

Bulko stands proudly on the stage in his black and gold glittery getup, muscles rippling with every movement. Being an anthro lion, he stands tall and confident, as if he were the king of Bulgton. His broad shoulders, thick fur, and toned physique make him a sight to behold. His shimmery gold vest is unbuttoned, revealing his toned and chiseled chest and a golden necklace gleaming in the light. His tight leather pants hug his hips, leading down to his huge, powerful thighs.

The music starts and he moves to the rhythm, strutting across the stage with a fierce, masculine grace. His hips sway and his tail flicks as he moves, and with each step his muscles ripple and flex. His eyes glint with a smoldering intensity, and the crowd can't help but be drawn to him.

He makes his way to the pole, wrapping his strong arms around it. His muscles flex and the leather of his pants creaks as he slides down it, his strong thighs gripping it tightly. He is in complete control, and the audience can't help but watch in awe. He slides back up the pole, his muscles flexing and rippling with each movement. His tail flicks back and forth in time to the music, and his eyes remain locked on the crowd.

As he moves, he slowly unhooks his belt, letting the buckle clatter against the stage. His pants slide down, revealing the thick, golden fur between his legs. His huge, veiny beer-can-thick cock swings in time to the beat and his testicles, the size of mangoes, sway with each step. The audience watch in awe as he swings his hips and teases them with the view of his huge sex, and his smoldering looks tantalize them even further.

He moves to the center of the stage and drops to his knees, his thick fur tickling his skin as he moves. He lowers his head and spreads his arms, showcasing his muscled physique. His eyes never leave the crowd, and his tail twitches as if to say 'you can't resist me'. He rises to his feet and slowly starts to move his hips, his thick cock bouncing and twitching with the beat. He circles the pole, his hips and arms swaying in time to the music, his tail flicking as he moves.

He grabs the pole and wraps his legs around it, his cock and balls hanging tantalizingly for all to see. He slides down and up the pole, his thick fur sliding against the metal, and his muscles flexing with each movement. He swings his hips, teasing the crowd with the view of his huge, veiny cock, and his smoldering looks drive them wild.

He continues to move around the stage, teasing and tantalizing the crowd as he moves. His thick fur and manly physique make him irresistible, and his huge cock and testicles sway with every step. His tail flicks and his eyes remain locked on the crowd, and with each movement, the audience can't help but feel a surge of desire.

As he continues, his movements become more and more intense, and his thick, golden fur shimmers in the light. His muscles flex and ripple, and his huge cock and testicles sway with every movement. He slides down the pole one last time and rises to his feet, his smoldering gaze still locked on the crowd. He strides off the stage, leaving the audience in a trance,

begging for more. Bulko has done it again: he has proven himself to be the hottest, most masculine stripper of all.

At the back of the bar, an older, distinguished looking white wolf glared at the stage, his arms folded across his chest. The burly chested, chubby bellied bear next to him gestured to it. "So that's why you're out. Meat. People want meat, not glitter."

Gallico the Great was not amused, as the stunningly handsome lion sauntered around, scooping up dollar bills and blowing kisses to the frenzied bar patrons. There were other strippers, sure; a tiger, a fox, a wolf, a bull. They were also beefy dudes, strong and powerful, with obscene bulges hid oversized equipment, but they couldn't compare to Bulko. Not by any metric. Bulko was the heart and soul of this little 'stripper' gang... Very well.

"Well, we can't fight progress, can we?" He said to the stage manager, the bear chuckling and slapping him on the back.

"No, we can't. You know I love your little tricks and illusions, but... I mean, you can use a TikTok filter and get just as much 'magic' as your little show. That, though?" He pointed his cigarette at the strippers. "You can't make that up. No tricks, no illusions, just hot guys showing off their bodies for your attention."

"It uses just as many illusion as my show, and with much less of a pay off." Gallico groused, waving away the smell of the rancid cigarette. "You know, I see no reason why I couldn't just share the stage with them." He rubbed his chin in thought. "We could make a spectacle out of the debacle. Add some pizzazz to their piss n ass." He could see it now; tricks and traps to dazzle the eyes and arouse the imaginations.

