

## ABCs: Caught in the Crossfire

Story #3 in the Alphabet of Ballbusting and Cockteasing

*When a pair of would-be dragon-slayers show up at the cave, Lia defends herself and her mate with low blow after low blow. But there are more forces at play than just blunt-force trauma, and P'oiu finds himself on the wrong end of a magic spell.*

It had been a pretty relaxing Sunday so far. After a late night out, Lia and I had taken the morning to sleep in – or at least, we'd tried to. I'd woken up shortly after dawn to find myself wrapped around my mate, spooning with her backside, my cock already like a bar of iron against the smooth scales of her ass. When she wriggled closer to me for warmth, it was all I could do not to cream my scales. Luckily, Lia was a light sleeper as well, and before long we rang in the new day with some blissfully lazy sex. Hard to beat that.

After we'd both recovered (and after some more half-asleep grinding), it was time to face the day. Opal was supposed to stop by later that afternoon – strictly for a casual visit, not for “business” – so after breakfast, we spent some time cleaning the cave. After an hour or two of sweeping floors and doing dishes I found myself yawning again, so I slipped back to the bedroom for a nap. There was still work to be done, but Lia let me go – after a quick backhand to the groin, at least.

I was curled up under the covers, dreaming something about birds, when I heard the scream.

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*A few minutes earlier...*

To be honest, there was still a lot of cleaning left to do – we hadn't even gotten to the cave entrance yet – but P'oiu looked like he could use the rest. He's cute when he's tired. Plus it was an excuse for a free nutshot, and who am I to pass that up?

Besides, sometimes it's nice for a girl to have a little alone time. Us dragons can be pretty solitary creatures – we need space to think. I was still getting used to sharing a home with my new mate. After all, I had been living by myself for years before P'oiu came stumbling into my cave...or rather, before I dragged him here, unconscious, after fucking him and squeezing his balls so hard he passed out. Our first “date”. Ah, memories.

It had been six months or so now since we'd tied the knot, and a hell of a six months it had been. It's kinda crazy moving in with a new person! We had a lot of mutual attraction, obviously, and I definitely liked him, but we'd only known each other for a few weeks, and it was hard to know in advance how well we'd get along long-term. It had taken a bit of time to really get used to being around each other, especially after such an unusual start. (“Hi there, the name's Lia, nice to

meet you, mind if I pop your gonad?”)

Honestly, the whole “indestructible testicles” thing had taken some effort to get used to. There was a time right after we’d met when it had been a *huge* negative. I’m sure that comes as a surprise, given how much I love flattening a nice pair of plums, but it’s true! I was raised very traditionally, and for us northern dragons that means the male is expected to give up one of his balls when he gets mated. I mean, my dad’s only got one, and I was there for the popping ceremony when my brother got mated a few years back. It was really touching! I mean, a guy has to be *really* devoted to his mate to let her crush one of his spuds, right?

So when P’oiu showed up, with his magic balls of steel, I was a bit...well...disappointed. He seemed cute and sexy and I liked him, but I just couldn’t pop that damn nut of his! Which was sort of a dealbreaker. Of course, I realize now that I was being kinda difficult, and kinda selfish, and kinda sorta a huge bitch. (I’ve been working on improving my attitude.) I shouldn’t have pushed him so hard so fast. Apparently ballbusting isn’t a thing in southern dragon culture – like, at *all*, which blows my mind – and at the time, I don’t think I grasped how new it was for him. Especially the actual popping. We’ve talked about it since, and he says he’s glad he went through with it, but I still know I could have handled it better.

Anyway – cultural differences, yada yada. Lucky for us, we found a nice solution, and I got to pop ol’ righty anyway! It grew back pretty much right away, of course, which was rather unexpected, but I can’t say I minded. Hell, that just means I might get to pop it again someday! (Which reminds me: I should start dropping hints for our anniversary. I feel like once a year might not be too much to ask...)

It would have been nice for P’oiu if the testicular ordeal had ended there, but there was still one big wrinkle to iron out: meeting my family. Like I said, I’m from a traditional background, so once P’oiu had healed up, I dragged him up north to get an official blessing from my parents and my town’s elders. The initial introductions went okay, but once they realized he had a full sac, well...things got messy.

I tried to explain that I actually *had* popped his nut, and that it had taken a damn month for the thing to rebuild itself, but my family was pretty skeptical. (Rightfully so...I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t actually felt the thing burst between my claws.) My mom wanted proof, and so did the town elders, and – well, anyway, that’s a story for another time. Suffice it to say that it took a lot of convincing, and that we had to extend our visit an extra week before P’oiu could make the journey home. My mom actually likes him a lot now, but I think he’s still a bit scared of her after the thing with her teeth.

So yes, those indestructible nuts of his caused a few problems at first. But now? HUGE plus. I mean, you know me – I *love* pounding the spunk out of some guy’s stones, and with P’oiu, I never have to worry about breaking anything. Plus he bounces back from it quicker than any male I’ve ever seen. He’s the only dragon I know who can have his balls stomped into pancakes

and *still* have a hard-on like a bar of iron. (As a teenager, I was repeatedly disappointed by the stamina of my partners – there were more than a few boys who wanted to get handsy with me, but very few who could even stay conscious through the foreplay.)

I realize that all this is not P'oiu's favorite thing in the world – heck, even when I dated other red dragons, who expected a punch to the groin as a standard part of making out, I tended to push guys a little too hard. But we've found a way to make it work. I like to *threaten* him with lots of low blows, and I'm constantly giving him little slaps and squeezes, but I save the really heavy ballbusting for special occasions. Most days our sex life is actually pretty vanilla, besides a bit of teasing. (Or sometimes a *lot* of teasing, when we're expecting a business trip from Opal. I do enjoy making that boy squirm...) We make sure to keep each other very happy, as far as orgasms go. It's not the only important thing in a relationship, but it's certainly a nice perk.

(Also, P'oiu would never admit it, but I think ballbusting may be growing on him. Sure, he's not always in the mood – but on the right day, if I clamp down on his nuts at the end of a blowjob, I swear he comes *twice* as hard. Believe me, I'm the one who has to swallow it all.)

Anyway – that's probably enough chat about my favorite pair of balls for now. Where was I? ...Ah, right, cleaning the cave.

So there I was, minding my own business and tidying up the entryway to get ready for Opal's visit. (It's important to keep the house clean when you never wear clothes – otherwise personal hygiene can get pretty nasty pretty fast.) It was simple work, so I let my mind wander: sex, food, the weather, Opal, sex again. At some point I started humming to myself, and soon enough that progressed to singing, and soon that progressed to dancing along as well. Before long I was in my own little world, shaking my hips and doing my best rock star impression. I had just reached the real funky part of the chorus (and bent over to pick some random trash off the floor) when suddenly:

"Have at thee, foul beast! We are here to slay the...uh...the dragon?"

My mouth snapped shut immediately, embarrassed to be caught mid-song – but then, this was my own home, and that voice definitely wasn't P'oiu or Opal. The words weren't so comforting, either. Quickly I peered back between my legs, curious to see who had just walked through the front door.

Luckily, the visitors seemed just as offguard as I was. Two beastkin stood at the cave entrance, both gawping in surprise.

The one on the left was some kind of rodent – a rat, I think, though I'd never actually met one before. He wore a long brown robe that pooled at his feet, with the hood thrown back to show his face. A simple white belt was knotted around his waist, and an ornate emerald amulet glittered on his chest, hanging on a chain of gold. He looked like someone I'd seen in one of Opal's

books...a sorceror, probably? Certainly not a warrior. There might have been some lean muscle hiding beneath those robes, but he was too fragile-looking to constitute much of a threat.

The guy on the right, on the other hand – talk about beefcake. He was covered in a full coat of armor, but if he'd flexed his pecs I bet he could have cracked his chestplate. He was a full head-and-a-half taller than his companion, probably around 7 feet...which still only brought him to about the height of my chest. (Remember, we dragons are *big*.) A monstrous sword hung at his hip, long and thick and dangerous. Every inch of his body was wrapped in steel, except for the long gray trunk that stuck out from the bottom of his helm. An elephant. Interesting. My eyes flitted down to his groin. I'd heard that elephants were mightily hung – now I wondered if I'd have a chance to find out.

Carefully I straightened, watching to see if either of the two would move. They had clearly come with the intent to do harm...though for the moment, they both seemed distracted by the sight of my ass. Ah, the good ol' male libido. Maybe I could use that to my advantage.

"Hello, boys," I crooned, turning my head to face them directly. "You could have knocked."

"Uhh..." The elephant was gaping – or at least, I'm pretty sure he was. It was a bit hard to tell with his trunk obscuring his mouth. "Nobody mentioned it was a she..."

Next to him, the rat finally seemed to snap out of his stupor. "Yeah," he grumbled, shaking his head. "You'd think someone might'a mentioned that."

"...Are we still supposed to kill it?" asked the knight uncertainly.

Okay. Shit. I could feel my adrenaline spike as the reality of the situation fully settled in.

