

# A SIMPLE SANDWICH

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*Technology is making anything seem possible, with advanced dynamic AI powered hypnotic suggestions, anyone can live in any dream world they want to... or, more darkly, who other people might want them to.*

The afternoon light filtered through the blinds of a cramped dorm room, leaving a curving barcode of shadows across Kolby's thick-furred form as he lounged on the threadbare couch. He was a huge hybrid, and with his arms spread over the back of the couch, and his legs spread to leave plenty of room for the prominent heft between his thighs, he filled the couch entirely. He reached down, absent-mindedly pushing down into the mounded bulge with the flat of his paw, his meat feeling especially heavy and swollen today. He would need to deal with that at some point, but it just felt like for the last couple weeks, he was always busy doing something else. The ferret-ram's curved horns caught the light as he turned toward the sound of his roommate Fret's excited footsteps approaching from the cluttered workshop that doubled as the weasel's bedroom.

"Kolby! Hey, there you are! Perfect timing, dude." Fret's voice carried that particular pitch of barely contained enthusiasm that usually preceded one of his tech experiments. The pine martin emerged from his room clutching what looked like a sleek VR headset, cables trailing behind him like electronic tentacles. His thin frame practically vibrated with nervous energy, dark eyes bright behind wire-rimmed glasses. "I've been working on this prototype all week, and I finally got the neural pathway reconfiguration algorithms stable enough for *sentient* testing."

Kolby's ears twitched at the technical jargon, his attention drifting momentarily to the pleasant warmth and pressure of his palm on top of his heavy sac. He kneaded, slowly, fingers stroking against his flesh through the thin, straining fabric of his gray sweatpants. "Sentient testing?" he rumbled, his deep voice tinged with skepticism. "Do you mean on, like, me? Fret, remember what happened with your last 'prototype'? I couldn't see the color blue for three days."

"That was completely different! This is revolutionary *sensory substitution* technology." Fret's sleek tail lashed excitedly behind him as he began untangling the headset's cables from each other. Some of the cables had been sabotaged from appliances, others had had to be special ordered. They wove between the weaseloid's fingers like silk. "The applications could be endless, man! Just imagine it, therapeutic visualization! Enhanced learning experiences! Rehabilitation and mental conditioning! Phobias might become a thing of the past, because you can't be scared of something you no longer have the ability to *sense*! But... I need baseline data. I need someone to lead the way, someone that is willing to be brave enough to experience.. the future."

"You mean you need a cheap, *free* guinea pig, right?" Kolby snorted. Kolby lifted his hand away from between his legs, his heavy balls throbbing with another painful lurch. The rut was bad this year, and Kolby's brain was as far away from studying and science as it could get. Fuck, the way Fret's gaze lingered on Kolby's prominent bulge wasn't helping, either. It made the ram shift uncomfortably, his thick thighs spreading wider as he attempted to find a more comfortable position to coddle his aching nards, but the movement only served to emphasize the impressive weight between his legs, stretching the fabric of his sweatpants taut against the underside of his sensitive balls and cramping them up against his thick, soft, flaccid cock. "But what exactly does 'experiencing the future' mean?"

Fret dragged the coffee table over, and swept the pizza box and Dixie cups off of the top. "Well, you see, you, specifically, have a unique brain structure. It processes sensory input differently than most mammals, because of the hybridization of carnivore and predator cortexes. The dual-species neural architecture creates fascinating redundancies in your visual cortex, which, well..." Fret's words had been tumbling out in a frenetic rush, but here he paused. "I guess the only way I could describe it is that, your brain is the most... hackable?" His thin fingers danced over the headset's controls, and he gave a wincing smile. "That's good, though, I mean, it's super complex, you're not dumb or anything, it's just that evolutionarily, hybrids haven't had enough time to smooth all the bugs out. Plus, well... your enhanced... physical attributes... provide unique biometric data for the monitoring systems."

Kolby felt heat creep up his neck at what could only be a reference to his genitals. If he wasn't already hyperaware of them, they throbbed with a pulse of awareness, his damned body trying to taunt Fret - or any sexual partner, really - into engaging with them. The sensation was both embarrassing and oddly arousing. "I don't know, man, if *sounds* like you just said you wanted to hack my brain. What if something goes wrong? I don't want to be patient zero of a fucking zombie apocalypse or whatever."

"Nothing will go wrong!" Fret said, as he popped open his Chromebook and laid it on the table. A specialized UI popped up, showing different widgets for measuring things. "Look at this, I'm totally safeguarded out! I've got full biometric monitoring, neural activity tracking, pupil dilation sensors... you'll be safer hooked up to this than you would in a hospital! And it's totally unintrusive, you just wear a headset, and you watch a nice video for fifteen minutes, and then I'll ask you some questions. Heck, I'll even... treat you to a *free* hoagie! A free hoagie, and all you have to do is help me revolutionize how people are going to perceive reality."

The scientific appeal tugged at something in Kolby's mind, though he couldn't quite identify what. He leaned forward, squinting incomprehensibly at the scrolling data streams. "It's really only going to take fifteen minutes?"

