

Lost

by Night Writer

Chapter 1

Brett opened his eyes and peered into the alien face of a sand crab, its crimson claw waving a slow warning just inches from his face. Black sand stretched to the horizon, bordered by a retreating tide that lapped at his bare feet. Liz lay on her back beside him. She was naked, her arms and legs sprawled at odd angles, her creamy breasts and the white band of skin over her bare hips a stark contrast to a golden-brown tan. Was she breathing? Brett struggled to raise his head an inch above the gritty sand, bringing her into focus again, and saw that she was.

It seemed like only minutes earlier they were tucked away in the cozy cabin of the Dreamboat, a medium-sized schooner that was to take them on a romantic second honeymoon. The storm came up suddenly, while they were making love. By the time they heard the screams of the other passengers and crew, the ship was listing to one side, already low in the water. They tumbled from the bed to the wall of the cabin as the ship lurched suddenly and rolled onto its side. Briny water burst through the single round porthole, quickly filling the cabin. Brett found Liz's hand and pulled her close just as the deck above them broke away, tossing them into a chaotic, frothy sea. He felt her hand go limp, then slip away just before his world went silent and dark.

Now, squinting across the stretch of beach between them, he tried to call her name, but found his best attempt was little more than a whisper. Even in his confused state, he couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was, so naked and vulnerable on the sunny beach. Minutes ago, they had been making love in their cabin. Now by some miracle, they had been washed ashore together on an unfamiliar beach, both weak and dazed, but alive.

Brett closed his eyes and dozed, thankful for their rescue in spite of the terrifying disaster that must have left the others missing at sea. When he opened them again, a small group of women had gathered around him, eyeing him carefully. In the distance, others were helping Liz to her feet, offering her a drink taken from one of the women's backpacks. He rolled onto his back and looked up at them. The sight was stunning. They were nearly naked, wearing only the tiniest of brightly-colored thongs and open sandals that laced to just below the knee. He stared at the six pairs of perfect breasts hovering above him, then up at the angelic faces that seemed to shimmer with light, haloed by the blazing sun overhead. "Am I dead?" he wondered. "Is this heaven?" It was then that he felt the wasp-like sting at the side of his neck. In seconds, everything went black.

Chapter 2

Brett woke in a hospital bed. The steady cadence of a heart rate monitor beeped quietly beside him in the stark, white room. A female attendant stood by the bed, watching him intently.

"Don't try to get up," she told him. "You're still weak, but you'll be fine."

"Where am I?" Brett asked, unable to keep from staring at her firm, bare breasts.

"You were in an accident. You nearly drowned. Rest for a while. This should make you feel much better."

She hung a large IV bag beside him and started a drip into the catheter already inserted into the back of his hand. In an hour he was sitting on the edge of the bed, facing a small audience of three women so much alike they might have been clones. The tallest of the three asked his name and assured him that Liz was in good health.

"You washed up on our island earlier this morning, apparently the victim of a boating accident. Our way of life here is much different than the one you're accustomed to, so please listen carefully. We are a matriarchal society, a society of strong women and compliant men. Women earn their title as Citizens by virtue of our sex. The men here are subordinate, useful as husbands or companions, but never attaining Citizen status, again by simple status of their sex.

"Our men's natural hormonal instincts for aggressiveness are kept in check by the metal band just above your testicles. You were fitted with it just after you arrived. The small chip attached to it operates remotely, in response to a display of unacceptable behavior."

She touched a simple pendant that hung from a delicate gold chain around her waist. Immediately Brett felt an ache between his legs, as though he had been kicked in the balls. He doubled over, clutching his genitals, gasping in unrelenting pain. After a few seconds, she touched the pendant a second time and the pain vanished.

"The band encircling your scrotum is sized for you personally, just small enough that it can't be removed. I don't advise trying to remove it - you will certainly cause permanent damage to yourself. We refer to the devices as "harnesses", more for the purpose they serve than their appearance. You'll see that all men here wear them, with no ill effects, as long as there is no reason to activate them.

"We've given Liz a comfortable home, not far from here. There's no reason the two of you can't live as husband and wife, as long as you accept our traditions. Your harness is tuned to Liz's remote, and to the perimeter monitors surrounding her home. Stay close to her when you accompany her outside her property. Stray too far, and the device activates automatically. The pain increases with distance, so there will be

adequate warning before it becomes unbearable. I don't recommend that you test its limits.

"Your penis has also been fitted with a cage. It's a temporary discomfort, to be removed when we can be certain of your behavior. We can't have you impregnating any of us, so until you're acclimated, it allows you to be immediately integrated into our society.

"I'm sure you have many questions, but for now, this is all you need to know. I'll escort you to Liz's home. Please follow at a close distance - we don't want an embarrassing scene on your first day."

Brett eased off the bed and rose to his feet. The metal cage was uncomfortable, its bulk and weight an embarrassing reminder of his new status. It tugged at him when he walked, bobbing and swaying with each step. Just as they reached the door, Brett hesitated.

"C-Can I have some clothes?" he asked the statuesque blonde. She turned to him, glanced up and down his body for a second, then showed just a hint of a smile.

"Our men don't wear clothes here. There's no need. The weather's always warm, and we've seen everything you have, many times. You'll lose your modesty quickly here. Liz already has."

She led Brett down a long hall, then through two sets of heavy doors, into the sunlight. They climbed a long, sloping ramp rising from the underground level of a low, sprawling building. Brett followed reluctantly, surprised at the throng of men and women casually strolling along neat walkways that snaked through the surrounding tropical plants and grasses. He noticed a few men, always accompanied by a stunning female companion, but apparently at ease, most even cheerful as they strolled naked in public. Soon he found that all the men shared a common feature - their penises were tiny - so small the metal ring seated snugly atop their testicles glistened in the bright sun, fully exposed beneath barely visible stubs of pink flesh.

A few of the women stared at his crotch briefly, then looked away, some whispering to their companions and rolling their eyes with ridicule. What was wrong with them, Bret wondered. His cock was bigger than any of these men - were all the women here lesbians? Finally, he guessed it was the cage over his penis - it was the sign of a newcomer, a male whose cock scared or threatened them. That's why they put the cage on him. It was all very strange.

During the short walk to their destination, Brett felt his penis stir as he admired the gorgeous women around him. Twice Brett fell behind his escort, and each time a nagging pain grew between his legs. The ache was enough to take his mind off the nearly naked women at once, his erection failing to survive long enough to touch the end of its cage. It was as though he was tethered by an invisible leash as she walked ahead of him with a brisk stride of both indifference and arrogance.

Liz ran to him and embraced him when they finally arrived.

"I was so worried," she told him. "Are you OK?"

Brett assured her that he was fine, but a little tired, glancing warily at his tall escort still just a few feet away. When she finally left, Brett had many questions, but Liz had few answers. She showed him around the five-room bungalow as though she had lived there for weeks, prepared a delicious dinner of fresh fish and steamed vegetables, then led him to a small patio where they sipped potent, tangy, ice-cold drinks and watched the sun set behind a lush horizon. Later, they found the large bed together hand-in-hand, fell onto the crisp, cool sheets, and slept.

Chapter 3

On the morning of their second day on the island, Liz and Brett sat at the round glass table in the kitchen nook eating a breakfast of fresh fruit and granola. It was awkward for both of them after a day of probing and poking by the medical attendants. Although everyone on the island was naked, or nearly so, the loss of modesty was still uncomfortable for Brett. The climate was warm enough - the island was a balmy eighty degrees during the day with a refreshing breeze, but it was difficult for him to show the same uninhibited innocence of the islanders.

Brett squirmed as he tried to reposition the wire cage that restrained his penis. The cage contained a circle of tiny sharp spikes near the end. He had been warned that erections were controlled by the women on the island, and that until he was properly trained, the cage would discourage him from misbehaving. He had been "discouraged" the night before when, in her sleep, Liz had snuggled close to him, threw a bare leg over him, and made some familiar pre-sex whimpering sounds. It took only a few seconds for his erection to fill the cramped cage, swelling to meet the tiny teeth that cut into the sensitive flesh around the head of his cock. The heavy wire ring that surrounded his scrotum could be just as painful, if not more so if he sat in the wrong position. Liz noticed his discomfort and glanced down through the glass tabletop.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

"It's tight," Brett told her. "It's hard to get comfortable when I sit."

"They said you'd get used to it, eventually," Liz told him, trying to be sympathetic. "And later, they promised you wouldn't have to wear the part around your penis. It's only to keep you from..."

Liz stopped in mid-sentence, looking up at him with apology in her eyes.

"Did they tell you why, Liz? Did they say why they don't want me to get hard - why they don't want us to make love? How long is this supposed to go on?"

Liz looked down at her bowl as she ate. "Maybe they'll tell us today," she said quietly. "We have an appointment at the Medical Center this afternoon."

Brett finished his breakfast in silence. She knew something he didn't - he could hear it in the ominous tone of her voice.

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The two women who arrived to take them to their appointment were as tall and beautiful as any Brett had seen on the island - the smooth, bronzed skin, long, slim legs, and firm breasts with erect nipples seemed to

characterize every woman he saw. They introduced themselves as Michelle and Amy, and explained they were to chaperone Liz and Brett to the Medical Center for orientation and additional physical exams. While they were cordial and talkative to Liz, they virtually ignored Brett, except to remind him to stay close to Liz as they walked. Michelle and Amy waited somewhat impatiently as he hesitantly moved closer to Liz. Liz did her best to flash a comforting smile, turned to join her new friends, and led him outside.

Brett followed the three of them closely, careful not to stray too far behind. From the back, Liz could easily be mistaken for one of them. After just one day her skin seemed silkier and more youthful and her body slimmer and tighter. Even her step had a more energetic bounce, and she glowed with an undeniable hint of sexual awareness. She's becoming one of them, he thought, but why, and how?

They passed scores of women on the busy walkways. All of them, blondes, brunettes, and redheads, had the lean, hard bodies of athletic supermodels, and many led a man beside or behind her. When he had been taken to their bungalow for the first time, Brett had seen men and women walking together, nearly as equals. Now, some of the men followed obediently, careful to stay within the reaches of their invisible leashes. Strangely, all the men seemed at ease with their position in this society, even when kept on leashes by beautiful women who treated many of them with apparent indifference. The men were slim, young, and tanned, all with testicles bound by the same heavy wire ring. It was a bizarre sight - each and every man led by his balls, prominently displayed by the tension of the mental band. In comparison, their penises, which were free of the menacing cage he wore, again all seemed very small, almost difficult to detect in some cases.

As they strolled across a sunny, open area surrounding the Medical Center, a man crossed in front of them, scarcely twenty feet away. He ran in long, frantic strides, alone in the blazing afternoon sun. Just as he passed, his pace slowed, he groaned, then fell to his knees. Desperately, he began to crawl, moaning louder with each inch of progress. There was no reaction from any of the women as they passed by. It was as though the man didn't exist. Brett stared as the man began to scream, finally collapsing, sprawled motionless on the emerald grass. Pale and shaken, Brett quickened his pace, careful to stay even closer to Liz and the pendant attached to the thin gold chain that circled her supple waist.