"You're old. Nobody wants to see an old prune up there with fresh meat. Sorry, Don, but you're just old and worn out. Retire, go to the country and jerk off to old black and white magazines," the bear laughed. Gallico bristled. He deftly reached into the bear's pocket, pulling out the ornate Zippo lighter that he used to light his cigarettes.

"I understand where I'm not wanted, but that's the thing with magic, Duke." He sneered, as he slipped to the side. "It's real, whether you believe in it or not. I'm going to go retrieve my tricks from the back. You keep cool."

The elder wolf may have relegated his stage show to common, pedestrian tricks, silly tricks of the hand, but that was only because he had to. The dumb drunkards of this bar couldn't understand the magicks and powers that Gallico was truly capable of. He pushed through the STAFF door, flicking on the lighter that he had taken from the big bear. The light sparked, and sputtered, before going out. Only it hadn't gone out, not exactly. It had just gone somewhere else.

Back up front, Duke shook his head as he stared at the handsome, horny strippers, then turned and stepped into his office. Gallico had taken things more easily than he had expected, which

was great. The old wolf was always kind of weird, and Duke was glad to have a reason to push him out the back door. The bear sat down in his big swivel chair, turning on the monitor that was replaying the stripper's performance with a camera on the ceiling. He restarted the just-filmed scene, streaming it to a secret pornhub account that he had made a while ago - in Gallico's name, of course. If it ever got found out, he wanted to make sure his own ass was covered. He might have to change the name it's registered to, though, after tonight.

He had no idea that by clicking that button, he had just doomed the entire stripping party.

Duke leaned back in his swivel seat, the chair creaking as he unzipped his trousers. The bear used to dance himself, a decade or so ago, but too many hamburgers, too much cheap liquor, and too many rails of coke had ended any kind of dancing coordination he had. The daddy bear still had a thick, brown, smooth skinned cock, though, and it jutted up in a firm stiff cylinder from his crotch. The head was bright pink, like a cherry, and he started stroking himself as he watched the video.

He smelled hair burning, but ignored it. The men on stage were shaking their hips, showing off their tight asses. Bulko was commanding all attention, of course. Duke couldn't look away from him. He couldn't. Even as he felt a peculiar heat at the very tip of his maleness, as the precum bubbling up from inside turned into smoke, rising from his cock. He stroked himself, cheek twitching at the itching pain that was slowly growing on his cock. He took a puff of his cigarette, instead.

As he did, the bear's cigar-shaped dick burst into flame. Not all of it - just the broad, pink cherry-hued cap. That perfectly round cap incinerated, flames burning into the tender flesh, the flames sinking into the flesh itself, which began to break apart, glowing as it mimicked the brightly glowing cherry at the end of his cigarette. The pain was astronomical, and Duke growled out in intense agony. Unthinkingly, he took the cigarette out of his mouth, and stamped it out on the crowded ashtray on his desk, turning to look down at his dick as he did so. As he crushed the cigarette down, the cherry was crushed up into the tobacco of the cigarette, before the length of smoke crumpled inwards, crackling into a broken S shape. One side of the wrapper split, and powdered tobacco spilled out into the ashtray.

Duke's dick mirrored it perfectly. The burning embers of the tip of his cock suddenly stuffed down into the meat of his cock itself, hot spikes of burning hot flesh boiling the flesh at the end of his dick. His foreskin crisped and blackened as the coals burned out from inside, dark spots appearing on the outside of his shaft.

Then his dick crumpled, an impossibly hard force crushing it inwards towards his groin. Duke grunted as he watched his foot of shaft bend painfully at the third and two-thirds points, creating a messy, broken Z shape. Tissues and ligaments snapped, and the top of his dick, where a big vein ran along it, split wide open. The insides had been partially liquified from the crushing pressure, and it spurted out, oozing in gooey clumps across his belly.

As Duke passed out, the monitor kept streaming.

