have a jagged sawtooth. It was these teeth that Gala brought to the side of his cock, capturing one of the barbs through a small hole in the center of the dome. The barb jutted through it, only a few millimeters, but that was enough. The ring of teeth pressed into his flesh, and Gala twisted his wrist, rotating his hand so that the teeth twisted around the barb and sunk into the flesh.

Gala cored out a small divot of flesh around the barb, and Caleve squawked at the sharpness, the burn as sharp steel teeth bit through his flesh. The barb twisted with the dome as Gala nimbly twisted his wrist all the way around, forcing the teeth to puncture out the other side.

Just like that, the barb was free, and Gala tapped the scoop against the rim of a nearby dessert plate. A small, peanut sized scoop of flesh fell out, the barb jutting upwards, despite being severed, the flesh tight like a goosebump around its base. Caleve watched, his gaze locked on the pale morsel that had been part of him moments ago, now a detached curiosity amidst the fine china and silverware of the restaurant.

Then Gala went back for more. Lazarus tugged, twisting slightly to help the next barb be better presented, and the scoop dug in, coring another small bite out of the gryphon's hard flesh. Caleve whimpered, but his cock had never been harder, even as bits of it were being nibbled away. "Do you, do you think he'll like it?" He asked, grunting as another sharp bite from the melon baller took another of his proud, erect barbs away from him.

"Oh, he will for sure. I imagine that each barb is as sensitive as the tip of the penis, yes? They're just nerves and cartilage, really." *scrip. Plink.* Gala brought the corer back, moving down the length of cock, taking each barb delicately, the way one would nibble off the remaining kernels of corn after enjoying devouring the rest of the cob.

"Hrrf." Caleve's body trembled, glancing to the slick smooth fingers of the ram as they kneaded and tugged and squeezed along his shaft. "Yeah. They're sensitive. As sensitive as my cock head. Maybe a bit more. Sinking my whole shaft inside a warm, tight hole, feeling it flatten my barbs against my dick... that's what.. ooh, that's what makes me... makes me..."

The gryphon's voice trailed off, his breath quickening as Gala trimmed more and more of the barbs from him. There was barely any blood, just a residual sheen at the edges, and the reddened flesh tried to lift up from the table. Gala didn't even realize that Caleve was climaxing. The cock throbbed, and from one of the deeper holes that he had cored out of the top of the shaft, a thin jet of seed shot upwards, bursting through the tender flesh that separated the urethra from the outside air. It splattered across Gala's hand, another following it. The warm seed arched gracefully upwards, as Lazarus chirped in surprise.

The torrent of warm gryphon seed flowed from the tip of his shaft, the sheep acting quickly to grasp a wine glass and bring it close. The hot spurts of white mixed with the dark red wine, swirling together as Caleve emptied his loins of all that pent up seed, his wings unfurling and his eyes glazing over as he thrust his hips against the table.

Gala let the first few spurts erupt out, then succinctly covered the hole with his thumb, and gripped the throbbing root of the shaft with the rest of his fingers. Clutching it firmly, he proceeded to core out the remaining barbs, the baller punching in and scooping through tender flesh, teeth slicing through meat, the gryphon yelping with each bite into his flesh.

The dessert plate was festooned with twenty or so of these tiny little barb morsels, some of them falling to one side or another, but all of them still bright and erect and tender. As Gala placed the scoop to the side, Caleve sagged, his cock still twitching but no longer spurting. The gryphon looked at the plate, smiling woozily at the way it was filled with the barbs, like little hors d'oeuvres. "Oh, that was so intense... feeling you taking my cock like that... each little part taking away my most tender pieces of me..."

"It was a pleasure, and I'm glad you enjoyed it. I enjoyed the show. I didn't know you'd cum, from having your cock..." Gala stroked the gryphon's shaft, as Lazarus set the mostly-full wine glass to the side, red swirls slowly dissipating into the heavy wad of cream that was deposited into it. "*affected* like that."

"I didn't know, either, but I'm not surprised. Watching you handle my cock like that, so casually, while you're fucking 'ruining' it? Damn that was hot. I can't wait to see what you do with everyone else's."