The Medical Center, like many of the buildings on the island, was a wide, two-story structure made of rock and heavy wooden beams. It was unimposing at first sight, a mix of local natural materials assembled to appear soothing and welcoming to all who entered. Once inside, Liz and Brett were told by yet another bare-breasted beauty behind a glass enclosure to complete the brief medical history form given to each of them and give it to the technician assigned to them.

Brett sat close to Liz as they each filled in line after line of medical details and highly personal information. Brett's form was entirely technical, with questions about previous surgeries and diseases and any present disorders. He found that a large percentage of the questions

dealt with reproductive health, some venturing into areas he had never been asked about:

"Has your semen ever had an unusual smell or appearance?"

"How often are you able to ejaculate within one hour?"

"What is the approximate volume of semen per ejaculation?"

"Have you had your sperm count and motility tested? What were the results?"

He had no idea how to answer some of them, so he guessed. What difference did it make - it was none of their business anyway. When he finished, he glanced over at Liz's progress and noticed that she had many more pages to complete. The last was blank, with a single question at the top:

"List all sexual fantasies, both realized or imagined, and rate them on a scale of 1 through 5."

Liz had filled in half the page when she caught Brett looking. She grinned and angled the paper away from him, telling him, "Hey, don't look! Some of this is kind of embarrassing - stuff I haven't even dared to tell you yet. Maybe someday..." Although she was still smiling as she went back to writing, it was unsettling to Brett that she would reveal sex fantasies to total strangers she couldn't confess to him. She looked like she was enjoying this. What was happening to her?

They came for Brett first, two muscular women that, for the first time here, didn't fit the Barbie-doll mold. They were much too formal and stoic for Brett's liking. Just after he stood and took a few steps toward them, the familiar ache returned to his groin. When he stopped in his tracks, one of them approached, touched a small black box at her side, and the pain vanished. As they ushered him through a heavy set of double doors, he looked back at Liz. Now she wasn't smiling.

Liz was taken to a small observation room that overlooked what appeared to be a surgical operating room. Trays of instruments and equipment surrounded a leather-covered exam table in the center of the room. She saw the door to the room open and the two large women guide Brett inside. They walked on either side of him, each grasping his upper arm firmly, as though he might try to escape. Liz thought Brett looked so helpless and frightened. He glanced up at the window and stopped, looked directly at Liz, but was pulled away toward the table.

They laid him face down, securing his ankles and wrists with wide leather straps. One of the women reached under the table, pulled his penis through a round opening, and removed his cage. Uncoiling a loop of tubing attached to a nearby instrument, she inspected the end, applied a thin coating of lubricant, and knelt by the table. Reaching up, she threaded the catheter into the end of his penis. With a barely audible hiss, the instrument drew the air out of a condom-like outer sheath, snugging it tightly, keeping the catheter firmly in place.

"Please, don't hurt him," Liz pleaded to her two blonde chaperones. "What are they doing to him?"

"It doesn't hurt them," replied the taller of the two. "At least not after a few times, after they get used to it." The second woman, a blond pixie with electric-blue eyes, pointed to the room below as she explained. "By now you've noticed that the women here are all attractive, and the picture of health. And, I'm sure you've seen that our men have very little between their legs. We keep them that way to remind them of their place here, and to be sure they never impregnate any of us. The men you've seen here in public are hardly breeding stock. But after a while, they do make good servants and companions, if that's what you decide you want.

"We do all this with Mother's Milk. No, it's not what it sounds like. Mother's Milk is made from semen. Our chemists modify it to enhance certain effects. It works to our benefit, making us stronger and more attractive, slowing the aging process to one-tenth of its normal pace. But the very same Mother's Milk emasculates men; over time it shrinks their penises, kills their libido, and makes them more compliant. It also gradually increases semen output, improving the overall yield per man. You'll notice a gradual increase in his testicle size in time, and a slight belly-bulge as his prostate production and storage increase. But really, in time they accept their place in our society. They're quite happy - we take good care of them. Many continue in the role of loving husbands, with the exception of any kind of sexual usefulness, of course."

A technician attached electrodes to his buttocks, perineum, and testicles. Liz grimaced as she then eased a six-inch metal probe into Brett's anus. He began to struggle against the straps and cry out as the instruments beside the table came to life with red LEDs and display screens.

"It's known as milking," the taller blonde explained. Liz gulped and stared, now fearful of what Brett might face. "It's really a very simple procedure. The electrodes stimulate the pelvic nerves that control ejaculation. The probe stimulates the prostate and seminal vesicles directly, causing them to spasm and contract, expelling semen into the catheter. A light suction assures he's fully drained, then draws the semen into a nearby container where it's collected and stored."

"So, it doesn't hurt him?" Liz asked tentatively.

"Uncomfortable is a better word. The first few times the probe triggers an orgasm. Unfortunately, the length of time required to fully drain him can cause uncomfortable spasms throughout his reproductive system. Mostly it's just very exhausting. The men describe the side effects as a disturbingly empty feeling accompanied by a little soreness. As a bonus, we've found that they're unable to achieve erections or orgasm for at least forty- eight hours after the first one or two milkings. After that, the process begins to stress the nerves responsible for an orgasm. Eventually, the nerves fail completely, and orgasms never occur. Then the procedure simply expels the semen, with no side effects at all."

"But, he can still have sex, can't he? After he recovers?" Liz was now more fearful, concerned that Brett might be injured.

The tall blonde turned to Liz and took her hand. "Liz, things are done differently here. Brett will likely remain a good companion and loving husband. But for sex, we have many superior options here. As a Citizen, you'll have access to the Stables. The men there can satisfy all your needs, and then some. We breed them for that, and that alone. You and Brett can have a long and happy life together here, but you'll soon find you don't need him for sex. And, he'll be perfectly fine with that. Mother's Milk is in everything we eat and drink here. The more you'll want sex, the less interested he'll be."

"But, he will be able to have sex though, I mean, if we want to?"

The blonde squeezed Liz's hand, trying to calm her with a soothing tone. "In time, milking makes them permanently impotent. The nerves just can't endure the repeated stimulation. But it's just as well, Liz. In time, Mother's Milk will shrink his penis to useless proportions. He won't have anything to have sex with. It's a kindness, really. It's much more humane to kill his sex drive and render his penis useless than to have him frustrated and unhappy. He won't even care that he's impotent, because sex will be the last thing on his mind."

At that moment, Brett's body stiffened. His hips jerked up and down as the probe triggered a violent orgasm. A minute passed, then two, then three. His grunts turned to moans of agony, timed with each pulse of the probe. Four minutes passed, then five. A vial hung on the side of the instrument was half-full of semen. Liz watched as the milky liquid spurted into the small container, slowing to one drop at a time until it was three-quarters full. Brett groaned as the pulses continued. His erection was larger and harder than Liz had ever seen it, jerking with futile spasms as the last of his semen was extracted. After ten full minutes, the instrument was shut off and Brett collapsed onto the table, limp and shivering.

"So, it's over now?" Liz asked.

"He'll need to recover for a while," the shorter blonde told her. "But while he does, we'd like to show our appreciation for donating his semen."

Liz was troubled by the phrase she used. Liz hadn't "donated" Brett's semen - they had taken it themselves by draining him with the grotesque machine. They had forced his insides to spasm until his semen was extracted. She didn't want credit for this - it would ruin him.

"Each time you deliver him here for a donation you'll get a pass to the Stables, Liz. We'll take a look as your husband recovers."

Chapter 4

They took an elevator up to the main level, exited the building, then strolled across a sun-drenched park to a pathway leading into a heavily shaded clearing. Liz stared at the inviting structure as they approached the heavy wooden double doors. It resembled a huge ranch-style house, built of heavy wooden beams that soared upward to the peak of the roof. One of the women touched the small device at her side and the doors swung open, inviting them inside.

The lobby was a large round area with a circular desk at the center. The girl behind the desk looked up at them and smiled.

"Ahh, you must be Liz. I'm Bridget. Welcome to the Stables. The Medical Center has transferred your credits," she said as she stared into the glowing monitor in front of her. "Well, it seems they've been quite generous - lucky you." She smiled warmly, anticipating Liz's confusion. "The men here are bred and selected for their ability to provide you with the most pleasurable experience possible. We call them Bulls, essentially because their single purpose is to satisfy our physical needs. Although some women who come to the island aren't used to purely recreational sex, in time they savor their visits here, without exception. You'll find our Bulls are not only visually stunning, but also well-endowed, with staggering endurance and skill. So, if you're ready, let's show you to a selection booth.

"They'll keep your husband at the Medical Center until you're finished. Just ask at the front desk and they'll bring him to you. You can tell him where you've been on your walk home, if you like. We're very open about the Stables to the men here. In time, they understand that we have needs they can no longer satisfy. Before long, they accept it as a way of life."

Liz fidgeted as she looked around the lobby. "I'm not sure Brett will ever accept this," she told them. "I wouldn't know how to tell him."

"He will, you'll see," she assured Liz. "Eventually, he'll have to. Most of us come here several times a week, some every day. The climate, and Mother's Milk, give all of us a healthy appetite for sex. They've awarded enough credits initially for three visits, and after that, you'll receive credits each time you take your husband in for milking. The credits are transferred to your account the minute he's drained, so you can drop him off and be here in time to use them. Oh, and we do ask that you have him milked at least three times a week to maintain our supply of Mother's Milk. If you're like most of us, you'll be bringing him in much more often. The Bulls are more than enough incentive - you'll know what I mean soon enough."

She showed Liz to one of a series of small rooms behind the reception desk. Bridget followed her inside and seated her at a simple desk. An open album lay before her, and Bridget placed a cool drink beside it.

"This will help. Everyone's nervous their first time."

Liz sipped the drink, looking down at a glossy picture of a naked man displayed inside the cover of the leather-bound book. He was stunning - a chiseled face atop a perfect, slim, muscular body. His thick penis hung between his legs like a heavy rope, not fully erect, but alive with thick veins that ran the length of it. She couldn't take her eyes off him. Bridget reached down and turned the page, revealing a photo of a second man with a heavier physique, but just as perfect as the first.

"We've narrowed your choices this time to make it easier to decide," Bridget explained. "Take your time - we've chosen six men who are most likely to fit your tastes. All of them are equally skilled, and sterile, so no contraception is necessary."

Liz flipped through the pages, sipping her drink, completely taken in by thoughts of sex with the men before her eyes. Finally, growing wet between her legs, she turned back to the first page and pointed to the photo.

"How can I possibly do this?" she thought. "What would Brett think if he knew? It would crush him. But my God, I want this man so much..." She looked up at Bridget with uncertainty, her finger still touching the photo of her potential lover. Her hand was shaking, but she couldn't seem to remove it. She glanced at the half-empty frosty glass beside the open album, then back at Bridget.

