

Warning: this story contains gay scenes and situations, penectomy, castration - and a whole bunch of other mean stuff. If you don't like any of this, feel free to close the document now :)

This story has two parts. Its written – first part, in focusing on the ‘victim’ and the second part focusing on Twomasks. There's two sides to every story – so I thought it'd be interesting to coin the idea of a Coin Flip Story – Heads, and Tails being the two parts. Hope you enjoy!

Heads.

Ryan was a red squirrel, 18 years old but was often commented on as looking younger than his age .. which caused him problems all over the place as he hadn't got any photo id to prove his age yet. He was a live at home 18 year old .. he hadn't quite worked out what he was going to do with his life – he'd finished college and mainly lived at home on an allowance – living from his bedroom – playing games on his 'epic rig' as he said so often to friends.

He woke up one early summer's day and sat up on his bed .. he could see out of the window it was grey .. 'nice..' he thought sarcastically to himself. He'd planned on going out today to the swimming pool in the city centre.. but if it was raining – that was that plan scuppered .. he slid himself out of bed .. and grabbed a pair of grey and navy striped briefs from a pile of clean clothes by his computer desk, and headed out into the hallway of his parents house. It was 10:30.. he knew both his mom and dad would be out working by now so wasn't so bothered about just walking around nude if he wanted to .. but undies it was today. He wandered into the bathroom and tugged the front of them down, grasping at his sheath and squeezing at its tip gently and mrring to himself .. as a kid – he'd been a little different to most.. he'd found orgasming .. a little earlier than most would normally – purely by accident. He was playing with his sheath one day .. and found a feeling building and building – and sure enough the young squirrel had had his first orgasm. From then on – there wasn't a single day he hadn't squidged his sheath and found that nice feeling. He was at high school before he actually tried the traditional 'jacking off' of his dick.. before then it had always been an inconvenience with it growing out from his sheath and stopping him from 'squidging' it as he used to call it.

He pulled his sheath back a little and relaxed, peeing into the toilet bowl and sighing as he felt the pressure in his bladder releasing... Finally he shook off and pulled his briefs back up. He wondered if he should jerk off now ... or after he's been to town .. he'd been on his computer last night – and he'd been rping with one of his friends across the country .. and he'd edged himself the whole time .. his husky character that he rp'd online had been forced onto his knees and was being made to suck off the other – his friend's character – also a husky. But he promised his friend he'd hold off – as his friend said he was going to draw the scene! .. so he'd held off ..

Ryan wandered over to his computer and started it up .. checking FA to see if the pic had gone up! .. if it had he was so gonna get that dealt with .. unfortunately though – there was no message from his friend and nothing from the artists he was watching... so he closed the machine down again, and

wandered over, grabbing a white tshirt, grey pair of sweat pants and some white socks – and pulling his clothes on by his bed.

He grabbed his phone and checked twitter .. AD account first.. looking over anything that had come in over night ... and ‘fuck! .. TygrAD has posted a dick pic!’ he thought to himself.. feeling his sheath stirring as his dick started firming up .. he’d been curious about that guy’s dick for months.. ‘and now?? Really?!’ He thought to himself.. He grabbed a bag and shoved his swimming shorts into it – and grabbed his wallet from the computer desk, pushing it in his sweatpants pocket, before heading out – locking the door behind him and heading to the bus stop.

The bus came round the corner no sooner had he got there- which was rare.. usually they’d just never turn up .. so he paid to get to the city centre.. and sat down.

His phone buzzed in his pocket.

It was Sean texting him. Sean was a bat he was friends with who lived a few miles away .. they’d had a bit of fun together a week ago – and the bat seemed to have a bit of a fixation with his dick..

“Sean: *shoves his nose into your crotch*

Eep! .. mrrr.. hey sean careful..

I didn’t do anything last night.. its on a short fuse..

Sean: yeaaaahh really? .. heh heh ..

he undoes your pants and tugs out your squiggle dick.. nosing its tip

Awwwww cmon sean! .. not nooooooww ... im on the bus! ..

Fuck! . . you got me tenting now! ..

Sean: oooh! So the squirrel sausage is happy to see me!

sniffsniffs at its tip musky as allllwaaayys ryyyaann?