"Just fifteen minutes," Fret confirmed, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "All you have to do is just sit back, and relax, and let the system do its work. The initial calibration might feel a bit... disorienting... but that's completely normal. Or at least, it's expected. It *will* be normal, once this is completely stabilized."

Against his better judgment, Kolby found himself nodding. "Alright, but if I start seeing purple elephants or something, we're stopping immediately."

Fret's grin stretched wide, revealing sharp predator teeth. "Trust me, what you're going to see is much more interesting in elephants. And," he gestured to a ring light over his shoulder, his phone positioned in the center of it. "I'm going to record the whole process, so you can see exactly what it looks like from this side after it's all over with. You're going to love that!"

Fret leaned over the big, musky, bulky ferram, the modified headset held between his paws like a golden crown. The straps slid over the back of Kolby's horns with surprising ease, and the molding was that kind of foamy-gellied stuff that allowed it to mold perfectly to the shape of his skull. Kolby had worn headsets *similar* to this one before, but not with the cool, domed metal sensors that pressed up against his temples. He could feel a subtle vibration of electronic components, and his skin tingled where the smooth bulges nestled into the natural divots of his skull. Visually, he was in complete darkness, and while he could feel the spring of the couch cushion pushing into the back of his right calf, and he could feel the faint draft of a breeze from the overhead fan, it was otherwise almost completely inert. Not black, *inert*, in that there was something in front of him - the video sensors - but he couldn't see them yet. He shifted on the couch, his inner thighs rubbing the bulk of his balls as he waited for whatever was coming next.

"Initiating startup sequence," Fret murmured, his voice taking on a clinical tone. "Beginning with basic pattern recognition protocols. You're going to see-"

The darkness behind Kolby's closed eyelids suddenly exploded into swirling geometries. It started with a single yellow starpoint, not quite a circle, but not quite anything else either, that split into two spiraling fractals, and then those split into four, and so on and so forth. They zoomed towards him, endlessly separating, and he found himself struggling to see all of the patterns that were unfolding before him. There was a pulsing beat to the spirals, as they surged forward with a certain metronomic intensity, speeding and then slowing down, throbbing in rhythm with the blood in his temples. His spine tingled with a strange sensation of being visually overwhelmed, though Kolby couldn't quite look away, both predator and prey parts of his brain seeking the core of the movement that shifted behind the bright glowing pattern. Faintly, Kolby felt his cock stirring in his sweatpants as it responded to stimuli he couldn't identify.

"Pupil dilation at twelve percent and climbing," he heard Fret noting, his voice seeming to come from very far away. "Neural activity in the visual cortex showing excellent resonance patterns."

The spirals deepened, becoming three-dimensional tunnels that seemed to pull Kolby's consciousness forward. His awareness of the apartment, of his body on the couch, faded. The probes against his temples tingled pleasantly. He could feel air in his mouth, could feel drool soaking into the fur on top of his belly, but it didn't matter. His shoulders slumped down, his head shifting slightly from left to right as he tried to track the multitudes of movement on the stereoscopic screens in front of his eyes. Strangely, and specifically, only the persistent weight of his genitals remained anchored in his perception, a warm, heavy presence that seemed to pulse in harmony with the hypnotic display.

"Subject showing signs of optimal trance induction," Fret continued, though his words felt muffled, as if spoken through thick wool. "Implementing sensory substitution protocols now."

The patterns shifted, becoming more complex, more invasive. Kolby felt his conscious mind fragmenting, thoughts scattering like leaves, unable to touch and connect with each other. It tingled, pleasantly, as he simply *stopped* having thoughts, the willingness or ability to connect mental dots from one to another simply vanishing. His body felt simultaneously heavy and weightless, his massive frame sinking deeper into the couch while his mind floated in fractal virtual space. *And still*, the sensation of his genitals remained, their weight and presence, the sensation of blood flowing through them, the gentle throbbing ache of need that he had simply gotten used to a mass of consciousness that was now disembodied from the *lack* of awareness of the rest of him.

Colors that had no names flowed across his visual field, accompanied by phantom sensations that made his skin tingle. His cock throbbed, but he was only aware of this in the third party kind of way. It was no longer a cock attached to him that he could feel throb with his blood, but rather, a cock that he *observed* throbbing in front of him. There was no capability to be curious about it, because it simply *was*, and *being* was the extent of Kolby's capabilities in this space. He could dimly hear Fret's excited muttering, something about "unprecedented neural plasticity" and "complete perceptual override", but the words held no meaning, just sounds that added to the symphony of digital sensation.

"Excellent, excellent," Fret breathed, his tablet stylus dancing across data streams. "Sensory integration at ninety-three percent. Beginning final calibration sequence."

The hypnotic patterns reached a crescendo, and Kolby watched, and felt, as the genitals that he was still so intimately, if obliquely aware of, disintegrated away. The feeling of them disappeared, the mental awareness of them slipping further and further away. They shrank away, until they were lost in the background noise of the random spiralling static that filled Kolby's mind, not even flotsom. His eyes, though hidden behind the headset, had taken on a glassy, unfocused quality, pupils dilated to dark pools that reflected nothing of his usual awareness. His breathing had slowed to a deep, rhythmic pattern, his chest rising and falling with mechanical precision.

