

Unmaking A Man

"Good morning! How can I help you?"

"Hmm? Oh!" In the minute or so the elderly fox in front of me had taken to grasp the concept of having an appointment the following Thursday I had managed to thoroughly distract myself with the various posters about disease prevention and the symptoms of serious illnesses. Roused from my contemplation of strokes, I approached the desk. "I've got an appointment with Doctor Phillips," I told the receptionist, clarifying with my name and the time I had bid myself to memorise.

"You do indeed," the doe smiled, "Take a seat over by his office, he'll be with you shortly."

I thanked her and did as instructed, parking my stripy butt a few feet away from the wood-panelled door with my doctor's name on it and a respectable distance from my fellow patients. I'm sure that I looked a little out of place to the rest of them, and to the staff: I wasn't coughing, sneezing, vomiting, or otherwise looking ill; nor was I particularly withdrawn or acting erratically as one would expect of someone with some form of mental illness. I was, however, feeling a tad nervous and repeating the explanation of my presence at the medical centre over and over in my head as I sat upon the mildly comfortable chair, waiting for my time to come.

"Come on in, Adrian."

I looked up from staring at the swirling pattern upon the carpet to see the stout figure of my regular doctor holding the door to his office open. I stood and entered, murmuring a greeting to him as I passed. We both took our habitual seats either side of his desk and, though I knew what I wanted to say, my brain wanted the bear to set the ball rolling: "So then, what can I do for you today?"

I took a breath and suddenly found my well-practised speech to be slipping from my mind like sand through my fingers. How the hell was I going to explain something this weird to anyone?

"Adrian?" prompted the doctor, an expression of mild concern gracing the gruff features that his friendly natured belied.

Another breath, in and then out. "Okay," I said at last, inexplicably feeling my confidence rise now that I'd broken my silence, "you see...there's a part of my body I'm not happy with..." I paused there, hoping he would catch my drift without further explanation.

His expression cleared a touch now I had (kinda) aired my predicament. "Ah, I see. Are we talking enlargement, reduction, or are you transgender and looking to work towards reassignment?"

At least I didn't have to be explicit about which bit I meant. "Reduction," I confirmed, though quickly qualified my intentions, "but uhh...more like...complete reduction."

The bear, who had opened a desk drawer – probably to find some kind of pamphlet – froze. He slowly lifted his gaze back to my face and I felt my cheeks flush red under my already rather fiery fur. He stared at me in distinct bewilderment for a few seconds, then attempted to regain his professional composure. "You mean removal?"

There was now a very awkward tension in the air, one I very much doubted would ever truly lift between us after this exchange

"Pretty much, yeah," I admitted, hardly seeing any point in skirting around the issue now.

"May I ask why you would want something so...drastic?"

"Well..." I mumbled, marshalling my thoughts into some kind of coherence; but before I could decide where to start, they came tumbling from my mouth in an impassioned rush, "I can't stand to look at it! Seeing it, them, in the mirror makes my stomach turn over. Looking down and seeing that...stuff dangling between my legs makes my skin crawl. I hate how it gets in the way, how it constantly has to be adjusted so it's not uncomfortable. I just...I *hate* it!"

Silence descended upon the room, yet somehow the tension didn't seem to be quite as palpable as it had been moments earlier. Doctor Phillips appeared to need a little time to process my outburst and find some suitable advice to give me; I wasn't going to be palmed off with a referral to a psychologist, I wanted something *done*.

"I respect that," he said after he'd settled his mind, nodding solemnly, "I can tell that it really does bother you and has done for some time. As for what I can do for you..." He slid his desk drawer shut and clasped his hands in front of him on the desk, staring at them for a few seconds before looking me straight in the eye. "There are no drugs that will shrink your genitals into nothing." I cringed a little internally at the extremely unattractive medical term. "So that just leaves us with surgery. I wouldn't be able to do it for you but it can certainly be done, though I should warn you that you may well end up with permanent scarring and urinary tract complications."

I nodded. I had known all along that it was never going to be simple, painless, or perfect, but at that point I felt as though anything would be better than continuing to be revolted several times a day.

Then I noticed the bear shifting uncomfortably in his chair, clearly bothered by something that had just sprung to mind. "There is a second option, I suppose," he said, clearly admitting it despite his reservations, "An alternative therapy of sorts."

My ears perked up at this, standing to attention at what could be a better choice than going under the knife.

He heaved a sigh, then explained further, "I don't know a whole lot about it, truth be told, and I couldn't guarantee that it wouldn't have its own side effects, or even that it would work at all." He paused again, shaking his head as if dismayed at his own advice, but continued regardless, "But I would guess that there wouldn't be the same pain, scarring et cetera." He looked across at me, obviously noticing my keenness for the 'alternative therapy' option. "I know of someone I can refer you to, if that's something you would want."