At that, the gryphon pointed to Jason, grinning widely. "And if there's any leftovers of that goliath's meat, I want it! All this cumming has made me *hungry*!"

A deep sigh rumbled out from the behemoth's chest, though if he could move, there was no indication of it. Just a creeping feeling of despair, the same feeling that all of the trapped, immobile guests were feeling.

Gala took the plate of Caleve's barbs, and walked over to a service dolly with seven small plates on it, all empty. He placed the plate he was carrying in the one open space on the table, and then picked up an empty plate. Then, he turned on his heel, stepping around the table to stand behind Rabid. The rabbit was slumped in his chair, jaw open, staring down at his own groin because there was nowhere else for him to look with his head forward like that. He had heard the groans, the splatters, the *slicing* sounds of what was happening with Caleve, and the poor rabbit's heart was beating, raging hard in his chest. Blood raced through his veins, but with no way to use his muscles, all that anxiety and adrenaline just spun and spun and spun inside him.

Gala loomed over the poor lapin, and reached down to rest his hands on Rabid's brown furred shoulders. The long, firm ears twitched at the contact, and Gala began to softly knead and rub against his shoulders.

"Rabid, Rabid, why are you so tense? The drug should have all of your muscles relaxed, but my goodness you have a lot of stress inside you? I can't imagine why. It's not like you... ate my boyfriend's testicle, or anything."

He paused, listening for a response, a denial, a refusal, but Rabid wasn't able to say anything. This made the fox grin over to Caleve and Lazarus, who looked on, smirking as they enjoyed their wine.

"Well, come on, you wanted to tell me something earlier, didn't you? Something about Colin?" He stroked his fingers up the sides of the rabbit's throat, to his ears, capturing and tugging softly along them. "You wanted to apologize for not telling me earlier about Colin cheating on me? Well, silly billy rabbit, that *can't* be it."

He leaned forward, resting his chin on the rabbit's head, and reached down to comb his fingers down through the rabbit's chest fur. So thick, so soft! He loved the way it tickled against his finger tips, as he traced his claws further and further down until he was tickling his way along Rabid's belly.

"Oh, perhaps you were going to tell me that, actually, Colin *wasn't* cheating on me. That he and Lazarus weren't hooking up behind my back, and that it was just something my friends made up to have the chance to snack on my boyfriend's genitals. Is *that* it, Rabid?"

That time, despite the relaxants, he felt the rabbit shudder underneath him, just around the time he traced a single finger tip against the tiny little dimple of the rabbit's sheath.

"Yeah, that's it, isn't it? Poor little thing. Forced to go with the flow, even though you knew it was wrong. Well, at least you felt bad about it. Did you feel bad about eating Lazarus' flesh earlier? Same situation, right? Hmm, that's funny, because I would have thought that if you had decided what happened was *bad*, that you would have refused to have a piece..."

Gala traced the tip of a claw down into the rabbit's soft little sheath, scraping it slowly against the nub of a dick stashed within. "The problem here is that I can't quite 'eye for an eye' with you, can I? I mean, you did eat one of my boyfriend's balls,"

The fox sighed, and slipped his claw free, instead pressing his finger tip into the underside of the sheath, rubbing up into it, massaging the sliver of flesh trapped within. "But *your* balls are simply too small to be of any value at all to me." He hummed, the fox hugging around the stressed rabbit's chest with one arm, being consoling even as he flexed his finger to push his claw against the small berries between the rabbit's legs. He slid it down, until it cupped up underneath the tiny little scrotum, the two baby eggs just barely large enough to hang over the edge of his claw.

"That said, this scrotum is very cute, very soft, very *demure*, and I like the coloration of it. You barely need it, right? I mean, your balls are basically undescended, so..."

He pulled the finger upwards, the claw pressing, sawing up against the underside of the rabbit's scrotum. The balls bulged out against the flesh, before compressing between claw and groin, flopping down underneath it none the worse for wear.

"Oh, naughty rabbit," The fox chirred, and Caleve snickered.

