The Reunion Moon

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The sun was setting over the savanna as Razor sped through the tall grass. He had been stripped of all of his tools, his jewelry, everything save for a snug black jockstrap He had two options - the copse of trees by the watering hole to the west, or the large stone outcropping to the north. The outcropping, he knew, had a cave in it, but that was the only place that he could hide from what chased him.

The muscular hyena warrior panted, black tongue lolling into the dusty savannah air. Ears swiveled at the sound of something creeping up on him, and he twisted, staring across the bobbing, weaving golden grasses. It was impossible to see the fearsome creature that stalked him, camouflage so perfectly in the yellow grasses, but he squinted, trying to make out a shape, a shadow, even the glint of an eye in the setting sunlight. Nothing.

Feeling a panic rising in his chest, he fled towards the copse of trees. The tall, strong hyena was afraid of nothing! But he did not want to be caught. His skills at hunting did not translate well into hiding - he was sure that he was leaving big dusty footprints in his wake, as he sped into the shade of the green leaves. If his footprints didn't lead the ferocious animal to him, the smell of his body's masculine musk would.

He needed to make a false trail. He saw a large tree, the biggest of the copse, just ahead. He would mark it. That would lead the hunter to it, while he escaped out the back. He rested a palm on the smooth, old bark, and reached into his jock to pull out his dick. That was when the creature struck.

It had been hiding in the branches over his head, just waiting for him to walk underneath him, the golden furred beast hugging around Razor's shoulders and giggling as he yelped and stumbled to the side.

"Hello, my love," the hunter said, nuzzling into the fallen hyena's ear. "Looks like I won."

"That's cheating, you didn't hunt me, you just fell on me," Razor protested, as his mate's hand lifted up the bottom of his jock, pushing down with his palm to disgorge that big dick out into the open air. He let the jock go, to wrap around his half-hard member.

"I'm a cat," the feline said, crystal blue eyes smirking smugly. "That's kind of our thing." He squeezed at the cock, feeling it thicken and harden under his touch. "Come on, big warrior man. Admit I caught you." He leaned in, smooching the hyena's cheek. "Admit it." He smooched again.

"RRrrrrf... fine!" The hyena barked. He squirmed, rolling over onto his back and sitting up. His cock was disobediently hard, jutting up as a solid red spike, and Scotty's fingers looked so small as they caressed and teased his needy flesh. "Fine, fine, I concede. You caught me. You CHEATED, but you caught me." He smiled, wryly, as the smaller feline kneaded his shaft.

"That's right. And since I caught you, I get to take what I want from you. And I bet you can guess what I'm going to take."

Razor leaned back on his elbow, watching his lover handling him. "Well, I was forced to strip naked for this silly ritual, so, you have no weapons. So if you want to take my cock... I'm afraid you're going to have to take it... with your ass." He grinned, a toothy predatorial grin, which faded as Scotty reached down into the grass next to Razor, picking up a tool he had planted earlier.

"You're going to eat those words, silly hyena stud. Do you really think I am gonna go cock hunting... without a weapon?" The feline opened the heavy metal shears, and then closed them again. Opened them... then closed them. The blades scraped slightly against each other with a smooth metallic rasp. "My best tailoring shears. Fully capable of cutting through hard leather... or soft hyena dick meat."

Razor's jaw dropped open, just a bit, and his dick squirted out a little bit of panic pre. "But... you're supposed to..."

"I'm supposed to what?" Scotty purred as he pressed his chest against the hyena's. "I'm supposed to be a good cat? And once I've captured you, I'm supposed to mate with you under the full moon, resanctifying our bond? Well, yeah, I could do that..."

Scotty ground his dickless groin against the larger male's belly, as he rested the scissors along the edge of the hyena's ear. Razor glanced at it worriedly as the blades slowly closed, just gently trimming against the fur there, kissing against the very edge of his big flap of skin. Razor shuddered, as Scotty stroked a rough thumb tip over the moist tip of his shaft.

"But you've had this coming for a long time now. Big hyena stud.." He squeezed the hyena's knot, stroking up while still squeezing along it, and the flesh darkened as it throbbed ramrod stiff, oozing fresh precum. "You have been far, far too relaxed in your role as top."

"I've done a fantastic job servicing you, my insatiable grub," Razor protested, as his paws moved to Scotty's rear. He gripped the feline's soft furred rump, kneading against them and dipping fingers in between. Tracing one finger tip along the very edge of his mate's soft pucker. "You've certainly not complained, as I humped your seed out through your tiny little stump... or was there some other way you wanted me to help you get off?"

"Several," Scotty said, and for the first time, Razor looked baffled. "And the fact that you look so confused right now? That's exactly why you need this. More than I did, I think."

Scotty leaned back, enjoying the kneading fingers of the hyena as he traced the point of those shears down along the underside of Razor's jaw. Down his soft throat, feeling the heartbeat throb against the edge of the blades. The handsome male was laid out before him - if he wanted, he could very easily push inwards, and stab Razor in the heart, ending the warrior's life forever. But he wouldn't do that. He loved him.

Razor was excited for this, Scotty knew. The way his breathing hitched as the tip of those shears slid through his pubic rough, pressing into the base of his sheath.

"It's gonna hurt," Razor said, his ears folding back.

"You won't notice." Scotty said. He opened the blades, and they both watched as the sharp metal tines spread wider and wider, sliding down either side of the veined, straining erection. Scotty slid his stroking hand down, to pull the sheath down, behind Razor's knot. The blades now touched against the skin, just under the swollen bulbs. It was sharp, heavy, thick, cold metal, and just the rubbing of his cock's throbs against it burned.