"Is this - it? Mother's Milk? Is this why I feel so, um, tempted to do this?" Liz stared at the glass now, as though she might see some trace of the semen that gave the liquid magic its potency. Bridget's smile was warm and sympathetic.

"We were all nervous our first time. You're not feeling anything you don't already want - we're just making it easier to adjust, easier for you to fully appreciate your body's enhanced potential for pleasure. You must have sensed it, even before you arrived at the Stables. Mother's Milk permeates the island - it's in every bite of food we eat, every drop of water we drink, in our soil and ground water, and even the air we breathe."

Liz shuddered at Bridget's explanation, now confused by conflicting feelings of guilt and physical desire.

"B-but, this isn't real. This isn't me. I've never cheated on Brett. And this, this drug, this Mother's Milk - it's like you're trying to make me someone else. Besides, knowing where it comes from, that you take men's semen, Brett's semen, by force, and change it into some kind of aphrodisiac for the women here, well, it's just wrong."

Bridget picked up the drink and offered the remainder to Liz. "We're not trying to make you someone else, Liz. We're helping you to be yourself. Haven't you ever wanted sex with a man when your husband wasn't available? Haven't you ever seen an attractive man and wondered what he would be like in bed? And what did you do about it? 'Absolutely nothing' would be a very safe bet. That's not being a woman, Liz, it's being a slave, kept in your place by the judicious use of guilt and a perverted

definition of morality. You can be anyone you want here, Liz, not just comfortable in your own skin, but deliriously happy in it.

"And our men? Do they look unhappy to you, Liz? They have a good life here. Those who don't qualify as Bulls adjust quite well to a life without sex. After a very short time, they don't miss it. They become completely apathetic. The men not only know we go to the Bulls for sex, they completely accept it. And believe it or not, they acknowledge their contributions are a fair sacrifice for the idyllic life they enjoy."

Liz took her finger off the photo, accepted the glass from Bridget, and drank.

Bridget smiled, then turned to leave. "I'll be right back. Take a few minutes to think."

Now alone in the small room, Liz stared at the picture. "My God," she thought, "if Brett saw me staring at another man's penis like this, he'd..." But immediately her thoughts changed direction, guided by the growing heat in her belly, and the tension in her thighs that had become regular, unintentional contractions pressing gently against the moist lips of her sex. Suddenly the man's penis was a "cock". It felt daring and exciting merely to allow the word in her thoughts. His picture seemed to come off the page, posing just for her as she imagined what his full erection might be like.

"It must be so big..." she thought, "...it's so thick and powerful looking, even before it's hard. My God, what would it be like to have it inside me, to feel him on top of me, taking me like an animal? What would it be like - a man so different than Brett - a man who would just "fuck" me instead of always asking to "make love?"

Again her own thoughts shocked and surprised her - "cock", "fuck" - she never used those words, even in her thoughts. But now she wanted the man in the picture, more than she wanted Brett, more than she wanted to be rescued from the island. Nothing else mattered.

Bridget returned soon, smiling warmly, as usual, holding a small rectangular key card.

"Since it's your first time, I'll show you the way. Are you ready?"

Liz followed Bridget out of the room into a long hallway with door after door on either side.

"The doors in this wing are lettered, as you can see. A second wing off to the right has numbers instead, and a third to the left uses a combination of the two. They have no special meaning really, just find the door that matches the number or letter on your card. Ah, here we are."

She handed the card to Liz. It was a simple pink plastic rectangle, monogrammed with a large "D" in swirled script. Liz looked up at the door labeled with a "D" that exactly matched her card.

"S-so, what do I do now?" she asked nervously. "You put the card in the door, go inside, and have the best sex of your life," Bridget answered with a grin. Liz lowered her eyes, embarrassed that her uncertainty might be taken as prudishness or rejection of her new sisters.

"But - what do I - how do we -," Liz stammered. "Don't worry," Bridget assured her. "Every Bull is highly skilled, both at sex, and at making you feel at ease. He's aware it's your first time, so he knows just what to do. All you have to do is be you, and enjoy him, of course. You can't do anything wrong - you're a Citizen, he's a Bull. And remember, there are many more than you saw in the pages of the album we made for you - enough to keep you deliriously happy for a very long time. You'll see." Bridget winked, turned, and disappeared down the hall, leaving Liz alone with her little pink card. With a shaking hand and a body burning for sex, she slid the card into the door and opened it.

Chapter 5

Sex with another man, sex for purely physical pleasure, was easier than Liz would have ever imagined. He was sprawled on a long sofa in the center of a large, comfortably appointed room, welcoming her with a smile as she closed the door behind her. Liz took a few steps toward him and stopped, staring at the most perfect body she had ever seen. He was naked, one leg hung over the front of the sofa, the other raised and bent at the knee to expose his steadily growing erection. Liz was too nervous to speak. She moved closer, letting the world outside slip away, surrendering completely to the sight of him, and to the now rigid cock jutting from his bronzed, muscular body.

When he stood, Liz went to her knees as though in a trance, cupping his balls in one hand and stroking the length of his erection with the other. When the glistening droplet appeared at the tip, she took him in her mouth. His pre-cum tasted like honey, his cock like fragrant cardamom. Sucking Brett had always been not quite a chore, but a favor, something she did to please him in spite of the salty, slightly bitter taste of his semen, and the seemingly endless time it took for him to finish. But she sucked the Bull greedily, savoring the tastes and smells of him, completely lost in the moment as her tongue caressed his velvety glans. Nothing else mattered to her - her world was his hard belly, his sinewy thighs, and his beautiful cock that drove her wild as she sucked.

Then, just as she felt the first signs of his impending orgasm, he pulled her to her feet, carried her to his bed, and lowered his face between her legs. In time she was oblivious to her own cries and moans that echoed through the room. She began to whimper, outwardly begging him to fuck her. She used words she had never used before, never in bed with Brett, never with any other lover in her past. She cursed at him, ordered him to give her his big cock, to fuck her and make her come. Finally, he rose over her, teasing her, allowing the tip of his cock to part the lips of her sex slightly, then withdrawing. Each time she fought his retreat by clutching his ass and pulling him closer, never quite able to overcome the strength of his straining hips and thighs.

Suddenly, as if she had lost the few seconds that it took him to enter her, he was fucking her. She was startled at first, overwhelmed by the thickness of the cock so deep inside her, and by the vision of this perfect man. He hovered above her at first, making her gasp as she watched his broad chest and powerful shoulders flex with each thrust. Then the length of his body was glued to hers, his bare chest pressed tightly against her breasts.

"Why can't it be like this with Brett?" The thought surfaced without warning, threatening to destroy her steadily building ecstasy with a split second of guilt. Then, just as quickly, she chased the thought away. "He'll be impotent soon - and he won't even care. This is what I want - this man, this body, this cock." As her guilt quickly faded, so did her image of Brett as a man who could ever physically satisfy her again. In those few seconds, the relationship with her husband shifted from mate and future father of her children, to a sexless, platonic love. It all seemed so comfortable, so right to Liz. And with the heightened

concentration of Mother's Milk surging through her body, the final acceptance of this metamorphosis swept over her, as did the most fiercely consuming orgasm of her life.

Chapter 6

As the weeks passed, they settled into their new roles - Liz as an aspiring member of the Council, and Brett as a subservient house-husband. Each watched the other's physical changes, but neither Liz nor Brett spoke of them. Brett noted the subtle increase in size and firmness of Liz's breasts, the narrowing of her waist, and eventually the prominent outline of her constantly engorged labia and clitoris beneath the tiny thong. He still felt a pang of jealousy when they walked together in public, never quite comfortable seeing Liz nearly naked in front of so many other men. None of them ever seemed to notice her though, except for the occasional casual glance.

In spite of any rules or customs, Brett found he was unable to keep his eyes off the other women. There were so many of them, their firm bodies so tanned and lean, with an aura that flaunted a proud, unapologetic sexuality. The only clothing they wore was the tiniest of thongs, mere threads that held a small, brightly colored scrap of cloth against the pouting labia beneath it, and the ever-present sandals that laced to just below the knee. It was a sight too seductive for Brett to ignore. But each time he was caught staring a little too long, the woman would roll her eyes in disgust, glance at his penis, then smile slightly to herself as the confident stride of her long legs carried her away from him. "At least I've never had an erection in public," he mused thankfully. "I wonder why?"

Liz often stole furtive glances at Brett's penis, amazed and fascinated at how soon it began to shrink. They had removed his cage after the second milking, certain that his temporary impotence would make Liz's transition easier. Liz felt sorry for him, but relieved in a way as well. After only a week of sex with the Bulls, she doubted he could ever fully satisfy her again, even with his normal size and vigor. It was better not to let him see the disappointment on her face if they were to make love, and the diminishing size of his penis would only have made things worse.

She had taken him to be milked eight times over the first two weeks, driven by her insatiable thirst for sex, the intense satisfaction the Bulls provided her, and the yet-untapped collection of perfect bodies and cocks waiting for her at the Stables. Although she knew in time the milkings would make him permanently impotent, she found some comfort in the knowledge that Mother's Milk would eventually kill his desire for sex altogether. "It's a kindness to him, really," she thought. "It's for his own good, the humane thing to do."

They attended social activities together almost every evening, sometimes gathering with the others for an opulent luau in the large open gardens adjacent to the Medical Center, and sometimes at smaller parties in their own home or the homes of neighbors. At the larger events, women socialized in small groups while their husbands stood nearby, careful to stay within range of their harnesses. Liz was hugely popular, and in time Brett made a small circle of friends as well, all husbands with much longer time on the island. He soon learned the men were just as free to chat among themselves, as long as the subjects of sex or the women were

avoided. Should one forget, a sharp warning from his harness would serve as an efficient reminder.

As more time passed, Brett increasingly feared what he would become. The men around him were all extremely lean with hairless bodies, their muscles atrophied to soft, thin cords beneath tanned skin. Their penises had been reduced to tiny buds of flesh, barely noticeable above slightly enlarged testicles encircled by the metal harness. The effect exaggerated the appearance of the scrotum, presenting it forward, displaying the most valued and vulnerable part of their body to all women on the island. His penis was still large by comparison, but had withered to slightly half its normal size, and he hadn't been able to get hard since they arrived. Whatever the island was doing to him, it seemed inevitable that he would evolve into one of the many men around him. The realization was horrifying at first, but easier to accept in time. Liz was still loving and attentive, even in bed at night, cuddling against him as she slept. She seemed not to mind that they no longer had sex, and yet kept her satisfied smile, even in her sleep.

Smaller gatherings were more comfortable for the men. The perimeter sensors of the particular home would be programmed to allow all of the men free access to the entire house and property. There they could sometimes talk quietly away from their wives for short periods while the women discussed more important matters of maintaining and governing the island.

One evening, at a neighbor's home, Brett overheard a small group of wives seated together on the balcony overlooking the thick wall of jungle near the edge of the city. Vivian, a tall, stunning redhead and the most vocal of the group, had steered the conversation to sex.