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The next day, the five main strippers met in the back rooms. It was a busy night already - apparently there was some kind of video that had been posted somewhere, showing the various men practicing their routine, and the bar was packed with people eager for their meat. Bulko, of course, was the first one there - he had just gotten out of the gym and his muscles were pumped, the lion's broad chest swollen, his shoulders and arms pumped. He slapped Thell's ass as the tiger sauntered in, yawning and clutching a steaming Starbucks.

"You ready for our big reveal?" Bulko said, grinning as he stripped out of his gym clothes. The strippers had no issues with being nude around each other, other than their tendency to want to get each other off. It was distracting, especially with Bulko's perfect specimen-hood on display. The other four stared, of course, just for a moment. Despite working with him and having access to the lion's maleness, more than anyone else really, it was always a special treat to see it swing out into view.

"I guess the magician dude is just gone?" Colt said, the red furred fox shucking shorts. Dark dyed tribal tattoos lined his biceps and thighs, shifting and curling as he moved. "Like, isn't he supposed to be on right now...?"

"Don't worry about him," Heck laughed. The black wolf scratched his fingers through the thick fur of his chest, groomed and trimmed to give a festive, anime-warrior type scruffiness. "Duke left a note on the door - Duke told him he'd have to share a dressing room with five hot strippers and the old homo fainted. Had to be taken to the hospital." He chuckled, then held up a peculiar purple gown. "But I guess Duke got us all new costumes? To kind of pay homage to the old fart?"

"Borrriing," Rom muttered. The big dappled bull had already stripped, his pelt mostly ruddish brown, it had an exotic splash of cream that seemed to pour from his shoulders down, between his abs and directly towards his groin. His heavy log of a cock dangled thick and limp over the massive testicles that he carried - almost as big as Bulko's, and, he swore, certainly denser. He sneered at the red cape he was holding up, dark sunglasses glinting. "I like my fireman costume. This is cheesy. And maybe racist."

"It's just for the first night," Thell said, yawning. He was already nude and slipping into the green sequined pants. He pulled them up, and they fit his powerful predator thighs perfectly, accentuating his cute bubble but and kind of mounting all of his junk up and forward. "Damn, this looks good on me. How did he get these prefitted?"

"Duke is just good to us like that," Colt said, thick bushy tail swishing back and forth over glittering cobalt blue sequins. "It looks like we make a rainbow of colors, too. Red, purple, green, blue... what color are you, Bulko?"

Bulko snickered, holding up a cape and shaking it. It was not just yellow; the sequins that lined the cape glowed and shone like the sun itself. "The star gets the brightest costume, I guess," he teased.

The others boo'd good naturedly, blinking and covering their eyes from the intense shimmering glare of the costume. It was almost magical.

A speaker overhead crackled to life, and they heard Duke's raspy low voice, the bear sounding strained and tired.

"Hello boys! I've got a dickens of a headache, so I will be hiding out in the main office and running the stream. We're going to do a send off for the Great Gallico, giving the audience a show stopping event that they're never going to forget. You'll notice that I've added some silly little 'tricks' to your costumes - our take on those cheesy parlor tricks of the past. I've changed up the lineup - Green, Blue, Red, and Purple, you're going to strut together, then mingle with the crowd. Bulko, you're going to stay on stage - when the music ends, you're going to go full monty and show everyone exactly what you're packing. It's gonna be a blast!"

"Oh, I'm just 'green' now?" Thell chuckled, as he put on the green sparkling jacket, admiring the sharp, pointy shoulders. "I look like I'm in a 1980s mariachi band, I love it."

"A SEXY mariachi band," Heck quipped. He attached his vest, pulling it over the tearaway white button up shirt underneath, then reached for the groin, fiddling with the peculiar handkerchief that was hanging over the groin. He hadn't noticed it when he pulled the pants on. "What is this for?"

"Oh! That must be for the trick," Bulko said. "Like, you know, the handkerchief trick? Where you pull out a handkerchief and it's tied to another one and another one and another one? Only this one must be tied to your dick n balls."

