A night on the town

The Gentlemen's club known as "Hoofprints" hummed with life, for it was a cool summer weekend, after weeks and weeks of sweltering heat. Males of all species had come out to play, and amongst them was K'rr'rr'rr'rr was no exception. The alien lizard man slipped in through an attic window of the large, converted manor house. The reek of maleness had attracted him from his normal glide over the area, and he simply couldn't pass up the chance for a good meal.

He closed the window behind him, turning and standing upright. He wasn't a very large male, and he could be easily confused for a gecko, with his smooth green skin and his muted yellow underbelly, but he was definitely a male. The soft, glossy skin of his belly slid down to the dangling flesh of a tapering shaft. No sheath or foreskin to speak of, it nevertheless had a slickness to it, and as he glanced down the hallway, the tip of it twitched, as if looking down that hallway as well. The testicles that hung underneath hung low, the solid rounded eggs like kiwis in his sack. They were mostly depleted, hanging in the middle of a pouch that was clearly soft and loose enough to hold much more. He would be helping with that, shortly.

The upstairs of the club was mostly empty, save for some closed off rooms. K'rr could hear men grunting, moaning and panting in those rooms, but as tempting as they might be, those were men who were already expending their lusts with each other. K'rr had no interruption of interrupting such pleasures. He did not want his face to be remembered.

Coming down from the third floor to the second, he found himself amongst males again. The second level was primarily an open room, an atrium with railings to look down over the revelry below, with couches and hideaways to do various lascivious things.

Sweet alcohol smells wafted through the air, with the smell of precum, of rut, of cigar smoke. There were males up here; lounging in chairs, puffing at smokes of various plant matter, or leaning against the railing.

There was one such male leaning against the railing, a fluffy brown furred husky that was watching the people down below. K'rr stepped past the husky, glancing around the room as he did. There were no others with the dog, just him, and the nude fellow was quite excited at what he was seeing. K'rr glanced down over the railing, seeing two cougar males, a larger one holding up another, making out passionately. Their shafts were full, and firm, and guarded over two plump, full sacs underneath. Most delightful.

They would have their snaps, later. For now, he wanted what swayed and bobbed between the legs of the husky. Such plump looking oranges, dangling heavily and rubbing back and forth against the underside of that shiny pink knotted dog cock. The husky probably thought he was being clever, using his nuts to stroke against his cock like that. But K'rr was cleverer.

He sauntered back around behind the husky, maintaining a distance of twelve feet or so. He could do his thing from further away, but if he stepped any further back he'd be stumbling into curtains and potted plants. No, this would have to do.

He glanced to his left, as he passed the husky. The balls swung left, thumping into the husky's thigh. K'rr's lips separated, just enough for his long, pink tongue to snake out, sliding through the air with the speed of a bullet.

THOK.

There was that moment, when he slammed his tongue into someone's nuts, that he delighted K'rr. The instant that the tongue latches in, barbs jutting through the tip of his tongue and into flesh - painless barbs, to be sure - and then he yanked it back in, and just feeling the weight of that excess bit of flesh, of meat, at the end of his tongue. It was wonderful. OF course, sometimes the testicles couldn't handle the slap - he had accidentally pulverized his fair share of balls, with an overzealous slap of his tongue. Spontaneous disintegration. When it happened, it was best to turn his head and pretend he knew nothing about it.

This time though, it went perfectly. He recoiled his tongue, zipping it back into his mouth, lips separating just a bit further so that the slick, smooth, plump testicle could slide inside as well. This had taken a tenth of a second, in total. The speed of the testicle, combined with his barbs retracting, allowed it to flume into the back of his mouth and lodge into his throat. K'rr wasn't paying attention to that - the husky's other testicle was swinging into his other thigh, giving it a thump of bulk and weight, advertising his wares to anyone who wanted to taste them. K'rr wanted to taste them.

THOK.

The second ball was slammed into, pushed forward and into the back of the husky's cock, slapping it up between the railings. Before the knot had slid through, the testicle that had slapped them was gone, sucked backwards through the air and into K'rr's throat with it's partner. The husky didn't realize this - he hunched forward, squeezing his knot between the railings, and began to dump the last of his seed out into the air, to rain down on the cougars below. If he had known it was the last seed he was ever going to spurt, he may have attempted to save it, or at least, to pump it into some female husky, to try and make pups for himself.

