

“Good evening sir, madam, and/or non-binary being.” Sydion blinked, holding his novelty coffee cup as he stood before his open door. The uniformed stoat was smiling cheerily enough, with his clipboard and hat and giant vaguely feline-creature android standing just behind him.

As happens on occasion.

“Uh, what?” Sydion’s brain was still booting, not quite up to normal operating speeds, so he stood there rather blankly, staring from his front entry door at the strange duo baaaarely squeezed into his front porch.

The stoat took a long breath. “Good evening sir/madam/non-binary being!” He tapped his clipboard with a pen. “Afraid I’ve got a summons here for you. Surprise testicular inspection.”

Sydion stood there, blinking, trying to parse the sentence a few times in his head. “Surprise...what now?”

The stoat let out an even longer sigh. “May we come in? Might be easier to show rather than tell.”

“Tell me what?” Sydion grumped, tugging at his bath robe. He had juuuuust gotten out of the shower and made his coffee. Making for a rather grumpy cat. “I don’t have time for solicitors this mor...hey!” The stoat slipped past him, right into the expansive living room. Said stoat began checking things off on his clipboard.

“Hmm, yes. I suppose. Ok. Yes. That should work. Ok!” He brightened, turning towards Sydion. “I think we should be able to do the examination here. Now! Why don’t you stand right here. Yes.” He took the big-fanged cat’s big paws, and pulled him further into the center of the room, frowned, then shifted Sydion a little to the left. “That should work.”

“What should wo...what’s all this about!?” Sydion still had his coffee in paw, having allowed himself to be cat-handled mostly out of surprise than anything. “I don’t think I have any unpaid tickets or such!”

“Well...you do actually! Not so much a ticket as unregistered goods.” The stoat bobbed his head. “But don’t worry, we’ll be able to straighten everything out! Now...before I begin, I need your signature...here.” He offered the clipboard, and the pen, with some paperwork that was far, far, far too small to read. “Just a quick little consent release saying you agree to any and all arbitration that the arbitration officer, that’s me, decides. This way you don’t have to go aaaaall the way to the central bureaucracy to take care of everything. Very much more efficient this way!”

Sydion frowned at the small clipboard for a long time before scribbling his signature on the highlighted block. “Well, I don’t want to go there, took me ages to get my last driver’s license.”

Huff, paperwork. It never ended. The hulking quadruped robot also entered through the door, barely squeezing inside. It had a huge blocky sort of head, almost like a tiger's, and heavy, rubbery-looking skin. It also seemed...bemused, with SN8-C@ in bold white print along its shoulders. It licked a rather broad, black-rubber tongue and peered at Sydion with a strangely interested expression.

"Exactly! Now! I'm afraid we're here because of yesterday's little incident." The stoat tapped his claws on the clipboard, and it started playing a video. Sydion, in the same bath robe, walking out with the same novelty coffee mug and bending over to pick up his paper.

The wind picked up, his robe flew open, and those huuuuuge sabercat balls fatly fell out with an almost audible weighty flop!

The video paused there, Sydion half bent over and his fat nuts swinging about between his thighs.

"Are these your testicles, sir?"

Sydion frowned at the image. "Well of course they're mine. Huff, though who is taking video of.."

"Siiiiigh. I was afraid of that! I mean, if it was digital manipulation I could understand. I'm afraid I'm going to have to examine them. Could you please present your testicles?" The stoat waved his electronic pen. "It's strictly for inspection of course! Well ok I suppose I can do the work. Just lift your coffee arm for me please, ok?"

Sydion was left there, standing in his living room as the stoat casually reached right in and tug-tug-tugged at the straps holding his robe closed. It easily came away, and the robe opening up to reveal that blatantly fat sac just dangling there!

The stoat tut-tutted very professionally, poking at those swinging catspuds with his pen. "Oh dear. I don't know if I even need to weigh these babies. I'm afraid your junk clearly exceeds allowed maximums."

"What do you mean? I've always had this junk?" Sydion huffed, still with arms partly raised. The hulking android cat thing looked all the more interested, peering as that stoat reached in, sending that bag of cat spuds swinging. "Hey!"

"Yup, oh dear. Always had them? That's a lot of years of not filling out your Massive Bulge Registration. Oh my." He pulled free a little laser-measure, letting it expand to gauge and measure the heavy cat-sack. "Hmm. Oh my. Yes. Far over the limit."

"Hmph, they've never been a problem before!" Sydion huffed, grumbling as the stoat poked and prodded and even tugged on his testicles. "And neither have they!"

“Yes yes, but you never paid your fees! Oh my, going back all those years...” The stoat tapped on his clipboard, doing the sums. “That’s quite a lot you’re backlogged. But! We can straighten this all out right now!” He wagged his fluffy white tail. “Easy peasy in fact! I can confiscate the illicit goods, my friend here can administer the fine, and then it’ll all be settled.”

