"Are you ready?" Wilbur asked, as the twins were led into the room. Almost entirely nude, the foxes looked at the group of males who sat around them, drinking and chatting and staring at their nude bodies. Finley stared back at the men, lustfully, his tail swishing lusciously back and forth as he strutted for the assembled party goers. Ryder held back ears back and cheeks blushing brightly as he felt the hungry eyes upon him. He looked down, to the pink plastic dome jutting from his crotch, looking like half of a pink tennis ball that had been cut in half. The plastic chastity cage was actually transparent, and it was his massive cock head that filled the chastity cage. The inside of his cage was slick with his precum, and it dripped from the underside down over the net'd balls down below. The metal fishnet had long since chafed past the fur, rubbing against smooth skin as the massive balls shifted with each step.

Ryder stroked a hand from his chest down to his belly, pressing gently against a slight bulge just above his hipbones. In the month since he and his brother had been tucked into their cages, the bulges of their displaced internals had not adjusted yet. Ryder longed to remove the infernal cage. He longed for fresh air.

There was a clicking sound at their groins, the domes springing open suddenly. Both foxes gasped, the warm slime that had coated their cock tips for so long transferring the coolness of the open air directly to their cocks.

And there was SO much cock. It slid out from inside them, the broad, smooth, rounded tips jutting forward, inch after inch of smooth vulpine shaft pouring out behind it. Ryder and Finely both moaned, clutching against each other's arms and shoulders for support as a full foot of dick drooped down and into the open air for the first time in weeks. Just the feeling of that had made the foxes' nuts clench up, and they held their breaths, whimpering as their dicks, not even hard yet, throbbed at the verge of orgasm.

"Woohoo! Look at that dick! Glyff is gonna eat GOOD tonight!" hooted a wolf from the couch, lifting a cheap beer and toasting the two foxes.

"Don't tease them, Lance!" a bull said, slugging from a water bottle as he stood by the aquarium in the corner. "You know how much that turns them on!"

That got laughter from the others. They teased, but Finely knew that the males in the room were incredibly jealous of the two fox brothers' endowments. So jealous they wanted to punish them for their gifts. Finely and Ryder enjoyed the attention, and loved the peril. For the past three semesters they had let the frat torment, tease and imperil their handsome packages, and so far had scraped and squirted through entirely intact. Tonight though, that ended. Tonight, one of the two foxes was going to be entirely emasculated.

The thought made Finely's dick throb.

"Look at you," Ryder said with a smile. The fox was holding his fingers together in front of them, his shaft straining and throbbing in great beats to harden up between his legs. "So eager to lose it all. You'll look cute, nice and smooth."

Finely chuckled, and reached down, gently pulling his sheath back. "You think I'm worried. Unlike you, my dear brother, I have the self control to keep from orgasming." He waggled his hips, helping to work and shift his knot out from inside. His sheath itself was damp, having been inverted inside him for so long, the soft fur of it having been an endless source of frustrating stimulation while he was locked away.

Ryder rolled his eyes and turned away from his brother, strolling teasingly around the edge of their little performance area. Everyone had something to say. The other fox in the frat, Alex, sipped his champagne as Ryder walked by.

“It’s been so long since you've seen that big dick of yours, I bet you've forgotten what it even looks like. Don't worry, if you miss it, I'll let you lick and suckle mine." he said, eyes twinkling.

"Thanks, dad," Ryder teased. Monty the sun bear said nothing, just smirked and dragged a claw across his neck.

"You wish, shrimp," Ryder replied. He paused as he walked past Simon the bull. The bull glanced behind him, to the aquarium, then grinned his wide even teeth at the fox.

"You know I love ya, but..." The bull unzipped his pants, tugging out his thick shaft and stroking it, "You know I'm gonna cum, watching all that pred dick get eaten by Glyff."

"Dammit, you asshole, you know that's not fair!" Ryder fussed, looking down and blushing as he saw his cock jumping up to full erection.

