

# The Appointment

Filly's heart fluttered with a cocktail of nerves and anticipation, as she stepped into Doctor Xavier's home library. It was a peculiar sanctuary, the air heavy with the scent of old books and formaldehyde. The meticulously clean room boasted shelves lined with medical texts and curiosities, but it was not the tomes that captured Filly's wandering gaze. Instead, her eyes were drawn to the glass cases displaying a macabre gallery of wombs. The female flesh was glossy, shining in the incandescent light, and though they were preserved behind glass, they looked soft, supple and squeezable, as fresh as they were the moment they were removed from inside some lucky females.

Each one was unique, each from a different species, showing off the remarkable disparity, and similarities. The squirrel's sleek, slender uterus branched into fierce, determined little curved antlers, as compared to the firm, bulging cauldron shape of the frog's next to it. A woolly mammoth's brutal, primordial uterus took up the center of one wall, looming over Filly, red veins crossing through silvery flesh. They were each beautiful in their own way, haunting works of art displayed blatantly for all to observe. She shivered, wondering what hers would look like, mounted up amongst the stars.

"Remarkable, isn't it?" The doctor's voice, smooth as silk, cut through her reverie. "Each one special, each one unique, each one a testament to nature's complexities."

Filly nodded, her frill slightly ruffled in a mix of trepidation and wonder. A tickle of excitement danced down her spine as she eyed the specimens. She took a seat in a large, elegant throne of plush leather and dark wood, her feet unable to touch the ground. She wondered how many other females had sat here, just like she was.

"They're so lifelike... I would think that maybe they were somehow, you know... portalled or something." She asked.

"Ah, no, I am far too covetous to share my property like that. The monuments you see on the wall, they are mine. Inert, preserved, made more precious by the silicone and resin that protects them from the travails of the modern world," Doctor Xavier said. He was a coyote, of medium build and regular markings, his lab coat fitting just a bit too loosely around his frame. He gestured up, near the corner of the ceiling. "That one, there, belonged to a beautiful Appaloosa mare. My fiancée, actually. She's gone, now, but that... that will always live on, a reminder of who she was, and what she accomplished."

"Did she, ah... did you have children?"

"Oh, heavens no. The scarification, the damage it would do, it would *ruin* her. You would not keep a candy bar wrapper, once you eat the candy, inside, would you? No, no, these womanhoods were all, to a tee, *unused*. For pregnancy, anyways." The coyote smiled, wanly. "I wouldn't expect them to be perfectly mint condition, of course."

"Of course not," Frilly laughed, her cheeks and nares darkening in a slight tinge of embarrassment. She had certainly had her cervix bumped in the past, had her flesh stained with liquids associated with pleasure. She squirmed slightly, looking down at her fingers, her knees, her toes that tapped excitedly on the hardwood floor beneath her.

"Yours will be a crowning jewel in my collection, you know," the doctor continued, as he leaned back in his chair. The coyote folded his hands behind his head, staring up towards the top of the walls, eyes glancing around his collection. "The reproductive system of a frilled lizard? Such rare and unique anatomy is *exceedingly* valuable. I am so pleased, so *honored* that you are willing to come to my home. After all, you're not a pet, it's not like this could be performed just anywhere."

Her blush deepened, extending up along the bridge of her nose, and darkened the very edge of her frill. She had never heard someone speak so openly about her *parts* like that. The excitement in his voice was infectious, but the illicit nature of their agreement gnawed at her conscience.

"Will this... hurt?" she asked, trying to mask the quiver of anxiety she felt thrumming around in her stomach.

He shrugged and leaned forward, interlacing his fingers between each other. "You shouldn't. The procedure will be *uncomfortable*, but not painful. I use very strong, very clean anesthetics. If you prefer the pain, we could forgo them?"

"I'm okay with feeling things. I just don't want it to, you know... interfere. With, um.." Frilly faltered, unsure how to express her excitement. The coyote leaned forward, clearly familiar with her shyness.

