

Underground cage fighting. A highly illegal activity, mostly known from “B movies,” was a reality here, inside a massive basement with dim lighting and a complete lack of seats, filled to the brim with various people, ready to see some bloody, unadulterated, and high in testosterone action. The name of that event was:

“RO SHAM POW! RO SHAM POW! RO SHAM POW!”

The audience kept chanting out loud, even when an eight-foot-tall referee, a dark-skinned bull, took the stand, grasping a hanging microphone from the ceiling, basking in the temporary glory as the guy who will announce the most anticipated series of fights this year.

“Welcome all to the twelfth edition of Ro Sham Pow! I’ll not ramble and bore you to death with unnecessary crap, so I’ll just introduce the first two contestants of the night. Please welcome none other but Hawk The Great! Wish him all good luck ‘cause he might need it!” The referee was making up names for a spot, noticing that the fighter’s name wasn’t exactly inspiring in his eyes, although simple enough.

A silhouette of the avian creature appeared from nowhere above the referee before it flew towards the floor with a sudden and sharp turn, showing off his flying skills. Like in any superhero movie, the mighty, winged, and naked beast suddenly dropped from the ceiling onto his right knee, spreading his wings for dramatic effect.

“The second competitor is less known but still fierce. Three-legged Tweets! Be ready for the spectacle, people!” The bull wasn’t sure about the names he was giving, but that one fitted, especially when the audience saw the other fighter. An avian individual just like the first one, although visibly thinner and quite agile, judging how swiftly he dropped through the ceiling, cutting through the air with his razor-sharp talons. His wing span looked at least two times wider than Hawks’s as if the angel of death ascended from above. The legs of the white feathered bird were the most muscular parts of his slim body and probably the most dangerous weapons in the cage. The audience cheered upon seeing Tweets, but it took a few moments to realize what people were primarily excited about.

The ‘three-legged’ title, while said jokingly by the referee, wasn’t far away from the truth. Indeed, a massively long, meaty shaft dangled heavily way below bird’s knees, putting in shame probably every other penis in the entire room. Although it could spark some jealousy, more people in the audience wanted that piece of meat to end up on the floor. That was the whole point of that fight, after all.

“Remember, men. There are no rules except leaving this cage.” The bull said to both birds of different builds before stepping back so as not to be occasionally hit by such incredibly sharp talons. Even their wings looked dangerous enough to do more damage than a simple paper cut. The audience was ecstatic, seeing the fight finally beginning.

“RO SHAM POW! RO SHAM POW!”

The Hawk smirked as if he had hatched a plan to proceed without losing his precious gonads. He suddenly unfurled his dark-hued wings, releasing a barrage of something that resembled copious amounts of tiny ball bearings or marbles, rolling around the entire floor. As the referee said, there were almost no rules, and Hawk had the green light to bring the seemingly harmless items.

“Try using your legs now.” He taunted, knowing well those metallic balls could be a double-edged sword. Tweets scoffed, treating those ‘weapons’ like children’s toys, unable to stop him from completely obliterating opponents with vicious claws. The white avian warrior immediately attacked without replying, right before raising his muscular leg way above his head, showing skill and vast agility. Tweets dropped it at thunderous speed, cutting through the air and nothing else.

He missed.

Not only that, his talon dropped right on top of balls he dismissed earlier, losing balance. Hawk angered himself by not using such a perfect window of opportunity to grab that flopping-around piece of meat and end the fight since the opponent didn’t have any external testicles to crush. But that made him think of an idea.

The visibly quicker bird immediately regained composure and attacked Hawk with double the effort, sending his kicks left and right. Still, the dark feathered fighter could dodge the first one and parry two next hits with his own long, sharp nails, sending few sparks. Their clash looked vicious, but it was everything for the audience and ultimate fame in the underworld.

Tweets slipped one more time, but Hawk was quick enough to stand on his abdomen, looking at a gigantic shaft moving around like a cornered, cowardly snake. He smirked mischievously with purely evil glints sparking in his eyes, full of sadism. Hawk had difficulties holding a white bird in place, surprised at his strength.

“What a nice cock. It’s such a shame I’ll have to eat it.”

“What in the fuck, man!?”

Tweets punched away Hawk’s leg, who also lost his balance but only temporarily. Tweets used that precious second and unfurled his wings, pushing away all nearby marbles with them so he could finally fight according to his tactics. Hawk simply shrugged it off, still with an ominous smirk on his sharp beak. The other opponent stopped for a moment, trying to retort.

