

The Masquerade Balls

It was 'charnival' week in the town where certain tigers tend to get ahead. The streets were loud and boisterous, full of activity as one would expect. Ribbons, flags, and various other colourful bunting masterpieces hung from the roofs, window ledges, and flapped from pole ends. A few fliers advertising the high society masquerade ball flapped through the street overhead. A whiskered muzzle looked up, watching as they flew by, trying to ignore the sound of a band playing to his right, the bright lights and the sound of acrobats performing on the left. Looking down, his vision was suddenly cut off! The rat squeaked, flailing to reach for whatever was covering his face; he tore the intrusive flier from his confused eyes and looked over it. 'So this is the ball? It seems exclusive by the look of things.' The rat was on the hunt, for a very specific fox. Knowing the vulpine was on the run, for stealing one of his bounties, he would be hiding by now. What better place to hide than where you must wear a mask? *That's where he'll be.* The rat thought to himself. He focused back on the poster and searched for an address, finding it near the bottom. 'I'll need an invitation, too...'

Most of the guests were arriving one at a time, couples were rare, although who knows who is who at one of these? Couples could be arriving all the time and not know it. The rat was prowling in the bushes, waiting for a moment to strike, and to see if he could spot the fox entering. He didn't. *The thieving runt must be inside already.* He mused. Someone was coming, so the rat hid, pulling his snake-like tail down out of view. The drunken guest zipped down his fly and started to pee freely into the bushes. Perhaps the restrooms were all occupied. The rat had to inch his feet out of the way of the incoming stream. He waited until the guest had finished, no sense getting urine all over both of them. He had a job to do. With a quick flourish, and the element of surprise, he downed the guest quickly. 'With any luck it'll be...' He lifted the mask. Nope, it wasn't the fox. He strapped the mask around his muzzle; thankfully it was more of a 'one size fits all' deal. Who knew they made cheap-o masquerade masks? Who knew cheapskates could get into high society balls? After rifling through the pockets for an invitation and donning most of the outfit, the rat stood up, the fancier parts of the outfit left on the poor squirrel's groin. One wouldn't want them to get their nuts stolen after all. Squirrels are awfully touchy about that. The rat looked through the metal fence, looking again at some of the guests. 'Perhaps a little frill wouldn't go amiss. I want to blend in, not stand out.' The rat's tail picked up a shiny scarf and he wrapped it around his neck, adjusting it a little, unsure if it looked good enough. He placed his hand on the pocket the invitation was in, checking it was still there, and headed inside.

On his way in, he flashed his invitation to a guard and walked inside as if he was meant to be there. Nobody gave him any trouble. The rat immediately scoured the main hall for fox tails, trying to see past the gaudy outfits and lights for that specific russet red that most foxes, and more specifically, his target, were known to carry. He spotted a few, but their gaits suggested no-one on the run and their body language was not his target's style. He liked to play the shy submissive, until he nabbed your bits and sauntered off with them in his mouth. The whisker-muzzled rodent slinked off to another room,

smoothly grabbing a drink from a waiter's tray, blending into the masquerade as best he could. He peered into the kitchens and noticed a few chefs working away. He looked back around himself, checking nobody was looking and silently placed his drink down on a table next to his hip. He snuck into the steamy room, furs chopping and frying things for snacks and nibbles. The rat ducked into the pantry as a waiter swiftly passed him, taking a large platter of vol-au-vents out to the guests. He poked his head out and spied a knife on the table, pocketing it and walking back out, bumping into another waiter and grinned embarrassedly, taking the opportunity to nab something. 'Sorry, thought this was the restroom.' The waiter didn't actually seem to care and was walking back to pick up another plate. 'Wow, charming fellow.' The rat placed the cloth he picked from the waiter into his other pocket and exited the kitchen, picking up his drink again and humming to himself as he sort of glided between rooms, searching for the fox. The elusive little thief wasn't anywhere to be found, not downstairs anyway.