"With the sensation of having your cervix, uterus, fallopian tubes and ovaries removed? It won't. The area of the incisions will be numbed, so you will feel the pressure, but not any direct pain." Doctor Xavier said, and slid a stack of papers across the mahogany desk toward her. She took them, examining each page carefully. The first was a consent form, the second was a non-disclosure agreement, and the third was a release agreement. The last was a check, made out in her name. The numbers penned on the page made the scales along her temple and cheeks tingle with excitement. Money had always been tight, but this would certainly ease her burdens.

She read through the papers carefully, as the doctor relaxed in his chair. They had previously gone over everything, and she wanted to confirm that there was no trickery afoot. It was all exactly as she expected.

"Everything seems in order," she said, signing her name with a flourish. Her clawed hand hesitated as a final question formed on her lips. "I'll still have my pussy and vagina after all this, right?"

"Absolutely," the doctor reassured her, with a warm chuckle. "It may be slightly stretched, during the procedure, but your... 'pussy' and labia, and even your clitoris, will all be very much intact." He gave her a friendly wink, one cheek scrunching up in a smirk. "Though I advise against indulging in anything more adventurous than, say, a cucumber for a good three months post-procedure."

A small, mischievous smile played upon Frilly's snout at the thought; such a comparison was both bizarre and oddly comforting. The playful warning helped ease the knot of concern in her belly.

"Thank you," Frilly breathed out, a sense of relief washing over her. The doctor stood, and led her to a sleek wooden bookshelf, bedecked with medicinal tomes. It swung open, revealing cool blue and white colors, bright lights, and the faint smell of antiseptic. He gestured for her to enter.

She paused, at the doorway, part of her balking at taking the next step. This was a moment that she had been looking forward to for so long, right now, and it was all about to happen. She savored the excitement of it all. She slipped down and through the doorway, and into the exam room beyond.

The room was as cool as it looked, clean and tidy, with sealed cabinets at waist and head height. There were machines she didn't recognize, some resting on top of the countertops, others hidden under white surgical gowns along the wall.

"I'll need to remove your clothes, and sterilize you, before I, well, sterilize you," he said playfully.

"Yes, doctor, of course," She responded. She moved to unbutton the simple khaki shirt she was wearing, but he was faster, his paws deftly maneuvering to untie the red ascot that was snugly adorned around her neck, under the collar of her khaki top. She had worn it as a reminder of her time in the Saura Scouts. He discarded it, and began unbuttoning her shirt.

"Please, allow me," he said. She did, letting her hands drift down to her side, smoothing out her pants as deftly unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it open. The brighter orange of her frill and arms was muted to a creamy soft foam along her chest and belly. She was wearing a matching set of panties and a bar, the top of her panties just visible over her waistline.

Both garments were patterned with Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the doctor stroked fingertips along the soft smooth cotton of her bra, along her breasts. "These are adorable. Are you a fan of Egyptian mythology? Are you perhaps a disciple of Seth?"

Filly shifted, surprised at the personal question. "Well, I appreciate his work," she murmured, as he pushed her shirt over her shoulders. "Admittedly, I've never had the patience to, ah, worship properly though." She helped to work her shirt down over her wrists. Meanwhile, he stroked down her slender chest, her belly, paws convening at her belt.

"Well, Seth is the deity of chaos, so perhaps you are more closely attuned to him than you realize. Impulse, chaos, sterility, are those things that you search for in your life?" He asked, pulling the belt through its hoops with a satisfying rustling sound. He rested his warm palms against her waist, and pressed down, her pants slipping over her narrow hips. It settled onto the ground at her feet, leaving her in just her bra and panties. "What a beautiful form you have, Filly. And in such peak, prime condition, too." He stepped closer to her, his paws gripping around each of her breasts and softly kneading them, lifting and pushing against them. "You will be depriving the world of lovely generations of children, giving them all to me, instead. I do hope you realize how much I appreciate that."

The sum on his check flashed across her mind, and she smiled coyly up at him as his hands slid under her arms and to her back. She could feel him, deftly undoing the clasp of her bra. "Oh, yes, doctor, I'm *quite* aware." She felt the tension of her bra draw tighter, just for a moment, before releasing. The restrictive garment dropping to the floor with her shirt and pants. He cupped her breasts, inspecting them with a clinical precision.