“You know what? You—”

But before he finished that sentence, Hawk immediately approached him, slicing through the air with his claw, aiming toward Tweet's abdomen. He thought the opponent missed for a second before seeing familiar body parts flying before his eyes in slow motion, landing with an audible wet splash afterward. His eyes widened in fear, finally realizing what that fight was all about and how high the stakes were.

An inch of Tweet’s dick ended up on the floor with a few drops of crimson liquid, but it looked like it was part of a dream. Or rather a nightmare. He couldn’t believe his eyes on what just happened, scared to avert his gaze towards his abdomen. Using that time and how stunned the other fighter was, Hawk simply sliced off another inch of the bird’s gigantic schlong. Although at that pace, it will not be as big anymore. Tweets screamed and tried to walk away, searching for the referee.

“Stop the fight! Why are you letting him do that, man?”

"I already said, no rules. Live with it." The bull shrugged, still only observing the fight from a distance.

Tweets felt utterly abandoned. Not only did the referee ignore his pleas, but the audience looked entertained and thirsty for more, ecstatic to see a bird losing its precious bits in a deadly fight. But the humiliation only started when Hawk quickly snipped off yet another full inch of the bird's penis, making it flop on the floor next to their legs.

"Dude, I surrender! You killed me already!" Tweets yelled, walking backward, looking for a way to escape. He exaggerated his status because, although bleeding, he could still survive as an eunuch. Then, people and Hawk himself saw something that should be impossible.

The remains of Tweet's dick were rock hard, pulsating from excitement!

The opponent couldn't help but laugh, planning to humiliate the defeated fighter any further. He fixed up another item from underneath his wings, showing something that looked like a long, purple ribbon of quite the thickness. Hawk kicked the white bird in the abdomen, forcing him to hit the cage's wall with his back. The referee finally did some work and gestured to the audience not to intervene, although that would look interesting to them.

After tying Tweet's hands to the cage and immobilizing his arms, Hawk kneeled before the opponent, eyeing the flopping dick with hunger in the eyes, licking his beak afterward. He started licking the perfectly sliced tip from any fluids, getting it further inch by inch into his mouth, with a sadistic look. He wasn't planning on letting Tweets go when suddenly he bit off another piece. He showed it to the audience like a trophy right before spitting it on the floor for later consumption. People went wild, wanting to see more.

Tweets couldn't stop whining, humiliated not only by the fact that he was losing his most precious body part but also by how irrationally he was reacting, the rest of his dick still insanely hard and closer to climax. Although, at that rate, it can be impossible to cum after all, when he was losing the appendage inch by inch.

Hawk extended his long tongue, toying with other avian, licking his penis from the base right to the tip, stroking it hard with his free hand. He never lost a mischievous look in his eyes, gloating in victory before the fight was even finished. Chuckling to himself, he shoved Tweet's cock again into his dangerous maw, eventually snipping away another piece.

"Cum for me, slut. We both know you want it. Do it, or I'll find a way from your hidden balls..." he hissed, slowly getting impatient, wanting to finish that encounter fast. Tweets could not find any words except pleas for mercy, wanting that nightmare to be finally done. Second later, Hawk snatched his meat again.

SNIP!

Tweets breathed deeply in panic, feeling something building up in his abdomen; while irrational, it was also inevitable. Hawk removed his razor-sharp beak, focusing on stroking it even harder, staring at the tiny opening. A few moments later, it finally happened, and the room erupted in chants, screams, and loud ovations.

Hawk's face was now completely covered with various sticky fluids out of the throbbing root of Tweet's devastated dick. It splashed sizeable amounts of cum, and it couldn't stop for several more seconds when the bird was still holding it firmly. It was much better than being sprayed with champagne for him since he worked hard for it. But when the rest of the slashed penis was useless and dry, Hawk simply cut it off with his beak before standing up and holding it high for everyone to see. Tweets could only watch and sob quietly.

The audience kept cheering for the night's first winner, clapping and shouting about how great that fighter was. He stood there along with other pieces of sliced genitals and metal marbles; the latter helped him defeat the other, more agile avian. The referee approached him, lifting Hawk's other arm, ready to announce the winner. Until:

"Hey! You dirty, fucking cheater!"

A humongous peregrine falcon suddenly dropped from the ceiling, unfurling his mighty wings before landing gracefully. Each of his steps was filled with cold fury while the third bird eyed the 'winner' angrily. The massive bull gestured to him to stay away, but falcon completely ignored him.

"Is this what these fights will look like?"

"It's not your fight yet, Jax. Calm down." Referee said.

"Calm down!? He's nothing more than a fraud! And I'll not stand idly before doing what is right!" He breathed heavily, looking from defeated Tweets to towering bull and finally at Hawk, who still didn't stop smirking.

The second round was upon them.