“Huh, just like that?” Sydion frowned, again having trouble following the quick-talking weasel. “Well I suppose if we can get it all straightened out soon, I don’t have time for this all day.”

“That’s the spirit! Now, if you’ll juuuuuust keep your arms outstretched. Yes, just like that.” Sydion heard the big android shift behind him. And over him. Perhaps it was some long, long, long buried instinct that told him to look up. And he felt cool android breath on his face, staring into a rather broadly opened maw.

A maw that casually slipped down, and closed around Sydion’s face, head, and shoulders!

“Excellent, SN8-C@! Sometimes they get so squirmy if not held. Hmm, I’m gonna need my largest set of asset-appropriators for these monsters. Gosh!” The stoat cupped both those huge balls in his hands, feeling their weight, judging, appreciating their heft like no laser could. “My goodness. He’s lucky we found him. These are definitely contraband.

SN8-C@ hummed in agreement. Though that could have been a deep purr. The android was suppose to simulate emotions after all. And drool, there was a good bit of warm synthetic drool rolling down Sydion’s front.

The sabercat was rather shocked into obedience. One moment one is getting talked down to by a government agent, the next, one is up to their armpits in a huge snout!

“Hmmmmm. I’m not sure these are going to fit in the usual evidence bag.” The stoat had one open, trying to gauge, to stuff, to squeeze one bag into another, and finding it near impossible. The plastic lip simply wouldn’t slide over the massive feline orbs, no matter how he tugged and pushed and tried to stuff. “Oh dear. Well, I do have some evidence stickers.”

SN8-C@ made a grumbling noise.

“Oh no, you can begin! It won’t take me long!”

The android resumed purring, and dipped his head downwards. There was a rippling, sudden swallow all around the big sabercat, a sudden feel of constriction and heat, a feel of fangs scraping against his chest and back, and suddenly lips were casually sealed around Sydion’s waist!

His robe had fallen off, his coffee mug casually plucked out of his hand by the stoat, careful not to spill a drop and leave cause to a possible complaint!

No no, he carefully folded up that robe and set the coffee mug on the nearby table. Always helps to ensure a good experience when out dealing with the public! “Now! Let’s see here. I think I have all your information, Mr. deCat! If you’ll just put your thumb print here....” Sydion was trapped, but he felt fingers press his thumb against a smooth surface. “And we’re good!” There was the sound of a small printer printing, and the feel of a label slapped against the side of his huge sac.

“Well, it’s not ideal, but then, it’s not often I get to confiscate such a hefty bulge! Don’t worry, there’s no monetary fine involved. Actually you’ll get a small return given that it’s hard to find proper robotic cat fuel these days! That should be applied to your bank account in a few days.” He patted at that bare feline tummy. Now, just one more task. Hold him still. Stillllll. Good boy.” It still took his largest Feline Testicle Retrieval Tool, but he managed to squeeze the device around that heavy sac, feeling the taut cords beneath. And before Sydion could think to voice his protest, or demand an arbitration to find alternative payment methods....SNICK! The laser-crimper hummed it’s cutting tool and easily, quickly, painlessly, separated those huge bulging nuts from the criminal offender.”

“There we go!” The stoat lifted that bag high, admiring his work. “Ooof, these are heavier than I thought. Maybe you won’t get a refund after all. Still, any excess fine will be applied to your accounts.”

SN8-C@ grumbled.

“Oh yes. You may commence with the fine-taking. Oh! And Mr deCat. Don’t forget if you feel you haven’t been treated with respect you may fill out a complaint form at city hall.”

Sydion squeaked, mostly because he was being hefted off his paws, only a brief flash of that fat cat cock flopping about and a total lack of balls seen, before....gulp! Just a set of calves and paws kicking about.

The stoat hummed, finishing out his paperwork, and tossing that heavy sac of evidence into his evidence sac. “Hmm. Oh. Oh dear. ‘Sabercats, nearing extinction, are allowed special exemption from any and all...’” He glanced up, a set of cat paws disappearing into a very, very pleased robotic snakecat, who happily licked his lips. “Whoops. Well....it would be more paperwork to try and fix the issue. We’ll just go ahead and chalk this up to a learning experience. What do you think, SN8-C@?”

SN8-C@ purred, settling on his haunches, rubbery tummy gurgling noisily before he let out a rather bemused belch.

“Right, right. It wouldn’t do if we got written up for ANOTHER mistake. Not to mention he never voiced his opposition to the terms applied. Oh well!” He hefted the evidence bag. “I suppose these could always make for a good lunch instead. I did forget to pack my meatball sub this morning. Well let’s get back on the beat. There’s a horse two blocks down that has been flaunting a bit too much stallion-sac in his backyard.”

SN8-C@ rumbled very happily, bouncing up to all fours again. The stoat shook his head. My things had gotten easier with robotic assistance. And it made for less complaints at the end of the day!