P'oiu had told me stories about people storming into his old cave – misguided adventurers intent on battling him to the death – but those stories had always ended on a funny note, either with him chasing off the attacker or with him getting repeatedly kicked in the balls. (Kayla once told me the full story of her first visit to P'oiu's cave, and I mayyyy or may not have jilled off to it a few times.) Still, that kind of activity was mostly restricted to the southern territories and the kingdoms in the west, where the beastkin were more populous. This was the first time I'd ever had an attacker show up at MY cave.

For a moment, I debated calling out to P'oiu for help, or yelling out to warn him...but then I took another look at my attackers, and my panic subsided a bit. The rat guy really didn't look very threatening, and the elephant was still staring dumbly at my tits. Hardly an elite pair of dragonslayers. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

"Aww, that doesn't sound fun." I stuck out my lower lip in an exaggerated pout. "I'm sure I could think of something a little more...*exciting* for all of us?"

“Let’s just do the job.” The rat fiddled with his amulet, rubbing a finger against the green gemstone mounted in its center. “We’ll slay the dragon and collect our reward.”

I bit my lip and put on my best bedroom eyes. “Oh, but wouldn’t you rather *lay* the dragon?”

The knight scratched his head. “She *is* pretty hot, dude...”

“She’s trying to seduce you, you idiot,” said the rat, narrowing his eyes. “Pull out your sword.”

“Mmm, yeah,” I purred, eyes dipping to the elephant’s crotch once more. “Pull out your sword for me, stud.”

Even from across the room, I could hear the quiet metallic *ding*.

The rat groaned. “Stop thinking with your cock, you stupid—”

*Thump*. The knight raised a fist and brought it down on top of his partner’s head, hard enough to send the smaller male sprawling. The rodent let out a yelp of surprise and crumpled to the ground, his robes spread around him like a puddle of brown fabric.

“Shut *up*, dude.” The elephant pulled off his helm, grinning from ear to ear as he stepped forward. “She *clearly* wants the D.”

I bit back a laugh. What a charmer. “Oh yeah. You have no idea how *lonely* it gets out here, without a big strong man to please me...”

“Oh, don’t worry baby, I’ll fill you up *real* good.” He was right in front of me now, his eyes level with my chest. He didn’t bother to look any higher. “Nobody does it better than me. I bet I can make you squeal.”

*Likewise*, I thought to myself. “What about your friend?” I asked innocently, glancing over at his fallen companion. It was hard to tell, but the rodent looked like he might be out cold.

“Him?” The elephant snorted, sliding a hand around my hip to grope my ass. “He’s just a cockblock. Not even a good sorcerer – he can hardly do anything without that dumb necklace of his. Total beta male.”

I eeped in surprise as the knight’s metal gauntlets made contact with my skin, the cold steel sending a chill up my spine. “Mmm...well forget him, then,” I panted. “Show me that nice, thick cock of yours.” (Not that I intended to do all that much with it, but honestly, I was curious for a look.)

The knight's hand left my waist, and he fumbled with his buckles for a moment. The pachyderm let out a groan of relief as his codpiece finally fell to the ground, a solid ten inches of elephant meat springing out into the open air.

Immediately I slipped a hand between his legs, wrapping my fingers around the stiff length. I gave it a quick squeeze and felt it throb warmly in response, growing even harder now that it had room to breathe. The rumors were apparently true – he was pretty impressive, even with the size difference. Not quite as lengthy as P'oiu, but just about as thick. Unfortunate that such a nice cock was attached to such a dim knight.

The male groaned in satisfaction as I played with his manhood for a few moments, exploring the rod from base to tip. "Mmm, that's right. You like that big cock, don't you, slut? Why don't you get down on your knees and start suckimmmphg–"

"Uh-huh." With a roll of my eyes I pulled the elephant into my chest, smothering him between my breasts. I fished for a moment between his legs, giving his shaft a few more long strokes before letting my claws drift further south. I grinned as I found his calfmakers, wrapping my hand around the healthy pair. They weren't quite as impressive as his penis – but then, I'd been spoiled by the big beautiful pair of gems that P'oiu always toted around. These orbs were more oranges than canteloupes.

The knight still seemed to be enjoying himself, judging from his muffled groans...but that wasn't going to last much longer. With practiced ease I isolated his left marble, trapping it against the palm of my hand. I gave the orb an experimental squeeze, feeling the spunkmaker deform a bit between my fingers and feeling the elephant stiffen in alarm.

He wrenched his head from my breasts, gasping for air. "Hey! Be careful with thommgh–"

I pulled him close once more, one hand pushing his head into my tits, the other starting to bear down on his doomed gonad. "Hush, dear, just enjoy the ride."

"Ugggh."

I looked up with a start. Across the room, the rat was stirring.

"Fucking...*damn* it, my fucking *skull*." The rat worked his way to a sitting position, holding his head in his hands. "You're a real asshole, Ed, you know that?"

I'd been hoping to enjoy myself and take my time teaching the knight a lesson, but clearly my plan would need to be accelerated. Unceremoniously I tightened my claws, flattening his left plum to a fraction of its usual plumpness.

Immediately the pachyderm's voice jumped an octave, and he began squealing into my chest.

(Which kind of tickled.) Frantically he flailed at my arm, trying to break free of my grip, but I've had more than a little practice with flailing men, and I held him steady. I watched carefully for a moment to see if he'd make a move for the sword at his hip, but like most males, he seemed to forget all logic and strategy once I had started turning his testicle into a pancake.

Across the room, the rat was slowly regaining his senses. "Blech." He looked up at me, squinting. "What...what the hell are you two even doing?"

"Oh, nothing. Just...nnrgh...showing your friend here a good time."

The rat peered back at me suspiciously. "Is that so."

I grinned nervously, fighting to restrain the squirming elephant. I had hoped I could make the knight pass out without doing any permanent damage, but unfortunately time was short. With a silent apology I repositioned my claws, then clamped down with my full strength.

The knight's doomed spud trembled for a moment as it fought to keep its shape, then disintegrated with a quiet *squick*. The muscular male bucked violently as half his genetic material was turned into jello, and it was all I could do to keep him from toppling to the floor in a writhing heap. As it was, he still managed to wrench his head free from my tits, gasping for air and shrieking in pain.

"*My nut!*" he cried. The elephant was pale as a ghost. "Raj, she—...oh god, my *nut!*"

Concussed as he was, it took the rat a moment to put it all together. "Wait...again?! Oh, for—!" The rat gave a long exhale of frustration. "For fuck's sake, Ed, I don't know why I even bother."

"My *nut*, Raj—"

"No, seriously! First it was the pangolins, and then it was that raccoon chick, and then—...wait, is this the third time or the fourth?" The rodent scratched his head. "I can't remember if that dolphin babe actually popped one or—"

"*Please—!*" he gasped raggedly. "Do the—...the..."

"Ugh, fine." The rat jabbed a hand towards me, his voice rising. "*Testiculus reconstructum!*"

I looked at the rat in alarm, expecting something to spring to life between his fingers – but much to my surprise, I felt something spring to life between mine instead. A strange force began to force my claws apart...the same claws that had just turned the elephant's left jewel into jello. I could feel something squirming into existence, fighting for space to establish itself and slowly prying my fingers open. I might have tried to resist, if not for the sudden, violent twitch that seized the elephant knight, his whole body jerking in my grip as he let out a trumpeting bellow of agony.

Surprised, I let go of his sac and clutched at the weakened male, fighting to keep him restrained. Quickly I reestablished my hold on his package, one hand wrapped around his back to keep him upright, the other slipping back down to grasp his scrotum and his last remaining testicle...s.

Testicles. Plural. There were two of them.

Incredulously I hefted his sac in my claws again, re-counting, and sure enough – one, *two*. His burst ball had...rebuilt itself, I guess? I mean, I'd seen P'oiu's nut do it after our mating ceremony, so it was definitely possible, but that had taken weeks. This time I'd literally felt it turn from an orb into jelly and back again, in the space of about fifteen seconds. Heck, I hadn't even finished fully grinding his ex-testicle into paste.

I was suddenly aware of a growing warmth between my thighs. I bit my lip, mind abuzz with possibilities. Was this a recent development with magic? If so, I needed to start taking lessons *now*.

Not that the elephant seemed to appreciate his good fortune. The male was still shaking in agony, whimpering voicelessly into my cleavage. Apparently repairing a ruptured nut didn't do anything to cancel out the pain. Curious, I wrapped my claws around the same nut once more, probing it with a clawtip – and earning a sick mewl in response.

Repaired but not protected, apparently. Smirking, I pulled him into my chest again. "Hmm. Interesting. Well, second time's the charm."

A flick of my wrist, and the brand new spunkmaker splurted between my fingers, the orb quivering on the edge for a moment before disintegrating in my fist. The elephant let out a second squeal, even more effeminate than the first. I felt the heat between my legs grow stronger.

Across the room rat groaned, rolling his eyes. "Okay, maybe I should have seen that coming. Seriously, though, I don't know why I even bother."