Alas. The husky's future generations, all of them, were sliding down K'rr's throat like bulges in a water hose, the slender throat stretching over them as they sank down past his collarbone and out of sight.

K'rr was, admittedly, aroused, himself, after that. His skilled marksmanship had been flawless, and he had unmaled the canine without himself, or anyone else in the darkened second floor, noticing. That always plumped him up, but the feel of those nuts, those trophies, sinking down his throat, that's what made him hard.

He slipped down the stairs. There were others upstairs, and he would most likely grab them later, but right now? He wanted to indulge in the choices treats of this all-male buffet.

He could see the cougars grinding against each other, handling each other's cocks in the next room, as he got to the bottom of the stairs. The air was rich with musk, here, and he thought at first that this must be next to the bathrooms, before he heard a grumble to his left. He looked, peering through the darkness, and seeing, at first, only the gleam of light against a large, swollen shaft. He couldn't make out the color, but it was long - maybe a foot or so, laying mostly firm. He approached, and as his eyes acclimated, he saw the wolf that it was attached to. A massive fellow, laid out over a couch, so tall that his head hung over one arm of the couch, and his knees hung over the other. His fur was.. yellow, perhaps, or tan, or gray. K'rr couldn't make it out in this light. He was perhaps drunk, perhaps asleep, his maleness swollen and thick along his belly, and his balls draped over one thigh. They looked like they were being presented to him.

Well, who was K'rr to resist such an offer? Not knowing if the male was asleep or just resting his eyes, K'rr moved to the far side of the couch, and crouched down between the calves that hung over the side. From here, he was mostly hidden from the wolf - or anyone else passing by - but still had a fantastic view of those massive eggs. And they *were* massive.

His tongue could shoot out at the speed of a bullet, or it could, as K'rr chose now, slink out like a snake. His cock hardened more, pressing against the rough fabric of the couch, as he slowly extended that long, sinuous pink tongue towards the wolf's dangling fruits. The pouch they were in was thick and soft and slightly furry, and it made them look bigger than they actually were, but even still, K'rr knew they were actually big. They had a potency, a heft that he could feel by looking at them.

Carefully, he slipped his tongue around the neck of that scrotum. It was easy - the nuts' center of balance was just over the center of the wolf's thigh, which means they were pulling at the neck of that scrotum, creating a bridge of sorts between balls and body. It was, oh, maybe three inches long, that bridge, which was two inches more than K'rr needed. His tongue foamed up, glistening, nectar like 'saliva' bubbling up from the tastebuds and coating that tongue as it delicately curled under that bridge of stretched skin. It pressed up, gently, caressing and sliding up and along it, to the far side, before curling back over top. Noosing slow and sure, those eggs sliding away another quarter inch from the wolf's body as the nectar began to soak into that stretched scrotum. Fur dissolved immediately, a hint of naked skin visible where the tongue stroked against flesh, and then skin cells began to fail as well. The skin didn't rupture, it just softened, stretching out, thinning as the testicles' own weight stretched them further and further away from the wolf's groin.

At this point K'rr had encircled that neck once, but he encircled it again. He liked the feel of vitality thrumming back and forth with those prized testicles. Liked feeling how it began to falter, being suppressed as tissues stretched and veins collapsed, flesh yielding to the alien nectar. The poor wolf didn't really have a chance. That thick dick gave one last, final throb on the wolf's belly, and K'rr paused, watching to see if there was an orgasm happening. Almost. The wolf's body tried, anyways, cock throbbing and flaring at full prized attention, and his body tugged at those nuts to pull them close and dump those weeks of pent up lust out onto his belly.

That simple action was all it took. The un-captured bit of skin fell free, as the wolf's body yanked itself free from the testicles' cords and tissues, the wolf graciously 'ceding' the heavy eggs over to K'rr. K'rr, never one to refuse the generosity of others, lifted up the bounty of flesh. Oh yes, they were heavy. Swollen, heavy with lust, like the ripest, most delicious fruit.