In the real world, the ferram was sprawled back against the couch, his mouth slack, drool leaking out over his dangling tongue and pooling onto his stomach. The subject's body was completely limp, ragdolled into complete inertia. Fret observed that the subject's cock had grown semi-hard during the induction, creating an even more prominent bulge jutting down the inside of the ferram's left pants leg. *Excellent*.

"Neural pathway reconfiguration complete," Fret announced to the recording camera, though Kolby heard the words as pleasant and indecipherable noises. "Subject is now in optimal suggestible state. All biometric readings stable. Initiating post-trance conditioning protocols."

There was no Kolby around to supervise this accessing of his root brain patterning, to safeguard against illicit tampering, as certain *things* that any adult male would have learned about decades ago began to be unravelled and untaught, as certain *things* began to be realigned with *different* associations and away from their normal ones. For Kolby, there was only the pattern, but as the conditioning took effect, the bright yellow faded into a pleasant, ember-like orange and then red. Gradually, it began to darken, as the routing circuits of his central nervous were remapped to different parts of his brain. Commonly known as 'perception filtering', Kolby's brain was being adjusted to reinterpret the source data BEFORE he could understand what it was. Kolby's awareness returned slowly, like a tide coming in, but the hypnotic suggestions had taken root deep in the fertile soil of his altered consciousness. There would be side effects, of course - neon pink would now only be able to be interpreted as day-glo green, and vertical striped patterns would always look slightly slanted, but those were not things that Fret were checking for.

For Kolby, the reconsolidation of his consciousness happened about as smoothly and as quickly as it would after being woken abruptly from a hard nap. He was groggy, but he was there, his mind returning back to reality with the nagging sensation of a stray spring digging into the back of his right calf. Then, abruptly, there was light, as the headset that had encapsulated Kolby's universe was carefully lifted up and off of his forehead. The outside world poured in, confusing and weird and unrecognizable, a morass of colored splotches and protuberant shapes that made no sense to the sluggish ferram. Then, everything kind of crystallized into normality, and there was Fret, looking down at him while holding the headset in his paws.

"How do you feel?" Fret asked, studying Kolby's reactions carefully.

Kolby blinked slowly, his eyes still holding traces of that glassy afterglow. "Different," he murmured, his voice distant and dreamy. "Like everything's... softer somehow."

Fret's smile was predatory with satisfaction as he placed the headset to the side, and picked up his tablet, tapping and swirling his finger along the screen to add notes. "Softer? Can you explain what you mean by that?"

The apartment tilted slightly, at ninety degrees from the direction that Kolby moved as he leaned forward. It swayed as Kolby rose from the couch, his hooves slipping on the worn carpet. He stood, swaying, before turning his head back to Fret with the realization of the answer of the question he had been asked.

"Well, like, you know," Kolby said, smiling in a pleasantly affable way. He looked at Fret expectantly, nodding his head in agreement. "Yeah, like that."

"Really, *that* soft. Interesting. Well, let's get to the kitchen where the light is better, and we can talk about your experience."

Fret picked up the tripod with the ring light and the smart phone recording, and carried it out to the kitchen. Kolby followed with the unconscious grace of a sleepwalker, taking steps without thinking or looking, an automatic pacing that took him somewhere without ever being in the place he was walking through. He reached up, attempting to slide the VR set off of his head again, but his hands slipped through empty air. Undaunted, he reached down and grasped the hem of his sweatshirt instead. He peeled it up, over his chubby belly and broad chest, stripping the musky fabric off of his body and dropping it onto the floor behind him as he joined Fret in the kitchen.

The cool air of the kitchen tickled through his exposed fur, but the sensation barely registered in his altered state of consciousness. His nipples, small pink points against his gray-furred chest fur, tighten reflexively, though he remains unaware, or at least uncaring, of his growing nudity. The kitchen was small, compact, with the only counterspace being a floating island that separated the kitchen from the 'dining room', which was now converted into a small gym for Kolby and their other roommate to use. Fret stood on the other side of the island, gesturing for Kolby to join him. Kolby did so, turning his head towards the small window above the sink, and enjoying the pleasant warbling of a bird outside. It felt nice, like the sound was rippling through his brain, and his hands moved to his sweatpants, hooking into the waistband and pushing downwards. The old polyester slid down his thighs, the front of it catching momentarily on the prominent shelf of his impressive package. It resisted, as if trying to keep the ferram's hefty endowments away from the predator's gleeful gaze, before sliding over the thick, generous arch of Kolby's soft, thickened cock. Gravity did the rest, the old garment puddling on the floor between the nude ungulate's hooves. Kolby didn't seem to care that his junk was fully on display, or that Fret - his straight, by-the-books nerd of a roommate, was *ogling*. Of course, who wouldn't? Kolby cock was as thick as a man's wrist even in its current semi-aroused state, nestled above testicles the size of large grapefruits that hang heavy, stuffed wall-to-wall between the stuporous ram's thighs.

Fret reached over, off to Kolby's left, and slid a cutting board over in front of Kolby. Kolby was still staring out the window, brain tingling with the tickles of the distorted sound of the bird's song, but even if he hadn't been distracted, he wouldn't have paid any mind as Fret circled around the island to help position Kolby closer to it. A paw along the ferram's back guided Kolby to lean forward, his soft shaft and nuts being compressed between meaty haunches and the edge of the countertop itself. Fortunately, Fret was there to help.