"*My ball--!*" moaned the elephant.

"Oh shut *up*," complained his companion. "*Silencium aliorum!*"

With those two words, the pachyderm's plaintive cries were suddenly cut off. I looked down at the stricken male, his mouth still moving silently even though no sound came out. "Huh. Well that's a neat trick."

"It's a spell to silence any other males in the area," replied the rat curtly. "He whines a lot when he loses a nut."

I watched the elephant mewl wordlessly for another moment before his eyes finally rolled back into his head. “Well, I’m not sure the magic was necessary. Looks like he was about to pass out anyw–”

“*Petrificus!*”

A bright light raced towards me. Only my reflexes saved me as a shock of blue flashed past my face, close enough that I could feel the heat on my cheek. My brain scrambled for an explanation. A spell? Was he attacking–

“*Scorchio!*”

A tight ball of flame shot across the room, splattering across the stone floor at my feet like lava. Most of it struck the elephant’s armor, but a few bits landed on my left foot, and I hissed in pain and surprise. Quickly I pulled my leg back, shaking off the burning substance. Fire-resistant scales or not, that still *stung*.

Anger flared to life in my chest. What the actual fuck?!

The sorceror’s amulet glowed like torch. “*Petrificus!*” he repeated, snapping his arm like a whip.

Another flash of light. Instinctively, I defended myself with what I had at hand...which happened to be a fully-armored elephant. Roughly I yanked the male upwards by his remaining gonad, using his body to shield myself from the spell. And good thing, too. This time the bolt slammed home, striking the elephant with enough force to set me back on my heels. It ricocheted off the male’s armor, bouncing back towards its origin–

–and striking the sorceror himself. The rat’s eyes widened as he toppled backwards to the ground, his body as stiff as a board.

“Fuck,” he muttered.

For a long second I stood there, processing what had just happened. Carefully I lowered my elephant shield to the ground. Suddenly I was aware of just how tightly I was gripping the male’s only remaining testicle – the surge of adrenaline had me on the edge of popping it. Guiltily I let the rubbery nugget slip from my fingers, the unconscious knight flopping onto the floor with an inelegant *clang*.

“Well that didn’t go as planned,” the rat deadpanned, still flat on his back.

I tensed for a moment, concerned that he might attack again...but he remained motionless on the other side of the room. Cautiously I drew closer, looking down at the rat. He seemed frozen.

Paralyzed, maybe? Didn't seem to affect his face, though. He watched me as I approached, his whiskers twitching in agitation.

"I don't suppose we could pretend this whole incident never happened?" he asked.

"Ohhhh no," I replied, gritting my teeth. As I got closer, and grew more certain that the rat was no longer a threat, I could feel rage rising to replace my fear. This asshole had barged into my home, threatened me, attacked me – he needed to be *destroyed*. "No...no, I'm gonna teach you a lesson. A very *painful* lesson. One ruptured nut at a time."

The rat looked a bit panicked at that (or at least, as panicked as someone can look with limited motor functions). For a moment he searched for words. "T...testi..." He cleared his throat, his voice growing more confident. "*Testiculi steelum. Agonia deflectum.*" His amulet shone once more.

I had closed the distance now. Roughly I grabbed him by the arm, hauling him to his feet. "Yeah yeah, keep speaking gibberish." I hooked a claw just above his collarbone, tearing off his amulet in one quick motion and tossing it aside. "No more magic, bucko. Just your balls versus my knee."

The rat narrowed his eyes, seemingly unafraid even as I lifted him into the air. "You can't hurt me."

I raised an eyebrow. "You sure?" Nonchalantly I sliced through the male's robes, tearing the brown fabric into strips with the points of my claws. I took a second to examine the suddenly-nude rodent, my eyes dropping to his well-stuffed scrotum. "'Cuz I'm pretty sure I'm about to pound your jewels into a fine powder."

"Good luck with that." His eyes darted downwards as I lifted my knee, nudging it against his heavy sac to line up my target. His plump orbs rolled loosely against my kneecap, unaware of their imminent fate. "You won't make me squeal."

I grinned, flashing my teeth at the smaller rodent. "Oh," I purred, "we'll see about that," and brought him down onto my knee with every ounce of force I could deliver.

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*P'oiu:*

At first, I thought the scream had just been my imagination. I sat up groggily, blinking the sleep out of my eyes. A bad dream, maybe?

But as soon as I lay back down, the sound came again – more of a girlish squeal, this time. Curiously I listened, waiting for more noises, but I couldn't hear anything in particular. For a few long moments I lingered, debating whether or not to get up, but finally I shook my head, grit my teeth, and swung my legs out of bed.

Even then, it took a few seconds more to muster the will to actually stand up. I stretched for a moment, working the tired out of my muscles and fighting the urge to yawn. How long had I been asleep? I could have sworn I heard voices in the other room – more than one voice, in fact. Maybe Opal had arrived already? I took a few steps towards the door–

–and immediately toppled to the floor as a burst of agony exploded in my groin. Oh *fuck!* My testicles squealed in protest at the sudden, violent impact, as something crashed into my crotch with enough force to make my eyes water. Wordlessly I flailed, legs turning to jelly as I crumpled to my knees. A deep ache, familiar and terrible, bloomed in my gut like ink dropped in water.

If I hadn't been awake before, I certainly was now.

But not awake enough, apparently. Before I'd even finished sinking to the floor, another blow came slamming home at near-neutering velocity. A spasm ran through my whole body, from my pelvis outwards, a violent shiver passing through me as the flood of pain signals raced up my spine. My claws twitched – once, twice – before I finally managed to wrap them around my battered orbs, trying to protect my eggs before they could be scrambled any further. I bent forward until my head touched the ground, my body forming an awkward tripod, both hands clasped tightly between my legs.

My *nuts*. Oh holy *fuck*. What the hell had just happened? Weakly I peered back between my legs, expecting to find Lia – it wouldn't have been the first time she had snuck up on me and completely wrecked my gonads – but there was no one there. She could have been hiding, I suppose, but that wasn't really her style...she was more likely to shove her tits in my face, give my cock a few strokes, and then blast me in the balls again. So where was she?

It was then that a second odd thing struck me...I wasn't making any noise. Sure, sometimes it took me a moment to find my voice after my dragonmakers had been launched into my lungs, but this was different. I could feel my mouth moving, and as I knew all too well from experience, usually I'd be mewling like a hatchling after a blow like that. And yet, the only noise that greeted me was the sound of my toeclaws, scraping against the stone floor as I squirmed in place.

This was odd. Very odd.

A spent a few more long seconds on the floor, resisting the urge to vomit and trying to gather my wits. When I had first met Lia, a pair of hits like that would have kept me in the fetal position for a solid ten minutes...but by now, I'd been hit in the balls a thousand times. It never *hurt* any less, mind you, but you did start learning how to work through the pain.

Reluctantly I took one hand away from my groin, and then the other, allowing my heavy sac to dangle between my legs once more. As I raised myself onto my hands and knees, I glanced back at my package for a moment. Everything looked alright.

And that's when my world exploded again.

My mouth opened in a silent howl as *something* pounded my plums flat, crushing the spunk-filled spheres to the very edge of rupture. Or at least, that's what it felt like. I didn't see Lia's foot come smashing up into my stones...or anyone else's foot, for that matter.

99% of my mind was wrapped up in impossible, soul-crushing nutpain. And the last 1%, the part that clung to rational thought, was utterly confused. What the hell was happening? Was there some goddamn ghost in our cave who wanted to turn my berries into paste? Maybe one of Lia's ancestors? *How could a ghost possibly kick me in the balls?!*

It didn't add up. I hadn't seen a foot come swinging into my groin, or heard the *thwack* of something striking my sac, or seen my stones go flying with the impact. In fact, I'd been looking *right at* my dragonmakers, and I was pretty sure they had just...hung there. Which made no sense. It felt like Lia had just tried to kick a field goal with my scrotum, and completely crushed my gonads in the process. I swear I could feel my left nut, trying to reinflate itself after being flattened to a fraction of its normal size...but as soon as I got my claws around the poor orb, I knew it was fine. As plump and healthy as ever. It hadn't been touched.

Not that that was a whole lot of consolation. I was still in a heap on the floor, feeling like I'd just taken a cannonball to the cajones. My entire body writhed, seeking an escape from the apocalyptic ache in my groin and finding none. If I was capable of making any noise, I'm sure I would have been moaning in an embarrassingly high octave. And despite extensive evidence that my testicles were virtually indestructible, I couldn't help but wonder how many of my unborn children had just been ballbusted out of existence.

Worst. Wake-up. EVER.

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*Lia:*

Now, I've kneed a whole lot of guys in the balls over the years, with a whole lot of different reactions. Some guys moan, some guys squeal, some guys gasp for breath. P'oiu tends to mewl, in a way that's very cute and also pretty hot. But this was the first time I had ever heard anyone *chuckle*.

