

WARNING: This story contains scenes of penectomy (removal of the penis), castration (removal of the testicles), nullification (removal of all malebits), hypnosis, genital vore and has scenes which are of a homosexual nature. If you dont like any of these you may be best closing the document now ;)

The Sex Advice Office

".....that'll be it for today guys" said a burly wolf, standing in a typical lecturer's tweed suit, white shirt and brown and cream chequered tie at the front of an art studio "Don't forget, your mid term projects are due next Friday, that gives you tomorrow's Saturday session, but after that it's all in your own time people.." he said packing up a large poster-sized portfolio.

Kyan, an athletic looking cheetah sighed as the grinds and clatter of chairs began to fill the room.. he'd barely started sketching his piece, let alone working out any of the other components to the drawing, but one thing he was sure about - he was a damned good artist.

Kyan had always been one of those types who hung out with the 'in crowd' - kept to the back of the class and generally ditched almost every class other than art and Gym - though art had always been his favourite. His Art teacher in high school considered him to be a gifted student, though it wasn't a view held by almost any other member of staff of Fhelton High School. Unsurprisingly enough for a Cheetah he was the school's quickest student in track events, able to beat by a huge margin, no matter if it was the 1600 meters or the 100 meter sprint.

Boyish would be an understatement for Kyan during school, the usual guys showing off to guys, jeering at girls and generally being overly confident in their abilities to get a girl in bed was the norm to him, and though he didn't often see his old friends any more - the attitude always stuck with him, even if he was now in University.

He got up from his desk, putting away his own papers in his own portfolio - he'd come to the lecture today wearing a tight white t shirt and Lycra shorts which both hugged every one of his almost sculpted anatomy - he decided - big bulky portfolio or not, he was going for a run after, and so - he slung his folder over his back using a shoulder strap and bolted for the door - half knocking into a beautiful zebra girl with long flowing black hair

"Careful girl, I know you want me but you're gonna have to chase me for it!" he laughed, half looking back at the unimpressed girl yet caring little for her feelings as he sped off down the corridor and out the double doors at the end - bursting into the sunlight, and setting off down the street.

As he ran he was thinking about tonight. Most classes were simple Monday to Friday lectures - though the Art class had a session on Saturday to work on their projects. With

the whole university breaking up for the week it meant a night at the clubs! He decided - black jeans, sleeveless black t shirt with the thin orange stripe down each side.. and stick to his running sneakers.. aand.. get his room ready for bringing some girl home. he grinned.

The thudding from the club could be heard over a block away - and inside strobe lights and laser shows blasted through the dry-ice filled club with girls and guys from 18 through their 20s and 30s jumping about to the dance music being blasted through the clubs enormous speakers allowing the revellers to literally feel the music.

Kyan was at the bar drinking a wk'd, scanning the groups of girls at the bar and around the dance floor with a cheeky grin on his face, eyes following breasts bouncing in time to the music. Then.. he spotted what he thought to be - a stunner. She was a lioness, and every bit the perfect example of a miss universe.. He knocked the bottle back - drinking the final drops and slammed it down onto the bar before walking in her direction trying to gain eye contact.

She was talking to her small group of two girls, a cheetah and a vixen, and briefly glanced up spotting the male on his way towards her - it was a fleeting glance though, a quick downwards look to the ground before over to her friends being her sign to him she was not interested. He didn't care though, he was going to plough his way in regardless.. which is exactly what he did - using his shoulder, he wedged his way in between the vixen and the lioness - with that cheeky confident grin still etched to his face "Hey girl, you're without doubt the prettiest li'l girl in this building" he said with a bit of a shout to get himself heard over the music

"the hell?!" she said back "Get the fuck away from me creep." she responded. She didn't leave his side though - standing her ground and making a point he would have to leave her space.

Kyan however just didn't seem to get the message. He leaned in to her ear "how 'bout we go somewhere else.. its the noise huh?" he said still having his huge self belief

The lioness turned and snarled at him, showing her beautiful white teeth, being illuminated white by the strobes as they flashed like a paparazzi hoard trying to get the first photo of a royal wedding "Listen, boy - if you don't leave me and my friends alone - you're going to wish you never walked over here" she said, growling the whole way through

"Heeey, heeey..." Kyan responded quickly, trying to calm her down "it's okaay? I understand, you don't want to leave your friends.. They can come too! how about it?" he said trying to reach an arm around her in some way trying to give her a sense of calm..