The pine marten's paws wiggled in between the warm, soft skin of Kolby's scrotum with the bristly-furred muscles of his thigh, his fingers prying and worming behind and underneath the test subject's heavy ball bag until he could shoehorn the bulk of it out from between his thighs and up into the open air.

Fret had not had the opportunity to actually handle Kolby's fat, meaty nuts before now, and he was pleasantly surprised at the heft of the two of them. The roughness with which the ferret-ram's junk had been scraped and hauled up and onto the cutting board should have caught his attention, or made him wince, and the bigger guy's shoulders did tremble with a shiver of *something*, but he didn't look down or say anything.

That was just fine for Fret. The pine martin gripped each of the big lug's heavy orbs and tugged them, stretching them away from Kolby's body and from each other, so that the scrotum was a taut hammock that the half-hard cock could lay on top of. They moved with a heavy denseness, the smooth spheres giving a soft throb in the smaller male's paws with each beat of Kolby's heart. Fret had never felt his *own* balls pulse like that, but his were an order of scale smaller than Kolby's - perhaps he just hadn't really examined them in such detail. Kolby's shaft had extended from the rough handling, the thick length of it stretching past the hem of scrotal skin and a couple inches onto the wood of the heavy cutting board, the foreskin of the fat, pink monstrosity peeling back just a bit to show off the darker red tip and the silver, curved bar of his prince albert piercing.

Fret gripped Kolby's shaft, just behind the shrouded bell of his cockhead. The width of Kolby's shaft was wider than Fret's slender fingers could entirely encompass, but he was able to skin that thick, soft foreskin back to bare the naked meatus of Kolby's dick. It was already drooling, slickness oozing out of the ungulate's piss-slit. With a firm, slow tug, the pine martin stretched Kolby to his full extension, feeling the spongy tissue swell with arousal as he openly jacked and manipulated the big guy's hefty endowments.

"You had some questions for me, right?" Kolby asked, turning back to Fret, one hand moving to brace on top of the island's formica surface. "Something about the stuff I saw?"

"I sure do," Fret said, as he left Kolby's junk arranged as it was and circled back around to the other side of the island. "Not about the experience itself, but rather, how you are experiencing things now on the other side of it." He waved his hand. "For example, what do you see *me* as?"

"You?" Kolby laughed. "You're what you've always been, goofball. You're a tiger."

"A tiger," Fret said, his smile widening. "That's right." He knew that Kolby wasn't seeing stripes, didn't see a feline tail lashing behind him, but what he *did* see - a slender, brown furred pine martin - was what his brain knew to be a tiger. It was an objectionably false observation, and Fret knew that if he pointed out the error in Kolby's logic, that the ferram would revert back to normal. Fret didn't want that, though - not yet. The pine martin == tiger was the baseline, the test to make sure that it had worked. Fret had a much better example of how the VR headset worked in mind. He glanced over to the camera set up, giving a knowing wink, and then turned back to Kolby.

"Say, big guy - I'll have to run the data from all of this through the system, to really calculate the final results, but it looks like it's been a success. That's great, Kolby, you're the first successful client!" Fret smiled, and Kolby smiled back, pleased that he had been able to help. "Are you feeling dizzy at all? Queasy?"

"A little, yeah," Kolby said, shrugging his shoulders, his free hand moving to rub through the fur of his chest, between his pectorals. "I feel kind of funny, but not in a bad way, just kind of hazy. Like I'm *here*, but am I really?" He reached up to his head again, absently trying to remove the headset again, but it still wasn't there.

"That feeling will wear off, along with the effect of the, uh, hypnosis," Fret said. He hummed dramatically, then gave Kolby a bit of side-eye. "Another side effect is hungry. Are you feeling up for some grub?"

"Yeah!" Kolby said, "That sounds awesome. Man, I could go for a pizza, or a burger right now... or, like, hmm... anything sounds good, really!"

"How about a hoagie?" Fret asked, successfully, then pointed down, at the cutting board. "Tell me, Kolby, what do you see in front of you?"

Kolby looked down, staring at the large loaf of bologna that was laying on the cutting board in front of him. It was smooth and pink, marked with the subtle marbling you'd expect from a quality deli meat, and it even had a metal twist tie crimped at the end, keeping the meat contained within its taut, bulging skin.

"Oh, shit, when did you get groceries?" Kolby asked, picking up the cool, smooth hunk of meat and lifting it up. It was pleasantly heavy, and when he dropped it, it slapped back down onto the cutting board with a meaty whumph. "I didn't even know they'd sell you the whole loaf, I thought it was by the pound!"

"I got a few connections," Fret said, slyly. "What else do you see?"

Kolby realized that there were other things on the cutting board as well - how strange that he hadn't noticed them before. A large ball of mozzarella sat on the right side, nestled in against the loaf of bologna, pale and moist and with the waxy sheen of quality dairy. On the other side, a deliciously dark red beefsteak tomato nestled up against it, its lobes plumped and juicy. The arrangement was obscene, and Kolby laughed at the 'prank' of arranging the sandwich ingredients to look like a cock and balls.