"My God, I had the best fuck of my life today at the Stables! I did the new one - have you seen him, the very young one with the enormous cock?"

They all laughed, fully accustomed to Vivian's scandalous stories of her most recent sex with a newly discovered Bull.

"Please, Viv," Bridget interrupted with a sly smile, "I think you're embarrassing Liz."

"Ooooh," came the response from the group, now all looking at Liz with hopeful grins, waiting for an explanation.

Liz blushed, suppressing a grin. "Me? Really, I have no idea what you're talking about..."

"Oh pleeease, Liz. We all know Bridget works there, so, hmmm, maybe you have something to tell us?" Vivian leaned closer to Liz, her grin now outrageously evil. "Maybe something about his enormous cock? Been there, done that, Liz?"

The laughter of the others finally broke Liz's attempt to hold back her grin, and she gave in. "OK, OK, I've been there, done that, Vivian. And yes, he's as good as you say. Maybe better..."

The group howled with glee. Brett stood in the open doorway, listening to every word. Liz covered her smile with her hand, surprised and a little embarrassed at her own words, her firm breasts bobbing as she began to giggle.

"Oh, damn you Liz," Vivian told her, finally recovering enough to speak again. "You should have told me about him sooner! You wouldn't be trying to keep him to yourself now, would you?"

Everyone looked at Bridget. She was nodding furiously, again grinning, her platinum hair bouncing at her shoulders.

Vivian looked back at Liz, playfully feigning shock and disbelief. "You've had him more than once?"

Liz nodded.

"Twice?" Vivian asked, raising her voice in greater disbelief.

Liz shook her head slowly, now baiting Vivian, staring deeply into her eyes.

Vivian was on her feet now, her eyes even wider. "My God, THREE TIMES?"

Finally, it was Bridget who answered. "Try five."

The group erupted in laughter again until Liz eventually offered her excuse.

"What can I say? I can't help it. He's so good, and so, um, huge..."

Brett turned and walked slowly back through the house as his wife's laughter assaulted him. Shaken and confused, he found a chair and collapsed into it. He replayed each word of their conversation, shaking uncontrollably as the pieces came together. It was why she didn't mind not having sex with him, why she seemed so satisfied, and why she slept with a smile on her face. He couldn't chase the image from his mind - Liz lying naked under this young Bull, her long, pretty legs wrapped around him, his giant cock plunging into her as she moaned with pleasure. There was a time when he would have felt blind rage at this embarrassment. Now he felt small and defeated, powerless to intervene or influence Liz in the slightest way. His jealousy and helplessness collided, then escalated to a paralyzing crescendo. The scene of Liz and her Bull played repeatedly in his head, until finally his jealousy was eroded to fatigue and resignation. He was merely a spectator, observing from an impossibly inaccessible distance as the final thread of Liz's sexual passion for him unraveled and vanished.

The men found him there, his body no longer shaking, his shoulders slumped, his face pale and slack. They knew the signs all too well - each and every one of them had fought the same battle and lost. And while their wives talked about Stables, Bulls, and cock, the men quietly coached Brett on the same subjects from the only perspective they knew.

"It's not so bad," one of them told him. "In time you'll agree that sex isn't all that important - and that you probably weren't that good at it to begin with. It's recreation better suited to women - it's always been that way, and always will be."

Chapter 7

"We have to talk, Brett."

Brett feared the look on her face. So much had happened over the past month, and none of it held any hope he would escape his fate - whatever the full consequences of that fate were. It was clear he was to be merely a slave like all the other men on the island, but he suspected he had not discovered the worst of what was to become of him.

"I was summoned to meet with the Council this morning. They explained that we must earn our keep here, and a big part of that is up to me. I have to give them a child - a child that will help the community grow and flourish. It's something every woman here has to do, at least once. Most have had several babies as a show of belonging and support for the community. If I have a child, I'll be given a higher position here, and life will be easier for both of us."

Brett was stunned that they would demand a couple's child as an offering. What kind of life would the baby have here? A girl would be looked upon as one of their own, but a boy? Would a boy eventually become a simple slave, facing a life of manual labor and servitude?

"B-but how?" Brett answered. "We haven't - I mean, I haven't been able to have sex since we got here. I don't know what's wrong with me - I've never been impotent before. How do they expect us to have a baby?"

Liz looked away for a second, then brought her eyes to meet his.

"Brett, you know I love you dearly."

She paused, waiting for a sign that he believed her. When she saw the proof on his face, she continued.

"You also know that I go to the Stables several times a week. It's expected of me if I'm to be part of the community."

Brett fought the anger and humiliation that welled up inside. He remembered the first time he was taken to the Medical Center, the terror and humiliation as they strapped him down and drained him while Liz was shown to the Stables for her first reward. His anger began to erupt dangerously in the heat of the moment.

"Do you like it, Liz? Do you like picking some random "Bull" and having sex with him? How many have there been, Liz? Twenty? Fifty? More? Do they get you hot, Liz? Now that I can't get hard anymore, do they do it for you? Make you come? Make up for what I can't do?"

Liz touched the small pendant at her side, watched him gasp in pain for a few seconds, then took two steps back and waited for him to recover. It was the first time she had used the harness to control him, the first time she felt she was forced to do so. When she saw his anger melt, she knew it had been the right thing to do. Liz knew that if the others heard him she'd be expected to punish him for his disobedience. When he went

silent, she went to him and took his balls in her hand, tucked a finger inside the metal band, and pulled him closer, cinching his testicles upward, a mild warning that he must stop before suffering more serious consequences. When she saw him wince, she withdrew her finger, still cupping his balls lightly in the palm of her hand. The reminder to behave was her responsibility now, but there was no need to make him suffer needlessly.

If he only knew, she thought to herself, how much pleasure the Bulls gave her, how much better the sex was than anything she had ever experienced with Brett or any other man. She did miss sex with Brett, the closeness and intimacy they once shared in bed, but she found that even in as little time as a month she was able to love him in a non-sexual way, as a kind of companion rather than a mate. That, and regular sex with the Bulls seemed a fresh and invigorating way of life. She was more of a woman than she had ever been, more uninhibited and confident about who she was. She felt physically stronger as well, healthier and full of energy every minute of the day. And with that came a constant thirst for sex - not an obsession, but an ever-present awareness of her invigorated body's needs. Yes, if he only knew the truth, what would he do? But, what could he do? He was virtually a slave now, a second-class citizen in a world where, except for the Bulls, men were kept as companions, pets almost, controlled by their harnesses, their sexual appetite and ability to perform neutralized as efficiently as gelding a stallion. Thanks to Mother's Milk, the social order was assured on the island. Even if the men knew of it and its effects, as long as they ate the food and drank the water there was nothing they could do to avoid it.

"I'm to choose one of the Bulls to impregnate me. They're chosen to pass on the most favorable genes to the community. I'm sorry, but the Council would never let you be the father, even if you could. I meet with the Council tomorrow, at the Stables. They've picked three of the most genetically superior Bulls for me, and I'm to choose one of them to be the father. You must accept this. There's nothing either of us can do about it. I'll have his baby, but you'll still be my husband, and I'll still love you."

Liz stepped closer to him and put her hand on his bare chest. She could feel his heart beating wildly, his muscles tense and trembling beneath his soft skin. Her touch seemed to soothe him, and his pulse quieted. She fingered his genitals gently, intrigued with how the simple ring of metal snugged his scrotum around the fragile glands inside. They were like two firm eggs, she thought, so sensitive and vulnerable, bound within their fragile sack. She marveled at how at first the cage prevented any sex between them, but now, after a month-long diet laced with Mother's Milk, only the harness was necessary, and then only to deliver punishment. Taking the now tiny head of his penis between her fingers, she raked her nails over it lightly, something that had always made him crazy with pleasure. When it refused to come to life with even as much as a slight twitch, she stopped. Looking into his eyes, she let a trace of disappointment show through her smile.

"Try not to be upset, darling," she purred as she stroked his chest. "We can still be happy here, if we follow the rules. We can still be husband

and wife, even if sex isn't a part of it. It's just sex. I can get that from a Bull any time I want. Think of it as just a physical act, a service you can't provide that I can easily get from any Bull at the Stables. It's the way things are done here. You know that. Most men from the outside lose the ability to have sex here on the island. I'm sure you've noticed that your penis is shrinking, just like all the others. It will probably get even smaller, Brett, and you won't be able to have erections here. I'll miss that, in a way - having you inside me when we're in bed together. But we can still be close without sex. We can still be intimate - you can still please me in other ways. Sex with the Bulls is purely physical. I love having a penis inside me, having an orgasm with a powerful man on top of me. I need sex, Brett, more than ever. Your ability to penetrate me, to satisfy me with your penis, is gone. If you can't learn to accept it, to live with it, then they might take you from me. They could make you a laborer on the outskirts of the city. You'd be community property. Who knows how those men are treated? I may never see you again."

Brett stared at her as she spoke. "You mean they've taken husbands from their wives to be laborers? Community property? They've told you this? You've never said..."

"Shhhh - not so loud," Liz whispered. "It's something only Citizens are supposed to know. I shouldn't have told you, but I don't want them to take you from me. You don't want that either, do you?"

Brett shivered as the reality of this new society settled in. He could accept his fate as an impotent servant of a husband, or, be sent to the jungle to live out the rest of his life as property, laboring under the whims and whips of the women whose job it was to keep community property in line. It wasn't much of a choice, but life with Liz was far better than the alternative. "I-I'm sorry," he whispered. "I didn't know. I don't want to lose you, so I'll try to go by their rules. It's just that it's hard for me - to see you go to other men for sex, to not be able to satisfy you myself, to not even be considered an equal to you. I don't know if I can ever accept it, but I'll try. I will. For us."

Liz smiled as they embraced. She had planted the seed the Council had given her, and it had worked. They had told her that in time, physical means alone would be insufficient to tame him, and that eventually small portions of fear and uncertainty would have to be used to control him. She had delivered the lines just as they had taught her, in response to the exact behavior they told her would occur. She doubted Brett would ever resort to physical violence, but it had been in his eyes, just as they had predicted. They were masters of control, and she was an apt pupil. So if control was necessary, she would do her best to make Brett a model husband in this new society. But, if she controlled him out of necessity, why did she feel a sliver of pleasure while doing it? At least for now, she thought, it was better not to go there.

Chapter 8

The next day was torture for Brett. Liz had slept late, but he rose early, haunted by bizarre dreams of Liz, her belly swollen to immense proportions as she continued to be serviced by a waiting line of muscular Bulls that stretched out their door into the distance. He sat by the bed for a while and watched her sleep. Her skin took on the hue of a fresh peach in the warm, early morning light. As her long legs fanned across the bed sheets, her breasts, now miraculously firmer and higher on her torso, rose and fell invitingly with each easy breath. A month ago he would have crept into bed beside her, his cock hard and ready, her body wet and willing to let him take her. He glanced down at his lap where the nub of his penis lay shrunken and unresponsive. It seemed to get smaller every day now. He wondered if it might be some rare disease or hormonal imbalance. He was losing his manhood in more ways than one, but was powerless to do a thing about it.