"It's not," Heck said, flatly. The black furred wolf grimaced at it. "These shitty costumes are gonna be a disaster."

The buzzer sounded, indicating that it was time to go out. The five men checked each other out, adjusting their costumes and making sure they looked good. They were excited; the clothing clung tightly and snugly, and felt great, an exquisite texture that held against their masculine bodies without suffocating them.

Bulko led the way, his yellow sequined costume shimmering in the light of the LED spotlights. He was the tallest of the group, standing an impressive seven and a half feet tall, and easily the handsomest, with a strong jaw and a friendly, knowing eyes. His body was sculpted from hard-earned muscle, and he commanded the attention of the crowd from the moment he

stepped onto the stage. He knew what he had, and he knew how much people wanted it, and he enjoyed giving them the thought that they could have it.

The other four men were dressed in costumes of red, blue, purple, and green, each one glittering in the light as they followed Bulko's lead. Together, they danced in an energetic rhythm across the stage, their movements coordinated and precise. They had danced together so many times now that it was second nature. Bulko was unquestioningly the four men's alpha leader, and they mimicked his every move, kicking into the air and spinning as he did. He was in the spotlight, and they swirled around him. Hats were flung up into the air, sailing in lazy frisbee paths to be caught by screaming audience members.

Money poured onto the stage, tossed and flung in wadded balls that bounced off of flexing pecs and tight buns. The audience was completely full, every chair filled and people lining the outer walls. The stream that Duke had pushed out had gone viral, and people were crawling to see the powerful quintet of masculine super studs. They whooped and cheered, eyes glued to the males as they moved in unison. Bulko was the star of the show, his powerful presence drawing the attention of the audience. He was the one they were there to see, and he didn't disappoint. He moved with grace and strength, his body twisting and turning in a hypnotic display. His stare was strong and intense, and it was clear he was in control. His powerful body surged with predatorial intensity and feline grace, shifting and dipping, flexing to reveal muscles.

Off came the tearaway jackets and shirts, the crowd hooting as torso were bared. Now wearing only their sequins pants, the half naked strippers flexed sinuously towards the edge of the stage, stroking their chests and abs, grinding their bulging crotches into the air. Bulko put his hands behind his head, the length of his dick perfectly outlined in the tailored slacks, a massive ridge that went nearly to his knee, so large that it seemed at first to just be part of his inner thigh. Hands reached up from the crowd at the edge of the stage, desperate to touch the royal scepter of the grinning, panting lion man, and Bulko enjoyed remaining just out of reach.

The other four strippers moved just as energetically around him, their movements more suggestive than his. They swirled and dipped, their hips swaying as they performed for the crowd. They were playing the part of the entourage, and they did it well. As one, they scattered off the stage, hopping down into the adoring fans. The ones closest to the stage didn't even notice them, so obsessed with Bulko that the muscular strippers were almost rudely pushed further into the bar. Bulko remained on the stage, his fingers stroking down his thighs, emphasizing the bulk of his big dick as it throbbed and oozed. His sequins gleamed in the spotlight, all attention on him.

Well, almost all attention. In Duke's office, Gallico hunched over the desk, gloved hand holding a magical wand up in the air. His top hat, used to materializing pigeons and rabbits and other silly things, lay on the desk in front of him. He watched the dancers carefully; now that the backup dancers were in the crowd, he would have to be precise in his movements. Mimicking Duke's voice and cantripping up the boobytrapped costumes was easy, but this? This kind of magic took perfect timing and reflexes.

The dancers sauntered and wiggled their way between tables and barstools, strutting their stuff as they busked for tips. Heck the black wolf was the first one to catch a nibble, as two white rabbits sitting in a corner booth tittered to each other, staring at the wolf's mounding groin. Heck had made up for being the shortest of the strippers by massively over developing his upper body; thick corded steel bunched and clenched against his shoulders and arms, his pecs like molten steel steaming under his pelt. He shimmied over to the two rabbits and swivelled for them, taunting them with the handkerchief that stuck out of the top of his purple sequined jockstrap.