"No piercings, I see. Most of my donors have one, but you appear to be... completely unmarred. Forgive my abruptness, I just want to confirm that you are healthy enough for this procedure."

Filly's frill shivered slightly at his touch. The sensation of him touching her sparked a hint of mischief in her eyes, and she felt her nipples hardening, tightening against the touch of his fingers. "Feel away, Doctor Xavier. Examine away. Although..." She bit her lip for a second, unsure if she should say what she wanted to say. She didn't want to be too forward, but the way the doctor was handling her had her feeling things. "If you wanted to examine... other parts..."

The coyote's ears perked forward, then folded back as he cracked a wide grin. "Other parts? Oh, *this*? Why yes, I would..." He knelt down in front of her, and his thumbs folded under the waistband of her panties, pulling them down along her slender thighs. There was a slight wet spot in the crotch of her panties, a dampness that revealed her excitement. He pulled them down, revealing her groin to him in all its beauty.

The lizard's body was covered in soft scales, but the pubic mound were different. Larger, rougher, and more clearly defined. The keratinous edges were not sharp, but the edges pushed back against his fingertips as he palpated them. They all pointed down, each angled towards the lizard's wide, flat, darker hued labia.

"This is most fascinating," he said, studying the hood of flesh that capped her labia. "Most clitoral hoods are not... segmented." He teased his fingers against her flesh, gently pinching at the soft, rippled flesh. There was a generous amount of skin there, but it had bands of muscle that kept it contracted, with puffy, softer tissue bulging out around it. He pinched against one of the seams, pulling at it gently to see just how flexible and stretchy it was.

"Doctor," Frilly murmured, staring at him with lidded, lustful eyes, as he toyed with her clit. "That's, um..."

"I'm glad you're so relaxed, Frilly," he said, as he continued his examination. He noticed a puffiness swelling out as he caressed and teased her there, as he gently lifted up, pulling it back to bare the naked flesh of her slick, pink inner labia. "I'm simply making sure that your frame will be capable of handling the machine that I use for the extraction process."

Fingers strummed along the edge of her labia, as he inspected her, and she felt her tail flick through the air. "Doctor, this is all very... exciting. I'm not sure if you'd like to... you know... before....?"

"Oh, Frilly," Dr. Xavier said, not unkindly. "I appreciate the offer, genuinely, I would never dream of marring such perfect femininity. This response, this *behavior*," he clarified, as he brushed fingers down the length of her vagina, pleasantly soothing, "is an expression of your anxiety about the procedure. I imagine you are much more comfortable with the idea of sex than this procedure, but, I want to assure you. You're in good hands. Nothing bad is going to happen to you, and you're going to leave my office about five pounds lighter and a couple hundred thousand pounds heavier. Heh. Little pun there."

She didn't know what to do next, but fortunately, Dr. Xavier did. He turned away from her, and pulled open a cabinet, reaching in and returning to her carrying a simple black leather muzzle. She opened her mouth, and then closed it again, leaning slightly forward to help him slip the muzzle up over her snout. It had velcro straps that he secured snugly, but not tightly, over the top of her forehead and behind and under her jawline. It was clearly for ritual; she could reach up and remove it at any time, but it sent a clear message to her. *Submission*. His eyes met hers, and she read an unspoken promise in their depths. This was a dance she had danced before, as had he. Her heart raced, not from fear, but from an exhilarating surrender to the situation.

"Comfortable?" he asked, a playful edge in his tone. She mumbled something, her head light and dizzy, and then realized that she wasn't meant to speak. She nodded, instead, as he checked the straps.

"Good. I'll have to bind your arms, too," he said, as he pulled her wrists behind her back and wrapped something around them. More velcro, and a neoprene cuff that must have been three inches wide. "Not for any particular reason, mind you. I am not worried about you hurting yourself. It will keep you in a nice, submissive mindset, though, and that is reason enough."