Two Council members had come for Liz just after noon. They left together, strutting along the curving walk that led from their house to the busy main street. From a distance, they were triplets, heads held high, thighs flashing in the bright afternoon light, proud bare breasts jostling slightly as they disappeared out of sight. Brett stood at the window and watched them leave. "She's gone to choose the man who will impregnate her, just like that," he thought, "as though she was going shopping for a new dress." He thought of escaping on his own, leaving her to the island and the Bulls, but he knew that he couldn't, that it was only his anger and frustration that made him consider it. She was still his wife, and still loved him - he was sure of that. But the island was changing her - into what he wasn't certain.

He looked down at the metal ring circling his genitals. Trying to follow her was out of the question. A few feet from the house and the perimeter sensors would activate the device, bringing him to his knees with excruciating pain. Only Liz could take him for walks, the device on her belt assuring that he stayed close to her as she led him by an invisible leash. He dreaded their daily walks to the Medical Center - he felt like her pet, a possession that had to be leashed in public, if for no other reason than to show everyone that Liz was his owner, that she controlled him completely. It was bad enough knowing that she was being serviced by a choice Bull while Brett's semen was forcefully extracted and collected by the two smirking technicians. But learning that his semen was payment for Liz's sessions at the Stables was the ultimate insult. And, there was the matter of the semen itself - why did a society of amazons need semen when they had genetically superior Bulls to inseminate them? Nothing made sense here - his sudden impotence, Liz's easy acceptance of his subjugation, or her surprising comfort with her own public nudity and overt sexual behavior. The women had completely won her over within a day. That they had done it wasn't just puzzling, it was a violation of their marriage. He had always been the strong one.

Liz returned just after sundown, accompanied by a group of ten women. Each wore a brief white wrap about her waist held in place by a woven cord of gold braid. Brett stared as they entered, backing into a corner to keep his distance. Liz approached him with two slim, statuesque

companions in tow. She rested her hand lightly on his chest, looked into his eyes, and spoke in a quiet but solemn voice.

"You must do as you're told tonight. This won't be easy for you, but if you disrupt things in any way, well, things could be very bad for you. Remember our talk?"

One of the women standing behind Liz reached out and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Please behave yourself - please?" Liz begged.

As she made her final plea to him they led her away to the bedroom and closed the door. Immediately, two others took their place beside Brett, each grasping one of his arms and leading him to a chair in the far corner of the room. As he sat, one of the women touched the small device at her waist. He gasped as his harness delivered a dull ache to his testicles. When they showed no sign of giving him relief, he spoke up.

"What did I do? At least tell me why I'm being punished!"

The tall brunette on his right leaned over and took his harness in her hand. She pulled until the band encircling his scrotum stretched his balls upward, intensifying the pain.

"THIS is punishment," she warned him, as she stretched the harness tighter. "So, will you speak again without being told to speak?"

Brett shook his head quickly, still gasping from the pain. But when she dropped his harness the deep ache in his groin remained. It wasn't unbearable, but the pain was enough to remind him of the consequences should he step out of line a second time. The brunette looked down at him and smiled as she taped the device again, just briefly. It sent a burst of searing pain through him, paralyzing him for a second. It was as though his balls had been momentarily crushed in a vise. He collapsed back into the chair, panting, knowing that if he uttered the slightest sound there would be more. When he looked up at her a second time, she smiled and winked.

Several of the women busied themselves placing lighted candles throughout the room, then formed a line on each side of the front door. Finally, the tallest of them, an athletic woman with a thick mane of black hair cascading halfway down her back, led Liz from the bedroom. Liz walked behind her, completely naked, as though in a trance. Her eyes were wide with a hunger Brett had never seen in her. He stared at her hardened nipples and engorged labia. She was on fire with lust, consumed with a heat that made her oblivious to her surroundings.

They had told Liz earlier that afternoon about the drugs they would give her - one to inflame her lust, and another to enhance her fertility. They had promised that her pregnancy was practically assured if she followed their instructions and participated in their ritual. All that was left to do was choose her Bull, one of three that had been matched to Liz's own

genetic makeup, one whose DNA would combine with hers to produce a child worthy of their society.

She had been taken to a special section of the Stables, one reserved for mating. All Bulls in the recreational wing of the Stables had been sterilized. They were chosen for their looks and performance, not for their genes. Breeder Bulls in the mating wing were fed fortified food and hormones that kept them highly potent, ready to create offspring at the whim of any woman wishing to contribute to the island's population. These Bulls lived in luxury compared to other men, prized specimens that took generations to refine using the Council's advanced knowledge of genetic manipulation and selective breeding. Their libidos were kept in check using the onsite pharmacy, until of course, they were flooded with sex hormones just before a breeding. But even during their repressed libido phase, the Breeder Bulls' semen was highly concentrated with sperm, and those sperm were nearly indestructible. Even though the women who fed and cared for them were careful to wear protective gloves and clothing to prevent unwanted pregnancies, every year there seemed to be at least one attendant who found herself with child despite their best efforts to prevent such accidents.

After winding through a maze of corridors, Liz had been taken to an empty room with large one-way windows on three of the walls. Each of the windows allowed a view of the individual living quarters of three Breeder Bulls. "Take all the time you need," they told her. "Any of them will make a superior child. Choose one that appeals to you. An intense orgasm on your part will increase the odds of success. They're all attractive, in their own way. But if several matings are required, well, we like to make the effort as pleasurable as possible. Just push the call button by the door when you've made a selection and we'll escort you out - it's a high-security area, for obvious reasons." They filed out, the door closed with the snap of the magnetic lock, and Liz was left alone to choose the father of her first child.

They were right - she found all three of the men more than merely attractive. Their bodies were perfectly proportioned, with the same smooth, golden-brown skin as so many of the children on the island. Although distinctive, each had the chiseled facial features that would have made him a wildly popular celebrity off the island. Just watching any of the three of them had her pulse racing - it was mesmerizing. She moved from window to window for over an hour, unable to take her eyes off them. From their breathtaking eyes, bright with intelligence and charm, to their beautiful cocks, thick and perfectly sculpted, even in semi-erection, any of the three could have taken her then and there, giving her a baby she would have been proud of. She finally made her decision, choosing Bull 2, a slim, athletic, beautiful man whose eyes seemed to make love to her through the glass. She thought about the time years ago when she had seen Brett for the first time, how she had chosen him, not for his body, but for those kind eyes that made love to her across the crowded room.

As she turned to leave, she peered into the third window and stopped, unexpectedly held there. Although she had spent equal time watching Bull 3, she hadn't given him equal consideration. He was larger than the

others, at least six inches taller and heavily muscled, his wide shoulders and thick chest narrowing to a washboard stomach. Between his immense thighs hung a penis larger than she had ever seen or imagined. She had been intimidated at first. Liz had never been attracted to large men, the bodybuilders or popular athletes that some women swooned over. Now she couldn't take her eyes off him. What would it be like, she thought, to be taken by a man like that - to feel the strength in his powerful body as he made love to her? To come, with his tight, muscular ass in her hands, his massive thighs and hips thrusting beyond her control, his thick, monstrous cock buried deep inside her?

"My God. He's the one."

It was her own voice, but she could hardly believe it as it echoed off the bare walls of the observation room. "What am I doing?" she thought. "Am I choosing another husband, or a man who can get me pregnant? Do I want him to make love, or to simply, well, fuck me until I come?" The thoughts shocked her for an instant, but she knew it was true. They had tried for five years to have a baby, without success. Testing just weeks before their cruise had confirmed that Brett was almost sterile, with a sperm count that lowered their chance of success to nearly zero. The cruise was their final attempt, one last romantic hope that they might get lucky before seeking help from a fertility clinic. Now, why couldn't she have both - a husband that could still make love to her with his eyes, and a gorgeous, virile man who could fuck her in her bed and give her the baby she wanted? There would be no emotional baggage with this choice - Bull 3 was a walking, breathing, sex machine - Brett was her husband, her one true love. She went to the door, pressed the call button, and gave them her decision.

Now she stood in her home, waiting, surrounded by the Council, craving not just to have sex, but to be bred to the Bull of her choosing. Part of her was fired by the need to be taken by the most powerful, virile man she had ever laid eyes on, but another part was consumed by her need for a child, to feel her belly grow large and round with life, created from the seed that would assure that her child would be equally beautiful and strong.

Brett stared as two of the women led the Bull through the door between the waiting lines of Council members assembled there. Not only was the Bull immense, but he was the first man Brett had seen on the island who wasn't controlled by a harness. The length and girth of the Bull's erection made Brett groan, completely forgetting his instructions, and the punishment that went along with disobeying. He trembled as the words left his lips, a deep, almost inaudible, "Ohhh noooo - please, noooo..." The pain was immediate, throwing him back in the chair, a pain that felt as if his balls were being torn from his body. Brett's mind was reeling - the Bull was impossibly huge - how could Liz ever take all of him? He could see from the Bull's agitated state that he was in a breeding frenzy. His huge testicles were sperm factories working overtime, making the seed that he would soon spew into Liz's belly. He would flood her cervix and womb with millions of tiny invaders, each a hundred times more able than his own to find her egg and penetrate it. The reality hit him squarely in the gut - another man would be the father of Liz's baby, not

Brett. As he watched the Bull approach her, he could see it was inevitable. And he would have to watch them mate, witness the very second when she would become pregnant for the first time.

Liz knelt before the Bull, taking his throbbing erection in her hands, stroking him lightly with her fingertips, teasing him, coaxing his cock to grow even larger and harder. She glanced up at his face now and then to make eye contact, assuring him that she was in heat and wanted to be taken. She cupped his balls in her hands and licked him - at first in small circles over the swollen head of his cock, then longer, more attentive traces along the underside from balls to the tip. Within minutes, the Bull's cock was shiny with her saliva, the long, tortuous veins along its side bulging and pulsing, the fluted head oozing thick droplets of pre-cum that coated her fingers and lips.

When the time was right, two of the women lifted Liz to her feet, guiding her slowly away from the Bull toward the bedroom. The Bull followed, now bathed in sweat and panting, his giant cock jutting forward as though determined to find the welcoming slit between Liz's legs, then dump his seed into her. As the rest of the Council filed into the bedroom behind the Bull, Brett's two chaperones pulled him to his feet and led him in as well. Brett felt the nagging pain in his testicles increase as one of the women tapped the device at her side once again. Now it was almost unbearable, so intense that he doubled over as he walked. It required all his concentration not to cry out in pain. After guiding him to a far corner of the room, the taller of the two, a stunning brunette, whispered in his ear.

"It can get better or worse for you. We can fry your balls, or you can watch in relative comfort - it's up to you."