For a moment I was at a loss. Had I imagined it? But no – the little asshole was grinning up at me like he'd just found a wheel of cheese. (Is that racist? Sorry, I say things when I'm upset.) Anyway, the look on his face just made me that much angrier, so I hoisted him up and slammed him back down on my knee again.

It wasn't my very best work – I was used to a larger target, after all, and I don't aim as well when I'm pissed off – but it should have been more than enough to make a male sing soprano. I could feel the rodent's fat plums spread out across the top of my knee, crushed flat against the poor guy's pelvis. The orbs squirmed against my skin like a pair of water balloons. The blow wasn't hard enough to pop anything – like I said, I wasn't really aiming – but it should have made the little guy's eyes roll back into his head, no problem.

Instead he just kept looking at me, and grinning that STUPID GRIN. "Used to more of a reaction?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

I growled and lowered my knee, still holding the rat aloft by his shoulders. Curiously I lifted him up to eye level once more, peering between his frozen legs. Sure enough, there they were: two heavy spunkmakers, hanging like a lopsided pendulum between the male's legs. So why the lack of reaction?

"...Yes," I admitted, finally. "So what, are your nuts fake or something? Some other girl already beat me to the pop?"

I pounded my knee up into his crotch yet again, a sharp *slap* echoing through the room as my bare thigh connected with his bare sac. His body shook with the impact, but the male just kept grinning. "Ha! Cute guess, but no, they're the real deal. Functional and everything."

*Thump, thump.* I drove my kneecap up into his gonads twice more, flattening the pair into his pelvis. I could feel his left nut get caught lengthwise, the oblong orb compressed down into a sphere, then into a pancake, before it finally squirted aside to safety.

The rat just smirked. "I'm afraid that's not going to do much good, love."

I was starting to see red. I grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, hoisting him back up to eye level. "Okay, fine. You're using a spell to block out pain or something."

He sniffed. "To deflect pain, yes. *Agonia deflectum*."

"Yeah yeah, you're very fancy, good for you." With my other hand I reached between his legs, closing my fingers around the neck of his scrotum. "Doesn't mean I can't castrate you."

"Uh, did you not hear my other spell? *Testiculi steelum*. 'Balls of--'"

“WHATEVER SHUT UP I’M GOING TO CASTRATE YOU NOW.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Oh? Go ahead then, give it a try.”

My eyes narrowed, and my grip tightened. Casually I isolated one of his balls, rolling the rubbery lump in my fingers, digging the clawtip of my thumb into the side of the sphere to test its strength. I’d done this before – in fact, P’oiu’s nut was a hell of a lot sturdier than the marble I held now, and I could still remember the feel of it rupturing in my claws. A flick of my wrist, and I could turn a testicle into paste.

I smiled, with teeth. “You asked for it.”

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*P’oiu:*

When you’ve been with someone for a while, you get very familiar with certain details of their behavior. You start to recognize the way they bite their lip when they’re frustrated, or squint their eyes when they’re getting a headache, or sit a little closer to you when they’re about to fall asleep.

Or, in my case, you recognize the way a certain dragoness stabs her clawtip into the side of your ball when she’s getting ready to scramble its contents.

So far, I had managed to crawl a few steps into the hallway – though not without crumpling to the ground once more, when two more inexplicable blows had crashed into my groin in quick succession. I had just managed to force myself back to my hands and knees when I felt an all-too-familiar tingle between my legs: Lia hefting my balls in her claws, weighing the orbs for a brief moment before deciding which one she wanted to crush.

Panicked, I glanced back between my legs again. There was still no one there, but I knew in my gut that it had to be my mate. Who else would want to mangle my gonads so badly? Well...a lot of people, actually, if history was any indication. But I knew Lia, and I would have bet my left nut that she was somehow behind this. Hell, I would have bet my left nut even *without* magical regeneration powers.

As if to confirm my suspicions, I felt her grip shift again, claws encircling my right nut as they had a hundred times before. My eyes watered as she tapped the back of my testicle, seeking the most sensitive spot to dig in. I had a sudden vivid memory: Lia riding cowgirl, squeezing my sac, growling something about turning my nuts into shish-kebabs, my cock and balls both about to burst–

And then the phantom claws bore down, and I was down like a bag of bricks.

Reader, I don't know if you've ever been speared through the testicle before. I'm guessing you probably haven't, either because (a) you're female, or (b) you're not mated to a ballbusting fanatic with claws, but let me tell you: it's not super fun. Especially when your nuts are indestructible.

"Wait," you might say, "*isn't it good to have unbreakable stones?*" Well yeah, of course it is, but it's got some ugly downsides, too. For most other males, if some chick shoved a claw through their nut, the poor thing would just pop. Losing a nut is agonizing (trust me, I know), but it's also pretty instant, and you'd probably pass out after a few seconds. Me, though? My ball isn't going anywhere, so Lia can just dig around and scramble my egg as much as she wants. She can't actually puncture the thing, but she can squeeze it into a donut 'til her claws touch in the middle, or scrape around with a clawtip until the insides are basically jelly. It'd almost be better if my gonad just burst right away – but then, the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. (And when both sides of the fence involve getting your plums crushed, I guess it's a bit of a loss either way.)

Anywho – Lia, nut-skewering, etc. I spent a long minute or so flopping around on the floor while some invisible force mixed up the inside of my right nut like a blender. I was clutching my sac the whole time, of course, and in reality both my spuds seemed perfectly fine, but it certainly *felt* like there was a drill being rammed into my testicle.

Finally the torture subsided, and I let out a (silent) sob of relief. I still didn't know what the hell was going on, but now I could *definitely* hear Lia down the hall. She sounded angry...though I could have told you that already, given the state of my groin. With a desperate determination, I pulled myself up onto my elbows and continued dragging myself towards the cave entrance.

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*Lia:*

You know, I get a lot of enjoyment out of the physical act of ballbusting: the slap of skin on skin, the feeling of those round lumps flattening against my thigh, the way a guy's sac starts to tighten up after a solid kick or three. It's a pretty good workout, too, depending on your method of choice. (Tail-busting is *great* for your ass.) I used to joke to P'oiu that if he got me an exercise dummy with a realistic package, I'd spend an hour on it every day, and be ripped by the end of the month.

Well, it turns out that crushing nuts is a lot less fun when the guy they're attached to doesn't react, like, at all. It's kind of demoralizing, actually. I pride myself on knowing exactly how to handle a male – how to tease, how to punish, how to push a pair of balls to their limit without going too far. I spent my teenage years getting intimately familiar with handling dragon testicles: pinching, prodding, fondling, stomping, juicing. And granted, this rat guy was a different species,

but it's not like I was trying to do anything nuanced to him. All I wanted to do was turn his spunkmakers into pulp. Given my difference in size and strength, it should have been trivial.

Over the past ten minutes I'd tried kneeing, squeezing, some uppercuts, more squeezing, and a couple frustrated slaps...with no success. Not that that was about to stop me. As P'oiu may have told you a few times, I'm incredibly stubborn – and I've never tried to pop a testicle and failed. In fact, the one time I did struggle to burst a ball, I ended up continuing to try for weeks until the damn thing finally gave way. And that's how P'oiu and I became mates.

So I wasn't about to give up just because Mr. Asshole Sorcerer was being all stoic and snarky. No, that just meant I needed to turn it up a notch.

The rat looked at me smugly as I pounded my fist up into the crux of his legs for the fourteenth time...or was it the fifteenth? "Getting tired?" he asked.

I shook out my hand. My knuckles *were* starting to get sore, to be honest. "You know," I grunted back, "that cockiness is gonna bite you in the ass eventually." My gaze flicked downwards. "Or elsewhere."

Mr. Asshole followed my gaze, and for a split second I could see his eyes go wide with fear. Aha! Victory! Maybe his spell's secret weakness was dragon teeth! Confidently I lifted him up until his groin was level with my face.

"Normally I only do this for people I really like," I teased, tracing my tongue across my teeth. Sensually I leaned forward and closed my lips around his sac, tugging down on the twin orbs until they popped from my mouth with a wet *smack*. "But for you, I'll make an exception."

The rat was trying to play it cool, but he was visibly uneasy. With relish I popped his left gonad into my mouth, rolling it around on my tongue for a moment...and then I chomped down like a hungry hippo.

A thrill ran through me as the male flinched – yes! Finally! But after a few seconds passed without any squealing or moaning or begging for mercy, it became clear that his nervous reaction had been instinct and nothing more. I sighed internally. I suppose it *would* be intimidating to watch your sac get lowered into a dragoness's mouth, even if you knew logically that nothing was going to happen.

The joy I had felt a few moments ago was gone. Now I felt more like a hatchling being forced to eat her vegetables.

Still, it couldn't hurt to be thorough. I sucked the rest of the rat's sac into my mouth, moving its contents around until I had one ball in each cheek. Carefully I positioned the orbs between my

molars and canines, preparing to crack each nut for the creamy center inside. I closed my jaw just a bit, testing their firmness, then braced myself and fully bit down—

—and then I bit down even harder in surprise, as something grabbed hold of my leg. Hastily I spat out my mouthful, whipping my head downwards to see...

