

“He’s a dirty, fucking cheater, and it’s not what Ro Sham Pow is about!”

That sudden outburst momentarily stunned the audience before people started cheering again, seeing another form of entertainment outside the already approved schedule. They watched what Jax, the peregrine falcon, tried to accomplish. After all, he wasn’t even on the roster.

“Hawk won the fight, fair and square as far as underground fighting goes. Step away, son, or you’ll lose much more than dignity.” The towering bull pointed his fat finger at the falcon, apparently fed up with enough distractions. But the intruder didn’t even think about stopping his interruption.

“And you’re supposed to be our judge? Don’t make me laugh. I would do a better job at it. Maybe it is cruel and bloody combat, but we still establish some rules from the beginning!” As he said that, falcon scratched the floor with his long, razor-sharp talons with an unpleasant, high-pitched noise. The referee squinted his eyes with a barely visible smirk, apparently not minding the challenge.

“You want to replace me? Fine. Make space, you two.” Tares the bull said to previous contestants, although neutered Tweets was already sitting against the cage’s wall, holding his empty crotch, while Hawk only shrugged and walked away far enough not to get in the middle of their combat.

“You’re coming to our establishment, insulting my hard work, trying to change our sport?” The bull huffed, theatrically tearing apart his shirt, exposing thick, black fur covering visibly bulging out muscles, his manly, square breasts hard as stones. He also dropped pants, leaving himself only in tight underwear with an impressively sizeable bulge, showing his thick sheath and a pair of gigantic orbs.

The audience roared, cheering for the unplanned and additional fight, only increasing their entertainment. No matter who would win that fight or if it was just a show between the actors, they already got way more than they paid for. Their clapping and shouting almost deafened both of the new contestants.

“Have it your way.” The falcon stripped as well, exposing well-toned muscles all over his avian body. Unlike other bird fighters, he didn’t skip any necessary workouts, growing the same impressive amount of strong muscles on all four limbs, already giving him a pretty menacing look. But that wasn’t all.

Jax’s well-trained body wasn’t half as challenging as the only clothing item around his waist. A leather belt adorned with multiple fleshy parts, which at closer inspection were nothing but pieces of cut-off genitals, probably of all defeated males by the falcon himself. Since they lost most of their juices, it was difficult to see whose balls and dicks belonged to, but the fact alone he used someone’s cock as a trophy made him a terrifying opponent. Jax’s genitals swayed slightly between his broad thighs; although they were not overly massive or long, they looked impressive. And they were a good target for neutering.

“It’s supposed to scare me, freak?” Bull’s voice barely cracked, showing that even he had to be shocked by the unusual view. After momentary distraction, Tares tensed up his muscles,

assuming a defensive position, ready to counter Jax's strikes. The audience went wild as if part of a baffling dream sequence.

"RO SHAM POW! RO SHAM POW!"

Jax simply walked around his opponent while multiple cut-off testicles and cock tips bounced with each movement as if trying to distract the bull. The falcon looked for any weak spot, but the referee was a gigantic pile of meat, with hardly any sensitive body parts, except the obvious one, hidden behind the tight material of his underwear, protecting sensitive spots like armor.

The bull's patience was at boiling point, proving that bovines weren't best in the waiting game, his rage increasing with each passing second of stare-down. The audience's cheering got more aggressive, while people wanted to see an actual action instead of two naked men gazing into each other's eyes like in cheap gay porn.

Tares eventually gave up his tactic and suddenly attacked, charging at his opponent with a lowered head as if trying to pin the bird with his sharp, lengthy horns. They just got out of the way with a redundant pirouette, able to swiftly kick the bull in the nuts from behind. Tares barely flinched after that half-baked strike, although his balls bounced around painfully, even if their owner didn't react.

"Come on, you big brute. Show us the goods. I want to know if your head is emptier than your fucking balls." Jax grinned sadistically while his trophies bounced ominously around the belt as if he wanted to show the immediate fate of the referee's genitals while also getting under his skin. The insulted bull was close to making stupid mistakes, getting infuriated by the bird's words.

Tares attacked again, but the gigantic pile of meat couldn't be fast enough to graze Jax's skin with his massive fists before suddenly changing the tactic. He opened his arms wide as if trying to look even bigger and more intimidating, wanting to corner the opponent and grab him with gigantic arms. He leaped forward, forgetting that the bull's challenger was a bird, swiftly taking advantage of having wings, springing upwards, and landing behind the giant.

"On your left!" Jax tapped the bull's shoulder before kneeling and stabbing Tares' testicle with a sharp beak, but luckily only lightly sank into thick skin and fragile flesh. A mighty, almost draconian-like roar echoed through the cage before the bull tried to turn back and lift the bird by his hair, but the opponent had already slid between the bull's legs, standing before his bulgy chest. With a few quick strikes, Jax used his palms to hit the solar plexus several times, causing him to lose breath momentarily.