"Rabbits are hard to catch, you know," the gryphon offered, helpfully. "You kind of need to snare them if you want to keep them in place."

"Good point," The fox agreed, as he gently pinched the soft scrotum with the very tips of two fingers of his other hand. "I'm trying to be careful not to pop his berries, but they're so small and delicate. Accidents *do* happen, I suppose." He pulled on the scrotum, tugging it to its full extension, about two inches of stretch in the entire soft, fluffy thing. The two rabbit's two beads clung to his groin at the root of it, holding on for dear life.

Gala traced that claw up against the underside of the now taut flesh. He nuzzled against the rabbit's cheek, smooching him affectionately. "That said, mister Rabid, of all the offenses committed that night at this table, yours is... almost forgivable. I don't hold any hard feelings, not against you, and so I hope you'll forgive *me for this* indulgence in teasing you with my first revenge."

The claw pressed upwards, just against the soft scrotum flesh, and against the bulge of the rabbit's testicles. They were pushed forward, the pressure pinching into them.

"This is the point of no return, you see." He smooched the rabbit's other cheek, the fox's tail flaring through the air behind him in the comfortable, lazy sweep of a predator about to enjoy a freshly caught bird. "I could stop here, and the only maimed people would be the ones who wanted me to maim them, enjoyed it even." He chuckled, then, a deep and satisfied chuckle. "And all it would take for me to stop, right now, is a single person telling me not to do it. I think that that is punishment enough for you, my friend. Why, if you had spoken up all those months ago, then, you would be stopping me from doing *this*, now."

The claw slid up then, suddenly and sharply slicing through the underside of the rabbit's scrotum. The testicles were pressed inwards, popping up and into the inguinal canals of the rabbit's groin, as the scythe plainly sheared the rest of the scrotum off.

"But you didn't, did you, Rabid? No. You did not." Gala's claw finished the slice, and he held up the flap of soft white furred scrotum up, for the rabbit to see. "Oh, and look at that. Not even enough to wipe my mouth with, but that's okay. It's going to be part of something far *greater* than this embarrassingly tiny little package you have."

His clawed finger moved to press up against the two berries that were peeking out of the rabbit's groin, tucking one up inside, and then moving to press on the other and tuck it up as well.

"Be careful not to cough, now, dear. You wouldn't want those tender little giblets to pop back out, where just *anyone* could squish them," Gala said, and Lazarus pointed to the rabbit's groin.

"Hey, it's really hard to tell, with it being so small and all, but did he just... cum?"

Gala's finger slid up from the stuffed balls, up to the rabbit's sheath, gently pressing into it. The hidden erection was revealed, pushed easily up and into the open air for everyone to see... along with a smear of thick white rabbit jizz.

"Oh my, it seems that he did. That's awfully embarrassing, having such a small dick that you can't even fill your *sheath* with it when you're hard, isn't it?" Gala gently kneaded, stroking the rabbit's erection up and down with a finger tip, feeling it throb and ooze another little spatter of cum against paw pads. "Well, perhaps with those *big berries* of yours tucked up and out of the way, your dick will look a *little* bigger, eh? Won't that be nice?"

Gala laid the white rabbit scrotum on the plate he brought over, and walked it back to the service dolly. Placing it back where it had been before, he took the next plate from it, and turned back to the table. "Now, then... who's next...?" He surveyed each of the guests in turn, the paralyzed group of friends all slumped down in their chairs, unable to hide their guilt from the vengeful fox. All of them had wronged him and Colin, and all of them would pay.

As to who should pay *next*, the choice was clear. Of all the remaining patrons, Benny had committed the most forgivable sin. When Saila had suggested that Colin was cheating on Gala, Benny had been the only one of the group to protest. One brief kick to the shin and the bird had clammed up, and let the terrible feast unfold. He had even sampled some of Colin's big, beautiful cock. Gala circled around the table, fingers tracing along Max's shoulders, Priam's ears, and Jason's lower back. He could smell the *fear* permeating out from the rooster's feathers like a fine spice. All those prey instincts were kicking in, but Benny couldn't *fight*, and he couldn't *flight*. All he could do was *wait*. Gala rested his hands on the rooster's shoulders, gently kneading into the relaxed muscles, pulling the rooster's head back until it flopped backwards, staring up at him soundlessly.