"Wanna tug my chain?" He teased, as the rabbits giggled and blushed at each other.

"You first!" the left one said, and the right one shook his head, pushing the other.

"Hey!" Heck said, grinning and curling his arms around both of the lapins, his bulge thick enough to push against both of their sides as they looked down at it stuffed between them. "There's enough for both of you. You can each take a corner, and pull together."

The rabbits gasped, giggling again, and then they did just that. They gripped the purple bandana, and tugged at it - revealing a yellow one knotted to it. And then a red one - they kept pulling, and Heck just grinned, feeling the bandanas twisting and stroking and pulling along his dick and nuts. Which was a little weird - he hadn't seen any handkerchiefs in the costume when he put it on.

Across the room, Colt the red furred fox was leaning over a cocktail table, palms down against it and showing off the way his hips could flex. Grinding the plastic cod piece against the smooth black laquer to impress the hyenas that were trying to watch Bulko around him.

"Hey, studs, all the meat you could ask for is right here," He said, flexing his hips to bounce the red plastic codpiece. He was slightly irritated; the bull's curtain and the wolf's handkerchief made sense, but what was his supposed to be? It looked all the world like the bottom of a cup or something.

"Oh yeah?" One of the hyenas said. The smartest of the three, he leaned forward, grinning malevolently as he grabbed and tugged at the jutting round red. A red dixie cup unsheathed from his groin, easily eight inches long. Colt boggled at it, fox brain confused. How could eight inches of cup been imbedded in his groin like that - was it a collapsing cup or something?

The hyena turned the cup upside down, shaking it. "Aww, it's empty." He pointed to Colt's groin, where a second cup base jutted out from his groin. "But there's another one!"

Heck blinked in confusion as the rabbits kept tugging and pulling on the rope of handkerchiefs. Twenty or so had been pulled out already, and the length of them kept coming - the wolf could feel them unspooling from around his groin, but the sensation was getting weaker and weaker. It

was like his dick was getting numb, unable to feel the cloths that were caressing it as they were tugged out.

Rom had moved to the bar area, leering at a tiger who was relaxing against the bar. "You like beef, kitty cat?" He asked, grooving to the music as the tiger peered at Bulko on the stage. "You want some ~steak~?"

The feline looked at the bull, looking him up and over as if seeing him for the first time. His eyes lingered on the way the bull's groin bulged; his 'trick' was a curtain, a red flag similar to the kind a matador would use, or a magician doing a trick. The bottom of it was tucked up between Rom's thighs, the edges tucked into the edges of the sequined chaps he was wearing, and Rom smirked as his signature hip thrust worked to get the cat's attention. Rom's nuts stroked along the red flag, two massive bulges that slammed up against his soft, limp cock, pushing it against the front of the bulging flap and revealing the broad cock head, the hint of a medial ring. Everything.

The tiger reached for it, and the bull pulled back, swinging those boulders back up between his thigh. "Come on, kitty, I dance for money, not gropes. If you want to see me make a huge bull dick appear out of nowhere, gimme cash."

The tiger grunted, then reached for his wallet.

Back with Colt, the hyena's were interested in the fox's peculiar 'trick'. The second, giggliest of the hyenas grabbed at the second cup that jutted from Colt's groin, gripping and pulling at it. It took a little more pressure, but it also slid out, with a strange tugging sensation that made Colt's fluffy fox tail curl up between his legs. The hyena inverted his cup, looking disappointed.

The hyenas elbowed the last hyena. "Cory, that one's for you!"

"Ahh, third one's the charm...?" Colt said. He thrust his hips forward, as the last hyena reached forward, wrapping his thick fingers around the smooth red plastic base of the cup. The side dimpled in slightly with the pressure, and Colt grunted, feeling the pressure against his dick. He hadn't put his dick into the cup, though - he hadn't even seen a cup when he put on the costume. So what was that?!