"Take a break, big guy. Perhaps these thing is too tight for you." Using his little time, Jax ripped off the material of the bull's underwear, finally revealing the hidden jewels and scepter. The flaccid, thick-skinned dick flopped out of its imprisonment, dangling low between his knees, answering why Tares wanted to conceal it. Tweets already knew the answer about having too long a shaft.

But Jax was more interested in the referee's bulbous gonads and potential rewards for a successful challenge. It surprised even the bird at how heavy both looked, covered in tight,

shining skin, free of hair. The falcon couldn't help himself, licking the tip of his beak during the long, hungry stare. Perhaps way too long.

"Watch out!"

The cry of audience members wasn't enough to warn Jax, who was too focused on potential trophies, getting hit square in the jaw and knocked out of his taloned feet. Seeing many stars, the falcon landed heavily on the floor before trying to roll over, spitting out blood. His instincts were working again, successfully telling him about immediate grasp by bull's massive hands. He quickly turned around, biting hard onto the referees's long, floppy dick.

"Aaah! You fucker!" Tares tried to grasp the bird's skull with both arms to crush it, filled with blind rage and thirst for more blood, but the pain was too sharp for him to make an accurate move. His hands met the air, while Jax was already behind his opponent, with a raised talon, dangerously close to bull's ball sack.

"I warned you. You should've just stepped down." Jax's cold voice lowered the cage's temperature so low that the audience, in unity, took a breath, stopping the loud chanting for a second in deafening anticipation. And like in slow motion, the falcon's sharp knife nails sank into the scrotum, ripping part of the skin off, leaving the sack opening. Immediately after, the meaty, spherical piece slid out on the thick cord, dangling defenselessly.

The room erupted. Clapping like madmen after seeing such a ruthless move, technically defeating the bull, since almost nobody won the fight after being so exposed and weakened, but Tares didn't even think about giving up. Dazed after painful humiliation, the bull blindly struck Jax, hitting nothing but the air and almost losing balance. He tried grabbing him again with both lengthy arms, but the falcon effortlessly dodged his efforts, slowly getting bored. After walking away, his back grazed the cage's wall. He smirked, having an idea.

"Come on, big guy. Come and get me. Use those horns of yours; I'm waiting..." he grinned, wanting to peeve the opponent even further, suddenly shaking his waist, causing all the trophies to sway around, intimidating Tares. "You're this close to expanding my collection."

The bull cartoonishly puffed smoke out of his flared nostrils before preparing himself for a final charge. Throatily grunting and gazing at Jax with veiny eyes, he ran at the falcon with thunderous speed and massive force, like an unstoppable train at full speed. But as the trains go, they always need more agility and space to maneuver. With little to no effort, Jax simply jumped out of the way.

Tares hit the fortified mesh cage wall, miraculously not piercing it with his gigantic mass, only visibly denting it. Deeply confused, the referee could not fight back for a moment, leaving himself vulnerable for Jax's next move. And the falcon didn't even think about giving second chances, kneeling before the bull's hairy ass.

"Thanks, I'll take it." He smirked, his hands reaching towards the dangly testicle before changing his mind and using a razor-sharp beak to separate the gonad from the thick cord, like a pair of scissors. Another roar reverberated through the room, quickly drowning into a sea of cheers and shouting. The ball landed in his hand with an audible snap, slightly shivering with the last shreds of life. The falcon straightened up, tying up his newest trophy onto the belt.

"It's over. Fuck the rules. I'll simply kill you, fucker!" The bull spat saliva on the floor, turning towards Jax, leaking crimson fluids from the opened scrotum and pierced soft cock. The falcon wanted to end it quickly, and without prolonging the fight, he reached into Tares' ball sack through the hole, simply ripping off the other testicle, throwing it against the ground with a slight bounce before standing on it with a sharp talon.

Tares knelt before the better fighter, filled with pain and misery, but it wasn't enough for the avian champion. Jax looked deeply into the bull's eyes in silent triumph, pushing the weakened blob of meat onto the floor. Jax leaned closer between his gigantic thighs, eventually sinking his beak into the base of the bull's shaft, finally shredding it and taking the entirety of fleshy appendage for himself.

Jax stood tall before the audience, lifting the leaking trophy and basking in glory. But there was one person who also clapped, visibly upsetting the bird. The falcon turned his head towards the cheering Hawk, who was still inside a cage in its corner. Jax tossed the ripped-off cock away and approached the other bird who started all this.

"I'm not finished with you, dirty cheater!" After these words, filled with cold rage, the falcon unexpectedly but cruelly grasped Hawk's entire crotch, tensing muscles and strongly ripping off the whole set of genitals with one decisive move. Without a fight and by surprise, Jax successfully separated the flesh and skin along with cords, taking both testicles and penis, staring into Hawk's empty eyes as if he didn't understand what happened, slowly collapsing onto the floor.

With three defeated males in each corner of the cage, Jax stood in the center of the whole mess, raising his arms to the audience. He noticed a hanging microphone from the ceiling and shouted to it, excited for more.

"I'm your new referee! Who's ready for another fight?"