Having scouted out the ground floor, the hunter eventually travelled up the stairs, passing a few guests who were talking to each other or too drunk to really notice him. He did spot a red tail vanish into a room though. The rat's eyes narrowed. 'I've got you, Carter, you bounty thieving little runt.' He walked over to the door and slowly opened it, the loud music of the band drowning out the creak of the door. The fox was sat on the bed, wholly undressed, aside from the mask. Despite that, the rat could tell it was definitely him. Carter looked over at the rat, evidently quite drunk, and swayed over to the rodent, laying a paw on his chest and reaching behind him to close the door. 'You said you'd be back in a flash.' He paused for a moment looking the rat up and down. 'Have you changed your outfit?' The fox looked the rat in the eyes. 'And your species...?' It took a while for the situation to dawn on him, noticing the tail, the glare in the masked rodent's eyes. Carter's face changed to one of fear. 'Oh shit.' The fox bolted for the window, but the rat yanked him back by his bushy tail. He yelped loudly, but any hope of someone hearing was lost in the music downstairs, especially so since he closed the door himself. The rat grabbed the fox by the muzzle and dragged him back to the bed. The fox flailed to try and escape, but he was already on the soft duvet, the rat pinning him down and grinning at him. 'Let me go! Let me go!'

'Let you go? I'll let you walk out of here if you can give me back the bounty you stole.' The rat grabbed the fox's left wrist and tied the waiter's cloth around it and to the bed post. The fox tried to struggle, kicking his legs futilely underneath the rat. 'I can't give you that back! I already...used it.' The fox whimpered and squirmed under the rodent, who was currently taking his scarf off and tying the right wrist to the other bed post. 'Then, I guess I'll have to take payment directly from you, won't I?' 'Wait! N-no, you can't!' The fox growled and struggled more, the rat scoffed slightly at the attempt at escape. 'Uh, yes I can actually.' The rat pulled the mask off and loosened up the outfit he was wearing, wanting to enjoy this fully. He sidled down the rat's body, groping around Carter's plump sheath. The drunken fox was still trying to get free, but to no avail. The rat obviously had extensive knot-tying capabilities. The bounty hunter squeezed around the fuzzy pocket, knelt between the red vulpine legs, which had stopped kicking. Maybe Carter forgot he had them. Most foxes do when they're stimulated downstairs. He continued rubbing and gently squeezing, feeling the sheath swells, the meat inside it throbbing and poking out of its hiding place. The rat pulled the sheath down, exposing the whole length to the cold air. The fox moaned, clearly enjoying this despite what he knows is about to happen. The rat pulled the knife out, tracing it along the fox's hardening length. The cold metal made the fox jump, along

with his member. His knot started to swell, the sheath being held behind it. The rat let go of it, wrapping a hand around the shaft, giving the warm cock a gentle squeeze. The fox murred softly and the rat rubbed the doomed member uuup and down. The fox squirmed, alcohol still fuzzing his mind. 'It'll be a shame to get rid of such a magnificent member...' The rat looked at its pretty red colour, smiling and then looking the fox in the eyes. 'On second thought, no it won't.' The rat suddenly brought the blade up to the side, pulled Carter's cock harshly, exposing the root and slashed through it, cleaving it straight off! Carter screamed loudly, the rat stuffing the fox's muzzle with his ex-penis. The fox looked at the rat wide-eyed, trying to spit out the flopping object. The rat grunted and shoved hard, jamming Carter's throat full of canine cock, cramming his muzzle full of his own knot. His air was cut off by his own junk. The fox let out a muffled groan, huffing around the makeshift gag. 'Oh, don't pretend you don't like it.' The fox blushed, but only slightly. He gathered up enough strength to start struggling again, and the rat held the bloody knife up to the vulnerable vulpine's throat. 'Ah ah, don't make me do something you'll regret.' The fox stared at the rat directly in the eyes. He was serious. The rodent kept eye contact with Carter, taking the knife away from his throat. He felt around for the fox's sizeable balls. He cupped them gently and squeezed just as gently around them both. There was an eerie silence in the room as the rat pulled down on the fox's nuts, the two staring at each other, determination in the rat's eyes, and fear in Carter's. There was an audible slash, fresh blood, and a liberated pouch being held up. Carter's gaze flicked to his balls, his heart sinking as he saw, and felt, that payment had been returned. It was just then that he ran out of air, his eyes closing as he drifted into unconsciousness. The rat smirked as he saw the opportunity, wrenched open the fox's jaw and dragged the fox cock free. He looked at it and frowned slightly. 'I'll have to wash you off. I don't want fox slobber on my trophy.' He pocketed the cock and balls and left the room as it was, walking over to the window the fox had tried for earlier and opened it. The light curtains billowed as a breeze entered the room and the hunter looked back at his prey. He smirked and leaped from the window, landing in the bushes below and made his escape.

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When Carter regained consciousness, he had to blink a few times for his vision to stop being all fuzzy. The first thing he noticed was that the pain in his groin was gone, mysteriously stitched up; the second thing he noticed was his hands were still tied to the bed. The last thing he saw was the squirrel he was supposed to meet staring at him with a huge grin on his face.

*The End*