"Oops. Sorry boss." The bull grinned. He stroked his dick, nice and slow. "If you wanna come here and suck it, I'll fill your belly. Might make up for your empty groin after."

"Fuck you, Simon." Ryder said. He stepped forward, grunting as his cock slid against the bull's hairy belly as he grabbed his cheeks and pulled him down for a kiss. "You better hope I do lose my cock because if I don't, it's YOUR Throat that's getting filled with it tonight."

Finely was being similarly teased on the other side of the room. Everyone knew they weren't allowed to actually TOUCH the foxes, at least not without being asked, but they could tease them all they wanted.

Finely stood in front of him, smirking and letting his cock drool down onto the strings of Oscar's guitar as the dragon improvised an ode to the fox's great pink cock.

*🎵 Oh, the fox's big bulging kielbasa sausage,*

*How it makes my mouth water and my heart race.🎵*

*🎵 I long to hold it in my hands,*

*To stroke its smooth skin and feel its weight.🎵*

"You're very sweet," Finely said, as he reached down and took the dragon's cup of whiskey. It burned, but the fox enjoyed the burn, handing the glass back to the grinning, blushing dragon.

The husky sitting on the couch next to Oscar had a gift for Finely, putting a leather strap with a small metal disk in the middle. When Finely touched a fingerprint to the band, it vibrated. Henry panted, grinning and glancing over to Ryder, then winking back to Finely.

Finely handed it back. "I don't need it. But thanks, cutie."

The two foxes ended up back in the center of the circle. Their shafts, erect, throbbed, level and even with each other. Ryder stroked his hips forward, rubbing the oozing sensitive tip of his cock against Finely's. Both foxes moaned. Finely ground his hips back, eyes closing as he ground his frenum against his brother's.

"Oh, it feels so good," he moaned. Ryder grinned.

"Yeah, it does. Just give into it, brother, it's clear you need to cum very badly."

Finely opened his eyes to slits, then twisted his body away. He was not willing to give up. He would see Ryder lose control over his body before he did. He twisted and sauntered past Ryder, his finger tips just barely caressing along the length of that aching, throbbing shaft. Ryder growled, sluttishly, twisting to press his rear against Finely's member, briefly hot dogging it between his buttocks.

"Mm, you're so big, though. So hard," Ryder purred. "And this is your last chance to finally sink your big meat into my soft, supple rump..."

The men in the room were jerking off now. Simon the bull may have led the charge, but all of the men were unzipping or dropping their trousers entirely, dicks of all shapes and sizes getting fisted in slick hands. Not a one of the frat members were even half the size of one of the fox twins though.

Finely ground in, going up on his tiptoes as he stroked his dick between his brother's muscular, furry buttocks. He lifted his chin, groaning in pleasure, and the husky whined, spilling his hot load over his fingers as he watched. Finely glanced to him, winked, and then reached around to grip Ryder's cock in one hand.

"Oh, my lovely brother, I will have access to your luscious bottom every day, after you lose this annoyingly erect appendage. Won't you love finally embracing your true calling, as a dickless neuter?"

Ryder blushed, grinning and throbbing in Finely's hand. He stepped forward, his brother moving with him, and stabbed it at the air, pressing the very tip of his cock against Alex the fox's whiskered lips. The champagne-sipping fox closed his eyes, lipping and licking softly with his pink tongue against Ryder's maleness, and his black tuxedo pants darkened with his own hot load. He murmured something to the rabbit sitting next to him, sitting back and panting.

The others were just as easy to trigger. Finely and Ryder smirked to each other, knowingly, as they knocked down the frat members one by one. Arthur the cat came as Ryder pressed his snout into the warmth of his musky, heavy, soft fuzzy fox pouch. Lance the wolf, barking and blushing as the two foxes stroked their cocks along either cheek, each one whimpering about how close they were, how bad they needed to cum, how much they needed HIM to help them cum. They were always just on the edge of getting off, and they each knew which of the twins each frat member wanted to lose. It was a fun game, and they would have continued, making each male in the room orgasm, one by one, if the frat president hadn't noticed their sneaky little fox plot and stepped in.

