

Getting Sacked

By Angelus

It was break time for Cyril. The red panda had spent the entire morning pouring over lines of code for review, and he needed a break to rest his eyes and grab some more coffee. He grabbed a purple mug from his desk and lifted his huge tail off the floor before he pushed his wheeled office chair back. As he stood, he revealed that he was pantsless at work today, though with good reason. His dark-furred balls were hanging down to his knees, audibly churning as he reached his arms up and stretched his back. Odd bulges shaped like hands and paws pushed out from within his churning sack. Cyril's coworkers were too polite- or too scared- to say anything.

Cyril sloshed his way into the breakroom, which was empty aside from one familiar face. Holo was seated on the counter near the water cooler, as the red dragon was too tall for normal-sized chairs to be comfortable. Holo saw Cyril enter and raised his own coffee mug to the panda in greeting before taking a drink. Cyril looked Holo over from top to bottom, and a grin came to his face when he noticed Holo was also pantsless, and his scale-banded yellow balls were bulged and overfilled, like his own.

"Yo Holo! How's work going?" Cyril asked as he poured coffee into his mug.

"Pretty good!" Holo said, spreading his legs a little as leaned back on the counter. "Actually, my boss just got *sacked* and I'm feeling pretty good about it," he said with a chuckling snort as his balls gurgled.

Cyril grinned wide and approached Holo now that he'd gotten his coffee refilled. "Haha! Same here actually!" He rested his free hand on his sack, gently pressing the vague bulge of a face back down.

The bulges in their balls both squirmed in protest, stretching out as though trying to escape. Cyril rolled his eyes as Holo snorted in irritation. All at once, the two of them strained, clenching their balls, squeezing their captives tight. Crushingly tight. Their prey whined as they were crushed. The outlines of their bodies stood out as their prisons tightened around them, squeezing the life out of them.

Holo grit his teeth and gripped the edge of the counter, gouging into it with his metal claws. His eyes were squeezed shut, and he was trying not to crush his coffee mug in his robotic hand. "It's been pretty... hnnnff... rough for him, but I'm sure he'll turn out fine," he gasped as his talons raked the tile floor. There was a cracking of breaking bone, followed by more desperate whines and cries from his sack.

Cyril gripped the head of his prey through the fur of his sack as he clenched his teeth. "The transition period takes... Nnngh... A bit of effort, yeah." Effort was right. Cyril's whole body felt tight as he squeezed the contents of his balls hard enough to break their bones. He could feel their skull crack under his hand before the shape was lost, melted into slosh.

They both relaxed as they exhausted themselves, and their balls sagged to the floor with a chorus of heavy sloshes and glorps. Their once bulgy balls were heavy and smooth, leaving no traces of their former occupants aside from the mass they had added to Cyril and Holo's tanks.

Holo's black, forked tongue lolled out of his mouth and his eyes rolled back. His arms both went slack, and he spilled some coffee from his mug as his grip on his cup went loose. "Geeze," he moaned. "I sure have been putting on a lot of weight recently though," he said, as he nudged his balls with one foot.

Cyril let out a hot, panting breath and glanced down at his and Holo's junk, admiring the work they had both done. He took a moment to catch his breath before responding. "Must be all that *junk* food you're having!" he said, emphasizing the pun.

Holo groaned at that pun and nudged Cyril's balls with the end of his heavy tail. "Hey, you're one to talk," he pointed out, teasing. Cyril just grinned up at the dragon, looking pleased with himself. Holo finally seemed to collect himself, and he righted his coffee mug and glanced at the clock on the wall. "Ah damn, I should get back to my desk. See you for lunch?"

Cyril nodded. "You know it!" Holo left, walking carefully so as not to jostle his own balls too much, leaving Cyril to enjoy the rest of his coffee in peace.