

Dante's Square: Gauntlet, I'm In Control
Written By: Rotten

"Oh man," Jacob sat up from the cold, paved, ground.

A hand moved to rub his temples grimacing and smacking his dry mouth. Eyes closed tight as he fought through the grogginess and piercing throb of a migraine.

"Jesus, what happened last night?" The hyena rolled onto his side and gripped the brick wall of an old building.

His leather covered pants complained as his legs bent and finally stood. The alley was quiet and still, the morning sun light had just made it over the buildings. The brightness caused his head to throb more powerfully, gloved hands moved to block the brightness.

"The fuck? Was I mobbed? No, couldn't be, this area is safe." Jacob stumbled down the alley and paused at the opening.

His breaths were labored just from the few first steps and caused him to lean against the brick wall to catch his breath.

"Where is my phone, I think I was with some people," Jacob brushed along his pants and rolled from one pocket to another.

But soon his hand brushed across his crotch and a different sensation than what he was used to struck him. His palm groped over the usually bulged crotch of his pants and felt something firm and rectangular there instead.

"The fuck?" He said.

Gloved fingers worked to unbutton and unzip his pants and swiftly tore them open. His usual jock strap did not have the usual pudge either. Instead the square, flat surface was the only bulge to be seen. The square soon lit up as the cell phone vibrated with an incoming call.

"Oh god, what did I get myself into," the hyena pulled his jock open and pulled his cell phone out.

His sheath was present but deflated and empty, his usual low hanging sack missing and replaced only with a band of metal. Jacob was familiar with the device as he ran his fingers over the smooth metal surface. His fingers dipped into his empty sheath and probed into himself till he found a smaller, similar band had found its way inside of the tube of flesh. His phone had stopped its vibrations while he studied his unfortunate body modifications.

"Why did I ever agree to have these installed? I knew something like this would happen!" His phone began to vibrate once more.

Jacob brought the phone up and didn't recognize the number, though a name popped up in his contacts as Pussy Maker.

"Maybe I met this person last night? Why can't I remember shit from last night?" Jacob hit the answer button and brought the phone to his ear, "hello?" Jacob didn't hear anything initially as he began to zip his pants up and re-button them, "hello, is anyone there?"

"I am, I just enjoy listening to the confusion in your voice," a graveled voice greeted Jacob's rounded ear.

"Who are you? Do you know why my junk is missing?" Jacob walked out into the middle of the square.

"Your junk is not missing, its very much so in my capable care. I knew when to call you because your prick got nice and hard on my pedestal." Jacob blushed at the revelation and turned away from some passing folks.

"So you have my junk? Oh," Jacob shuddered as he heard a wet squelch on the phone line.

Jacob's body twitched as he felt a phantom sensation of pleasure roll through his spine, "you're, you're licking it. Bastard."

"I'd watch your tone or I'll be really mean and lock your junk away in a safety deposit box. You and I both know that in order to achieve release those two rings need to be united," Jacob grimaced as the tongue licked at his cock again.

"Okay okay, I am sorry sir, just what do I need to do to get them back," Jacob's ears folded as he looked around the city square known as Dante's Square, home of the sexual freaks and deviants.

"That's the compliant voice that I remember, though I never expected to hear it again without slipping ya that fun pill." Jacob growled at the sound of the chuckled mocks on the other end.

"You fucking drugged me? You really are a bastard!" Jacob's body doubled over as he felt and heard a firm smack to his ballsack.

"Oof, fuck," a hand grasped at his smoothed crotch in reaction to the sack tap. Though it proved to be fruitless as he felt another firm smack to his sack again. "Mnnngh, stop," he growled in pain as his body scrunched close to the ground.

Balanced on the balls of his feet he curled into a fetal position as his stomach once more fell through the ground as another firm swat landed across his disembodied sack.

"How do you ask me to stop properly boy?" Another smack caused the hyena to yip and drew in the attention of some passer buyers.

"Mmf, please stop sir," he croaked between pained gasps.

"Are you okay?" A tiger placed his hand on Jacob's shoulder.

Jacob's eyes looked up into the blue eyes of the stranger, and nodded his head.

"Tell the kitty cat that you've been a pussy and master is punishing you for not trusting him," Jacob's ears folded at the request.

His green eyes looked back at the tiger, "yes, I am fine. I am just being punished by my sir," he yelped at the sensation of another smack to his testicles, "master is punishing me for not trusting him."

"Mmm," the tiger nodded in understanding and extended a paw to the hyena. "Well stop making a scene of it and take your punishment with dignity."

"Yes boy, stand back up and take your ball spans standing," the voice taunted him.

Jacob whined and took the tiger's paw in hand. The strong feline pulled him upright and then studied the hyena briefly. He noticed a necklace around the hyena's neck and the pendent as well.

"I think I know you stranger," the feline approached Jacob and motioned for the canine to do so as well. "We met briefly last night, I don't remember what group you were with."

The tiger and canine moved to grab Jacob's hands, one for each body.

"What are you doing?" Jacob shouted as the tiger took the cellphone from his hand but brought it back to the hyena's ear.

"Helping you take your punishment properly," the tiger purred.

The voice on the other end chuckled, "these are my kind of folks."

Jacob winced and barked as he felt a series of smacks cross his sack. The scorching throb he could feel on his phantom balls were in a tight line.

"That is three, lets give your balls 45 smacks with this pencil huh? Don't worry, I don't sharpen my pencils till just before a test." Jacob tugged against the two strong bodies holding him steady.

"Count them out for our guests boy," Jacob looked to either side to the tiger and canine. Before wincing and yelping again.

"One, two three," Jacob's muscles flexed tightly beneath his fur and tightly held leather. His legs kicked at the ground and flexed about as he attempted to move his hips away from the strikes.

But they were inescapable as the lashes from the unseen pencil seemed to sting and bite into his flesh. Drool collected on his chin as he growled like a primal animal, "I love hearing your moans boy, sing for me and our guests," and sing Jacob did as he reached 30 lashes.

"Fifteen more," the tiger said, "you're doing great."

Soon the last of the lashes were delivered and Jacob was left to collapse against a railing panting and groaning in pain. The tiger and canine stepped away and left the phone on the sidewalk without saying another word.

Jacob wiped his mouth of his spit and gingerly stepped away from the railing and tested his footing. He turned around and looked for the couple that had held him on the street and found them to be nowhere in sight.

"How'd that man know how many ball smacks I was going to get?" Jacob scratched the back of his head and pondered an explanation, "I haven't seen him before but he said he knew me."

He was distracted by the loud clatter of plastic against concrete. His cell phone vibrated on the sidewalk and Jacob found a text message.

He picked it up and read, "From Pussy Maker."

In the body of the message he was greeted with the sight of his ball sack and rigid shaft covered in slimy pre-cum. His brown sack had a darkened line across the front of the dual orbs and a discarded number 2 pencil next to it.

The text read:

You made my bag smell of your musk. Very bad boy, I'll have to clean that up later. But for now I have a test much like you do as well. Prove to me that you are a good boy and go where the goat head hangs and glows at night. If you are not there in the next thirty minutes, you can say goodbye to your junk and the pleasures of climax.

Your master,

Pussymaker

PS

I didn't drug you, you took them yourself.