"I see the makings of a real dagwood sandwich, my dude," Kolby says, licking his lips in anticipation. "But it's a shame you didn't bring enough to share!"

"Ha, there's more than enough to share and you know it," Fret countered, as he reached over and poked a claw against the dense, plump ball of mozzarella. His claw skewered slowly into the mozzarella, as Kolby watched, just poking in a quarter of an inch or so before pulling back away. "Since you're here, would you mind making me a sandwich? I mean, I brought the food after all, and you know I hate getting my hands dirty."

"Pfft, no problem. I just need some bread and some condiments," Kolby said, as he pressed a palm down on top of the beefsteak tomato and rolled it slowly back and forth against the wooden cutting board. "Dang, this tomato feels really ripe. I'm afraid if I push it at all, its just going to pop and squirt tomato juice all over the counter."

The ferram's face contorted with a grimace of pain, and his other paw moved down from his chest to just below his belly. He continued flattening his testicle against the cutting board with one paw, but his body was curling over with the pain of having his nut twisted and crushed, though the source and effect of his discomfort weren't quite connecting in his brain. For Kolby, there simple was an aching pain in his guts, but there was no way to know what the cause of it was from. The idea that squeezing a tomato could make his groin hurt was so laughable that it simply couldn't even cross his mind - who's ever heard of something like *that* before?

"I'll take care of the bread, you just do the prep work," Fret said. He pushed the knife block closer, the solid steel handles of the various blades jutting into the air, waiting for Kolby's talented fingers. "You've told me so much about your summer job working at Subway, so I'd love to see them in action."

"Prepare to be amazed," Kolby said with a cocky grin. His thick fingers close around the handle of a chef's knife, its weight familiar and reassuring in his palm, the steel gleaming under the kitchen's fluorescent lights. The blade feels perfectly balanced, designed for precision work, and he admires the smooth steel blade that was revealed as he pulled it free from the block. Then he got to work.

"I'll start with the cheese, I think," he said, more to himself than anything, as he lifted his palm up from the tomato and clutched the big, rounded ball of mozzarella between his fingers. That dull ache in his belly returned, as he squeezed and clutched the ball of mozz between his digits to try and snag the slippery orb in his grasp. He brings the knife to bear, ignoring the peculiar sensation of cold wetness in the back of his mind. The smooth steel filleting knife slid forward and down, past the resistance of the firm cheese and into the flesh of it. The cheese dimples as it is sawed into, resisting the carving of the blade, but then the blade cuts through the skin and into the flesh of the cheese ball itself. The knife begins its descent, parting the cheese's flesh with surgical precision. Pain explodes through Kolby's groin, a white-hot lance of agony that races up his spine and floods his nervous system with alarm signals. His body jerks involuntarily, thick thighs pressing against the counter edge as every muscle fiber screams in protest. Kolby continued smiling, though, staring intently down at his testicle as he shaved a half-inch thick slice of his nut free.

"This cheese is perfect," he said, as the blade emerged from the bottom side of the mozzarella with a soft whisper of parted flesh. The severed portion falls to the cutting board with a wet sound, drooling whey onto the cutting board, and Kolby examined it with the critical eye of an experienced cook. "Dang, look at that marbling. This must be imported! Or did you go to that new LIDL downtown?" Kolby shifted his fingers to slice another thin medallion from it, more whey leaked out from inside. "It has just the right amount amount of give. It's not falling apart like a feta, but it's not a touch hunk of stone like a Jarlsburg. It's just right for slicing."

"I'm glad you like it," Fret said, watching as the ferram sliced another thin disc free from his right testicle. The second slice follows with the same methodical precision, steel parting flesh as Kolby works with the focused concentration of a seasoned sandwich artist.

Even though the cut sent fresh waves of agony through his groin, his massive frame shuddering with the trauma of self-inflicted castration, his hypnotically altered mind interprets simply cannot connect the dots, that the sensations he's experiencing has anything to do with pain, or of the food he's preparing. The pain must simply be the satisfaction of working with challenging ingredients, the blood pooling on the cutting board nothing more than natural moisture seeping from fresh cheese. Kolby had no hesitation, no indication that he was attempting to resist any buried sense of self preservation. "Unfortunately, I couldn't find any colby cheese, so you'll have to make due with mozzarella."

"Pfft," Kolby said, rolling his eyes. "Like I haven't heard that one before." He sliced a third hunk of his testicle free, carefully aligning the knife to slice down, parallel to the other one, carving his fat nut into smooth discs of jizz-soaked protein. His technique improves with practice, each slice more uniform than the last, creating neat rounds that stack with geometric precision. The remaining portion of his testicle grows smaller with each cut, biological matter reduced to deli-thin slices that his mind categorizes as premium aged cheese. The process should be horrifying, should break through any hypnotic programming with its sheer biological impossibility, yet Kolby continues with unwavering focus. "Mozzarella is the best for sandwiches anyways. It's really good at holding onto flavors. Colby is just dumb cheddar."