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Around a week and a half after meeting with Doctor Phillips my phone rang; on the other end was a fairly unremarkable female voice checking it had got the right number and offering me an appointment at the end of the following week. Naturally, I accepted and spent the intervening days in a state of great anticipation.

The address the voice had given me turned out to be a regular apartment block on the edge of what you would call 'downtown', far from where I would have expected to find any sort of medical facility. Still, when I buzzed the apartment – labelled 'Sandy Parker, Anatomical Therapist' – I'd scribbled down I heard the same voice as I had done on the phone, so I was in little doubt that I'd found the right place when the door clicked to allow me entrance.

After an uneventful elevator ride to the fourth floor I found myself pressing another buzzer, this time to let my frankly rather mysterious therapist know I had arrived. The summons was answered by a slender black cat, her golden eyes peering up at me from her modest height.

"You must be Adrian," she said, unsurprisingly revealing her voice to be that which I'd heard before.

I nodded and she stepped back to let me into what was, on the face of things, just another apartment: moderately spacious and nicely appointed, but certainly not what I would have expected for my 'alternative therapy'. I sat where she indicated, accepted her offer of a cup of coffee, and waited for her to start proceedings, just as I had done with Doctor Phillips.

"My name's Sandy," she told me as she handed me my mug and sat down at the other end of the couch, "and, well...you tell me why you're here."

I reddened a little at this request, always finding any discussion of 'that' part of the anatomy to be incredibly awkward. "I uhh..." I coughed, then tried again with more conviction, "I was told that you could help me with my problem." She simply stared at me; she knew what 'my problem' was, but for some reason wanted to hear it from the horse's – or rather tiger's – mouth. I sighed, closed my eyes for a fraction of a second, then blurted out the blunt, honest truth, "I was told that you might be able to...remove my junk without surgery."

She nodded but said nothing immediately, instead sipping at her drink; I copied her, feeling distinctly awkward. I waited, watching her, wanting her to say something, anything.

"I might be able to help you, yes," she said finally, cradling her mug in her lap, "But...well, it's an unusual request. I've grown and shrunk dicks before, I've removed things like moles, but I've never removed a dick." Oddly, I found her use of the unflattering slang term to be somehow reassuring.

We considered each other briefly, though I quickly broke the eye contact to drink some more coffee. My attention returned to her when she spoke again, "So long as you're cool with the fact that I have no specific experience in what you're asking for, I should be able to solve your 'problem'."

I smiled just a tiny bit, no doubt looking more hopeful. "Better than surgery?" I asked, my hopes high and my expectations trying not to be quite so.

She chuckled, smiling back at me. "Ohhhhhh, you betcha! Unless I royally fuck things up no one will know you ever had anything but fur down there."

Her casual attitude put me at ease despite her voicing the possibility of her getting things wrong. I grinned wider at her, leaning forward with undisguised eagerness. "So, how are you actually going to do that?" I asked, my mind only now starting to realise how unlikely what she was proposing sounded.

"Okay..." she began in a slightly weary tone, setting her drink down on the table, "hear me out on this but what I do is legit, actual magic." I raised my eyebrows at her, my disbelieving and disappointed expression drawing a sigh from her. "Look, I'll prove it: give me your arm."

Seeing little harm in humouring her, I held my left arm out to her. She flexed her slender charcoal fingers and placed the pink pad of her right index on one of the black stripes adorning my forearm. I watched for a second or two, seeing nothing change. However, I then felt a sudden extra

warmth emanating from her fingertip and, next moment, I was staring open-mouthed as she traced swirling patten across my arm, the stripes in the vicinity shifting to match. I rubbed my hand across the area when she withdrew her finger, to my astonishment finding that the black spiral was part of my fur, part of me.

"You've got me convinced," I told her with wide eyes, looking up from her incredible demonstration.

Grinning broadly at me, she downed the rest of her coffee and stood. "Let's get you to where the real magic happens."

I followed her lead: swigging down the last dregs of my drink and following her deeper into her apartment. She opened a door to what I thought at first was a bedroom, then I spotted the medical bed in the middle of the floor.

"Don't worry," she said, clearly seeing some unease in my face, "I won't be bringing a scalpel anywhere near you, it's just a more convenient height for me to work." She shut the door behind me, then looked up at me with a small smirk. "Not to sound too sexy, but I'm gonna need you to drop your pants."

Because brains are weird – and mine especially so – I certain that simply disrobing was going to be the toughest, most embarrassing part of this whole ordeal for me. Even though I knew full well that Sandy would be seeing me in the buff regardless, I just couldn't bring myself to unbutton my pants with her watching. Fortunately, with an amused and knowing glint in her eye, she chose to turn away to feign some preparations, giving me ample opportunity to shed my jeans and boxers, then lay down on my back on the bed.

"Let's see what we've got here," she said, turning back towards me and approaching my bedside. I felt her eyes on my crotch and averted my own gaze, always having hated anyone catching even a glimpse of my package. One of her small, slender hands had worked its way under my shaft and lifted it a little, causing me to shudder, repulsed as ever by anything that drew my attention to that part of me.