Heck couldn't stop the rabbits now. They yanked and tugged on the handkerchief ropes, and the wolf could feel the fine silk and linen rubbing his poor dick raw, twisting and burning as the dry fabric pulled and blistered over his cock. How could there be so much in there?! IT was piled up at his feet, easily a hundred handkerchiefs, and there was more and more coming.

"Please, stop, you have to stop!" He begged, but the rabbits could not stop, yanking in a frenzy of fast shifting hands, desperate to see what color handkerchief was next on the chain.

Thell had a more targeted approach. The tiger had spotted a beefy ram over by the fire exit, and had made a direct line to him. The predator sinuously twisted and ground his way past dozens of other patrons, to grind and gyrate specifically for the ram, who struggled not to roll his eyes as he stared around the slender feline.

"Hey, stud, come on, don't you wanna see my trick?" The tiger pointed cockily at his groin, finger jutting at flopping black wand that bounced and swayed over the words "ABRA" and "CADABRA".

"What's it do?" The ram asked, boredly, and Thell shrugged and twisted, spinning in a circle before grinding up against the ram's hip.

"Why don't you stroke my wand, say the magic words... and let's find out?"

The ram sighed. "Fine, but I'm not giving you any money." He took the wand, lifting it up and finding it come free in his hand. He waved it through the air, and then touched it to the tiger's bulging jockstrap.

"Abra Ca dabra!" The ram said, as the lights in the bar surged with a moment of power.

Over with Colt, the hyena twisted and tugged on the cup, tugging it out into the open. Colt grunted, feeling the cup pull at his junk, like a hot suction that pulled free all of a sudden.

"Hey! Winner winner chicken dinner!" He shouted, reaching in and pulling out a massive limp pink fox cock.

Colt boggled at the sight of what could only be his cock waving around in this random hyena's hand, the knot throbbing and thick, and whole length of his shaft looking puffy and swollen. "Wait-"

"THREE CARD MONTY!" The three hyenas shouted in unison, and with the fox's dick shoved back into the cup, they slammed all three down on the table, sliding them quickly back and forth and around.

"Wait, wait - " Colt stammered, trying to follow the shifting cups. He realized he could feel the table pressed against his cocktip - he could feel it rubbing just against the tip as the cups slid back and forth. Just as the hyenas lifted their hands away, he lunged for the cup he knew his cock was jammed inside of.

Rom enjoyed the way the tiger's hands pawed at his junk, feeling up the big bulging nuts in his flap. His dick was getting hard, and he was getting antsy to start showing it off. The tiger had paid plenty enough for a dance, and the bull was ready to start giving him his money's worth.

"Pull the curtain aside," He whispered, and the tiger's fingers slid up inside the flap, wrapping around the neck of the bull's scrotum.

"Why should I?" The tiger teased, as he tugged the huge nuts out into the open, squeezing and pulling down on the big eggs.

"Cuz I'm popping wood, and if you think those are nice, wait until you see this. Go on - do it!"

"Fine," The tiger said, as he grasped the curtain with his other hand, wrapping it around the thick, stark outline of the bull's engorged cock. "Damn, you are thick." He pulled down, pulling the curtain down and free of the bull's groin.

Heck grunted as he felt something finally get dragged TAUT inside his groin, the rabbits gasping as the handkerchiefs were stuck, knotted around something.

"Let go, let go please, oh shit it burns-" the wolf blubbered, but the rabbits weren't interested in that. They yanked, together.

Up in Duke's office, Gallico tapped his wand against the rim of his hat, smiling benignly as he saw the fruits of his labor materialize at the bottom of it, crammed in against each other.

Thell's groin poofed, a blast of smoke briefly obscuring it. The ram and tiger both coughed, before the smoke cleared, revealing... a normal jockstrap. The tiger grumbled. That was... dumb. He grabbed his jock.