Shush youuu... you know I like it ... and I know you like it! .. *blushes*

Sean: *mrrs and opens his muzz and stuffs your dick in his muzz.. using his slim little tongue to tease and slurp round the tip* mmmmmmm ... you know .. If I was there right now with you? .. even on thebus! .. heh .. id give you a sneaky grope ;)

I know you would! .. frick .. I think you got me preing now..

I gotta keep my hands over my dick to stop peeps seeing the tent!

.. and I cant stop groping myself now! Damn you!

Sean: haaaa... I was wondering bout coming over later? .. you cool with that? .. maybe I can help ya release some of that pent up squirrel horniness!

Er, sure! .. but I'm off to the swimming pool in the city centre at the mo

Then im gonna head to meadowbell mall to grab a few things ive been wanting. . .

Shit . . . stop's coming up next .. gotta think sick things to get rid of this tent!

Sean: no probs! Ill be over at 8pm.

Ok! But I'm jacking off when I get in .. so you're gonna have to work at it later ;)

Ryan put his phone in his pocket and rang the bell for the bus to stop. He got up and stepped off the bus into a busy city centre – diesel fumes hanging in the air.. it was still an overcast sky – but no rain at least. He set off down the sidewalk, a short distance from the bus stop – and wanders into the swimming pool's doors, signing in and heading into the changing rooms.

'pretty quiet in here today' he thinks to himself – taking off his tshirt and pulling down his sweat pants, socks and then undies. He looks around the changing room and there were a couple of hot guys chatting – just having showered, their dicks hanging free as they talk .. his sheath stirred again .. and before he knew it his tip was peeking! ... he quickly tugged up his red swimming shorts and stuffs the rest of his things into his bag and then into the locker.

He takes a deep breath.. and wanders on to the foot bath ... he hated these things... cold water on his feet. Why couldn't they just make it warm water? But it was quick and painless and he climbed into the pool.

He was swimming for about half an hour before he decided he'd had enough .. besides .. the only hot guys there were were in the changing room before he'd got in..

He got out, dried and dressed before making his way to the mall and getting a few of the clothes and shoes he'd wanted to get.. but bathroom called again..

He wandered to the public restrooms and went into a stall since the urinals were all occupied... and he pulled the front of his sweatpants and briefs down again.... He gabbed his sheath once more...

and groped .. squeezed and started to paw gently ... he panted a little ... but knew if he went on like this he wasn't going to be able to pee.. and .. he had promised the picture! .. he stopped pawing .. but his dick was already semi .. and a drip of pre was at his tip.. 'shiiitt.. frickin hope that pic's ready when I get back in!! ... I need to fucking jack off!!...' he thought to himself Now forcing himself to relax .. it took a minute .. but finally, with one hand on the wall in front he started to pee.. keeping the stream to the side of the bowl to not splash everywhere..

He tugged up his briefs and sweatpants and headed to McSub to grab some lunch for when he got back in, before then catching the bus back.

Sean had sent another message .. talking about how he was sniffing his crotch .. and not to go in the shower until after he'd been over in the evening .. and he figures fine.. its not like anyone else cares.. and he liked his own scent .. ever since he was a kid .. he liked imagining other guys with the same scent and playing with their dicks..

He got off the bus and headed quickly back to the house – putting the McSub sandwich down in the kitchen and heading straight up – dumping bags on the bed and shoving his window open wider .. It had got warm in the room and it needed some air.

He switched on his computer and flopped down in his chair.. the moment it started up – he loaded up FA .. and there it was..

“fuck yes!” he said out loud clicking open the picture and turning sideways at his desk to get to a more comfortable position.. his right paw rubbing at his bulge and his left paw getting the picture up properly on the screen ..

Ryan then hopped up a little in his chair, tugging his pants and briefs down, looking at the picture and .. gently squeezing at his balls before teasing the tip of his own sheath with his finger and thumb... it was just a few more seconds that his dick was at full mast .. and he caught a little of his scent in the air... he moved his left hand down and rubbed the tip of his precious squirrel member on the back of his hand .. before bringing it up to his nose .. mrrring quietly .. and then looking to the picture again .. starting to paw .. quicker and harder... he moaned quietly .. his head tilting back and eyes half closing .. 'fuck ..this feels so good' He thinks to himself .. feeling the climax starting to build .. he pants heavier ... the climax almost there!! .. he feels a quick itch .. a bite? To his arm.. but he doesn't care .. he needs to get over this hump .. needs to Cum!! .. but then he finds something strange happening ..