"Now?" piped up the vixen, who was still forced to see the back of the obnoxious cheetah - unseen to him or any other person in the club - she was holding something..

"Go for it.." the lioness called back, craning her neck round over the shoulder of the cheetah male, apparently being comforted. Though as soon as she had spoken, she ducked down, breaking the hold he had on her, stepping backwards as the vixen brought that object in her paw up .. There was another light suddenly joining the strobes.. a smaller one - coming from behind him - but before he had time to turn - ZAP.

It was like having somehow plugged his neck into an electrical outlet.. His body tensed up - his eyes went wide - - his vision suddenly flashing bright white, unable to control himself .. His body shook for what seemed to him for an eternity before she pulled the tazer back from him. He collapsed to the ground moaning before a couple of the bouncers who had been watching the event from by the exit came over to see what had been going on. . It didn't take long for the girls to explain - and for the bouncers to unceremoniously drag the cheetah out the club and dump him in the back alley - on top of a pile of trash bags...

Kyan woke up the next morning to the sound of his alarm, tossing the covers of his bed back and slowly getting up to his feet, beating the alarm clock on its top to shut it up ... he rubbed his neck where the vixen had beaten him with the tazer last night and sighed deeply.. he'd now lost count of how many times he'd tried to bring a girl back to his room.. though this was his first tazering experience.. and he really didn't want that again.. At least he had been conscious enough to get himself home .. he thought to himself as he made his way to the bathroom. He fumbled down into his briefs and pulled his warm bed-scented sheath out over the basin of the toilet and relaxed with yet another sigh. Why couldn't he get a girl.. he thought as he began to pee.

"I look fine.." he said to himself "so what's her problem? .. " he followed up with, still holding that soft fuzzy sheath. As he finished and shook before pushing it back into his briefs once more - he was beginning to feel a little unsure about himself now .. he couldn't see what the problem was.. that and he was horny as hell, which only added to his frustration.. He looked at the bulge in his underwear.. trying to decide if there was time to jack off quickly before he headed to uni .. his sheath twitched a little as he looked, moving that tight cotton contained package a little ... 'no' he thought 'I'll jack off when I get back.. its only an hour'. He went over and grabbed the clothes he'd thrown on the floor last night - the very ones he'd been clubbing in - the black jeans and sleeveless top.. picked up his portfolio and set off for university.

He wandered down the corridor he'd run down so quickly yesterday, and spotted on one of the doors on the left - a piece of paper stuck to it. "Guys AM, Girls PM". The door had a brass plaque with the words "Sex and Relationship Advice Office" .. and he remembered.. one of those things the university blabbed on about in that first meeting he'd gone to at the start of his course .. was they'd said they were proud to be able to support their students - no matter what they need - especially with sexual advice, relationships -- and they'd even won awards for innovation in this.. Kyan stopped ... and looked at his watch.. before looking round the corridor. It was empty.. It was Saturday

morning - only his class was due in, and he was actually fairly early.. He breathed in deeply and knocked on the door...

"come in" said a voice from somewhere in the room beyond the door.

Kyan opened the door and slipped gingerly in, closing it behind him

"lock the door could you, its just a twisty thing, it's okay - you need some privacy I'm sure with this.." said a figure behind a desk.

It was a strange set up.. all the lights in the room were off - but one - a low hanging light with a solid lampshade which allowed light to be cast on the desk, the comfy looking empty leather chair in front of it - and the nose and body of a raccoon, who happened to be the one who'd asked him to close the door. Nothing more of his face could be seen - it was simply contrasted out with the bright light being shon down. Kyan locked the door, and without any more instruction he padded over to the leather chair and flopped down in it... 'wow . . this is a good chair' he thought to himself - his mind straying from his purpose for being there for a moment
"so, what's the problem" the raccoon said.