K'rr reeled them back into his mouth. The husky's eggs had been swallowed without even a tasting of them, but these he would savor. He gripped the scrotum, squeezing it and pushing one of the stolen fruits up into the air. His tongue wrapped around it easily, coiling the firm dense egg and drawing it between his mouth. Exquisite.

He could taste the wolf's masculinity laid bare. About thirty or so, and clean of contaminants. The sharp musk suggested that the wolf was used to going long periods of not using his genitals, followed by explosive outbursts. Perhaps one of the lumberjacks that spent months out in the forests, coming to town to blow cash and get blown. By the tightness of those eggs, it was clear that mister wolf had not gotten around to the second part of his weekend. Now he never would.

K'rr's erection throbbed, now, quite firm, and throbbed again as K'rr swallowed the precious meal he had stolen. The heavy egg slid down his throat, slow and steady, stretching it in that delicious way that only a raw, glossy, heavy testicle could. It plopped down into his stomach, and K'rr grinned as he felt, distantly, as the two husky eggs in there slid to either side. They were distended by now; his stomach didn't dissolve it's meals so much as it pickled them. The masculinity was simply melted out of them, leaving only the flesh behind, and the flesh was always more of a texture like agar, or jello, then anything else. As he swallowed down the second nut into his belly, he clenched it, and the two husky eggs, already mostly sapped in just the last minute or so, collapsed into pulp. There was nothing to be saved of them now, anyways, so it was best to get them out of the way.

He reached down to handle his own scrotum, pleased to find that he had gaind some mass. Not much, not even an ounce. Someone else wouldn't notice a difference, but K'rr did. A subtle heaviness to his nuts that he hadn't had before.

The conversion rate, for K'rr, of other's tesitcle mass to his own was... disproportionate. The alien had been lucky enough to explore this once, at a buffalo family reunion. What a splendid day; multiple generations of buffalo males, all with gonads roughly the size of a mango. Such uniformity allowed K'rr to discover the exact rate. For every 250 ounces of masculinity he consumed, into his stomach anyways, he gained one ounce, in volume. More in weight, obviously, but density wasn't measured so easily, not without very specific tools, and K'rr was just having a nice Saturday afternoon picnic after all. He had left one male, to ensure that the family line wasn't ~completely~ obliterated. He wasn't a monster, after all.

On to the cougars.

They were fucking, now. The larger one was still holding the smaller, hugging the smaller cougar's knees up against his chest. He had a piledriver of a cock, and while the bottom (the one on top)'s stiff erection was flagging and spinning up and down in an attractive kind of way, it just couldn't compare, bulk waise, with the telephone pole that was being shimmied in and out of his backside. The big beefy top (the one on the bottom)'s balls were not even flopping, they just kind of hung there, so dense and, K'rr imagined, rich with masculinity that they couldn't be bothered to follow the laws of inertia.

The upper cougar's eggs on the otherhand were slapping up against the underside of his cock and then down against the root of his partner's maleness. His mouth was open, his face deliriously satisfied, and K'rr was happy for him. The two cougars were in the exact center of the room, and other than some pets in gimp hoods and the service staff, every other guest was watching this performance. Which meant K'rr was going to have to be very careful.

When you have a snatch tongue, there's a couple rules to follow. The first one is speed. K'rr stepped up in front of the two males, both packs of scrotums swinging openly in front of him.

THP.

The alien's tongue was in it's third form now, the tip of it extended into an edge. It wasn't as sharp as a knife, but when it's moving at Mach 3, it doesn't have to be. The upper cougar's nuts had just slapped up against the underside of his dick, and then that tongue stabbed into the underside of them. The left one, specifically. K'rr was very very good at what he did, and curled and retracted his tongue at exactly the right second. The net effect was that his tongue severed the testicle, curled around it, and yanked it (and the scrotum that had been holding it) away from the cougar's groin in less time than it would take the cougar to actually SEE something happening. HRNG! The testicle slammed into the back of his gullet, just like the husky's, it's speed caroming it down his throat about half way before it finally slid to a stop.