“P’oiu?”

My mate gazed up at me weakly, one clawed hand wrapped around my ankle. The dragon was shaking, flat on his stomach, his muscles taut with agony. His tail twitched like a schizophrenic snake.

Immediately I dropped to one knee, setting the still-paralyzed rat back on the ground (where he promptly toppled onto his back). I placed a hand on P’oiu’s shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze, trying to soothe his obvious distress. “What happened? What’s wrong?”

Slowly he opened his mouth, but try as he might, he couldn’t get any words out. Still, I knew the textbook signs of a ballbust when I saw one – and sure enough, P’oiu’s free hand was buried between his legs.

Dread shot through me. Was there someone else here? Someone who had snuck past me and attacked P’oiu in his sleep? And if so, how on earth had they managed to hurt him so badly? I’d busted my mate’s balls dozens of times, and the only time I’d seen him look this shaken up was the time that I popped his...

...oh shit.

“Honey?” I tried to hide the panic in my voice, gently turning him onto his back. “Hon, I’m gonna take a look at your nuts, alright? Can you move your hand away?”

It was hard to tell if the male could even hear me, given the glazed, unfocused look in his eyes, but he did seem to get the message. Weakly he pulled his claws away, revealing—

“Oh thank *god*,” I exhaled, flooded with relief. His sac looked completely fine. His scaly twins were just as round and plump and healthy-looking as the day I’d first met him. Just to be sure, I reached out and slipped my claws under his scrotum, hefting his spunkmakers and counting them – one, two. P’oiu tensed for a moment, but seemed to relax as I gently cradled the heavy orbs in my fingers, rubbing them gently.

Well, I knew he was intact at least – but he was also still very much in pain. I turned my attention back to the rat, now sprawled out on the ground right next to me. “You,” I growled, climbing back to my feet. I narrowed my eyes, kicking his legs apart so that his balls lay exposed between his thighs. “Is there someone else here? Another friend of yours who’s attacking my mate?”

Honestly, the rodent seemed just as surprised as I was. He searched for words for a moment. “I don’t, uh...huh.”

Anger flared in my chest again. “I want answers, damnit!” I spat, raising my foot high before slamming it down onto his defenseless balls.

I nearly lost my balance as P’oiu suddenly clutched at my ankle anew, almost pulling my leg out from under me. The sorcerer’s stones squirted out from beneath my foot as I stumbled sideways, barely managing to stay upright.

Confused, I looked down. The dragon had rolled onto his side, his free hand back between his legs, claws wrapped around his gonads as though someone had just tried to punt them into his throat. His whole body writhed in agony, eyes squinted shut, his mouth open in a silent moan.

Understanding dawned in the sorcerer’s eyes. “Ohhhhhh,” he said softly. A grin cracked his features. “Oh, that’s wicked.”

I looked back and forth between P’oiu and the rat, confused and concerned and *very* pissed. “Tell me what you’re doing to him!” I demanded, raising my foot once again and bringing it down with enough force to crack stone.

P’oiu jackknifed at the waist, claws scrabbling at my calf so hard I thought he might break the skin. This time I *did* fall over, landing hard on my hip as I crashed to the ground. I yelped at the unexpected impact, groaning as pain blossomed through my side. Curves or no, that was gonna leave a bruise. Ugh.

I had bigger problems to solve, though. P’oiu was now doubled over completely, clutching himself like he’d just lost a nut. That was twice now that he had yanked my leg out from under me mid-stomp – and I’d yet to nail a solid blow on the rat. Sure, I’d still crushed his ‘nads into the dirt for a split-second, but the real joy of a good nut-stomp is in the second or two afterwards, when the guy’s testicles are squishing between your toeclaws. Unfortunately, every time I brought my foot down, P’oiu was acting like he’d just been on the receiving end of a stomp himself.

...In fact, now that I thought about it, that was pretty much *exactly* how he was acting. The only times I’d seen P’oiu double over so hard were when his spuds were properly flattened – not just kicked or squeezed, but really crushed paper-thin. One time I had slammed my heel down on his right nut, and he’d curled up so fast that he pulled a muscle in his back. His reaction a few seconds ago had been almost identical.

Curiously I looked over at the rat, pushing myself back up to my feet. Gently I extracted my ankle from P’oiu’s grip – I’d learned my lesson at this point – and then I stepped up between the

sorcerer's legs, looking down at his pink sac. Deliberately I set my foot atop his twin orbs, rolling them around against the floor for a moment.

A few feet away, P'oiu tensed, his hands dipping low to guard his groin.

I watched my mate closely as I isolated the rodent's right testicle, positioning it under my heel. Slowly I began to lean forward, transferring my weight from one foot to the other, feeling the plump egg start to flatten...

...and right on schedule, P'oiu began twitching: weakly at first, but with increasing agitation as I added more pressure. Just to make sure, I transferred my full weight onto the rubbery plum, the poor orb immediately losing its round shape – and sure enough, P'oiu thrashed in place, claws latched around his dragonmakers in a vain attempt to protect them from harm.

Eureka! I'd solved the mystery! I basked in the glow of discovery for a moment, before realizing that I was still standing rather nonchalantly on the rat's right nut. Guiltily I stepped away, letting the rodent's spud reinflate to its usual shape and granting P'oiu some relief. I watched the dragon for a moment, biting my lip as he continued to quiver on the ground. I felt all kinds of terrible...and just a little bit aroused, I'm ashamed to admit.

I tore my gaze away from my mate, looking back down at the sorcerer. "So...when I bust *your* balls, *he's* the one who feels it?" I asked, still confirming my hypothesis.

The rat grinned. "*Agonia deflectum*," he repeated, smugly. "It redirects pain to other people in the area. Stomp on my goolies, and it'll find some other poor schmuck to deal with the pain instead of me."

"Clever." I narrowed my eyes, glancing over at my mate again. "But I'm sure there's a catch, right?"

The sorcerer looked up at me warily. "Maybe."

"I thought so. There's always a catch. So..." Gears were turning rapidly in my head. I took a step towards P'oiu. "So maybe there's a way to reverse it."

P'oiu was quite out of it at this point. The male had elected to roll onto his back, and while most of his body was limp with exhaustion, his hands were still locked tightly around his testicles. Gently I knelt down to tug his hands away, but he fought back, trying to shield himself from any further harm.

"P'oiu?" I placed a hand on his chest reassuringly. "C'mon, hon, let me see."

His eyes pleaded with me.

“Hey.” My hand drifted lower, curling around his limp dragonhood. I gave the length a slow stroke or two, delighted to feel it twitch lightly in response. His libido was still in working order, apparently. “I’ll make it up to you. Now c’mon, trust me.”

I could practically see the argument going on in his head. He glanced back and forth between my face, my hand, and my tits...then resignedly closed his eyes, letting his hands drop to the floor.

“Thank you.” I planted a quick kiss on the underside of his cock, the length already halfway hard.

“Now, as I was saying...” I drew back up to my full height, planting a hand on my hip and turning to face the rat once more. “When I crush *your* nuts, it hurts P’oiu, yes?”

The rat blinked. “I think you’ve established that fact, yes.”

“Right. Well then, logically...” I looked down at P’oiu, nudging his legs apart with my foot. His testicles sat invitingly between his thighs, two cushy green targets. “If I start crushing *P’oiu’s* nuts, then obviously it’ll hurt *you!*”

Satisfied with my ingenuity, I lifted my right foot high, then slammed it down with near-neutering force, squashing my mate’s gonads to a fraction of their normal plumpness.

Immediately P’oiu sat bolt upright, his arms wrapping around my leg with a strength born of desperation. His snout pressed up against my bare thigh, his mouth opening in a howl of agony – though still, no sound came out. His tail thrashed behind him. His eyes were wide open this time, wild with pain, staring straight up at me and begging me wordlessly to stop.

Shocked, I took a step back, almost slipping again as his massive stones squirted out from underfoot. P’oiu immediately rolled over onto his side, curling into a ball and clutching his freshly-flattened spunkmakers.

Behind me, the rat burst out laughing. “Ha! I didn’t think you were dumb enough to actually do that! Gods, are you a thick one.”

Inside me, something snapped. “Oh that is the *last* fucking straw!” I shouted, whirling to face my antagonist. Roughly I grabbed him by the neck, hauling him up into the air. “What the *fuck* have you done to my mate? And why can’t he talk?”

He coughed, struggling for breath, and I loosened my claws just enough to let him speak. “Uh, *silencium aliorum*? Were you not paying attention at *all* when you popped my partner’s nut?”

I snarled. “*Fuck* you and your magic. I am gonna figure this out and I’m gonna fix it. And then I’m going to castrate you. Slowly and painfully.”

He chuckled. "Not as long as I've got that amulet, you're not."