Kyan squinted a little, trying to get a better look at the raccoon - who didn't actually sound much - if any older than himself.. even his build - and - his clothes! .. informal t shirt and cargo pants .. didn't seem to suggest he was any older than him.. "I just can't seem to get a girl" he said after a momentary pause "I'm so fuckin' horny and .. what's wrong with me?!" he asked with a twinge of annoyance to his voice - thinking of the assault last night on him

"to be honest," the raccoon replied from his dark spot "there's nothing wrong with your looks from what I can see.. maybe there's something else .. something you say or do. ."

"no.. I've always done the same as my mates, and they always got girls back at night."

The raccoon, still keeping everything but his nose hidden from view pulled out what appeared to be a throwing star from his pants pocket, and took out a small metal rod with a metal nut not far from one end. "okay" he responded sounding understanding as he put one end of the metal rod through the central hole of the throwing star until the star sat neatly up against the nut. "I'm going to spin the star okay? I want you to look at the spinning star and tell me what patterns you see" he said reaching to one of the points with a fingertip

Kyan looked at the stationary star for the moment, it didn't look too special - black with some white dots and lines embossed into it .. "sure.." he responded.

The raccoon flicked his finger sideways - an audible ping sound would be heard as the star was flicked into action. Kyan would watch as the star became a perfect disk, spinning round and round .. as it began to slow just slightly the dots and lines began to

seemingly dance.. starting to join .. He moved a little closer trying to study what was happening.. and the lines and dots danced yet steadily closer together "there's dancing lines and dots" Kyan said, a little quieter than previously

"Oh? Tell me if you see anything else as it slows" the raccoon responded.. The star was slowing fast now... and the lines and dots were about to merge --- when suddenly - a wave of tiredness hit the cheetah.. he wasn't truly concerned.. his eyes half closed and everything for him went black..

The raccoon grinned from his darkened spot, watching the cheetah take on the glazed expression signalling the hypnosis was successful. . . he had a cute 18 year old cheetah all to himself! .. hmm what to do.. he wondered before hopping up and walking round to the dazed looking boy on the chair.

He pulled the chair out from the desk and spun it sideways a little, grinding a little on the floor - but the raccoon cared little about the floorboards it was marking. He kneeled down in front of the cheetah and waved a paw in front of the cat's face looking for any reactions... "good." he said seeing none "now.. " he said putting a paw on his chest and applying a little pressure "sit back cutey.." he instructed, and without hesitation - the cute cheetah male sat back in his chair, still with his half shut eyes, and his muzzle just ever so slightly open

"If it's not your looks kitty, then maybe its something else hmm?" the raccoon said softly and looked at the cat's crotch. He'd sat fairly far forward in the chair, causing his jeans to cup round his ample sized male bits inside - showing off a fine bulge "why don't we have a look at what you have down here then hm?" he says scooting forwards on his knees - his nose inches from the cheetah's crotch, catching the faintest scent of cheetah musk. He brings his paws up now and unzips the jeans slowly, allowing his paw to ride up over that warm hill, and down the front before then unbuttoning the top button and pulling the jeans down by the cat's ankles.

"Looks like you have a decent sized package here" he says observing the bulge in the cheetah's briefs .. If Kyan knew what this .. advisor was doing he'd be going crazy.. He was straight after all! and this guy is stripping him off..

The 'coon reached forwards with his paw and gently rested it over that warm soft bulge giving it a slight rub and a squeeze to feel at its contents before slipping his other paw up - into the waistband - and sliding the briefs forward, allowing the cheetah's pride and joy slip limply between his open legs.

The raccoon mrrred quite loudly now seeing that the cheetah had much larger bits than most cheetahs had.. the sheath alone was maybe twice the length. he reached forwards once more, taking hold of the sheath gently in a paw, squeezing and rubbing back and forth - feeling the meat inside being rubbed over.. it twitched as he did . . . the cheetah was horny .. and in his unconscious state his body didn't care what the gender was of the paw rubbing it's dick - only that it got its relief... It began to quickly firm up as the

raccoon explored its every inch.. first by his paws .. then by his nose - purring almost like a cat at the cheetah's scent..