"Alright," Wilbur said. The short, chubby rabbit said, as he stood up from between two drooling, orgasm-stupored frat brothers and shook his head. "That's enough of that. New rule."

Finely and Ryder aww'd, approaching the rabbit with the predatory saunter of two Very hungry foxes. The rabbit's ears twitched, as he held up a hand. "NEW RULE. Obey it or you BOTH forfeit your cocks. From here on out, you can not touch your own cocks. Only each others."

"Well that's boring," Ryder said, looking down as Finely knelt. His jaw dropped as his brother swallowed all sixteen inches of plump, slick, salty fox dick in one easy pass. Finely's throat was soft, silken velvet, wrapped around and stroking down against Ryder's cock, and the fox could feel his body immediately clench up in orgasm.

"Whoa, WAIT," Ryder said, and reached past the grinning, pursed lips of his brother, to grab and crush his own nuts in his hand. Squeezing and pulling down, hard, as his knot KNOTTED in the air just before Finely's lips.

Finely felt Ryder's cock throb, ears perking forward in excitement. Too easy! He pulled back, making sure to inhale through his nose as he disgorges the massive shaft from his throat, the hot suction breaking with a wet slurping glottal sound. Ryder's prized shaft flexed up into the air, flinging a spray of spit and precum across the room.

Ryder stepped backwards, wincing in excruciating pain as he squeezed the orgasm back away from overtaking him, even as the best blowjob of his life pulled away from his cock with a suction that nearly took him to his knees. His whole body pulsed with orgasm, but it was a ruined, mechanical orgasm, full of contractions but no pleasure. "Jesus, brother, you are a vacuum," He gasped, trying to sound chill.

Finely gasped, looking up at his brother's cock, watching the tip for more hot bubbling cum to shoot out of it. Ryder's cock throbbed, twitching as if it was cumming, but nothing so much as drooled out of the tip. He looked down, realizing that Ryder was grabbing himself. His jaw dropped, as he waved to Wilbur.

"He's cumming! He's cumming, AND he's cheating! He forfeits!"

"I'm allowed to touch my balls," Ryder wheezed, maintaining his grip and trying to act like he wasn't actually cumming. His death grip on his nuts couldn't last forever, though. While he had effectively blocked any cum from squirting out, he was actively crushing the cords, giving himself a vasectomy. Worth it, though.

"He's technically accurate, I only said you weren't allowed to touch your own cocks," Wilbur intoned. He squinted at Ryder. "I think you should let go, though. I want to see what happens."

Ryder stared at Wilbur, then down at Finely, who was kneeling in front of him, his big dick laying on the soft carpet. He grinned. "Sure." He said.

Finely looked back to Ryder, seeing that grin and realizing something was amiss, just before he felt his brother's foot rest gently on top of his cock. Pushing down, pinning it in place, Ryder slid his toes in to Finely's sheath. "Hey, wait-" he said, but the other fox was already curling his toes.

"Gotcha." Ryder said, and tugged back with his foot, pushing down. The warm, heavy, soft furred foot ground down against the wide expanse of Finely's bulging knot.

"No, no, let go, Wilbur said to let go!" Finely said, as he tried to squirm out from under Ryder's perfect grasp. It was useless, his fat nuts being helplessly bounced on as the fox flexed his hips up and down, realizing how easily his twin had captured and bound his cock. "Stop... pulling..."

"You're pulling, not me," Ryder said, stepping up onto the ball of his foot on his other leg, then putting all his weight into stroking and grinding along Finely's trapped cock. "Checkmate. You're gonna cum. I can feel it."

"No! No, I can't lose to you! Not like this!" Finely said, as he lunged forward to grab Ryder's cock in both hands. He stuffed the whole length down his throat, to coerce his twin into climaxing. That was his worst mistake!