"Sorry about that, I thought I expected-" And as he pulled the jock to the side, he realized what the trick had actually done. A massive, barbed cucumber flopped out of his jock, along with two red tomatoes. The cat hissed, leaping backwards and away from the terrifying thing that had replaced his cock and balls. The ram caught the cucumber, holding it up, giving the warm, squishy vegetable a squeeze. "

"Hey, wow - not bad!" He said, crunching into the end of it while Thell stared, aghast.

The handkerchief tugged out of Heck's jock, attached to nothing. The wolf grabbed at his wagging, empty jockstrap, pulling it down to reveal that his cock was gone entirely. His groin just a smooth spot where his prized knotted cock had once been.

Colt yanked the cup up into the air, but there was nothing under it. He looked inside, checking for a hidden compartment, then lifted up a second cup - then the last. Nothing. His cock was gone. He stared at his groin, where absolutely nothing jutted forward. He had lost his dick.

Rom boggled at the emptiness of his groin. His massive length of dick had been perfectly outlined by the shroud, but when the tiger pulled the red curtain away, there was nothing behind it. No cock, no balls, just nothing. It was as if it had all just been... an illusion.

The four denuded strippers all turned back to the main stage, where Bulko was winding up the end of the song. The lion had captivated the entire audience for five minutes on his own, jutting and strutting, peeling off his pants and dancing around in nothing but a golden, oversized jockstrap. It was ridiculously bloated with his oversized cock, what must have been a foot and a half of lion meat swinging and flexing, seeming to dance with its own mind. The lion grasped at his jockstrap's waistband, grinning his perfect leonine grin back at the audience. He had no idea what had happened to the others, and didn't care. He was about to show the world everything he had.

Gallico moved quickly, as he took the four other dancer's cocks. Two knotted, one humanoid, and one feline. Each of them massive, perfect spectacles, the kind of dick that any man would be proud to have... and traumatized to lose. He could see the strippers looking around, as if their cocks had just fallen on the ground. Fools. Idiots.

He slipped the first reddish, paper-coated cylinder to the barbed cock. Using a thumb, he forced the firework down into the straining flesh. On the video cam, the tiger stripper bent over in pain, feeling the pain of being forcibly sounded with something the size of an unsharpened pencil. Gallico nodded to himself, glad to see the response, as he then stuffed that cock into the black abyss at the bottom of his hat.

On the stage, Bulko felt his gargantuan meat tighten inside the jock. He felt his cockhead jut firmer into the sequined fabric as his dick lengthened. He felt delicate nubs emerge around his cockhead, making his dick throb and seep precum like a firehose. Fuck, he was hot!

Gallico shoved two more pencil-sized tricks down into the fox and wolf's cocks. On the screen, they doubled over as well, and the magician wasted no time, slamming each of them down into his hat as well. He had precious few seconds left for this to work.

The audience was screaming. They were chanting, throwing money and underwear at him. They wanted his cock, they needed to see it. The other strippers had just been a taste of what he was going to get them.

"Are you ready?" He shouted, as his cock thickened massively in his oversized jockstrap. The bulging length was coiled inside it, curved down to his knee, a massive throbbing perfect cock that the crowd was ready to tear itself to pieces to see. "YOU want a taste of this?!"

Gallico grabbed the bull's dick, and stabbed the remaining three pieces of fireworks down into it. The bull stumbled and staggered towards the bathroom, and Gallico stood up, holding the foot long shaft in both hands. If he was going to do this, it had to be NOW. He stabbed the whole length down into the hat.

On stage, Bulko staggered backwards as his dick ballooned outwards from the base towards the tip, growing in width an additional two inches. The monstrous organ was not beyond any

comprehensive size he could imagine. He knew he had to be the biggest, most powerfully endowed man on the planet. Nobody had even imagined a cock the size of this. The lion twisted and gyrated, hands moving to the waistband of his shorts.

"Open your mouth, SLUTS!" He shouted, lost in a haze of lust and pride and self confidence. "If you're lucky, you might taste a DROP of MANNA!"

The god-like stripper ripped his jock free, lifting it up so that his cock was revealed to the audience all at once, from the root upwards. His balls, rock hard and swollen and heavy, swung upwards to slap the bottom of his dick as it was revealed, before sagging and swinging back down.