She nodded again, and he smiled as he saw her frill darkening around the edges even more. She enjoyed restraints. The cuffs around her wrist were a familiar friend, a catalyst to the submissive mindset she found solace in. She didn't have to think, didn't have to worry, all she needed to do... was enjoy the ride. She allowed him to lead her towards something that was roughly the shape of a Pringles chip, taking up the middle of the room. He pulled back the sheet to reveal a saddle of some sort, though it was constructed of metal and plastic instead of leather and wood. The saddle shape was only the 'top' of it, as the machine was solidly built, all the way to the ground where it was affixed with heavy bolts into the concrete floor. The inside of it must be full of machinery, she could feel the ground humming as she stepped close to it, could smell the ozone and machine oil even through her muzzle.

This was it. This was the *thing* that was going to scoop out her insides.

"Right here, Frilly," the doctor instructed, guiding her to mount the device. She did so, lifting up a leg and straddling it, settling herself down on top of it. She was surprised to feel the coldness of it against her slick pussy, her labia pressed flatly against the surface of the metal saddle. Its cold, impersonal touch against her flesh was arousing, all in itself.

The machine didn't know her, didn't know what she thought or wanted. It was programmed to do *one thing*. The machinery clicked and whirred, alive beneath her, ready to transform her body in ways she could hardly fathom. Excitement fluttered in her belly, mingling with the thread of anxiety that wound tighter with each passing second.

"Take a deep breath for me," the doctor coaxed, and she complied, the leather of the muzzle snugly holding her head in place. She turned, staring at the doctor, as he studied a computer screen, tapping and clicking. This was it. The precipice of change. She was about to relinquish something primal, to trade a piece of her very essence for liberation and currency. "Let's begin," he said, activating the machine with a flick of a switch. It purred to life, hidden seams parting beneath the soft flesh of her pussy, angling slightly to both cup and separate her sex. She felt an urge to reach down and adjust, touch what was happening, but the restraints around her wrists kept her from doing so. She felt air, kissing the inner walls of her lizard puss, teasing up inside her as they were spread open.

Then she felt metal. A smooth, rounded metal rod goosed up inside her, nestling between her thighs and pressing firmly up inside. Her cheeks were bright red as she was so openly ridden, and she turned, looking at the coyote who was staring at the screen. He was still clothed, unaroused, his expression of pure calculated curiosity, while a couple feet away she was getting *fucked by a robot*.

The rod was about as thick across as a normal male's cock, and she easily accepted it deep into her pussy. Well, it slid up into her more than she accepted it; when she clenched down around it, it simply pressed further up, through the clench, her body helpless to stop it. A cool tingling slickness oozed out of it as it pressed upwards. She could not feel the perforations that secreted it, but she could definitely feel the way it chilled her sensations, deep inside her.

The rod pistoned, slowly, pressing an inch further into her with each thrust, her upper vagina smeared and slickened with the numbing gel. Whatever discomfort she had felt from the sudden smooth intrusion ebbed away as the gel soaked into her inner flesh.

There was a pause, and then a hissing sound, followed by a clamping sensation. She turned back to the doctor, head canted to the side, and the coyote seemed to pick up on her intense stare.

"That's a suction cup," he said, his voice a steady metronome of words, calm and in control. "It's attaching to your cervix." That would explain it. There was a tugging sensation, but not a pinching sensation, as if the rod had gotten lodged and was now pushing in even further. She could feel her innards being pulled upwards - not far, but noticeably, and while it didn't hurt, it made her squirm around the protruding rod. It was like her vagina itself was being given a wedgie, deep inside her. She ground more firmly against the rod as she tried to relieve the tensions she felt in her loins. "Try to stay still. The next part is about to begin."

There was a soft, cooling spurt of something, past her cervix and into her womb itself. It dissipated, a kind of mentholated cooling numbness soaking into the interior lining. Then; a piercing sensation. The rod had stretched her vagina inwards, extending it tautly, and now a small, precise blade ran along the tip of the rod, just below where it was suction clamped into her cervix. The blade extended and retracted as needed, to ensure that it was only slicing into the flesh of her vagina just below the cervix itself, and not any further. It was a quick, succinct action, ending almost as soon as she recognized what exactly the sensation was, and she grunted into her muzzle as she felt her vagina *recoil* as it was freed from the tension, still quite connected but no longer attached to her womb.