*The amulet.* My eyes widened, my rage forgotten. I turned to look around me, scanning the room for – there! The emerald gem was off in the corner, still gleaming with a strange inner light. Come to think of it, I was pretty sure the gem had only started glowing once the rat began casting spells...

Once again, the gears began turning in my head.

"So." I lowered the rodent back to the floor, dropping him none too gently onto his back. "This amulet of yours...it seems pretty powerful."

"Very," he replied confidently.

"Mmm." Casually I sauntered towards the discarded necklace, a new plan beginning to form in my mind. "And it's the source of all your magic."

The rat seemed a bit put off at that. "Well....I mean, not *all* of it–"

"But most of it," I countered, cutting him off. The amulet was at my feet now. I took my time to retrieve it, slowwwwly bending over to grasp it in my claws. (If P'oiu had recovered enough to open his eyes again, then he deserved a nice long look at my ass, the poor guy.)

"...What are you getting at?" asked the sorcerer. It might have been my imagination, but I thought I heard an edge of concern creeping into his voice.

"Well, I'm just thinking out loud." I turned to start walking back – and was satisfied to note that P'oiu had his gaze trained firmly on my body. I gave him a wink, reaching up to squeeze one of my breasts. "But if I were to say...break your amulet. That would go ahead and cancel out all those pesky spells of yours, now wouldn't it?"

The rat furrowed his eyebrows. "That's...not possible. You couldn't possibly break that gemstone."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Believe me, it wouldn't be the *first* jewel I've crushed in these claws." I smiled down at P'oiu. "Isn't that right, sweetie?"

The poor dragon went pale. I'm embarrassed to say that I felt a little thrill at the sight.

"Hmmp...good luck." The rodent sounded dismissive, but his eyes were locked on the amulet as I sat down beside him. "That gem is protected by a powerful magical energy–"

“And so was P’oiu’s right nut,” I interjected testily, “but I still ground it into paste and made him my mate. Don’t tell me what I can’t do, asshole.”

His eyes grew wide as I positioned the gem between my claws. “I-I really wouldn’t do that!” he warned.

I glared daggers at him. “What did I literally just say? Now if you’ll excuse me...”

Carefully I turned the amulet in my fingers, tracing the edges of the jewel with my claws. It was a gorgeous shade of green: a glimmering pentagon inset in a disc of burnished gold. I’m not really a jewelry kind of girl – I prefer to be fully nude, thank you very much – but if I was, I would have killed for a rock like this. Shit looked *expensive*.

Some sort of writing was inscribed along the edges of the disk, but it was too small for me to make out. Magical runes, probably? Maybe Opal would have had a better idea of what the symbols meant, but she was still hours away from arriving. Not that I really cared that much – like I had said, destroying this thing couldn’t be that different than cracking any other jewel. I just had to feel out the weak points and squeeEEEEeze.

I gripped the amulet in both hands, positioning my thumbclaws at the smooth center of the gemstone. Curious, I applied just a bit of pressure. The jewel felt pretty sturdy – though interestingly, it began to glow a bit brighter as I bore down. I relaxed my grip, and the glow faded to its previous level.

“Huh. Funky.” I shook my head. “Well, here goes nothing.”

And with that, I clamped down – hard, and harder with each passing second. I grit my teeth and clenched my fingers tight, focusing all my strength on the very heart of the stone. The gem shone brilliantly in response, like a fire in my hands, casting sharp silhouettes on the cave walls.

The rodent watched transfixed, a mix of awe and fear in his eyes. “What—...how are you—...?”

I grunted and adjusted my grip, glaring down at the amulet, visualizing the gem shattering into a thousand pieces. My arms bulged with effort, and the light grew brighter still. I couldn’t see any change yet – everything was still in one piece – but the amulet was warm now, and growing hotter. That had to mean I was making progress, right?

“*Break*, you fucker,” I growled. The rage I had been feeling was morphing into a cold, focused fury. I stared down at the dazzling gemstone, my eyes narrowing in determination. Crushing jewels was basically my job, and I was *damn* good at it. I thought back to my mating ceremony with P’oiu, and the supernatural effort it had taken to burst his ball. This wasn’t so different. I tried to channel some of the energy from that day. I could still remember the feel of him beneath me,

his thick dragonhood buried in me to the hilt, both our bodies arching in orgasm as his testicle split in two—

Suddenly a crack blazed across the surface of the emerald, releasing a jagged line of light so bright it was almost blinding. I shut my eyes in pain, but kept squeezing, the muscles in my forearms screaming with exertion. For a moment I was nothing but claws and anger and willpower. My mate was in trouble, and I *would* defend him.

“Stop it!” exclaimed the sorceror, agitated. “You—...you don’t know what you’re doing!”

The gem flared like a tiny sun, scorching hot in my fingers – and then it splintered, with a *crunch* so loud it made my ears ring. Fragments of green shot outwards, disintegrating into a cloud of sparkling dust around me. The blinding light immediately disappeared, and the empty gold pendant that remained in my hands was suddenly cool again.

Goosebumps rose on the back of my neck, and my snout twitched. “Ah...ah—...*achoo!*” I exclaimed, sending a plume of emerald powder swirling in the air.

“Awwwww, come on,” the rat whimpered.

I blinked and snorted, trying to clear the dust from my nose...but still, the goosebumps persisted. I felt chilly, suddenly. If I had hair, I’m sure it would have been standing on end.

“So...” I glanced over at the rodent on my left, still apparently petrified, and my mate on the right, still curled up and clutching himself. I frowned. “Does the magic just reverse itself now, or—?”

*Thrummmm.*

I dropped the empty pendant, startled. That noise had come from...well, from all around me, it seemed like. It was a loud, low bass note – like someone plucking a massive guitar string. The air itself seemed to vibrate with energy.

*Thrummmm.* Again! A shiver passed through me. This was weird. Why—

*Thrummmm. Thrummmm, thrummmm. Thrummmm, thrummmm, thrummmm.* The note kept repeating, picking up speed with each repetition, until the cave was filled with the sound, low and ominous. The rock itself was almost vibrating now. *Thrum-thrum-thrum-thrum-thrum—*

*“Nnnrghaaaa!”* A tortured cry rang out to my left. “Oh, holy—...oh *fuck*, my *balls!*”

My face lit up with delight, and I spun to face the rat. “Aha! I knew it! I knew you weren’t invincible—!”

He stared straight back at me, his eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “Actually, uh...that wasn’t me.”

“Um.” I tilted my head. “What? Then who...?”

“Oh god, my *nuts*—!”

I whirled my head around, searching for the source of the voice. It had come from behind me this time – and it didn’t sound anything like P’oiu or the sorceror. Had the elephant come to? No, he was still a crumpled heap in the corner. So where were these voices coming from?

As if on cue, a warbling moan came from nearby. I turned to face the sound, climbing to my feet. Curiously I crept forward, until the voice was right in my ear. I still couldn’t see anything, but if my eyes were closed I would have sworn there was a male right in front of me, doubled over in agony.

“My *stones*,” gasped the empty space.

I swiped my claws through the air, thoroughly confused. Invisible beastkin? Ghosts? But there was nothing. Nothing but the voices.

“Please,” groaned a gravelly voice to my right, “have mercy, they’re my *nuts*!”

A squeal burst forth from across the room. “My bawwwwwlls!”

“Not again, not – *guh*!”

“Oh god, at least let me *cum* first—”

“You’re going to pop them! *You’re going to pop them!*”

“I’m begging you, I have a girlfriend—”

“*Fuck* you, you crazy bitchhhaaaAANHGGH OH GOD, OH *FUCK*—”

*Thrum-thrum-thrum-thrum-thrum*. It was cacophony – a dozen voices, then a hundred, cries of testicular agony echoing from every corner of the cave. I felt overwhelmed, and in more ways than one. First of all, this was pretty damn creepy...but secondly, it was also kind of disturbingly hot. All those men, all those balls...I clenched my thighs together, resisting the urge to reach southwards. This could go in the spank bank for later, but right now, I needed to figure out what was going on.

Suddenly, one voice in particular cut through the din – a voice I recognized well.

*“Unnngh! Oh fuck, Lia, my balls!”*

I spun to face P’oiu, heart leaping. Had he gotten his voice back? But no, his mouth was shut, and he looked just as confused as I was.

He looked up at me as the voice broke off into a high-pitched mewl. Protectively he cupped his nuts. *Do I really sound like that?* he mouthed.

I nodded. P’oiu winced.

Beside him, the rat was looking more than a little queasy – understandable, given the chorus of castrations around him. “Good god,” he muttered, “I’m feeling sympathy pains just listening to all this.” He reached down with a paw to rub at his pink balls...

...and then paused, surprised. He lifted his other hand in front of his face, flexing his fingers. “Wait. I can move again. I can move again! I’m free! Haha!” He rolled over and scampered to his feet, gazing warily at me from across the room. “You stupid cunt, breaking that amulet hardly did anything – all it did was set me free! And now I...uh...I...”

I watched the rat’s face fall, his joy replaced with dismay. “And?” I asked, peering at him curiously.