"Just admit it," Ryder said, as he grabbed Finely's ears adn pulled the fox's snout against his knot. He held his brother's mouth there, his body finally ejecting all of that pent up seed in one long continuous flow down Finely's throat. "You got outsmarted. Heck, you threw the match. We both know ho much you love the idea... of being MEAT."

Yup. That did it.

Finely cursed Ryder, suckling and swallowing his hot, pent up load, as his cock throbbed. A massive spurt of cum shot out, shooting \*upwards\* at an angle and painting across Oscar the dragon's face and leather jacket. He moaned, his failure now unhidable, and Ryder lifted that foot away, letting Finely's cock to spring up against his belly.

Finely grabbed it, not trying to pull off of Ryder's shaft, suckling and slurping it, teeth even digging menacingly against the hard flesh, as he jacked his cumming dick out. Cum shot everywhere. A load befitting such majestic equipment splashed out, dousing everything he point it at. Oscar, Monty the sun bear, Wilbur, each in time. He didn't care. They got to keep their junk, so he was allowed to hose them down. He closed his eyes, just enjoying himself, throbbing and spurting out a month's worth of pleasure.

He barely felt as rabbit paws gripped him by the package, lifting him to standing position. Cumming, cock sliding out of his mouth, he blearily staggered after his cock as Wilbur pulled him to the chopping block. The waist height butcher's table was all ready, with antiseptics and wound dressing.

"No, wait," Finely said, his dick throbbing as he watched Wilbur pick up the heavy meat cleaver from the knife block. The metal edge gleamed, honed to a fin edge. "Wait, I'm not done cumming yet," he tried to explain.

Swoosh! THUNK!

Finely grunted, as the metal chopped down and through the mass of flesh that connected his cock and balls to his body. His knotted dick bounced forward a few inches, one last throb oozing the last of his seed out the slit in a single creamy squirt.

"Fuck." Finely said in shock, staring at his prized equipment laying on the counter. When he was pulled back and away from the table, his cock, his big balls, it all stayed behind. "Hey, wait, but-"

Ryder grinned, from ear to ear, stroking his half-hard cock as he watched his brother's emasculation. He got no sexual pleasure from that, but he did from knowing that he was now the absolute biggest dick in the frat. He didn't really pay attention, as he felt a strong hand wrap around his cock. He looked down, seeing Simon handling his cock, the big bull casually squeezing and crushing his knot inside his big bull fist. "Hey, wait," he said, but Simon just crushed his knot back down.

Ryder groaned as the bull manhandled him so casually, and while he wasn't damaging the fox's prized, champion cock, he was not being gentle. Ryder pushed, but Simon pushed harder, feeding and stuffing the knotted, cum-drooling cock back down into his sheath. Ryder whined, but Simon held up the chastity cage with a wink.

"Congrats. You get to edge for another month. At the end of that month, \*we\* get to jerk you off." He said, as he pressed the sticky plastic dome against Ryder's cock and forced the whole bulk of his dock back up inside his body, where the cage would keep it pinned in place.

Wilbur made sure that Finely was being tended to, medically, and that Ryder was strapped down adequately, then turned back to the real show of the evening. It was time to feed Glyff.

He reached down, sliding his hands under The large knot-locked erection that lay on the cutting board. A hint of bone peeked out from the base of the fox's knotted dick. Wilbur wrapped his hand around it, his other scooping up the limp, soft musky fox pouch. He lifted up all four pounds of fox package up, holding it in his hands. The cat sitting next to the table nodded in appreciation as Wilbur hefted and felt up the spent goods.

The rabbit walked over to the aquarium, where Glyff was sitting. The ooze was seeping slowly up the side of the glass, bits of pebbles suspended in it, as well as a beer tab and a bottle cap. Wilbur sighed. The frat loved Glyff, but they kept forgetting that Glyff was a gelatinous slimie, not a garbage disposal.