He realises his head dropping back slightly .. he starts struggling to keep his eyes open .. his dick as still edging .. it was right there! 'Just .. need to paw a little .. more .. ' he thinks to himself .. but his paw was slowing .. he was getting sleepy ... and then things went darker .. and he fell asleep.

...

He woke a couple of hours later .. he could hear his mom downstairs doing some vaccuming .. he wasn't sure why he'd fallen asleep .. but .. he must have been really tired to fall asleep while jacking

off! .. the pic was still on the screen of the two huskies .. his sucking off his friend's .. his paw is still down by his crotch and there was a salty sweet taste in his muzz.. he grabs his sheath no .. he doesn't. 'what the fuck....'? he looks down .. and almost dies with shock. He leaps up out of his chair! .. "fuck!! .. fuck !! .. wha.. the Fuck!!!" he shouts

He urgently feels round his groin .. just a tiny bit of his sheath left with a band .. and another band under .. where his balls used to be !! ... "no!!! MY . . MY ..." he blinks .. in disbelief... he could feel every single bit of horniness he had earlier ... he needed to release!! .. he didn't know what to do . there was nothing to release now! But . . he needed to!! ... he would work out what the fuck happened to his dick and balls after..

He pulled open one of his draws and pulled out a dildo.. it was a 'clone a cock' dildo he had made with his own cock a few months ago as a laugh.. he never thought he'd actually end up needing to use it to get his release!! .. he moves his paw down again to try get his scent on his paw .. but ... it wasn't there. He whimpered and grabbed his briefs he had on earlier in the day ... pushed the crotch over his nose and slowly eased down on his own cock dildo... moaning He just .. needed the release .. he started bouncing .. over ... and over .. breathing in his own scent .. then brought his other hand round ... teasing what was left of his sheath When suddenly he squeaked!! ... a jet of clear liquid shot from the last bit of his sheath where his cock had been and he collapsed back .. on his bed

Only now .. as the afterglow began to fade.. did the reality begin to hit

The doorbell rang downstairs Sean was here.

Tails.

The roar of traffic was almost deafening as people hurriedly made their ways to and from work, shops and various betting shops. It was a dull over cast summer's day, and the smell of diesel fumes from a passing bus standing at a bus stop was filling the air – when a familiar (to only those reading these tales) raccoon stepped off the bus in his usual black sweat pants and hoodie. He was heading south, just down the street to a bench. It wasn't anything special .. just a concrete sided bench with dilapidated metal beams running across forming both seat and rising up to the back – the paint peeling off in different places revealing the various colours the city council had painted it over the years.

The raccoon sat down on the bench. He was the king of casual, nothing strange about a pedestrian sitting on a bench in a city centre. Yet – he was simply demonstrating his ability to hide in plain sight. He was on recon. To the right of the bench was a door – and each time the automatic sliding door

opened, which was frequently with the traffic of people walking by, a woft of chlorine would be released to the street. It was the city's swimming baths.

Some may wonder – why here? Why wouldn't he go in, maybe even go for a swim to judge and hunt for prey easier .. but observing others in a swimming pool is easier said than done. Tinted goggles are one way to avoid the direction of gaze being given away.. but it is also difficult to gain a good look at someone when they're half in and half out of the water.. wet .. and various other factors.. the only good hunting grounds there are in a swimming pool – are the changing rooms .. and even then its time limited as to not look suspicious. . . so – outside it is. Besides. Most guys seem to go to the swimming pool in sweat pants .. casual comfortable loose clothes .. and while they walk – the front of those pants would hang over anything they may have inside giving a tempting bulge to home in on..

Twomasks watched for a good half an hour .. when he spotted a red squirrel hop off a bus at the same stop he had alighted earlier. He was wearing grey sweat pants, white and blue sneakers and a white tshirt. Twomasks glanced once – and then twice. A bus, not stopping passed by the squirrel – and a breeze kicked up in front of him- causing his clothes to cling tight to his front as he walked – only helping the raccoon weigh up a potential prize. Importantly to the raccoon, this squirrel was a cute guy. He had the innocent squirrel look to him – he looked maybe 18? Age didn't bother the raccoon much .. so he didn't care either way.