His dick was perfect. The root was thick, a beautiful dark chocolate brown, with a massive vein going up either side. It was easily eight inches across, and it only went up from there. There was only one weird thing - a rounded bulge just at the root. It seemed to be bulging out the cock from the exact center.

Eight inches of dick was revealed before the next bulge was revealed - and another eight inches after that. Over two feet of meat had been bared at this point, and the fourth one was just below the beautiful, shiny head. Bulko's glans jutted out over his cock like a mushroom, shiny and smooth, the proud tip beautifully, perfectly rounded. It demanded to be touched, to be licked, to be worshipped. Every person in the room wanted to stuff their tongue as far down that cock slit as they could, to taste the stud's salty precum from as close to the source as they could get. His dick was profusely spurting precum, the slimy cream oozing like a fountain up and around something that... sparkled just inside the man's cockslit.

Bulko stared at his erection, watching as it slammed into his chest, the tip eye level with the lion's confused eyes. It began to swing back down, towards the audience. What was that sparkling thing?

When Bulko's cock was pointed 45° from the floor, the first firework exploded. Somewhere in the crowd, Thell shrieked, clutching at his groin as an explosion of shredded meat and sparkling metal confetti spurted from his groin. On the stage, Bulko's body shuddered in shock as a POP happened, and the end of his dick exploded. The massive cockhead shot off of his dick, upwards and outwards, trailing smoke and iridescent confetti with the explosive power of the blast. Bulko watched it sail away, not understanding. Why was his cock doing that?!

POP! POP! The next two went off and on different sides of the room, Heck and Colt folded over, wailing in agony as their groins erupted as well, cocks they no longer had blowing to pieces and leaving the shattered baculums suddenly jutting from their ruined crotches.

Bulko's dick split twice more, and this was the only mistake Gallico made - the fireworks went off in the wrong order, with the one in the lower half of his cock erupting first, shooting almost the entire massive trunk forwards and upwards through the air, where it sailed six or so feet before

the second one exploded. Exploded was the correct term. Somewhere in the audience, a rhino's horn was suddenly graced with a new hat, as the severed cock head finally landed on it's new home. Then the entire audience was spattered with gore and viscera, as a foot of massively thick dick meat that was suspended in the air above them was annihilated with a quarter stick of dynamite.

There wasn't a dry seat in the house. The audience had been holding out their tongue, hoping for precum, and instead they got to taste the charred, smoking, sticky remains of Bulko's masculinity.

At this point, Bulko knew what the bulge at the base of his cock as, but it was far too late to try to push it out. Flames, sparks and grotesque whistles streamed out of his cock, burning it's way through the flesh in every direction, as the firework finale culminated in the total destruction of the feline's prized maleness. He would never have anything to show off ever again, not even a stump - the charred, perforated, poisoned flesh would have to be completely removed.

Balko fell backwards, unconscious, passing out in excruciating pain as potassium erupted in the root of his cock, burning so hot that the flesh around it burned with blue flames, crisping and burning at the deepest root of his maleness.

The bar would never reopen from this. Five handsome stripper's lives were completely ruined from this act of violent revenge. The entire show had been streamed, including the emasculations, and the strippers were ridiculed for being dickless freaks. Thell, Heck and Colt could still at least try to sire children in some fashion, but Rom had had the added embarrassment of being totally emasculated. Nobody knew how, but his balls had just disappeared.

Pieces of all of the strippers equipment were found splattered all across the walls, ceiling and stomped into the floor. Balto's cock consisted of most of it, but DNA testing revealed that the unidentifiable gobs and gibbets were indeed from all of the strippers, mixed together.

On the other side of the country, at a gay bathhouse, an elder white wolf paid their twenty bucks and got their bracelet. They grinned as they watched the multitude of men of all ages, sizes and shapes make their way through the labyrinthine spa, full of lusts and hopes and dreams. All of which were about to come to a sudden, unfortunate, violent end.

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