“Oh no,” he breathed. “No, that’s not *fair—I!*”

And then his whole body contorted, his hands flying to his crotch. The rodent let out a wail of agony as he collapsed to his knees, clutching his eggs like they’d been freshly scrambled. His fingers scrabbled uselessly at his sac, trying to shield his ratmakers from some unknown torment, but it didn’t appear to be doing much good. As I watched, the rat’s head rolled back, his muzzle pointed to the heavens as he let out an ungodly screech.

*“My baaaaaaaalllllsssssss!”* he howled.

Now *this* I could get used to. I watched the sorcerer writhe for a moment, his hips jerking every few seconds as if I were still pounding my knee up into his pouch. “I’m guessing that pain deflection spell of yours just caught up with you?” I asked smugly.

The male was way too far gone to hear me – but there was more to come, apparently. His shriek rose another few pitches as he was suddenly yanked downwards by the balls, his legs spreading wide as his body was forced into a split. His testicles struck the ground with a heavy, metal *clang*.

I blinked a few times in confusion...and then two and two came together in my head. "Wait...wait, is that the 'balls of steel' spell? No way, are they really...?"

I trotted over to the shaking male, sinking down to my knees. Casually I knocked his hands away from his groin, taking his nutsac in my claws – and sure enough, the twin orbs weighed a ton. Experimentally, I gave one a hard squeeze. The solid sphere didn't give at all, but still the rodent's pitch wavered, an extra note of hysteria inserted into his long, drawn-out cry.

"Ha! *Awesome.*" I wrapped my fingers around the neck of his scrotum, continuing to apply some 'friendly' pressure to his metal nuts. "Then all that's left to undo is that silencing spell! Feeling chatty at all, stud?" I turned to look at P'oiu...

...who looked absolutely panicked. His muscles were tense, his eyes frantic, his hands latched tightly around his dragonmakers. His head snapped up to look at me, his mouth opening wide–

–and this time, out came a *roar* of pain. The male bucked violently in place, his tail lashing out behind him as he curled into a fetal ball. "*My nuts!*" he bellowed, his face a mask of agony. "*Holy shit, my nuts!*"

In other (consensual) circumstances, this could have been incredibly sexy – but with the eerie *thrum-thrum-thrum* still beating away in the background, it was quite alarming. "P'oiu!" Hurriedly I crawled to his side, dragging the drooling sorcerer behind me. "Hang...hang in there, love, it's gonna be okay."

"Oh fuck, oh *fuck!*" His teeth were bared, his eyes clenched shut. His abdomen heaved with nausea. "You're *crushing* them," he squawked, "*you're crushing them!*"

"I'm not...it's not me!" I explained futilely. I wrapped an arm around him, trying to soothe him and hold him still. Quickly I planted my ear to his chest – his heart was beating a mile a minute.

"*Liaaaaaaa,*" he mewled, legs twitching. His cry morphed into a guttural moan, thick with anguish. He buried his head against my shoulder, seeking any kind of relief from his suffering.

"You're okay, you're gonna be okay." Worriedly I worked my way down his body, prying his legs apart so I could inspect the situation myself. With a grunt of effort I forced his claws away from his crotch – and sure enough, his balls looked completely fine. I would have given him a quick fondle to double-check that everything was in order, but my hands were already occupied holding back his arms, so instead I just leaned in and planted my snout in his scrotum. I nudged his scaly orbs around with my nose for a moment, giving them a lick or two as well, looking for anything out of the ordinary.

"Everything looks fine!" I shouted. I gave his limp shaft a quick nuzzle as well, hoping it would provide some measure of comfort. "Your nuts look great, hon. They're both–"

*Bang!*

I blinked at the sudden odd sensation against my chin. Suddenly P'oiu's sac felt a lot less scaly and a lot more...leathery. I drew back for a better look...

...and gawped at what I saw. There between P'oiu's legs lay one lonely, lopsided nut in a wrinkled gray sack of skin.

My mind went blank. "What."

*Bang!* Another blast rang out across the room, where the elephant knight lay nearly forgotten. Still in shock, I craned my head to look – and just about fainted at the sight. The front of his armor had been blown wide open, his iron pants crumpling to make way for the massive pair of plums that had suddenly sprouted from his groin. The two scaly orbs lay in his lap like a pair of oblong bowling balls, several sizes too large for the already-large elephant.

"Did you just..." I swallowed dryly. "Did you just...swap...?"

*Bang-bang!* Suddenly the elephant's sac was smaller, and pink – and next to me, the rat spasmed, letting out another choked groan of torment. I scrambled up to my hands and knees, already knowing what I would see. Sure enough, there was P'oiu's sac, comically large between the rodent's spread thighs. They barely fit at all – I'm pretty sure the rodent couldn't have crossed his legs without popping a nut.

*Bang!* Again, a burst of sound from the elephant's corner. Instinctually I lunged forward, wrapping my claws around P'oiu's scaly pair – the pair currently attached to the sorceror's body. I was *not* letting my mate's testicles get away from me.

*Bang!* Another noise from P'oiu's groin. I shoved my hand between his legs, checking if...yep, now he had the rat's metal stones. My mate gasped as I roughly seized his new spuds, locking my claws around the heavy spheres. If I could just get things under *control*, then maybe I could reverse all this craziness.

*Thrum-thrum-thrum...thrum.....thrum.* I had almost tuned out the eerie bass notes in the background, but now the rhythm began to slow down. I could feel the charged energy draining from the room. The last of the amulet's power, maybe? A few more *bangs* came in rapid succession, a few more disembodied voices crying out in testicular torment. I held my breath and closed my eyes as the air shuddered once more, one final tone ringing through the cave...

...and then, finally, the room was quiet. (Er...quiet except for the occasional groans of a rat and a dragon.)

I let out a long, slow exhale. Okay. Okay. I could feel P'oiu's plump dragonmakers snug in one hand, and the sorceror's spuds (still made of metal) in the other. Everything felt intact, which was a relief. There was just one problem – one major problem.

I cracked open an eye, confirming my suspicions. “Oh no. No no no no noooo—”

Their sacs were still swapped.

The sorceror groaned, lying on his back and twitching feebly. “Oh dear god,” he coughed, paws threading between my claws to clutch at his oversized plums. “What the fuck did you *do*? Are these...do I have *scales*?”

P'oiu was curled up on his side, his hands wrapped around mine. “Oh *fuck*, Lia, did you—...did you crush them? They feel so *small*—”

My mouth was dry, and my mind was blank...but anger quickly stepped in to fill the void. I leaned over the rat menacingly, until my face was directly above his.

“Reverse this,” I demanded, glaring straight into his eyes. “Reverse this, and maybe I won't castrate you before I kick you out.”

“Reverse what?” he replied dazedly. He cracked an eye open, looking hesitantly down at his own crotch. “I—...uh...”

“You and my mate switched ballsacs.” I grit my teeth. “Switch them back. Now.”

P'oiu groaned. “W-*what*?”

The sorceror's eyes were wide. “I—...I dunno how to do that! I'd need the amulet. You broke the amulet. I can't do it on my own.”

“Then *figure it out*,” I growled, clenching my fist. The rodent squealed anew as nutflesh squished out from between my fingers, his scaly pair deforming in my grip.

Unfortunately, he wasn't the only one affected. “*Lia!*” gasped P'oiu, his claws scrabbling at my wrist. “Oh fuck, *stop!*”

I relented for a moment, confusion and anger and worry all mixing in my chest. “But—...but I'm not squeezing *your* balls at all,” I said. “Well...I mean, technically I am, but—”

He moaned, tail twitching in agitation. “It sure as fuck *felt* like you were,” he replied, eyes squinted halfway shut. His fingers encircled my wrist weakly. “Oh *god*, babe, my '*nads*—”

“Huh. Then does that mean...?” I glanced back over between P’oiu’s legs, at the smaller balls of steel currently attached to his pelvis. Gently I flexed my claws, exerting a bit of pressure on the orbs – and both males groaned in concert, each trying to bat my claws away.

“*Fuck*,” wheezed the rat, trembling. “Enough with the claws!”

P’oiu groaned his agreement.

I looked down at the two men, trying to stay calm and figure out my options. Squeezing *either* pair of balls hurt *both* of them, apparently, so ballbusting the rat to make him more cooperative seemed like a bad idea. And even if I could hurt him, I couldn’t exactly threaten him with castration – which pair was I supposed to pop? What if I got it wrong and neutered P’oiu by mistake? What if he was telling the truth, and really couldn’t reverse the spell?

I bit my lip anxiously, fighting the urge to clamp down on both pairs of gonads like a set of stress balls. My mind raced. How the hell had I gotten into this mess? And just what the hell was I supposed to do now?

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*Several hours later:*

“So they *literally* swapped sacs?” Opal’s eyes were wide. “I assumed you were just exaggerating.”