Fret watched from across the kitchen, his dark eyes bright with scientific fascination and predatory satisfaction. His tablet captures every biometric reading, every neural fluctuation, as Kolby unknowingly mutilates his own reproductive organs. "Are you aware of any visual substitutions?" he asks, stylus poised over the screen. "Are you seeing any flickering or black spots in your field of vision?"

The question penetrates the fog of Kolby's concentration, and he pauses mid-slice to consider his response. The knife remains buried halfway through his testicle, steel gleaming wetly in the kitchen light, while waves of pain continue to cascade through his nervous system. Most of his nut was already carved free, the slices scalloped into a greasy fan of testicular flesh across the cutting board. "Everything is crystal clear," he responds, his breathing shallow but his voice steady. "No flickering or dark spots at all. Is there... supposed to be?" Kolby looked around the room, as if for the first time. "Is something supposed to look strange? Lol, is this even really a knife?" He held up the blade, staring at it suspiciously.

"No, of course not, you're observing everything as it truly is," Fret reassures, making rapid notes. "I just wanted to make sure that, when the test concluded, that there were no lingering sensory integration issues. You're doing great. Do you think that's enough cheese?"

"Well, I've sliced off that much, I might as well finish," Kolby rationalized, positioning the knife for the next cut. "I mean, I may want another sandwich later, and it will keep well." He sliced down thoughtfully, the fresh pang of pain a flicker of annoyance that his body shuddered from but which he failed to understand. The final slice completed his systematic destruction of his right testicle, the last morsel falling to join its companions in a neat pile of biological matter. Kolby set down the knife with the satisfaction of a job well done, surveying his work with professional pride.

To his eyes, he has created a perfect array of cheese slices, uniform in thickness and presentation, ready for sandwich construction.

"Now for the bread," he announces, accepting the bundle from Fret. It was a thick baguette, still wrapped in bakery paper, still warm in Kolby's paw as he settles it to the side of the wooden cutting board. His movements carry the fluid efficiency of someone comfortable in the kitchen, despite the fact that he has just completed an act of unconscious self-emasculatation that should have left him writhing in agony on the floor.

The baguette yielded to the same knife with satisfying resistance, crusty exterior giving way to soft interior as Kolby slices it lengthwise. The aroma of fresh bread fills the kitchen, mixing with the metallic scent of *whey* in a combination that should alarm him but instead registers as the pleasant smell of food preparation in progress.

"Perfect," he murmurs, beginning to layer the shiny, pink, gooey slices of testicle onto the bread with the careful attention to presentation that marks a skilled sandwich artist. "The cheese has such a nice color and texture. This is going to be delicious."

Each slice of his own flesh found its place on the baguette, arranged neatly along each other with an eye for visual appeal. The bread absorbed the juices dripping from the freshly sliced *cheese*, and Kolby just knew that the thick crusty exterior will keep the loaf sturdy even if the inside gets a little soggy.

Fret continued his documentation, tablet capturing every detail of this unprecedented demonstration of hypnotic control over perception and behavior. The scientific implications are staggering, the proof of concept beyond his wildest expectations, yet his predatory satisfaction at watching Kolby's unconscious self-destruction added a darker layer to his clinical fascination.

"Will you be slicing the .... tomato.... next?" Fret asked, "Or will you go for the bologna, instead?"

"Oh, the bologna, for sure," Kolby assured Fret. His thick cock, that proud symbol of masculine virility, had rested peacefully on top of the cutting board as the right testicle was sliced into pieces, but now it began to swell and harden, the shaft lengthening and thickening as blood floods the erectile tissues. "Obviously you want the tomato slices on top of the meat, so that it can trickle down and absorb the flavor of the bologna - otherwise you just have all the soggy stuff on the bottom, and nobody wants that!"

As he spoke, his semi-aroused dick had become fully erect, the shaft thick as Fret's forearm and crowned with a broad head that gleams with the first beads of precum and the ferram's metal piercing. He looked down, canting his head to the side and chuckling. "Oh, dang, I think I found one of those glitches you were talking about, Fret. This bologna seems to have expanded somewhat. Does it look big to you?"

Kolby picked up his dick, examining it, squeezing at the large, turgid, inert piece of seasoned and cured meat.

The warmth of his flesh, the pulse of blood through engorged vessels, the silky texture of his skin - all of these sensations register through the filter of his compromised consciousness as the qualities of exceptional bologna. It was as solid as he expected it to be, and he firmly twisted his hand to inspect the underside of it. The sausage made a peculiar crackling noises, and Kolby's ear twitched at some distant sensation in his groin. *He must have pulled a muscle.* He let it flop back down onto the cutting board with a thump, and picked up the knife again.

"You know, I don't even know if this is going to *cut* it," Kolby said, with a snort, as he examined it. "I mean, this is a really hard, thick sausage. It's gotta be the biggest piece I've worked with. It'd slice through cheese and tomatoes, sure, but a fine piece of meat like *this*... I'm just worried it won't be up for the job."

"Well," Fret said, a smile barely hid behind his guise of professional concern. "You could always use a mandolin." The weasel reached under the counter, opening the cupboard under the island. Some rummaging, and he stood back up, a heavy steel and black rubber handled device in his hands. He settled it onto the counter in front of Kolby, and twisted a knob to raise up the sharp, angled, guillotinish blade in the middle of the device. "Have you ever used one of these?"