Brett's breath came in short gasps. He struggled to respond, and finally whispered with all the effort he could summon, "I'll watch - I'll watch..." The dark-haired Amazon smiled at him, then brought her lips close to his ear a second time. "So, you've accepted your place? You've accepted that your wife's Bull will sire her first child, and you approve?"

Brett looked on in horror as Liz lay back on the bed. Spreading her long legs, she looked directly into the Bull's eyes, raised her arms to him, and motioned for him to come closer. What was happening to her? Brett knew she had visited the Stables, and that she had used the Bulls there for recreational sex. Now he was forced to face the reality, not only that she wanted sex with the Bull, but that she wanted his baby. Suddenly the pain doubled.

"P-please, please - no more," he gasped, cringing in agony. "I accept it. I accept it all."

The brunette smiled with satisfaction, stepped to one side, and the pain lessened to a barely detectable level.

The Bull now stood at the foot of the bed, centered between Liz's outstretched legs. Brett looked for a sign that the events were

orchestrated, that Liz might merely be playing a part in some bizarre fertility ritual. The possibility brought a sliver of hope to him. What if that was the intention, to show her superior position and his submissive role in this matriarchal society? He knew Liz would never really agree to be bred by an anonymous brute. Surely she would have Brett's baby, or none at all. He refused to believe she would go through with this - he knew her that well.

In a single swift lunge, the Bull climbed between her legs and sank his immense cock into her, burying it to the hilt as he snorted and panted in an uncontrollable heat. It happened in a split second, taking Brett by surprise. He began to tremble, suddenly filled with fear and humiliation. Then in an instant, the humiliation vanished, replaced with a conscious desire to avoid more pain, pain that the brunette had promised might "fry his balls".

The Bull plunged into Liz, battering her with his muscular hips. Her body eagerly accepted the tremendous jolts. She clutched his giant biceps with both hands, her eyes wide, her grunts now audible with each of the Bull's strokes. Her body looked so small under him, Brett thought. From where he sat, only her slim arms and legs were visible, the Bull's hulking torso completely covering her. Now and then her face would appear, partially hidden by a portion of matted hair, her eyes closed, her lips parted slightly in a satisfied smile.

Positioned directly between the Bull's monstrous thighs, Brett saw his thickly veined cock skewer Liz over and over. Like a giant piston, it pumped tirelessly, the egg-sized testicles a constant reminder of the Bull's potency. Brett was shocked to see that she took all of him, every inch. He feared the Bull's girth must be stretching her painfully, but then saw that she was swallowing him up, her engorged labia clutching the pulsing column of meat as it withdrew, and again as it plunged back inside her. At that very moment it became clear to Brett this wasn't just a symbolic ritual, that it was likely Liz would become pregnant before his eyes. He sank back into the chair, his shoulders slumped, his body much like a pale, shrinking balloon as the air slowly escaped. He was powerless to prevent what was about to happen. Each of the Bull's violent thrusts brought the moment closer when Liz would welcome his sperm and get her wish, to carry a growing child in her womb.

Suddenly the Bull let out a series of loud forceful grunts. Brett watched in horror as a thick, white froth began to form at the base of the Bull's cock, leaking slowly from the engorged lips of Liz's sex. But the Bull didn't slow his assault - in fact, he became more frenzied, pumping faster and with greater force. Brett shuddered as he watched a river of semen flow from Liz, soaking the bed sheets under her. The Bull paused, catching his breath, his cock still completely buried in Liz's belly. Then, as if they were the only ones in the room, Liz moved her hands to his ass and pulled his hips more tightly against her. Looking up at the Bull, she begged in a quiet but desperate voice, "Please, give me a baby. Please." Her words brought the Bull back to life. He began again, thrusting and panting as though he had just begun to fuck her. Within minutes, his semen flowed from her a second time. Brett saw the taught

muscles of her legs begin to twitch, at first clutching the Bull, then shaking uncontrollably as her long, low orgasmic moan filled the room.

Witnessing her orgasm with the Bull was a devastating blow. Although Brett knew she visited the Stables for sex, he had never allowed himself to visualize her climax, and had made himself believe that Liz did it because she was expected to, not because she preferred the Bulls to him. Now he knew firsthand, the reality of her new desires thrown in his face as the constant nagging ache in his groin reminded him not to show his despair. Brett could see Liz wanted this Bull - she craved sex with him, she celebrated the sensation of his body against hers, she lost herself deeply and completely in the orgasm he gave her, but most of all, she wanted his baby. Now, Brett realized, she would get her wish. The Bull's semen was everywhere, still flooding her, pouring from between her legs, soaking the bed under her. He was helpless to prevent it, impotent again in his attempts to give her a baby himself.

Liz clung to the Bull after he finished, as though she might coax the last few drops of semen from him as he lay on top of her. All but two of the women filed silently from the room, leaving Liz and her Bull gasping for breath on the bed. Brett sat between his tall chaperones, shivering from both the cool night air and the unrelenting ache in his groin. Minutes passed, five, then fifteen. The Bull came to life again, sinking his cock into Liz with long, powerful strokes. Liz took him in her arms again, moaning with each thrust as the sounds of their lovemaking assaulted Brett in the dark of night. Within minutes the Bull came again, grunting with his low resonant voice - and within seconds, it was Liz who cried out, almost laughing with joy as she let her second orgasm wash over her. And so it was through the night - for hours Brett dozed during their quiet periods, and lowered his head in shivering defeat during their repeated fuck-sessions that would ensure Liz would carry the Bull's baby by morning.

At dawn, two Councilwomen entered and pulled the Bull off the bed. As they led him past Brett and out of the room, he saw that the Bull looked completely drained, almost unable to walk. He was no longer erect, but his giant cock hung like a thick, wet eel, still glistening with a mixture of semen and Liz's juices. Brett's stomach churned as he was forced to compare the Bull's potent weapon to the small nub that lay throbbing in pain between his own legs.

After the Bull was ushered out, the remaining Council members surrounded the bed, at first offering their congratulations to a recovering but smiling Liz, then helping her off the bed. Liz went to Brett, slowly, still a bit unsteady on her feet. He began to tremble as he looked up at her. She was smiling, filled with joy, her face stunningly radiant as she stood naked before him, her body drenched from belly to mid-thigh with the Bull's semen. One of the women crouched behind her, catching the sticky strings of semen that escaped from between Liz's legs in a funnel-shaped glass container. Using what appeared to be a large tampon, she swabbed the inside of the container, then inserted the cottony plug into Liz's gaping vagina, sealing the remaining sperm inside.

Liz looked down at him, gently taking his face in her hands.

"Be happy for me, darling. I've wanted this for so long. Does it really matter that much who the father is? Here, I don't need you for that, so you can finally stop all that worrying about your weak sperm. Here, I can have a baby whenever I want - and I want lots of babies, sweetheart, lots and lots of babies."

Brett felt dizzy. His vision began to fade, as though he was looking up at Liz through a darkened tunnel. Her voice seemed distant, fading in and out as he struggled to make out her words...

"...waited for so long...don't need you for that...your weak sperm...whenever I want...lots of babies...lots of babies...lots of babies..."

Finally, as her face vanished altogether and her words faded into silence, the only remaining sensation was the lingering ache between his legs. As a quiet black void settled over him, even the pain melted away.

Chapter 9

Brett slept through the night and much of the next day. Had he been drugged, or simply mentally and physically exhausted by the pain? Liz made him lunch when he woke and spent some time soothing his ego. She was affectionate and happy, without a hint of the rampant sexual hunger he had seen in her the night before. Still, he couldn't help asking questions.

"So, will you have his baby now? Does it only take once here - I mean to get you pregnant?"

She could see his concern was having to watch the huge Bull fuck her again, maybe over and over, until he finally impregnated her. The others had promised her he wouldn't mind watching as much the second time, and then even less multiple times after that. In fact, that was the purpose of having him watch. Eventually seeing all of it - the giant Bull climb between her legs and bury the rigid piston of meat inside her again and again, pounding her with a cock like she had never known, hearing her moans and screams as she surrendered multiple orgasms to her new mate - would become the new normal. He had no power here, no hope of resistance. His jealousy, possessiveness, and ego would slowly erode until he broke completely. After that, he would consider it a gift to Liz, something he could even help with to make her happy. Mother's Milk was already working to neutralize every drop of testosterone as quickly as his balls produced it. He could feel his libido vanishing and his energy waning. His impotence had begun a day after they found the island, and continued to worsen until he could no longer get hard at all for Liz. That she didn't mind, and treated him more like a safe male friend didn't help. His hopelessness settled in as he learned how much cock Liz was getting at the Stables. His may never be needed again, and it frightened him to realize he missed sex less and less.

"We don't always know, Brett. Sometimes it only takes once, and sometimes more than once - maybe two or three times or more before I'll get pregnant. The Bulls they choose for this are extremely potent - a select group of them are bred for it, along with the extra hormones they feed them. Breeding us is what they're here for. It's all planned and calculated. The rest of the Bulls, the ones I see through the week, are all sterile to keep the breeding program on track. We want the most intelligent and most beautiful girls here, and the strongest, most virile boys to train for our future Bulls."

"So, what happens to me now, Liz? Is there a place for me here? Will I be of any use for anything to you?"

"Bret, Bret, Brett - of course you will. You'll still be my husband. You've seen the other husbands here with their wives. We love you and need you so much - to care for our homes and children, to talk to after a busy day on the Council. The other husbands have found a happy life here - it's a paradise. You don't have to let sex get in the way. It just makes you anxious and aggressive anyway. Just give yourself to our new life and stop worrying. There's a plan for everything here. And the plan is paradise."

Early that evening Bridget escorted Liz's Bull to their cottage and left him to spend the night. He was naked, and had a frighteningly huge and unyielding erection. He acted as though it was just another part of his body - an arm or a leg, or some additional appendage that was simply there for some practical use. There were few pleasantries - he asked Liz if she was ready, she shed what little clothes she wore, and they went to bed.

"Brett - come. You're supposed to watch. You're supposed to help me."

He followed them into the bedroom and watched the Bull mount Liz. She began to kiss him deeply and he responded by flexing his hips to enter her. As big as his cock was, he had trouble finding the space between her legs while his hands were busy fondling her breasts. Brett could see she was wet, but his immense cock just couldn't find the opening.

"Brett - can you please help? Can you help him put it in me?"

Brett was shocked, yet surprisingly resigned. His feet moved, one after the other, toward the bed as though some invisible force was pulling him there. A small part of his mind was screaming in horror. How could he do it - put his hand on another man's cock, grasp the throbbing girth of it, then guide it into his wife's pussy to impregnate her? But it was too late, too hopeless to listen to the screaming in his head. As ready as he was to listen at first, he found it disgusted him. His former strength had turned to weakness. Everything he was to Liz made him want to chase the screaming away. Maybe it was paradise, and the screaming was an intrusion, an obstacle to living within it.