"Oh, dang..." I heard her whisper.

I blinked, looking around at her in confusion. She was holding my limp member up, staring down at it with a rapt look in her eyes. "You want to get rid of *this*?"

Though it made my stomach churn to do it, I let my attention fall to what she had in her grasp. See, what probably took my disdain for my assets to a whole other level was how 'gifted' – and I considered the word very unsuitable – I was: soft though I was, I was packing a good six inches or so with a pair of kiwifruit dangling below, practically resting on the plastic surface of the bed.

"Absolutely," I answered without hesitation, letting my head flop back so I couldn't see that monstrosity any more.

We were both silent for nearly thirty seconds before Sandy spoke again, "Are you *sure*? You want me to just...make it vanish?"

"Please," I said with almost a moan of longing, "God, *please*!"

Another, even longer silence followed. I was cringing away from any thoughts about that accursed part of my anatomy, while she was, as far as I could tell, just holding it.

Then..."Could I keep it?"

"What?" I said, so surprised that I sat up a little to stare at her.

"Could I keep it?" she asked again, looking up the bed to my face, "I mean, it's a fucking masterpiece! It'd be a real waste to just delete it from existence."

I goggled at her, at a loss as to what to say for a long moment. Eventually I found some work for my voice to do, "Well...what would you do with it?"

She shrugged. "I'd have to figure that out, but I can just keep it 'on ice'," she sketched verbal quotes around the words, "for the time being, no sweat!"

Still utterly bewildered by what on Earth or any other planet she would want my disembodied junk for, I shrugged. "I guess so, then. So long as it's not my problem any more."

She beamed at me, clearly delighted that she was going to get her souvenir. "Sweet! Mind if I get you hard before I get down to business?" she asked, already starting to drag the claws on her free hand gently up and down my length.

I groaned. "Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine. I guess I'll let it have one last hurrah."

Grinning broadly, she started her fun in earnest. Looking back, I'm pretty sure she dawdled as little as possible over the process of getting me to full mast for the last time in my life, but at the time it seemed to take an eternity. I saw just enough to know that she'd wrapped both hands around my shaft to start pumping it with increasing vigour before I closed my eyes and let my head flop back onto the bed again.

I could, however, still hear and feel what she was up to. After a time one of her hands began to tickle the steadily flaring head of my doomed phallus, while below it I could hear my heavy nuts making an ungodly slapping noise against my thighs. My toes curled, not in pleasure, but with a deep desire for the whole experience to be over as I felt her lower her head and lick her rough feline tongue from base to tip, then wrap her lips around my glans and start to suck.

She caressed my sack, jerked at my girth – which quickly became to great for her hand to encircle – and very unpleasurably pleased my tip orally right up until she felt the orbs within that fuzzy case starting to twitch.

"That should do us!" she said brightly, her lips parting company with my cock with a grotesquely wet smack.

And then, quite suddenly, everything she had been touching went numb; not like when you receive local anaesthetic at the dentist and you know your lips are there even though you can't really feel them, but so completely numb that I couldn't tell whether my junk was still attached or not. Sitting up, I could see that I was still male in that sense for the moment. Sandy was now tracing a finger around the base of my erect, at least ten-inch long member and under my sack where it connected to my perineum. When her finger had circled around to where it had started she simply pulled my dick and balls away from my body, leaving a blank expanse of fluffy white fur where they had just been.

"Success!" she cried, beaming at me as she clutched my now-ex genitalia from which not a drop of blood was dripping.

I simply stared at the space between my legs for a few moments, during which time Sandy disappeared to put her new trophy somewhere safe. Raising a shaking hand, I tentatively touched my groin and found that it was just how it looked: soft, smooth, and, most importantly, blank.

When she returned, I stood from the bed and pulled Sandy into a tight embrace, a pair of tears trickling from the corners of my eyes as I whispered my heartfelt thanks to the little black cat who had just changed my life so much for the better. She patted my back, letting me hold her for several long moments before disengaging.

"I guess you'd like some money now, huh?" I said quite cheerfully as I pulled my underwear and pants back on, feeling that any price would be worth what she had just done.

Sandy, who was holding the door to her surgery – for want of a better term – open for me, smiled and shook her head. "I think you already paid me handsomely," she chuckled, nodding towards a shelf on the other side of the room. Looking over at it I saw a male endowment, standing tall and proud forever more.

As we parted she gave me what would once have been a very lewd rub between my legs, though now it felt far more like an affirmation that everything was now well with the world. I gave her once last hug, then took my leave.

Sandy and I have remained friends after that day in her apartment; I call her Salem, she always counters by threatening to make me a real boy. We hang out from time to time, have lunch, catch a movie, and I let her rearrange the patterns of my stripes. I have, however, never taken up her offer of borrowing her favourite paperweight.