Testinis

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The wine was fantastic. The hot oil paw massages? Sublime. The subfield-imported buckmang sushi that had been caught several light years away that morning? mind obliteratingly satisfying. Now the two friends were on their couch, enjoying their post dinner vices. The tall, stately Sabree reclined with a cigar he had picked up from deep in the fungal forests of the Appabella system, and the slender, blue-trimmed Foepaws was enjoying a Puce Pop from Ganymede Confections Conglomerate. Both smacked their lips, relaxed and in good moods.

"This is nice," FoePaws said, as he gave a wet slurp on his glimmering lollipop. "Thank you for picking this up for me. Did you have any trouble finding it?"

"It's a unit of currency for an entire civilization, silly," Admiral Sabree said. "So no, no trouble." He puffed on his cigar, making sure to breath it away from the small fox next to him. They were naked, feet still pleasantly throbbing with the exotic oils soaking into their soles. "And thank you for hosting me. This has been delightful."

"Well, the night's not over yet," Foepaws said. He tucked the lollipop into his mouth, standing up and walking towards the bar. He peeked over his shoulder, tail flicking back and forth mischievously. "We have that delightful Asborkian Gin to tap into. Would you like a martini?"

Sabree chuckled, staring up at the ceiling and pleasantly tingling from nose to toes. "Absolutely. Let's indulge, THREE olives in mine, if you please, good sir!"

"Of course, of course," Foepaws chuckled, as he opened the cabinet with the various garnishes in it.

Sabree heard the gasp from across the room, quirking an eyebrow as he watched Foepaws shakily close the cabinet door. "What's wrong? Mouse in the house?"

"We're out..." Foepaws said, numbly.

"Out of olives?" Sabree asked, as Foepaws turned to him, tears brimming in his eyes.

"Out... of everything. Everything. I've been cleaned out. The pearl onions, the olives, the limes, the candied walnuts, the caviar... it's all GONE!"

"Now now, there's no need to be distressed," Sabree said. He stamped out his cigar and stood, strolling over to the bar. "I'm sure we've got something we can use. He stood up on his toes as he got to the bar, and for a moment, Sabree's hefty fox sack flopped over the fine teak furniture. Foepaws glanced over to, his ears perking forward momentarily.

"Oh, Sabree. I'm so sorry." He licked his lips, staring at that sack before Sabree sat down on the bar-stool, dragging the gray pouch back off of the polished bar top. "I would give my left nut for a good garnish," he lamented.

Sabree chuckled, glancing down to his groin, then back up to the other fox, and then canted his head to the sides and squinted. "Deal."

"Deal?" Foepaws said, smiling uncertainly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, well, you give me your left nut... and I'll give you a garnish." The tall vulpine stood, cupping up under neath his fat sack and lifting it. "Specifically... \*my\* left nut." He rolled the heavy eggs in his hand, isolating his left one between his thumb and pointer finger and tugging it away from his body. His soft scrotum drew tautly around it, revealing the plump morsel of the fox's testicle. "It's a unique garnish; they say there's only ever been two made like these in this entire galaxy."

Foepaws couldn't help but find the idea intriguing. He looked to the bottle of gin, his heart pumping faster than usual, then back to his friend's scrotum. He looked down to his own pouch, between his legs, his testes tightening up between them, attempting to conceal themselves below his sheath.

"Deal," Foepaws said. He excitedly reached forward, to grasp at his friend's nut, but Sabree tut-tut'd, waving a finger at the other fox.

"Now now.. it's a trade. Which means we each harvest ourselves, and then GIVE the garnish away, we don't take it from each other. Right?" When Foepaws nodded, Sabree gritted his teeth and braced himself. With one paw stretching his left ball away from his body, it was easy to press the slick sharp tip of his claw into the flesh of his scrotum, up high between the cords. "A one of a kind, salty treat!"

Foepaws watched, entranced, as Sabree dragged his claw down through his scrotum, baring the cleavage of two glistening shiny eggs inside. He shoved his thumb down into the opening he had sliced into his scrotum, and then tucked and nudged it around the cabling that attached his masculinity to his body. He twined the cords around his thumb, just above the knuckle, twisting and then tugging upwards to bare the gleaming pink cords.

The other fox gasped as Sabree paused, bracing himself again with a sharp intake of breath, and then pulled. The tension drew the cables tightly from his groin, a soft yielding sound causing the Admiral to stagged, hunching briefly down over the bar.

"Are you alright?" Foepaws asked, as Sabree stood back straight, grinning despite the tears in his eyes. He held up his hand, showing the palmful of testicle that hung from it, and Foepaws looked back and forth between it and the slit that seemed too small for the ball to have slipped through, in the fox's scrotum. "But... how?"

"You pick some tricks up in the deep, darky recesses of space." Sabree said, as he sat gingerly back down on his stool. He took a whiskey glass, and the empty olive jar, and proceeded to create a brine for his testicle to sit in. Plunk. "Your turn."