"For veggies, sure," Kolby said, taking the machine and pulling it towards him. For some reason it made sense to have it near him rather than trying to pull the sausage to it. Fret watched as he fussed with it, adding notes to his tablet. Kolby heard the words "physiological response", "full tumescence", and "neural pathway reconfiguration" but it was all just nerdspeak to him.

"Hey, you know, this mandolin is gonna slice up the sausage, but all of the slices are just gonna land on the counter, right?" he mused, picking the device up and turning it over. "Do you think we could have it, uh, turned vertical? So that the slices can fall onto a plate in front of it?"

Fret thought about that, tapping his nose with his stylus. "You could, but you'd have to hold onto it with your hands, to keep it stable. And if you did that, how would you be able to slide the sausage against the blade?"

Kolby thought hard about that, as he set the mandolin up on its side, the blade pointing down towards the *sausage* jutting up towards it. He pulled it closer, gripping both sides just above the blade. Doing so pinned the sausage between the mandolin and his groin, and when Kolby pushed forward with his hips, the sausage slid up the smooth grooved metal until the tip jammed against the edge.

The blade bit into the tip of the sausage, the sharp metal sinking into the hard meat. The first cut penetrates his glans with surgical precision, steel parting the sensitive tissue that crowns his masculine pride. Pain exploded through his nervous system like lightning, every nerve ending screaming in biological protest as the blade begins its devastating work. His entire body convulsed with the trauma, thick muscles spasming as his brain struggled to process the magnitude of what he was doing to himself. Kolby grimaced, but only because he mandolin wasn't staying in place. He pulled it back towards him, watching with satisfaction as the blade sheared through the tip and out the bottom of the end of the sausage.

He heard the soft plop as the cured meat dropped onto the plate on the other side of the mandolin, out of view. The sound of it was satisfying in a bizarre way.

"Fascinating," Fret said, and the fer-ram scoffed.

"What's so fascinating?" Kolby asked, as he tried to juggle the mandolin and the thick sausage, which, fortunately, he was able to keep propped in place by flexing his kegels and angling his hips. The worst thing he could imagine happening was letting it slide between his legs and fall onto the floor. "It's just a blade cutting meat."

"So it is," Fret agreed. "I'm just fascinated by the way you managed to arrange this whole setup to be able to slice the sausage so... succinctly." He watched, as Kolby pushes his hips forward, and from the other side of the mandolin, a rounded dick of *meat* curled over the slot and dropped onto the plate, on top of the other one. "You're just very good with your body."

"Well, yeah," Kolby said, as he shifted the mandolin closer to himself. "I'm very talented at a lot of things, and that VR thing really just made me feel grounded in my body, you know? I just feel more present, more energized. Shit, I'm really horny, too. I can't wait to unload my balls later. For now, though, I just need to... oh, actually, this might work better."

Kolby had dragged the bottom of the mandolin over the edge of the counter, so that the blade was only a few inches from his groin. Pulling it up at an angle, he was now fully able to his hips to push the sausage against the blade, and he did so. He watched with deep satisfaction as his powerful haunches drove the sausage along the blade, slicing another quarter inch of the dried meat free from the base.

There was a pleasing resistance in the action, a vaguely masculine aspect to the hunching. The fresh waves of pain that coursed through his body with each severance of another bit of his masculinity was just a thing that he was distantly aware of in the way that one might be aware of having popcorn stuck between their teeth without needing to actually address it. It didn't matter that each thrust of his hips severed through blood vessels, nerve clusters, and erectile tissue; what mattered was the smooth, methodical precision. The broad head of his penis, that sensitive crown so crucial to masculine pleasure, was now fully removed from his shaft, now resting in a small pile of wet, limp slices of meat on the plate, just out of sight to him.

"You set it to the perfect thickness for this kind of meat," Kolby commented, his voice strained but maintaining its conversational tone as he pulled back to examine the remaining length of thick, smooth sausage. To his eyes, it was still a rounded tube of sausage, flat on the end that he had been shaving, the exposed sausage meat a dark purple and marbled with the patterns typical of quality deli meat. Natural juices seeped from the seasoned meat, and he wiped a thumb over it and licked his fingers, smacking his lips at the coppery, fatty tang.

The second third of Kolby's penis followed the same pattern as the first, as Kolby continued his systematic destruction of his own fat dick with his steady, careful thrusts of his hips.

His erection persisted despite the mutilation, biological systems maintaining arousal even as they were being dismantled a quarter of an inch at a time. Each pass of the knife brought fresh agony, his body shuddering with trauma, but his mind continued processing the sensations distantly, focusing first and foremost on the act of preparing this big, delicious sandwich.

"The texture is incredible," he observed, examining each severed portion with professional appreciation. "You can really see the quality in meat like this. The marbling, the color - it really is be premium grade. There's no way you got this at a grocery store! What butcher do you use?"