Wilbur opened up one side of the aquarium, unlocking and lifting up one metal flap. He held Finely's fine, handsome package up over ooze, and dropped it down inside. The cockhead slapped against the rim of the aquarium, before falling in, the entire package landing with a splurt on top of the green ooze.

Glyff immediately began to curl up around the sudden fleshy intrusion. The severed end of the cock had landed right in the middle of the ooze, and it probed into it, every cell of the ooze independently probing up against the dark flesh. It wasn't hard to find a way inside. As the green ooze coiled slowly up and over, engulfing the fox's lost manhood, it pushed between the flesh of his shaft and the looser skin that wrapped it so snugly. It pushed into the severed cords that led down into the fox's scrotum. It slid up the marrow of the baculum. Each place it touched, it dissolved, filling each cell with itself, breaking it down, and then moving to the next.

Finely whimpered as he watched his package being attacked. The knot was swelling up, ooze pulsing into the glands. It looked so deliciously tense and painful, the fox grinding against the hand that was daubing antiseptic against his little stump.

The scrotum, bloated and full as it floated submerged in the green ooze, ruptured. The skin shriveled, disintegrating into nothing ness as the ooze devoured it, the gleaming testicles shining, bulging massively despite their recent purging.

They began to break down, the pressurized tissues inside unspooling into the slime as the walls that contained them were softened and melted down to the toughness of wet tissue paper. He could see the root of his baculum, jutting out an inch from the root of his cock, as the flesh was eaten away a centimeter at a time.

Wilbur tapped the glass, stroking a finger along it to where the ooze had burst the tip of the fox's broad rounded cocktip like a misfired cannon. Thick strips of flesh peeled away, like a banana skin that was being dissolved as it was stripped away.

"Glyff LOVES the cock tips. I wonder why, I imagine that there are interesting flavors there. I imagine yours was saturated in precum, after a month of leaking, huh?" the rabbit said, smugly.

The cock itself as shedding skin like an old sunburn. The cock was slowly exploding, as the vascular sponges that made up the shaft were separated, the ooze probing out from the inside and separating segments of the fox's cock away from each other. Despite the trauma involved, Finely couldn't help but think that it looked like the most amazing blowjob he had ever seen. The ooze was stroking and tingling every single inch of his cock, inside and out, mindlessly, hungrily.

Finely couldn't have identified it as his package if he saw it now. It looked like a bizarre bubbling octopus or something, the flesh 'cooked' white by the enzymes and acid, curled and splitting and dissolving down. The sheath and scrotum were just gone at this point, and as the testicle cords dissolve, the epididymii silently 'pop' like popcorn inside the clutch of the ooze. They burst with cream into the goop of the slime, the cream fading like the glowing trails of a firework. The testicles were only partially shielded with their hard shells. The ruptures from earlier allowed the stringy innards to flow out into the ooze, but those innards were gone, and the slime pushed in through the ruined walls and through the disintegrated epididymis. Half dissolved blobs were slurped out of the shells, and the shells themselves were fading into translucency inside the ooze's dissolving caress. Finely scoured the ooze's gelatinous body, but there was less and less to see. Five pounds of fox meat... gone. All except for a single gleaming white bone, that sank slowly down to rest amongst the dozen or so other bones, piercings and metal cockrings that had been fed to Glyff in the past.

Finely sighed, sadly. The rest of the party had moved on, people chattering and drinking, teasing Ryder about his month in chastity. Finely looked down at the little bandaid over the stump, the inch or so of narrow root of his cock all that he had left.

Wilbur rubbed his shoulder, as they walked back to the party. "Great job. Excellent meal. And, hey, don't worry, Finely, I'll make sure Ryder is the next one to feed Glyff. And after him, well, it will be time to start recruiting for next year. Phatbuldge is full of prospective..." Wilbur glanced back to the aquarium, a strange smile on his lips, "..candidates for the fraternity."