"Poor sweet Benny, so worried about my intentions. If only you'd spoken up a little bit more tonight, maybe someone would believe you. Alas, you're so easy to ignore, and you didn't mind being ignored a couple weeks ago, when you were eating my boyfriend's dick, right?"

Was that a tremble of the rooster's beak? Some urge to cry out, to protest, to explain what happened?

"What is it, Benny? Do you want to *warn* me about something? Want to tell me that this is all just some mistake? Or are you just as spineless now, when it's your own cock on the line, as you were back then? That's what I thought."

Gala pulled Benny's chair away from the table with a slow, grinding scraping sound of metal on tile. He circled around, kneeling down in front of the bird, and pushing his thighs apart.

"Maybe you're not protesting because there's just not really all that much to protest *for*, hmm? Such a cute, *little* pecker you have." Gala gripped the rooster's cock, flopping it lazily back and forth.

"I mean, it's bigger than Rabid's, but it's in that really awkward, cringey zone where you might try to advertise it as a normal sized cock, when it clearly isn't. At least Rabid had *no chance* of impressing someone, other than with how small their cock is. A dick like this, would leave me *desperately* hoping *someone* might think it was big enough to be proud of."

Gala flopped that pink, tapering length up over Benny's naked belly. He peeked up over the table, and reached over for the rooster's steak knife, taking it between his hands. He was sure that he heard a soft keen of anxiety from the rooster, as he held the knife in his hand.

"Oh yes, Benny. This knife is going into your cock. Don't worry, I don't need *all* of it. I bet you've never heard this before, but I will be quite happy with taking only about a third of your cock. Won't that be nice? To be able to satisfy your lover, and with cock to spare at that!"

Gala stroked his other hand along the bird's cock, pleased to feel it stiffening, quickly and excitedly, right into the paws of the predator who sought to claim it. The fox's thumb stroked slowly along the underside, teasing down to the cloacal vent, before gripping firmly and stroking upwards again.

"Something tells me you like not having any control of this situation. I wonder if you're going to *cum* while I'm mutilating your dick, Benny. I bet you will." He stroked up to the tip of the rooster's cock, and then shifted his hand to pinch the very, very tip of it between his fingers, and pulled it up and towards Benny's stomach. The knife was brought to bear, the serrated tip of it touching gently against the oozing slit at the end of the bird's cock.

"You do have a beautiful cock, for what it's worth, Benny," gala said, as he slowly sawed the blade upwards. The knife's small little teeth tickled against the penile flesh, each one scraping slightly against the bird's tip, just to the side of the urethral opening. "I especially love how flexible it is. There aren't many critters with prehensibility."

He pushed down, slightly more, and as he dragged the knife back, the teeth dug into the flesh, not scraping but carving. He was slow, careful, meticulous as he held the twitching shaft taut and dragged the blade of the knife slowly down an invisible line of the bird's cock. Slightly off center, he seemed to intuit some central core, and the crude eating utensil sank gently into the flesh, separating that inner section away from the outer vascular sponge.

"Oh, feel that throbbing," Gala tsk'd, his eyes fixated on the bird's length as he began to angle the bottom of the blade away from the rooster's groin. The tip he allowed to remain embedded, pulling it down and unzipping the length of the rooster's cock until the gleaming teeth met the edge of the bird's vent.

"Let's see, did we do it?" Gala asked, as he put the knife to the side. He gripped the penis, pinching it now with both hands, gripping either side of the small incision he made. Then, he began to pull his fingers, slowly and carefully, away from each other.

The tender pink flesh of the outside of the bird's dick began to separate from the inner core. There was a silvery gray membrane underneath, with blue muscle clenching and unclenching just inside.