"Why won't I notice?" Razor asked. He couldn't not stare at his cock, thinking about those blades crushing together and separating his shaft from his body. His thick, proud cock. "It's kind of hard not to notice when your dick is being removed."

"Because you'll be kissing ~me~," Scotty responded, as he moved to sit next to Razor. His own shaft was still missing from the ritual of manhood a year earlier - it had healed up neatly, leaving him with a small fleshy button that, when he was extremely aroused, would jut out an inch or so from his groin. Razor liked to tease Scotty that he was helping push the root out, from the inside. The feline's balls sagged heavier and fuller than they used to, though not as fully, or as heavily, as Razor's did. Scotty gripped the middle of the hyena's dick, his pink resting on top of the fat knot, and he squeezed firmly. Holding it, just kind of pulling at it, but not along it, so that the root was stretched as far out of its sheath as it could go.

They kissed, then. The feline's shorter muzzle slipped partially between the hyena's jaws, and he snagged at that long doggy tongue, slurping it between his lips and fellating it. Gnawing, teasing at the tender muscle, he purred and growled alternatively as Razor grunted and squeezed at his buttocks.

Each time Razor squeezed, so did Scotty. The blades pushing, crimping inwards, and digging into the soft root, only to relax as the hyena's fingers did. Scotty didn't know if Razor realized the correlation, but based on how he was moaning and grinding his hips upwards, he suspected that he didn't.

Razor started to reach down, to try and push the scissors away. The pinching, squeezing feeling at his groin burned sharply, but he knew it was going to happen. He could either fight it, or accept it. He rested his hand on Scotty's own, the feline pausing in his squeezing. Razor knew that... just like it had been for Scotty, a year previous.. that this was a choice.

Scotty may want it, but Razor had to allow it. And so... he let go of the scissors, and cupped the back of Scotty's head. He tongue fucked that silly cat, his big hyena tongue spearing smoothly down the feline's throat, hyena drool seeping into Scotty's mouth as his partner squeezed his fingers together.

SNIP

The sound of the metal, shearing together, and the feeling of it slicing into his flesh, into his maleness, made Razor pull his head back in pain. It stung, deeply, a hot flash of fire that burned up into his guts and made his entire body lock down. It HURT!

And then it was over. The pinching ended, the one last little bit of skin and nerves separating, and the feel of Scotty's fingers on his cock was gone entirely. Razor opened his eyes, seeing the big red shaft that was usually down by his groin, pointed right between his eyes. The thickness of it was startling. He had felt it a million times in his life, enjoyed how snug Scotty's hole was as it gripped around it, but he had not... seen it. Not as its own thing.

Scotty nudged it to stroke the tip against Razor's snout, along the bridge of his nose, up to his brow. Sawing it teasingly back and forth. "You did SO good... you just sat there and let me cut your cock off, like a good little bottom."

Razor growled at that. He would open his mouth, but Scotty slid the tip of the severed penis between his lips, nudging it against bared fangs.

"And now, you're going to let me feed it to you." He giggled at the look on Razor's face. "What? Come on, I said you were going to eat your words... and your words were about how I was going to take your big cock. Well... now you're going to take it. And I'm going to enjoy watching you suck on it. Come on. Open up, my proud warrior. Love of my life. Open up and accept this cock."

Razor growled, glaring down the bridge of his nose. The cock was salty, he could taste the precum seeping out of it against his lips, tingling between his teeth. Scotty brattily slid it along his teeth, sliding it along the inside of his cheek and making it bulge out around it, pretending to scrub the hyena's fangs with the severed maleness. Finally, relenting, Razor opened his mouth.

"There we go! Such a good boy... Now suck on your cock." Scotty leaned forward, pressing his nose to Razor's, and stuffed the entire length of that shaft fully into the uncocked warrior's maw. He felt it bend as it hit the back of his mouth, and pushed it in further, making sure that the knot cleared the sharp fangs in the back of Razor's maws. He knew how sharp they were.

"Suck on it..." He teasingly commanded, and wrapped his small hands around the hyena's muzzle. Razor whimpered as Scotty squeezed his jaws closed, forcing him to taste the raw, salty flesh on his tongue, filling the back of his throat. It made him want to gag, the way it tickled and prodded against his throat like that.

"What's that? I can't make out what you're saying. I guess the sound of you gagging on your own dick is so loud, you know? Go on, love, swallow your medicine."

Razor blushed, hard. He could fight it... but he didn't want to. He loved Scotty, and he was happy... eager, even, to do what he wanted, on this special day. He swallowed.

He had to swallow again, as the thick knot of his dick got wedged in the back of his throat. Dammit, he was thick! He swallowed again, using his tongue to nudge the thick wad of flesh into the back of his gullet, until he was finally able to gulp it down. He could feel it sliding down, past where he could reach in to pull it out, his cock penetrating down the endless soft wet heat of his throat, to sink into his belly. Damn, he wished he could have felt it.

Scotty released his snout, and then leaned in, smooching and kissing all over his nose and lips. "You did so good. I'm so proud of you, my love."

Razor wrapped his arms around his mate, and they fell to the ground, rolling and giggling as they snuggled against each other. Their balls flopped and slapped against each other's, with no maleness to speak of. The feeling of Scotty's belly against his, with nothing there between them, no dick to assert his arousal with, made Razor's blush deepen. How was he going to fuck Scotty now? How would he make the small cat climax? How would ~he~ climax?

"You were saying that there were.... other ways....?" Razor asked, timidly, sheepishly. "You know of..."

Scotty chuckled mischievously. "Yes. Roll onto your belly... I'm going to show you the first one!"