As the squirrel passed and wandered into the pool, the raccoon stood up – and stretched, allowing the squirrel to sign in – before following the squirrel in. He too signed in and then headed to the changing rooms. He took his time.. taking a pair of swimming shorts from the pocket in the front of his hoodie and setting them down on a bench in front of the lockers. He kept very occasionally glancing over to the squirrel .. he'd pulled off his tshirt and sweat pants and was standing in his briefs, taking his socks off.. the squirrel's package nicely cupped and contained in grey and navy blue striped undies.

The raccoon delayed further .. sitting down to check – something – on his phone .. not like it mattered.. he wasn't paying attention anyway to what was on the screen. The squirrel took out his own pair of red swimming shorts from his bag, and then slipping his thumbs into his waistline – slid the cute pair of briefs down .. letting the squirrel's package bounce free. It was an average sized package .. but size never did matter to Twomasks.. he could see the squirrel doing some scoping around himself now and then.. and the tip of his squirrel hood was peeking from its sheath.. but no sooner had Twomasks made his mind up with this quick glimpse – it was gone, hidden away in a pair of baggy red swimming shorts. The squirrel clipped the back together above his soft bushy tail, and then put his briefs, clothes and shoes back into the bag he'd taken his shorts of – and stuffs it into a locker at head height – locking it – and using the silicone band on the key to secure it to his wrist.

Twomasks had finished checking his phone by this point – and as the squirrel left to go through the shallow pool of footpaw cleaning water before heading into the main pool, the raccoon stood up and went over to the squirrel's locker. No one else was in the changing rooms – so he took out his lock picking tool – and simply opened up the squirrel's locker. It was one of the most simple locks – these lockers had never been designed to stop an actual lock pick.. who lock picks a swimming pool's lockers right? ..

Twomasks pulled out the bag and unzipped it .. he found the sweatpants screwed up at the top first, which he shoved aside – and spotted the tshirt and then the squirrel's briefs... he smirked to himself .. and with a quick glance round to check no one was still there he pulled striped undies from the bag and pushed his nose into the crotch of them, breathing out to warm them to body temperature first .. and then taking a deep intake of the squirrel's scent. . and yep.. this squirrel boy didn't mind his scent.. Just the way the raccoon liked it .. the number of guys he'd found who sprayed deodorant down their crotch .. hiding their scent and just tainting their bits with unnatural smells .. but not this one.

He pushed the underpants back into the bag – and shuffled stuff around .. he couldn't find anything in the bag but he did find something shoved in the sweatpants' pocket. The squirrel's wallet. . He opened it up and looked inside.. no drivers licence .. that would be why he came by bus then .. bank card.. 'Ryan Nutsworth' he read in his head.. 'nice name for a squirrel.. I wonder if I should leave him with his nuts.. or if I take them .. whether he would be able to find them again!' he snickered out loud.. He continued looking through – and then found with the notes an envelope which was written to be posted – it had the stamp on it .. and on the back – a return address... 'gotcha.' He thought to himself.

He knew the town this squirrel was from .. so he took a photo of the address with his phone, and then put everything back in the bag in the same way as it had been found – sweatpants last so it didn't raise any suspicions. Finding the address was lucky – as he'd thought he would have had to follow the squirrel somewhere quiet before working his 'charms' on him. He locked the locker once more – and left, via the bench to pick up the shorts he'd put down.

The raccoon caught the next bus to Oakton and scouted out the house. It was set back from the road it was on – with a nice large yard front and back.. a hedge went round the property – and this definitely wasn't the house of a teenage squirrel. This guy lived at home with his parents still it seemed. Two masks looked round the perimeter and found a spot he could slip into the hedge – and it was bushy enough that he could slip into the middle and stealthily look out from there at the house. There were several windows upstairs – but one of them wasn't so well kept as the others.. where as the other windows had net curtains, this one didn't – and only one curtain was open, with a side opening window open letting air into the room... and a cola bottle sat on the windowsill.. 'so long as this squirrel doesn't have any brothers.. this is looking good' he thought to himself.. he now checked out the garden – and there were a couple of large chestnut trees – full of leaves. He checked the coast was clear and then headed up the tree to find a perfect perch which gave him a good view of the room he'd been looking at... and now – he waited.