It felt almost as if it was crumpling, like a loose sock, around the base of the rod inside her. It slipped slickly down along the rod, held up only by the thickness of that mechanical shaft. Then, the rod inflated, or thickened somehow, and she felt her vagina being dilated open, stretched wider around the imposing bulk. Her clitoris throbbed, stretched tightly around the unyielding metal base, each of its bisections burning with the tension of its stretch. She could feel the separation, her reproductive system bisected in two, her thighs clenching down around the saddle. "Doctor, it..."

"Yes, don't worry. We will be sealing the end of your vagina, afterwards. For now, it's just... out of the way."

She felt things inside her changing, quickly. The doctor rolled his little cart over, so that she could see the diagram of what was happening, to put pictures to sensations. What she felt was prods, sliding fingers brushing through her insides, and the occasional scraping, snipping, singing, and tugging sensation. On the screen, there was a 360 degree ultrasound view, apparently being done by the device itself, that showed most of her genital system. Maybe that was why the rod was now vibrating inside her, her body shivering with the dull, loose hum of its actions.

Four spindly, spider-leg apparatus had unfolded from midway up the shaft, extending upwards, and these were gently tracing around the outside of her uterus itself. Where they encountered the circulatory system, they singed through, cauterizing both sides of the flesh. Where they found connective tissue, they sawed and snipped, efficiently separating the womb from each point of contact with her body. Where they found muscles, they pried, separating the two with a crackling sound of fascia that she could hear through her bones. It was all happening succinctly, with sharp quick darting movements.

The doctor rested a warm paw on her stomach. "Ah, I just felt a kick," he teased, and smiled at the shocked look she gave him. She could feel herself releasing her uterus. She could feel it being gently carved away from her, one cell at a time, an innate piece of her biology being separated, removed from the rest of her. There was a uterus inside her, inside an emptiness in her guts, but it wasn't *hers*. It was Dr. Xavier, and he was claiming it.

"Almost done," he said, as he stroked his hand slowly up her belly. He cupped her breast, a finger teasing along her nipple again, catching and releasing with soft squeezes. He moved to stand behind her, half-straddling the saddle himself, and curled his other arm around her to stroke against her stomach. He hugged the squirming frilled lizard as she was spayed. "Just relax.. it's over. We're just removing it now."

She felt it, then. A shift, a lurch, as something large inside her belly began to slide down, towards her pussy. Her back tightened, as she felt the *bulk* of her reproductive system shift, unmoored. She couldn't feel it directly, as it had been severed, but she felt her other organs as it was tugged and navigated between them. She could feel its presence. She watched the doctor's fingers, splayed across her belly, bulged slightly outwards, then sank back down as a considerable volume of her innards passed by an inch or two beneath her skin.

"Oh god," she said, looking down at her stomach as it passed through. "Is it going to... my vagina...?"

"Mm hmm," the doctor said, his fingers softly stroking her. He was completely nonplussed. She was having her ovaries, and any chance of having children removed, but for him it was just another day at work. "You aren't going to need to worry about laying eggs anymore. Who needs to be functional, when you can just be fun, right?"

She couldn't tell if he was mocking her, but she could feel the rod retracting down, could feel her cervix being pulled down into her vagina. It folded back, feeling strangely like the flare of a stallion, but pushing into her from the wrong side. Her pussy was being held open, stretched wide even as the rod retracted down along it, and she felt the bulk of her uterus pressing into the sheared end of it.

"Oh, god," she moaned, feeling the slick, limp, bulky flesh bulging its way down her vagina.

"Here it comes, are you ready?" He whispered. "I need you to keep from cumming, until it's free of your womb. You can do that, right?"

"I don't... yes, yes doctor Xavier," she panted, feeling it sliding inexorably through her, feeling the glans-like cervix flesh out as it emerged from between her labia. "S-should I... push?"

"Don't do anything but breathe, relax, let the machine do everything for you," he breathed in her ear, nestling his cheek along her flexible fringe. "You are so close, sweetheart."