"You want me to cut it off myself?" Foepaws said, as he looked down at his package. Truth be told, he was excited at the prospect, of cutting off his ball, and giving it to his friend. But he was nervous about the pain. The wine they had drunk earlier had him feeling pleasantly numb, but... cutting off a part of his body! Still, the risk of pain wasn't enough to deter him. He felt like he was dreaming, as he slipped a small wooden cutting board used for slicing limes and lemons onto the bar.

He stepped up onto a small stool, used to reaching up to the fancy glasses overhead, and leaned forward, flopping his pouch onto the board. His nuts were about the size of limes, his scrotum trying to retract again. Foepaws kept it pinned down with a thumb, and took the citrus knife with his other hand. Only about four inches long, thin but quite sharp. He looked at his pouch, then the blade. He could do this. It was easy. He just needed to cut his sack open, fish out his nut, and then cut if off. Heh. It was easy. Sabree had ripped his out with just his fingers.

He looked up to Sabree, squirming, and the taller fox smiled down at him. "You got this, bud. You just gotta start. Once you start, you won't stop."

"I know, it's just..." Foepaws tail wagged and flicked, unsure if it should curl up. The knife was brought closer to his scrotum, the tip teasing against the skin. "It's just... I didn't think I Would be doing it myself..."

"Who better to? Come on, Foepaws. My drink needs a garnish, after all. I can't think of anything better than you."

Foepaws blushed, and chuckling, he pushed down. The blade pressed into the center of his scrotum, and just like that Foepaws was unzipping the sack, drawing the blade down the center in a smooth clean sharp slice. The scrotum tightened, but having been sliced down the middle, it resulted in it just pulling itself up and away, baring the heavy testicles that had dangled between Foepaws thighs for so many years.

*Ohmygoshohmygoshohmygosh*, Foepaws thought, but his blade wasn't faltering. His hand moved smoothly, gently using the flat of it to separate his left testicle away, pressing it away from his body to stretch it out. He fixated entirely on finishing what he was doing, treating his ball like an oyster or a clam, ignoring the way his cock was jerking and twitching and spurting it's hot white seed across the bartop. He was doing it, doing it before his mind could catch up and try to convince himself not to. He pushed the blade down into the cords that connected the ball to his body. The sound of the thin metal dragging through he crinkling flesh made both of the foxes' ears twitch.

And then it was finished. Foepaws felt the orgasm that he was feeling, finally, the last few dregs of pleasure as his shaft finished oozing out his cream, and the fox gasped and slumped.

"You did it!" Sabree said, kindly, teasingly, and Foepaws grinned a happy, satisfied grin. He pushed the cutting board towards Sabree, his ball laying on top of it as the still connected testicle retreated back up and into the folds of his opened pouch. Sabree pushed it back, and held up his whiskey glass, swirling the very large olive inside around.

"Now now, you aren't going to just give me a nut and call it a garnish, are you? Make your drink... I know you've been dying to try something special."

Foepaws looked down at his severed nut, ears tinging hotter and hotter as Sabree so casually referred to it as what it was, a garnish for a drink. "Well.. yeah, there is one thing.. that I Think would go well with the gin."

He grinned, and carefully pulled a black glass canister from under the bar. He put it next to the cutting board, and grasped his testicle. The knife still in his hand, feeling his other nut aching as it bounced back and forth between his thighs, he pushed the tip into his testicle. The flesh puffed outwards as he sliced into it, a spritz of Foepaws juice spraying out against his wrist and fingers, as he carefully butterflied the testicle. Cutting down the length, but only about halfway through, before putting the knife down.

"I saw how much you liked that cigar, so..." He twisted open the canister, revealing heavy course brown crystals. "I thought my testicle might pair well with hickory-smoked salt."

"Sounds delicious," Sabree confirmed, licking his lips in anticipation. He had taken a slender green plastic saber from a jar to Foepaws right, and was carefully lining the tip up against his ball as it bobbed about in the olive juice. "Sounds PERFECT."

Foepaw's tail wagged excitedly, as he spilled some of the salt onto a dry plate. He lifted up the testicle, and carefully rolled the sliced edged in the salt, rimming the juicy garnish with a thick rind of salt. He tapped it against the edge of the plate, knocking loose some of the crystals, then held it up into the air. "Perfect."

The drink itself was quite simple, gin and vermouth mixed well and poured into chilled martini glasses. Foepaws pressed the cut slit of his testicle down over the rim of his glass, juices drooling out and mixing into the martini, while Sabree lifted the olive-juice marinated testicle out of the whiskey glass and dropped it into the middle of Foepaws' drink. The still warm egg seemed to steam inside the liquid, releasing it's musky flavor into the mixed liquors.

"To a delicious friendship," Foepaws said, as he lifted up his glass in toast.

"To delicious foxes," Sabree added, and the two foxes clinked their drinks together, and then sampled their drinks.

"Oh." Sabree said, smacking his lips. He took another sip, and smacked his lips again. "Oh, this is fantastic."

"I know... the umami of your ball mixes perfectly with the olive water... this is perfect. I could not ask for a better drink," Foepaws said, taking another, heavier taste.

Sabree grinned, draining more of his drink and staring at Foepaws with a predatorial grin. "I think I could have another drink, after this one."

Foepaws smiled, blushing deeply and sipping his own drink. "Me, too. I think I'd like that."