5 hours had passed, and there had been no movement in the house.. a delivery man had been – knocked .. looked around and left after pushing a slip through the door .. so Twomasks was pretty sure this house, if it is owned by the squirrel's parents – was empty at the moment .. it was another half an hour – before a bus was heard stopping near by.. and the squirrel wandered up the drive towards the house. He was carrying some bags .. clothes .. shoes .. and McSub bag.. he must have gone to the mall after the pool. The squirrel let himself into the house – and after a couple of muffled thuds .. doors opening – closing – the squirrel appeared in the room Twomasks had guessed would be his.

The squirrel came to the window and shoved the window open a little wider, two masks remaining still and mostly hidden behind all the large chestnut tree leaves wasn't spotted - but the squirrel wasn't really looking. He turned round and wandered to the other side of the room where a desk was set up – 3 monitors – speakers .. headset .. a nice little gaming rig. The squirrel sat down and jabbed at the sleek looking tower's power button and turned in his chair so his side was to the computer – and his other side was to the window.

The computer booted up pretty quickly – 'SSD' Twomasks thought to himself .. and then he spotted the squirrel opening up his web browser and clicking to a pretty familiar website.. before pulling up some pictures of a couple of husky guys .. one sucking off the other.

The squirrel stretched his arms up above his head for a moment before resting one hand on his crotch, and his left hand on the mouse, clicking it open so its full screen on the best screen for his angle. He then gave his package a squeeze.. and grope through his sweat pants as he looked over the image. He let go of the mouse – and using both paws and a bit of a bounce, he pulled his sweatpants and briefs down in one movement.. the chair bouncing slightly as he does – and his right hand went back to his package.. gently squeezing at his balls before teasing the tip of his own sheath with his finger and thumb.. the kid was quickly getting excited though – and within a few seconds – the tip which Twomasks had caught a glimpse of earlier in the day was exposed, along with the whole shaft of the squirrel teen. He watched the squirrel rub the tip of his dick over his left hand – and then brought his left hand up to his nose .. two masks grins .. watching the squirrel check his own scent .. this couldn't have made him more happy .. he liked scent on his prizes.. so he was glad that the squirrel had spent so much time out – and he wasn't simply going to collect a squeaky clean chlorine sausage. . though he was slightly surprised at how this was the first thing the squirrel was doing .. it was perfect! ..

He pulled out his screw together blowpipe from his hoodie pocket and took out a sedative dart.. grinning as he looked up seeing the squirrel now fapping .. his head back slightly .. his eyes half lidded .. and letting out a couple of moans ... Twomasks aims through the open window .. he could have managed it before – but the extra width made this a simple shot ... and then he blew.

The dart fired straight and true straight at the squirrel teen jacking off in his room ... it found its target perfectly on the squirrel's upper right arm .. the arm he was using to paw off with. He twitches slightly as the thin needle hit him – but he figured it was just a bug .. and he was so close!! .. his heart beating quickly helped the sedative quickly begin taking effect... his panting continued.. but his pawing started to slow .. he was desperately trying to paw .. but his head kept rocking back And then finally .. his head fell back with his maw open, his squirrel buck teeth shining prettily as a break in the cloud began to appear and his paw slipped down to the base of his still throbbing squirrelhood.

Twomasks climbed down the tree and scaled up the wall below the squirrel's window – pulling himself up and though the opening that had made his job so much easier. He hopped down onto the floor with a soft thud and looked around momentarily. The room was that of a typical lazy teen, there were various papers on the floor, magazines, tissues, empty potato chip packets and bottles .. plus various pairs of briefs, pants and tshirts. He then looked back to his prize .. sleeping soundly in the chair ... the squirrel's hand still loosely wrapped round his precious malehood – bouncing ever so slightly to his heart beat.

Two masks walked over and turned the squirrel boy round and put himself between the teen's footpaws. He scooted a little closer and looked over him. It was perfect.. the sleeping Teenager .. fallen asleep after jerking off. 'heh' he thought 'though this one didn't quite make it that far'

He took hold of the squirrel's hand, still wrapped around his junk and pulled it away – letting it fall down the side of the chair, then he took hold of the squirrel meat for himself, feeling the hot needy member for himself.. it throbbed and twitched in his paw .. as if that the squirrel was asleep but his dick wasn't. He gave it a gentle paw – back and forth over the needy meat, and a drip of pre escaped from its tip.

"oh you really wanted to do this huh" two mask said grinning... and moved his nose down to the shaft, nosing and sniffing up it .. it still had the squirrel's scent.. and more than he expected with the squirrel having been swimming earlier. . . but there it was .. the scent he had sampled on the underwear he'd checked earlier that morning.