Reaching between the Bull's thighs, he clutched the thick cock and guided it into Liz in one purposeful motion. He felt the head pop into her first, then the great length of it slowly disappear deeper as he let go. Brett stood transfixed at the foot of the bed as he watched the thick column of veiny flesh stretch and open her. It seemed an impossible act - yet she took all of him and moaned. How could he have satisfied her all these years when this is what she craved? How could he have failed to give her what she needed and not even recognize it? Maybe this was his place - loving her, but letting bigger and better men do what he had never been able to. After all, it was only sex.

Night after night the Bull came to her. Night after night Brett guided him into her and listened to her orgasms become tributes to Brett's acceptance, her moans and shrieks songs of redemption dedicated to her fantastical Alpha. By the third, or maybe the fourth night, the screaming in Brett's head was silenced. By the fifth, the warmth of the Bull's cock in his hand was a welcome gift to Liz. By the sixth, Brett looked forward to all of it. It was his place, his purpose, and he welcomed it.

Chapter 10

Months passed, and Liz wore the beginnings of her swollen belly with pride. Brett would wave goodbye each morning when she left for her meetings with the Council, looking longingly at how her body was changing. He watched women greet her with smiles and gushing compliments, their hands touching and stroking her belly softly and reverently. She seemed to glow with a new kind of sexuality, now a Mother Earth Goddess bringing new life to the island. After that, the house was empty and quiet during the day and he was left with nothing but thoughts and images of Liz, still satisfied almost daily at the Stables, all the Bulls now especially eager and privileged to fill her with cock.

"I feel like a prisoner," he told Liz one night at dinner. "Yes, it's a beautiful island, but I can never leave the house to see it. I'm stuck here all day with little to do, and it isn't helping me adjust."

Liz studied him for a few seconds before responding. "You know only Citizens can walk unescorted here. It's a matter of trust. It's how we keep it a paradise, and keep our husbands along with it. You know by now how keeping men cooperative makes this work. But Mother's Milk isn't perfect. Sometimes other precautions have to be taken when certain men's testosterone overwhelms the effect. The harnesses we have men wear are for just those times."

"I know all about that - or I guess I've figured it out by now," Brett answered. "But can't men - can't some men become Citizens? Isn't there something I can do to convince them, to prove I've adjusted and won't cause trouble?"

Liz looked at the ceiling and sighed. "Sometimes, and I mean sometimes, it's possible." She stared at Brett, watching his reaction, waiting for him to ask.

"So, how? What can I do? Come on Liz, tell me and I'll do it."

She looked down at her lap and searched for the words. "It, it's very rare, and you have to have influence. I run the Council now, so I could submit your request. They'd probably okay it."

"Then do it! Do I have to put it in writing? Or ask them in person? How do I show them I'm serious?"

"No, you don't have to do anything - at first. I can bring it up tomorrow when I think they'll be receptive. I'm pretty sure they will be. If you agree to what's required."

"Then what's required, Liz? Just tell me and I'll do it."

She looked up at him, straight into his eyes, and told him without a pause. "You have to sacrifice something - things, actually. You have to give up your testicles. Permanently."

Brett stared, not believing what his wife had just told him. "You mean - let them castrate me? Hell no! How could you even suggest that? Jesus!"

"You wanted to know. It's the only way, Brett. A few men have had it done - all husbands of women on the Council. You've never met them. They've been Citizens for a long time now, and none of them regret what they sacrificed. Afterwards, it's really no different than what a steady diet of Mother's Milk makes you. It's just more certain, more assurance that you'll be cooperative - a good Citizen. Consider this - you won't have to wear a harness anymore, You can go anywhere on the island unaccompanied. And you'll never be milked again. Most men can't get past the idea, even if they have the opportunity. But some find that becoming a Citizen is more than enough reward, once it's done. So, that's the way. That's how you get what you asked for."

"But Liz, we'll be rescued eventually. We'll want kids of our own someday. Haven't you thought about that?"

"Brett, we won't be "rescued", ever. The Council has seen to that. They've made arrangements with people, people who can keep outsiders away from the island. We're off-limits to shipping lanes and too isolated to be found by casual boaters. We're here against all odds, a fluke from being washed ashore from the storm. This is our life now. You have to learn to accept that."

Brett let out a sigh. It was as though his entire body deflated, sagging in his chair. He had always assumed it would end, that some tiny degree of hope he clung to would come true. Would spending the rest of his life there be so terrible? No, but spending it as a eunuch while his wife was serviced and impregnated by a stable of potent Bulls? That was much harder to accept. But he supposed it was better than having died in the storm that brought them there.

"But there are other things you don't know, Brett," Liz told him as she reached out and put her hand on his. "The milkings will eventually make you permanently impotent. It isn't just the effect of Mother's Milk you feel. The machine they use gradually destroys the nerves that allow you to have erections. And eventually, the quality of your semen will decline until it's of no use. Everything - your penis, your testicles - none of it will have any use to anyone here anymore. I'm not really sure what your future here may be. They don't get many new couples, so it's not clear."

Liz stopped and studied him for a while. He wouldn't look at her. He wouldn't speak. He sat trance-like, his thoughts circling madly, then sinking into hopelessness and submission. It was no different than what they had described to her - what their husbands had gone through when it was their turn to decide. But they had decided to give in - every one of them. And neither they nor their wives had come to regret their decision.

Another month passed. Liz now took Brett to be milked daily as the volume and quality of his semen declined. The metal harness was a constant reminder of the ache between his legs from the milkings, and an even more excruciating warning when he ventured too close to the perimeter of their

house. Liz's sex drive seemed to increase during her pregnancy, so much so that she spent time at the Stables every day during his milkings using the extra credits she received. He began to imagine her joy during the powerful orgasms her Bulls gave her while he was milked. It didn't excite him, but rather became a sense of charity, providing Liz the satisfaction he couldn't give her. Futility became acceptance, then finally a reasoned, welcome choice.

"I think I'm ready," Brett told Liz one morning at breakfast.

Liz looked up suddenly, almost certain she knew what he meant. But she also knew to give Brett the time and space to tell her in his own way. Appearing overly encouraging could sway his decision. Loving understanding and agreement was the key.

"Oh? For what?" Liz said, careful to sound only mildly interested.

"For, um, the 'sacrifice' as you put it."

"Are you sure Brett? I want this to be your decision. In fact, the Council will have to have proof it's what you want. Proof directly from you."

"It's OK, Liz. It's what I need to do - I mean, for our future together. I can't go on like this."

"Well, think about it today while I'm gone. I'll bring it up to the Council so they can consider your request. You have to be sure. But I think you're right about our future here together. I'll let you know what they say when I get home today."

It didn't take any convincing. Liz told the Council of Brett's decision and they approved immediately and unanimously. They'd give Brett a short time to accept, then schedule the ceremony a few days later. The Council meeting became a celebration later that day with the best food and drink the island could provide. By the end of the day each of them had placed her hand on Liz's swollen belly while congratulating her on the future "taming" of her husband. On her way home, recalling their words had her detour to the Stables. She chose the biggest of them, a beast of a man with a giant cock to match. She celebrated not only what her husband couldn't be to her while the Bull fucked her, but also that the Bull was the furthest thing Brett had ever been or could ever be to her. The Bull, his body, and his cock, would have shamed Brett, but soon that wouldn't matter to either of them.

Chapter 11

The morning was difficult for Brett. Liz seemed especially buoyant at breakfast and insisted on showering with him afterward. She was careful and loving, soaping him from head to toe, then running her hands over his body repeatedly until she seemed satisfied that she had done her best to try to excite him. She paid special attention to his genitals, but without much response. Seeing his penis respond at all was rare, but it did inflate the tiniest bit after she spent time milking it with her slippery fingers. Still, it told her the Council was right - that he would never be completely free of the desire to have sex with her, or of the jealousy that was inevitable as the Bulls satisfied her more and more every day. They had convinced her that today would be necessary, and Brett had just shown her the evidence.

Their walk to the facility seemed to take longer than ever to Brett. He had become used to the daily milkings, but today every woman who passed them stopped and congratulated Liz.

"Well, come on Liz - show us the 'before'," several of them said to her. She turned to Brett, reached down to cup his balls in her hand, and pulled them forward and up to show them off. The women smiled and commented on how they had grown to such immense size during his milkings, and some even touched and poked Brett's testicles with an outstretched finger. Brett stood with his head down, trying not to flinch as they prodded his balls like they were a kind of forbidden curiosity.

When they arrived at the long, low, stone building Brett knew only too well, Liz completed some paperwork at the front desk, then led him through double doors and down the same hall he recognized from his daily visits there. The final door led to a stark white room with a padded table at the center. Three women stood by waiting for them, all naked except for the usual gold sandals laced to their knees.

Liz handed the clipboard with the paperwork to one of the women who glanced over the information for a few seconds while the remaining women helped Brett onto the table. They secured his wrists, hips, and ankles with heavy elastic straps, then separated the lower sections of the table, spreading his legs as far apart as possible before locking them in place. They attached electrodes to a collar that fit over his penis and slipped a small probe into his anus that inflated once inside to keep it in place. Finally, a long catheter was fed into his cock and fastened in place.

Brett recognized the familiar spasms when the electrodes were activated, and the suction of the catheter, hungry for his sperm. Although not as powerful as the milking equipment, it made him erect in seconds, then pulsed gently, coaxing him toward an orgasm. He hadn't been this hard since their arrival on the island - he stared down over his stomach at how hard his erection had become.

Liz arrived at his side and took his cock in her hands, gently squeezing and stroking him. "I want you to cum for me, Brett," she asked softly. "You remember, don't you? When you were this big and hard for me? How

good it felt to put your cock inside me until you came in me? Think of that, Brett. Imagine being inside me, fucking me, letting your sperm gush and flood me. Close your eyes and let it happen, Brett. Give me your sperm. Give me your last and final sperm..."

The orgasm washed over him just as Liz spoke the words, "Give me your final sperm." He was helpless to resist, and could feel the suction pull his semen from deep within him until he was completely drained. He still felt her hands on him as he was emptied, and her soft, quiet voice praising him for giving her everything he had - every last drop.

Soon after, one of the assistants shaved what little hair he had left from his genitals as the woman with the clipboard replaced Liz at his side.

"So, tell me why you're here today, Brett."

As difficult as it was, he realized they were going to make him say it.

"I - I'm here to, um, have my testicles removed," he told her, reluctantly.

"No, that's not quite correct. You're here to give them to Liz. They'll belong to her after this, permanently. She'll own them, just like she owns a piece of jewelry or the fine home where she allows your presence. Do you think you can tell me that?"

Brett swallowed hard, paused, then told her, "I'm here to give my testicles to my wife, Liz. Um, permanently."

"Well, I understand your past familiarity with the word, but 'wife' doesn't have the same meaning here. She's your Mistress in our society. We've been rather lenient with you so far, but from now on you'll address her as such. You've lost the right to use her given name here. From now on, to you, her name is 'Mistress'. Do you understand? She's doing you a great favor by bringing you here today. You'll find life much simpler, much easier, after these failing little hormone factories are gone."