It wasn't long before the deep pink member began to peek from its white-furred protection. The raccoon leaned in to give it a lick ... this only proved to excite this unconscious meat - starting to grow rapidly now from his sheath - Kyan's precious maleness extended it's reach towards the raccoon's muzzle... The raccoon grinned.. opening his muzzle and letting the now throbbing cat meat grow - into his muzzle.. the moment it first bobbed against his tongue - he closed his muzzle around the tip.. suckling and lapping over it intensely with a soft mmmmming noise.. the raccoon watched beyond his muzzle as those little prickly barbs began to sit up .. as the member finally had grown to its full length...

The 'coon pulled back, letting the member drop from his muzzle and bounce - though still pulsing.. "I see what the problem is.. " he says "your bits are too big. But don't worry, I'll just take them off for you" he grins slyly as he pulls a paper guillotine from the edge of the desk.. It was effectively a large board with measurements marked out on it - and to one side was a large blade with a handle on the very end. It met with a metal edge to the board so that you can accurately trim paper to specific sizes .. though the raccoon had decided that paper wasn't the only thing it would trim. Now out came the bander once again.. it was a double bander.. loaded with two bands so as to be able to be only released once, but giving the perfect distance to cut between... He slid the machine down onto the slender cat member before letting it finally snap shut, biting into the flesh at its base. "All ready."

He put the cutter and the bander down now for a moment before wrapping his arms behind the cheetah's back "I need you to sit straight and spread your legs as wide as you can.. and move right to the edge of the chair.." he said .. Diligently - and unknowing as to what was happening he subconsciously did as ordered .. sliding forwards until his large heavy fluffy sack sat hanging over the edge of the chair.. his still rigid throbbing cock pointing up

The raccoon thought briefly, looking down at that desperate boymeat .. a drip of pre starting to drip down its length.. he couldn't help himself - he moved down and opened his muzzle around that rasped cat meat.. pushing down and starting to suck on it hungrily .. swallowing down the straight male's pre.

The cheetah's cock was close already.. it had no resistance.. nothing to stop it - it was pure unrestricted instinct controlling it now.. no brain giving it inhibitions... It pulsed and twitched - a jet of salty sweet pre hitting the back of the raccoons muzzle as he began to move back, feeling each barb drag over and across his lips - before pushing back down once more .. the cheetah meat was ready to blow though... and the raccoon knew it .. he brought up the guillotine and for the moment rested it on the sexy cheetah's right leg, before suddenly it erupted. rope after rope of hot straight cheetah seed blasted into the thieving raccoon's muzzle.. The coon swallowed every drop down and as he did brought that guillotine over, blade hoisted up on the hinge to one side. . as the tip of the

still twitching and throbbing needy member .. it may have attempted to start softening now but the bands would allow none of it - holding that member as hard as it had been before it had spent its seed so willingly..

The raccoon now grabbed that damp piece of meat - tugging it a little away from the cheetah's crotch.. pressing it to the board, and lining the edge up between those two little bands.. He looks up at the cheetah's face once again... still glazed over.. with those come to bed eyes.. Then, he slammed that cutting blade down firmly.

There was a sound of metal rubbing on metal.. if you listened carefully you'd hear the moment the precious meat of the cheetah made contact with the blade.. the sound of blade cutting flesh .. similar to when scissors cut through hair - being made as it severs quickly and cleanly through the meat which had only seconds ago convulsed and delivered its sweet load - with a click, the blade came to a stop... the severed cheetah dick bounced loose in his paw and rested neatly on the board, drawing a line of seed still drooling from its tip on the wood.

The raccoon gently set the cutter down and picked up that hot freshly harvested cheetah meat ... purring with a grin , a couple of the sharp raccoon teeth would glint in the low light of the room as he brought it up to his nose - gently letting the silky soft tip of the severed dick wipe some of that drooling seed - the last that it would have ever delivered onto his nose.. He moved forwards and grabbed the cheetah's slack jaw and pushed the sizeable member into his muzzle "hold this .. I'll finish off..." the raccoon said before licking the cat's seed from his nose and pulling put from his pocket a surgical scalpel . he knelt down and grabbed the empty sheath, squeezing and fondling it for a moment .. it twitched and the faintest moan seemed to come from the cheetah's cock-filled muzzle, though the raccoon paid it no attention. He brought the scalpel down and sliced neatly into its side, pushing it in until it had pushed through to the inside where the boy's dick had once been, and began slicing carefully round, slowly severing the sheath intact..