The second rule of having a snatch tongue is subtlety. The worst thing you can do is embarrass yourself by overlooking some tiny detail, or lapping too hard. K'rr had made that mistake once, with a lion stripper on a bar. K'rr had thought he could lick his tongue right through the stripper's pants, snag his ball, and then pull it back through. He hadn't realized that the pants were a heavy specialty, specially designed to endure years of being ripped apart. So when he had slammed his tongue into it, instead of going through the fabric, it had punched the fabric against the stripper's groin with the force of a cannonball. Everything on the other side of the fabric... liquified. Fortunately, K'rr got a drink ticket out of the whole incident.

This was a different situation, though. The cougars were still fucking, and the one on top's head was thrown back, his dick ready to start squirting. While K'rr had no problem with the males ejaculating, \*in theory\*, he didn't need the rest of the audience wondering why the ejaculating cougars weren't spurting hot thick white cum. So, of course, he had to... course correct.

The second testicle was stabbed through, just like the first, as it slapped back up against the cougar's dick. With no partner to vie for space with, it was able to slap right up along the middle, which was perfect. As K'rr curled his tongue, he scraped the very, very tip, upwards, it's momentum carefully 'nicking' up into the underside of the feline's dick. It was, perhaps, cruel, to discretely sever those nerves, but it was painless, and it would stop the cougar from cumming, at least for a bit. Long enough for K'rr to finish his meal. The second nuts slammed into his gullet, pushing down at the first, and he swallowed, feeling the two nuts slide down and squeeze around the massive wolf nuts that stewed in his belly.

The third rule was discretion. K'rr could easily stand there and snap up nuts with his tongue, grabbing almost anyone, and maybe even everyone, in the room. Nobody would even notice what he was doing, at first. His tongue moved just a little too fast to catch. But. You do anything enough times, and someone's going to notice. So K'rr walked around the performance, eyeing the two cougars, watching their muscular, feline bodies thrust frustratedly against each other as they tried to cum. The bottom needed the top to cum; he wanted to feel his neutered partner clench down TIGHT around his big dick. And that wasn't going to happen. Which was, as K'rr crouched down behind the two, perfect.

THP! His tongue shot out, aimed at the narrow-necked sack of the big cougar, and slightly to the left. He would just - oh.

Well, you can't be perfect all the time. K'rr got the left testicle, as he wanted, and he was pleased just how MUCH he had to curl his tongue to fully wrap around it before yanking it back into his maw. He almost didn't get his jaws open wide enough to fit it, as the heavy fruit wedged between his palette and the root of his tongue, momentarily, before slithering into his throat and making a large, rounded bulge there.

No, the problem was the other nut; it had also been severed, and the impact and velocity of the slap had caused it to roll forward, bouncing out of the cougar's scrotum and onto the ground in front of them. Everyone was watching, which means someone, someone had to have seen it happen. K'rr didn't have time to figure out who, just yet. The ball was still rolling away from the neutered kitties, and he needed that nut.

THB!

Just before it bounced against the foot of a fox, the tongue stabbed into the side of that ball, shishkabobbing it. K'rr hated having to 'hurt' the balls this way, but there was nothing else to stop the momentum of his tongue. He curled, yanked, and felt the wounded nut slap into his mouth.

Crisis averted. K'rr looked around, casually stepping away from the spectacle to see which of the patrons had noticed the little oopsie he had made. As he did, he rolled the heavy egg around in his mouth. He didn't normally get to taste 'the inside' but the ripe, nutty, rich flavor was really quite pleasant. He understood why some of his kind preferred to chew and crush them. It was a bit, well, overwhelming for him, though.

He swallowed it down, with the other, and it slid down his gullet. His belly stretched to contain all six of the remaining nuts, and he casually rested his hands on his torso, stroking his belly. Oh yes, he could feel them. The firm, tight, smaller eggs of the upper cougar, the large, pudgy, softening eggs of the wolf, and the two firm grapefruit sized balls of the lower cougar. The husky's nuts were long gone, and as he gently kneaded against one of the wolf's' eggs, it collapsed as well, and he felt a heavy rush of masculinity energy escape into his body, like a pulse of hot red blood. Lovely.

K'rr smiled, as he made eye contact with someone who looked extremely anxious about K'rr looking at them. He found the witness.