"I had to take an Udemy course on bird anatomy to figure out how to do this," Gala confessed, as he gently peeled the firm pink outer wrapper away from the bird's muscular urethral core. He ran his thumb tip down the inside of the split seam, and he winced at the soft crackling noise that the flesh made as it was separated from the tissue it had been wrapped around for the last twenty-some years. "Best ten dollar investment I made, I think."

With about an inch of flesh peeled away from one side, Gala began to tug and strip away the other side. "I could have just sawed the outer dick away from the inner dick, Benny. I mean, I said I only wanted part of your cock, right? So it would be in bad faith to just ruin the rest of it. I mean, I am a man of my word. When I say something, I mean it."

The tip of the bird's cock had been completely peeled off, inverted like a dog's ear, and now Gala was carefully shucking the rest free. Benny couldn't see anything, of course, with his head hanging over the back of his chair, he was left to stare up at the ceiling, only able to feel each unbearable detail. His inner dick squirmed, twisting innately as muscles that were used to flexing around a thick buffer of sensitive, tender dick flesh was now bared to the air.

Precum still oozed from the tip, as Gala gripped it softly in his fist and pulled it down, and pulled the rest of the dick back and to the left. It sounded like rubber, the still-sensitive flesh crumpled in the fox's fist as it was wrenched back and left to flop, limp and hollow, on the rooster's stomach. The fox pinned it there with the side of his palm, nestling in to examine the 'inner core' of the bird's cock.

The fascia that protected the muscle of Benny's cock gleamed, smooth and unmarred. The muscular fibers of the muscle itself could be seen, hidden underneath the transparent sheath, supple and tender. Gala fought the urge to nip, to bite and twist and devour, sudden predatory cravings that rose up in his fiendish heart. No, he would not do that, and deprive his love of such a unique and interesting... component. He leaned in, to lick slowly up along the hot flesh, feeling it quiver and twitch, soft and vulnerable against his tongue. He licked up to the tip, tasting the bird's precum, and even nestled the very tip of his cock between his soft, furry lips.

Then, he caught the tip of Benny's inner cocktip between his teeth. Just a soft nip, but it was as ruthless as if he had caught the chicken by the throat. He bit down just enough to keep the rooster's dick stretched taut, the faint wiggles useless.

Then, he took the steak knife back in his hand.

The bird's thighs tensed, as he dragged the tip of it through the feathers, teasing its way back to Benny's groin. He ducked the tip gently down into Benny's vent, and softly pressed the smooth saw teeth against that delicate crease, just holding it there, smelling that wave of terror baking off the bound rooster.

"Gala," he heard Lazarus gently reminding him from the table. "The paralysis is only gonna last so long... stop tormenting the fool bird."

Gala huffed. The angel was right... as always... but there was something about Benny that just made it so easy to torment him. Reluctantly, he pulled the tip of the knife back out of the bird's vent, and firmly slid it against the very root of the bird's cock, flush against his groin. The cock vibrated in his mouth, as he sawed through the bird's shaft with smooth, even strokes.

It came off, so much easier, and smoother, than he expected. He had thought it would take five, maybe even ten saw strokes to carve through the resilient muscle and urethra, but it only took three. Gala was disappointed; as disappointed as Benny's lovers must have been, when he stripped down for them the first time. Well, he wouldn't have to worry about *that* anymore.

The severed cock curled up in his hand, hugging around his palm, and Gala carefully laid it on the plate on the table. He looked down at the remainder of the bird's cock, a soft flap of pink skin, still quite sensitive, still quite capable of bringing the bird great pleasure, if it was properly taken care of. Really more like a long, loose foreskin than anything else. The fox took it in his fingers, stretching it up and away from his groin, and then letting it snap back to flap against his belly. Grip, stretch, release. It was satisfying, in a fidget-spinner kind of way. Shrugging, he pressed the knife against the base of Benny's dick flap, and sliced it off, the same as he would have cut off a piece of skin from a rotisserie chicken.

Plap.

The cast off skin was discarded into the center of the table, onto an empty plate that had been left there for just this reason; castoffs.

"Oh, sorry, Benny. I know I said I would be satisfied with SOME of your cock - and I am! But I can't very well deny these famished guests the chance to sample it themselves, can I?"