Twomasks now paused for a moment, while one paw teased the squirrel's tip with his thumb, his other paw grabbed the squirrels velvety sack – rolling and squeezing the balls .. the first question was .. all ... or just the dick? .. He felt at the pouch – judging its soft fur .. and then moved his nose down to nose and nuzzle at it .. it had little scent with having been in the swimming pool – but it was fine.. And the orbs inside? .. well .. they are fit to burst from the feels of them.. he could be cruel and leave the boy with his needy orbs ... but actually? .. he had been up a tree for five and a half hours. He was taking the lot.

He pulled out his elastrator tool from his pocket and loaded it up before looking over that squirrel junk once more .. soon to be all his. He slid the tool down – right down to the base, and over the squirrel's sheath. He wasn't going to leave this boy with anything .. he'd won this fair and square.. and with one flick – the ring snapped off the ends of the prongs – and dug deep .. making the squirrel cock bounce and throb more. He slipped yet another band down – and snapped it off just in front of the other – leaving a little gap.. The squirrel cock though – was standing pretty still .. it was just desperate.. the boy had been put to sleep just seconds before a climax .. it was ready .. and with the extra pressure suddenly shooting into its base – a dribble of pre oozes from the tip as he loads up the bander once more – this time for that pouch.

He forces the balls through the loop – and pushes the tool right up close .. before snapping the ring off – it instantly bunching up and pinching off the cords to those squirrel makers inside.

The scent of the squirrel's junk was really effecting twomasks.. his pants were tenting uncomfortably – but no matter.. soon he would have these to himself and this guy would be without his precious jacking off tools. He pulled a scalpel out from his pocket and pulled off the guard – then carefully rested the blade on the fluffy squirrel sheath between the bands – before slowly beginning to press, and drag – circling the knife round .. the sheath was simple enough – holding the head of the squirrel cock, Twomasks circled round with the blade just once for the sheath to come free, pinched to the member by the other band .. but he didn't stop or pause – the blade cut down now into the shaft of the teen's squirrelhood – cutting deeper and deeper .. first there were throbs and twitches from the cock in his hands – as if it somehow knew what was happening and was desperate to just somehow – fire off its load ... but in just a few more cuts the member started feeling loose .. and with a final flick – Ryan's precious squirrelhood came free – and the raccoon brought it up .. nuzzling at the shaft

... and looked up at the squirrel's face .. maw open ... he grinned ... and stood up .. then pushed the boy's severed drooling cock into his mouth, letting it sit on his tongue.

"hold this for a moment" he snickered.. then moved back down, grasping at the pouch of heavy orbs. He moved the knife to under the single ring he'd put on, and began cutting. This was easy – the precious flesh parting willingly against the blade – he slid it round the bunching up of velvet covered sack, before it finally dropped free, falling into his paw, open – one of the orbs spilling out onto his palm. He once more stood up – and picked up the orb that had fallen out.. and put it in his muzzle... rolling it round a little while he put the blade cover back on the knife, and put away his tools, the velvet sac and the other orb. As he moved over to the squirrel's head .. he grinned at him there with his cock in his own mouth.. he was jacking off but ended up sucking himself .. but either way .. never got to shoot that load He bit down on the orb in his muzzle.. the contents of the squirrel nut bursting over his muzz.. a metallic salty musky flavour filling his maw. He chewed and swallowed it down as he retrieved the squirrel dick from its former owner's maw.. a string of his own pre hanging from its tip – having drooled a little over his tongue.

"well.. your dick is now my play thing .. and later it will be my dinner.." he said and ran a paw down the cute squirrel boy's cheek "thanks for the meal" he snickered and licked the pre from the tip of the boy's severed cock. It was sweet.. really sweet – with a hint of saltyness to it .. one of the tastiest dicks he's had in a while in fact.. he thought – but with that, he shoved the squirrel's severed member into his own pants, pushed up against his own hard coonhood, grabbed the dart from the squirrel's arm.. cheekily put the squirrel's hand back where his junk had been – as if it was still being held.. and climbed back out of the window – leaving the squirrel to wake when he's ready.. and as he made his escape .. he would occasionally grab both his and the squirrel's dick together .. squeezing and rubbing them against each other .. that squirrel wasn't the only one who needed to release..