With the final cut, the musky seed covered fuzzy sheath dropped limply into the raccoon's open paw - and he set it down on the cutting board.. "now for those orbs" he said holding his paw out and grabbing at the pouch of balls.. they were big.. 'no wonder he had managed to shoot so much ... ' the raccoon thought to himself as he tugged them tight down - stretching the fluffy sack out a little before bringing that viscously sharp blade swiftly in - slicing through the soft flesh like butter.... leaving the raccoon with a pouch - still holding those former organs inside.. now simply balls of dead meat.

He brought the pouch up and nosed the underneath of it, sniffing at the cheetah's scent - still strongly available on the soft satin-like fur of he sack.. he put down the knife and teased open that pouch.. fishing out one of those large pearly orbs conveniently attached to a cord for easy access... he lets it dangle in front of his own nose before he looks up at the cheetah.. "aw okay.. I'll let you keep one .. " he says setting the pouch and remaining ball down by the cheetah's severed sheath.

The raccoon stands up and takes his property back.. pulling the cheetah's severed meat from his muzzle and dropping it down onto the board with a wet thud, to be with the other severed sweet meats of the once fertile cat..

He then slowly leans in and pushes the still warm orb into the cheetah's muzzle.. tucking in the cord behind it and taking a single step back grinning... "Now, chew it up.." he orders.

Kyan, without hesitation chewed down on his own severed orb.. it exploding in his muzzle - filling his maw with his own seed and the inner flesh of his own testicle. He kept chewing. as ordered..

"now swallow." the raccoon finally spoke up, satisfied it was chewed enough.

Again, Kyan obeyed .. swallowing down the smooth pulp and finishing with a few licks of his lips.

The raccoon smiled and moved down to check the wounds.. they were clean at least.. He pulled out some super glue and started sealing any sources of blood - and within just 5 minutes the cheetah was patched. Finally the ever prepared for his task raccoon pulled out a syringe.. injecting just a little into the base of what was once the cat's dick... anaesthetic to keep it numb when he brings him round..

Within just a few more minutes - the raccoon had cleaned up, pulled the cat's underwear, and pants .. now looking oddly empty .. and had placed the cat's dick, pouch and sheath in a bag before tucking it into his pocket..

"When you wake up, you will remember nothing about what I have said and done while you have been asleep.. Once you have left the room you will forget what I sound like and even what species I am.. do you understand?" he says ..

Kyan nods, still with his dazed expression

"Now listen carefully. When you were just a child, you were involved in a car accident which you remember little about .. in this accident you lost your dick and your balls.. do you understand?" he asks quizzically

Kyan nods once more.

"Good.. " he says before clicking his fingers. Kyan blinks and jumps a little "woh.. where did the spinning thing go?" he asked

"don't worry about it - that was the trick! it vanishes!" the raccoon laughed, all signs of maliciousness or any wrong doings completely absent from his tone

"ooh... that's some trick.. I guess.." Kyan said, flopping back in the chair

"so.. I cant help notice.. your pants look very empty....." the raccoon states, gesturing

briefly to the cheetah's crotch..

Kyan blinks and nods .. "I .. I know ..." he blushes .. "it was a car accident.. I don't remember how .. or what happened..." he states.. looking down at his knees
".. That is why girls aren't interested.. see?" the raccoon said ".. now I know you may think its odd.. but why don't you look for some male company.. Guys are a lot more understanding .. "

Kyan blinked again .. "Fuck off!" he said before standing up "I should have never bothered coming in here.." he said unlocking the door and storming off out - slamming it behind him..

The raccoon just grinned from the dark spot behind the desk. . giving it a few minutes and hopping up - and opening the door.. The corridor was clear. He reached for the paper sign and tore it off .. it had covered another brass plaque stating the office was only open Mondays to Fridays and closed on Saturdays and Sundays.... The raccoon simply snickered and darted off with his prize.