Clipboard Lady smiled at him, then checked off a box with her pen.

"Fine," she answered. Liz had moved between his legs as she listened and watched. Reaching down, she unlocked and removed his harness, placed it on a small steel table at her side, and took his balls in her hand.

"As final proof of your intent to make your Mistress happy, you must ask to give up your balls to her in front of witnesses."

Liz looked at him with compassion, her eyes pleading for him to cooperate.

"Please, Brett - tell them. You have to beg me in front of them. Just once. Try to do it - for me?"

He swallowed again, took a deep breath, and said what they demanded of him.

"Please, I want to give up my balls - I want Liz to have them. Please Liz, take them - please."

Liz smiled wider and answered him.

"I do want them, Brett. You won't be sorry. I'll be so happy. You'll be happier too. So yes, give them to me."

Clipboard Lady took her place between his legs, picked up a small syringe, and began injecting. Brett could feel the initial bites of the needle, but after a few seconds, they faded away. He could feel her working, lifting and pulling at his sac as she plucked instruments from the steel table beside him and used them to open him. Liz stood beside her, watching closely, fascinated with what she saw.

"Liz, they're ready," Clipboard Lady said. "You can see they're exposed now, hanging by their cords, waiting for you to take them."

She handed Liz a small pair of sharp scissors that sparkled in the bright overhead lights. Liz took them, moved closer, and began to work. Brett couldn't feel a thing, but he could hear the first brief snip of the blades, then the second, and the quiet "plop" of each of his balls as they fell into the shallow pan in Clipboard Lady's hands. Liz stared into the pan with wonder and excitement as Clipboard Lady handed it to her.

The rest went quickly as Clipboard lady sewed him up and Liz and the assistants busied themselves across the room. She released the straps that held him to the table and helped him to his feet. As his erection deflated, Brett began to wonder if any of it had actually taken place - he felt fine - no pain at all. And the absence of the harness was a pleasant relief.

Brett waited by the table, catching his breath as he watched Liz and the assistants huddled together across the room. Their backs were turned toward him as they worked at a second much larger table. Everyone was busy as sounds of unseen instruments buzzed and hissed in their hands.

"OK, Liz - you do the honors. Gently now - don't bruise them," one of the assistants cautioned her. There was a quiet pause for a few seconds, then applause and praise as they finished. Clipboard Lady went over to inspect their work, then lifted the object of their labor and handed it to Liz. "Congratulation, Liz. Your long-awaited trophy..."

Liz carried it to Brett, holding it out in front of her like a delicate work of art. Brett stared at the small globe. Inside was a miniature, glittering, golden sculpture of a nude goddess with her arms outstretched to either side. One of his testicles hung from each tiny hand, bathed in a transparent liquid that filled the globe. At the goddess's feet lay a small, sealed, glass capsule containing the very last sperm he'd ever make. His knees weakened, the room began to spin, and his world went dark.

Chapter 12

Brett found himself on the table again when he recovered. He wasn't strapped down as he had been before, and Clipboard Lady was gently inspecting the stitches where they had taken his manhood.

"You're fine, Brett," Liz told him as she stood by watching. "They just want to make sure you didn't rip yourself open when you passed out. We can go now. Let's go home."

Liz carried the globe out in front of her like a prized trophy as they made their way back to the cottage. Every woman they passed wanted to stop and talk, congratulating Liz for finally castrating Brett. They had given Bret a pair of simple sandals to wear on the walk back, but other than that he was completely naked. The absence of his harness made him feel more naked than ever, and now the incision down the front of his scrotum advertised that he had been gelded. His penis was now too short to hide it, and he noticed the women glance at his crotch repeatedly as they greeted Liz.

"It's beautiful, isn't it, Brett?" Liz asked him as they walked side by side the rest of the way home. "You know it means everything to me, don't you? And I know you won't miss being frustrated and tortured by all those sexual feelings toward me. It may be hard to imagine so soon, but all the women say that their husbands become so much more relaxed and compliant in time, after the last of those hormones finally disappear. You know it's for the best, I'm sure - or you will before very long. You're just so sweet to give them to me. Oh - take a close look, here, in the sunlight. Aren't they pretty?"

She stopped in an open stretch of walkway, out from under the dense trees that surrounded the facility. The glass globe sparkled in the brilliant sunlight. Brett stared at his severed testicles on display, now bright pink and swaying slightly as the surrounding liquid swirled with Liz's careful attempts to let him see from every angle. His gaze shifted from the globe to her increasingly full, succulent breasts, now displayed just as brazenly in the full sun. He still yearned for them. It still pained him to abandon her body to the Bulls at the Stables, to think of their huge cocks filling her, satisfying every need she once reserved only for him. But at the same time, he had begun to accept that he had probably never been able to give her what they did, never been able to reach a place in her that brought her a new level of sexual satisfaction. Maybe Liz was right, that it was for the best. Maybe his unquenched desire for her body would vanish in time, and he would be grateful for the new life that the island had given them.

They walked home together, the globe preceding them in Liz's outstretched hands for all to see. Once inside, Liz placed it on the table at the center of their living room and stood back to admire her new trophy. She took Brett's hand and kissed him on the mouth, invading him with her tongue in a long, lascivious embrace. Then she looked up at him, thankful that the bulge of his erection had failed to appear.

"You're going to love our new life here," she promised as she stared into her husband's eyes. "Honestly, the 'sex thing' was something you were never really very good at, and now you can forget worrying about all that and concentrate on things you're better suited for. We'll have children soon, and I'm sure you'll be a wonderful father while I'm busy on the Council. Maybe someday, you'll even help me choose the Bull who will put another baby in me. By then I'm sure you'll agree that it'll be just as rewarding as doing it yourself, without the messy part you won't even care about. Your life will be so much better. You'll see."

Brett saw her nipples harden as she talked about her Bulls and her future insemination by them. He realized her body was already more theirs than his. Maybe she was right. If and when he no longer had the slightest desire to fuck her, his life would be so much easier. Maybe they had been better men to do that from the start.

Epilogue

Liz edged through the partially open front door, shutting it quickly behind her. She was still shivering a little from the stinging cold of the mid-January Chicago afternoon. Brett woke suddenly, still trembling from the most bizarre dream he had ever experienced. He had been in front of the computer, working on his novel, and must have drifted off. He watched Liz unbutton her coat after dropping the familiar blue gym bag.

"Good workout?" Brett asked from the adjacent den.

Liz jumped at the sound of his voice, then turned and smiled at him.

"My God, you scared me. I thought you were going in today to go over that new author's galleys."

Brett had worked as an editor at the same publishing house for nine years. He had finished his first novel after the first two, and was finally a few months into his second. He adjusted his glasses and grinned.

"You look a little disheveled. Trying to outdo those muscle-heads again?" he teased.

He stood and went to her, putting his arms around the heavy bundle of sweater and coat.

"Hmmm, up close, you're not so bad."

Liz laughed and wriggled free.

"Behave yourself. I'm all sweaty. I have to get my gym clothes into the wash and I need a hot shower to get rid of the shivers."

He watched her shed her coat and head for the bedroom. Pregnancy agreed with her. She was radiant and happy, more so than he had ever seen her. He had second thoughts about her going to the gym after she had conceived, but her doctor had given the green light for moderate exercise. She spent much less time there once she was pregnant, but he could tell she still enjoyed an occasional good workout. And, there was this sexy aura about her afterward - the damp tousled hair, and the confident, satisfied sparkle in her eyes. Even the slightly musky smell of her sweat made Brett think of her new lithe, firm body, and her admirable dedication to her sessions at the gym that seemed to lift her spirits immediately after each visit.

Liz had purchased a membership at a local health club six months ago and persuaded Brett to go with her. He went reluctantly, but never took to it. His wiry body resisted much progress with either weights or the machines, and the beefy "muscle-heads", as he called them, only made him more self-conscious. It was unsettling to see the way some of them looked at Liz as well, and when he complained to her, she just laughed, telling him how cute it was that he was jealous. Work on his book became a regular excuse to go less frequently, and eventually he quit altogether. Liz

became addicted to it though, and was proud of the changes in her body. It seemed to make her happier and more self-confident, and maybe, he thought, it would somehow increase the likelihood that she might get pregnant.

But it hadn't. He watched her become a slave to the gym, coming home sweaty and exhausted almost every night, showering, and falling asleep early. She's overcompensating, he thought - taking out her frustration at not being able to conceive. All her friends were envious of her new body and teased her about becoming such a "hottie", but Brett considered the underlying motivation and was more troubled with each pound she shed.

Then, at the last minute, Liz surprised him with a vacation cruise, a romantic getaway for couples only on a luxury yacht. Small and intimate, with quarters for only four couples and a small crew, Liz thought it the perfect way to make a baby. Brett had been appreciative, but had gently warned her that romantic surroundings don't make up for a low sperm count. She had never blamed him for that, but still had hopes that by some miracle they might conceive naturally before contacting a fertility clinic. He was surprised by her frantic insistence to try the cruise. It was as though her life depended on it, so he agreed to go.

They made love every day while at sea, sometimes twice. Liz was insatiable - coaxing and pleading with Brett to come inside her as they made love in the tiny cabin. Then afterward, she'd tell him, "I have this feeling - I just know I'm going to get pregnant this time." Brett could see that she was begging him to believe it as well - the intensity in her eyes almost demanded he believe. So he pretended to believe. It seemed that to Liz, everything was at stake.

Four weeks later, Liz announced joyously one morning that she was pregnant. She had the proof in her hand - a home pregnancy test with a little blue plus sign. Brett was stunned, and a little shaken, but just as happy as Liz. How could she have known the cruise would be the answer? Still, he was sure they had just been lucky, a one-in-a-million chance, as the doctor put it. They must have beaten the odds.

Liz reappeared after her shower wrapped in a giant bath towel, her damp hair clinging to her shoulders and neck.

"Am I showing yet?" she asked, as she lifted the front of the towel to expose her belly, still rosy from the hot water.

Brett turned and stared. Her belly was as flat as ever. Still, seeing her naked below the waist in broad daylight was a stunning but rare surprise. The lips of her sex appeared larger and fuller than he remembered, and matched the rosy red blush of her belly. Probably just something that happens during pregnancy, he told himself.

"I'm not sure, but you're absolutely beautiful, if that counts," he told her, grinning from ear to ear.

"I don't think you're looking at my belly!" she scolded with a grin.

With a mock-indignant flounce, she turned her back, flashing a glimpse of her bare ass as she headed back to the bedroom.

"Oh, by the way, I think I'll cut back on the exercise for a while," she said as she looked back over her shoulder. "I'm tired of going so often - kind of burnt out, I guess. Anyway, I can always go back if I need it. I mean, if I get the itch."

She shot him a Cheshire-like grin and vanished around the corner.

Brett smiled and shook his head, wondering how anyone could possibly "get the itch" to exercise, and how a dream, no matter how impossible, could seem so real.

~~The End~~