"I knooooow," she groaned, trying hard not to clench down, not wanting to damage her organs, no, *his* organs. "I'm trying!"

She breathed in, held it, and felt her ovaries tracing along in her stretched, slick, numb canal behind her uterus. The tender little grapes tickled, each one like a finger tip being dragged down from the very deepest part of her vagina towards the entrance.

"Oh god, it feels..." she gasped, muffled under the leather muzzle.

"Come on, stay with me, you're almost there, just hold back a little longer," he said.

She felt the widest part of her uterus, the bulky middle of it, nestled against her clitoris and the edge of her vagina. She wanted to keep it inside her, not to use but to squeeze and grind and rub herself against it until she came, but it was drawn free of her, shlorping wet and slickly out of her and down into the saddle. When it finally left her, when she felt the entire organ slither out from inside of her into the machine underneath her, her body convulsed. She could *feel* the emptiness inside here, where there had always been something. Now, emptiness. Organs that had never touched each other now rubbed against each other freely.

She came, then, arching her back and thrusting herself into the doctor's fingers, submitting entirely to the release, of finally being *free* of her womanhood. Her ovaries slithered out of her, following the uterus just as her vagina clamped down, squeezing around empty space where her organs had just been.

It wasn't done, yet, though. The rod returned, smooth and slick and normal again, no longer gripping her organs or covered in mechanical fingers. It pressed up, smooth and slick, jutting up into her even as she climaxed around it, and now she felt the tender pinch and puncture of sutures, the rod deftly, mechanically sealing the far end of her vagina closed with short swift movements. By the time she had finished climaxing, it had also finished, and it retracted away from her, leaving her empty on the saddle in more ways than one.

"You did excellent, Frilly," Dr. Xavier said. He stroked his fingers down to her wrists, and carefully unstrapped them, and then moved up to her muzzle, and removed that as well.

"If you'd like, I have some orange juice and crackers prepared for you, and you can lay down and recover for a bit."

"Can I..." Frilly asked, as she carefully lifted herself from the saddle. Her legs wobbled, and she clutched the doctor in surprise. That had never happened before. But she could feel it, a void inside her, a tangible manifestation of the freedom she had gained.

"Can you see it?" He asked, as he carefully led her towards the reclining couch. "Of course. First, though, you must sit down, and be gentle with yourself."

She did so, gingerly leaning back, stroking a paw along her stomach. She pressed in, gently, feeling the depression that her newly acquired void made inside her. Dr. Xavier wiped down the saddle with microbial wipes, the glistening remnants of her procedure and her release cleaned off. He pushed down on either side of the saddle with his thumbs, and with a soft click, it cracked down the middle, hinging open like a lobster tail. He reached inside, taking out a clear glass jar, about as large as a milk jug. He held it reverently, carefully, as he approached her with it. She sat up, eyes fixated on the *thing* that was floating inside the jar.

It was her. Well, she assumed it must be, though she had never seen her uterus before. The cervix was a reddish pink, smallish donut, leading up to a much paler, vein strewn and balloon-ish uterus proper. She was surprised at just how large it was, and wondered how it had managed to slither so easily through her vagina. Her numb, slick pussy quivered at the memory of it.

Above that, two fallopian tubes branched up, fanning out into clusters of soft, gleaming green 'grapes'. There was a whitish webbing that coddled the small pearls. She had studied diagrams in school, that was her mesovarium, and those were the ovaries themselves.

"I must say, your ovaries... delightfully large, plump. You are, or were, quite *fecund*. They will display marvelously." Dr. Xavier said, gently turning the jar from one side to the other so that she could examine. It was innately her, but it was sealed away, contained, separated from her. She gently touched the glass, taking one last look at that intimate part of herself, now held in the paws of the doctor. It looked good, in the jar. Preserved, and displayed.

"Thank you, doctor," she said, her head spinning as she laid back down. Her pussy ached, her body ached, her mind ached. It had been quite the experience. She had a world of money and freedom waiting for her, when she woke up, but for now... now she needed to rest.