“No, I meant what I said.” The two of us were seated at the entrance of the cave, cross-legged on the floor. Opal had arrived just before sunset, and now the last rays of daylight painted the hillside a dull orange. “Like...scales and everything. P’oiu’s balls didn’t even fit between this rat guy’s thighs. And poor P’oiu – he looked like he had a plucked chicken hanging from his crotch.”

“Oh god.” The frog suppressed a laugh. She wrapped her sari tighter around her shoulders, bracing herself against the evening chill. “So what did you do?”

“Well...that’s when I decided to wait for you.” I scratched my neck sheepishly, looking out at the forest. “I mean – the weird voices had stopped, and most of the other crazy magical stuff had sort of fixed itself, but their balls still weren’t going back to normal. I was worried it might be permanent or something. And you’re the only person I know with any magical experience, so I figured I’d just...wait for you to arrive and let you take a look.”

“Aww, you poor thing!” Opal looked up at me, her eyes filled with concern. “You must have been freaking out.”

“Yeah,” I admitted, looking down at my lap. “I mean, I had ‘em both by the balls still, so I had at

least some control of the situation, but...nnrgh. I was really worried. And mad – like, *really* mad. I would have pulped that damn rat's balls on the spot, if I knew which pair to crush, but I didn't want to accidentally neuter P'oiu or anything."

Opal half-laughed, half-wincing. "Well, I'm sure he appreciates that."

I sighed. "Yeah, he—...ugh, I feel so bad for him. Even when he got his voice back, all he could do was moan for the next hour."

The frog placed a hand on my thigh sympathetically. "I'm sure he'll be alright. He's tough, right? He's been through worse."

I closed my eyes. "True. And he's got his normal sac back now, thank god."

"I was about to ask – so they swapped back eventually? When?"

"Oh, it didn't take that long. Fifteen minutes, maybe? I guess the last of the magic just took a little longer to wear off." I shrugged. "The whole 'balls-of-steel' thing eventually went away, too."

Opal nodded. "Sounds about right. That's usually how it works when magic goes wrong – you've just gotta keep things under control until the magical energy wears out."

"Cool. And yeah, that was a huuuuuuge relief." I let out a long breath. "I mean, I'd love P'oiu no matter what, but...ick. I prefer the stones he's already got, thank you very much."

She chuckled. "Fair enough. And what did you end up doing with the rat?"

"Oh, I dragged him and his buddy out to the woods and left them there. They were both pretty out of it." I grinned. "Especially after Mr. Asshole Sorcerer got his grapes stomped flat."

Opal rolled her eyes. "Of course."

"What? He deserved what he got. Besides," I grumbled, "he knew I was gonna neuter him from the start – he was probably happy to be ballbusted if it let him keep his gonads intact for a little longer."

"Yes, I'm sure he was *very* grateful to get his nuts kicked into his throat for half an hour."

"Eh...more like ten minutes." I blushed. "I was having so much fun beating on those balls of steel that I didn't notice when they switched back to normal. I popped the left one by accident, and then, I mean...it was hard to stop myself after that. At least I left the elephant guy with one."

Opal did her best to look stern, but she couldn't help but giggle. "Ouch. Well, it's probably for the

best that the rat won't be having kids."

"Yep – not unless he grows another pair. Speaking of which..." I lowered my voice conspiratorially. "Do you know anything about that testicle-repairing spell? Because if so, I'd love to find a tutor who—"

Opal shook her head. "No, no, I've never heard of anything like that. All those voices are bizarre, too. From your description, I'd guess he was using some kind of rare healing crystal."

"Ah." I frowned. "You mean the crystal that I ground into powder."

"That'd be the one." Opal saw the look on my face and gave a sympathetic smile. "Aww, don't be sad. If you still have the chain I can do some research, maybe figure out where it came from."

I perked up. "Ooh! Yeah, that'd be wonderful." I planted a hand on the floor and climbed to my feet. "Here, I'll fetch it for you before I forget..."

I scampered down the hall and tiptoed my way into our bedroom, taking care not to disturb P'oiu. The poor guy had been curled up in bed for the past few hours, sleeping off his wounds after the afternoon's ordeal. He seemed to be recovering quickly, though – very quickly, judging from the tent in the bedsheets. I paused for a moment, my eyes tracing the outline of his shaft. I definitely intended to show him some TLC later, and I was seriously tempted to just slip into bed with him now...

That could wait a moment, though. Quietly I retrieved the sorcerer's amulet from where I had placed it on our bedside table. Casually I hooked the chain on one claw, letting it dangle as I ambled back to the living room.

"Here we go." I dropped down to the floor, re-taking my seat beside the smaller frog. "One magical amulet, for your inspection."

"Great. I'll bring this back to the city with me and..." Opal reached out to take the heavy golden chain...and stopped a few inches short, as though someone had seized her by the wrist. She hesitated, narrowing her eyes. "Hmmm."

I tilted my head. "Something wrong?"

The frog furrowed her brow and paused to grab the drape of her sari, wrapping the extra fabric around her hand. Carefully she lifted the item from my fingers, squinting at the inscription around its edge and silently mouthing a few words.

Suddenly her eyes widened. "Oh geez."

“What?” I asked.

“Uh.” The frog bit her lip. “You haven’t worn this at all, have you?”

I shook my head. “Nope – just dropped it on our nightstand. Seemed pretty useless without the gemstone.”

“Good – that’s good. Because this is...not good.” Opal turned the pendant in her fingers, examining the underside, her brow knit into a frown. “I’d assumed from your description that this was a cleric’s talisman or something, but this...this is almost definitely dark magic. Old, too. I think it might be necromantic.”

I snickered. “Well, it did bring that guy’s nut back from the dead.”

Opal was less than amused. “I’m serious, Lia. I’m not even trained in magical detection, and I can *feel* the cold coming off this thing.”

I shrunk back. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to make light, I just—...it’s been a long day.”

“I know. Sorry, that came off meaner than I meant it to.” She sighed. “It’s just...this is dangerous. You don’t see magical items like this very often – they’re not playthings.”

“Should I be worried?” I asked, suddenly anxious. “I mean, I left these guys stranded in the middle of the woods – I assumed they wouldn’t want to come back after I neutered ‘em and all, but maybe I’m wrong.”

Opal shook her head. “No, no, I think you’ll be okay. From the sound of it, this guy wasn’t much of a wizard. If he actually had serious talent, you’d probably be dead at this point.”

I swallowed nervously. “Oh.”

The frog smiled reassuringly. “Don’t worry though – if your story’s an indication, these guys were pretty clearly amateurs. Though that raises the question – why would some clowns like that be carrying a powerful dark relic?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “And what would they want with P’oiu?”

Opal tilted her head. “How do you know they wanted P’oiu?”

“Well, they seemed pretty surprised to find a dragon with tits.” I glanced down at my chest. “Maybe they weren’t looking for P’oiu, but they were definitely expecting a male.”

“Good point. Hmm.” She pursed her lips. “When I get back to Pazar, I’ll ask around about that,

too. I've got good contacts at most of the apothecaries – if there's trouble brewing, chances are good that someone's heard about it."

"Thanks." I let out a breath that I didn't realize I had been holding. "You know, you've been a huge help today."

"You kidding? I barely did anything – you're the one who fought off an invasion by yourself." The frog cracked a smile. "Though if you want to do me a favor, I wouldn't mind crashing on your couch for the night. Those guys might still be out there, and it's a little late to be heading back to my campsite alone."

"Are you kidding? You can share the bed." I licked my lips, glancing over my shoulder towards the bedroom. "Hell, I was gonna invite you to double-team P'oiu with me anyway."

"Ooh...tempting." Opal sat back. "You think he'd be up for it?"

I nodded. "I mean, when I left him earlier he was fast asleep, but also hard as a rock. You know how his spuds kick into overdrive after a good racking – the poor guy could probably use some relief. And it'd give you a few more gallons of dragon batter to bring back home with you..."

"Heh." The female cracked a smile. "Honestly, you blue-balled him so badly before my last visit that I'm still overstocked back at the shop. Though...given the beating he just went through, I'll bet he's producing some extra-high-quality spunk right now..."

I grinned. "All the more reason for a threesome, then. I mean, I'm certainly pretty riled up..."

Opal looked surprised. "Really?"

"What? Don't give me that look." I folded my arms beneath my breasts. "I popped three...no wait, *four* balls today. How could I *not* be horny?"

"Oh I know, I just...I assumed you'd gotten yourself off before I got here."

"Well, I—..." I blushed. "I mean, I *did*, but that doesn't mean I'm satisfied yet. Besides, P'oiu was in too much pain at the time to join in. I want some cock in me, dammit."

"Fair enough. I wouldn't mind some time with that monster myself." Opal grinned. "Lead the way, then."

"Gladly," I replied, climbing to my feet.

There was a bounce in my step as I headed for the bedroom, my tail curling lazily behind me. Opal followed a step behind, shedding her sari as she walked, until the stacked little frog was

just as naked as I was. Already I could feel the heat growing between my legs again. It had been a very long, very exciting day. And now I wanted someone to fuck me very, very hard.

“Oh P’oiu...”