"Oh, a friend," Fret said dismissively. His documentation continued, capturing every biometric reading as Kolby unknowingly continued to destroy his own reproductive capabilities. The loose, sloppy pile of sliced ferram dick meat was slowly eclipsing the simple plate, sliding over the edge and onto the counter as the oblivious roommate sawed his dick into the sharp, unyielding steel blade each thrust reducing another bit of Kolby's proud erection to uniform rounds of biological matter. His breathing had grown shallow, his massive frame occasionally trembling from what should have been recognized as raw, naked genital trauma, but his focus remained wholly locked on achieving perfect uniformity in his meat slices.

Kolby put the mandolin down, to the side. The front of it was coated in the greasy slime from the sausage he had cut, and as he shifted it to the side, he saw the sheer vast amount of sliced fresh meat that he managed to claim from it. "Damn!" There was only a few inches left of the thick sausage, a fat, wide stump about the dimensions of a can of cat food. He grabbed at the raw, smoothly sheared edge of it with one hand, and instinctively reached for the knife. He didn't need to think about it - he pressed the blade into the very end of the sausage and pushed down. The flesh split underneath the fine steel, and one big medallion, about an inch thick, plopped onto the countertop wetly.

Kolby let out a sigh of satisfaction and achievement - he had managed to slice the entire big bologna up, and now he had enough for two or three huge sandwiches, at least. He went about reducing that last thick stump into smaller slices manually, studiously ensuring that the big hunk of dick meat could not, would not ever be able to be reattached. It joined the rest of his dick as neatly sliced dicks of severed flesh, and he scooped them up with the blade and flopped them on top of the pile. Fret and Kolby surveyed his work, with the ferram only distantly aware of the pulses of agony, the hot throbs of his own latent arousal still much more immediate, even if he was missing two of the three primary tools for addressing that need with. Still, there was more work to do.

His remaining testicle hung, heavy and solitary between his bloodied thighs, twitching with sympathetic trauma as Kolby's attention turned toward completing his sandwich masterpiece.

"Look at that... *tomato*," he said, grabbing it carefully and lifting it up to examine it. It was a beautiful, glossy red, the skin taut and gleaming with the promise of the savory, juicy flesh within. The familiar weight of his own masculine pride could now only register as the substantial heft of *premium produce*, ripe and ready for the final phase of sandwich construction.

He didn't notice the tautness of the cords that were guitar string taut leading back to his groin, casually stretching the tense vessels another half inch away from his body. Something distantly snapped within him, a twinge deep in his abdomen. *Probably just the munchies*. He positioned it on the blood-stained cutting board with the reverence due to such a high-quality ingredient. The organ thrummed against his palm, blood vessels carrying signals of distress that his compromised consciousness interpreted as the natural vitality of fresh produce.

The knife was familiar in his grip now, steel gleaming with the residue of his previous work, blood and juices creating a patina that drooled from the edge of the knife. He did not notice it. His technique has improved through practice, the sawing motions that proved necessary for the dense "bologna" refined into smooth, confident strokes perfect for slicing sandwich toppings.

"It's almost a shame to slice this up," he observed, resting his palm on top of the heavy fruit and slowly rolling it back and forth against the counter. "I can tell it's perfectly ripe - the skin has that beautiful tautness, and the weight suggests it's going to be really juicy inside."

"I have no doubt, I only source the best ingredients, of course," Fret agreed, continuing his documentation from across the kitchen. Kolby did not notice the way that Fret held his tablet, the small black camera on the back of it angled to watch the ferram patiently and methodically emasculating himself. The weasel's dark eyes gleamed with scientific fascination and predatory satisfaction, stylus tapping notes onto the screen as he recorded the final phase of his experimental success. "It looks like the sensory integration is still stable even after all of this, uh, food preparation," he noted. "Are you feeling comfortable with everything happening so far?"

"Well like I said, that hypnosis stuff didn't really do anything," Kolby said, as he sliced the blade into the bottom of his testicle. The metal cleaved into the firm flesh, steel parting the outer tunica and entering the dense interior that housed Kolby's last and most essential masculine functions. "It's weird, every time I start cutting food I get this funny feeling, like I forgot to check to make sure the oven is off before I left the house, you know? But other than that, everything's fine."

Everything was not fine. Pain crashed through his nervous system like a tsunami, every fiber screaming in biological protest as he began systematically destroying his remaining reproductive capability. His entire frame wanted to convulse with the trauma, thick muscles trembling as waves of agony cascade up from his groin through his body, but Kolby hummed a merry tune as he peeled the first hunk of his own nut away from his body. Kolby was enjoying the satisfying give of a ripe tomato yielding to sharp steel.

"Perfect," Kolby breathed, as he sliced a hunk free and dropped it onto another plate. "Just look at all those juice. This is gonna add, oh what's that called? Umami? Yeah a lot of umami."

The systematic slicing continued with a quiet, methodical precision, each cut reducing his final testicle to uniform portions. The blade worked through flesh and sinew with practiced efficiency, destroying blood vessels and nerve clusters that have served his masculine functions since puberty.

Each stroke brought fresh waves of agony that his altered consciousness interpreted as the satisfying challenge of working with particularly substantial produce. He paused, reaching down to his groin and rubbing mindlessly over the area just above the flat, sheared stub of his erection.

"Am I being too lewd talking about how horny I am?" Kolby asked, his voice carrying a note of embarrassment. "I mean, I don't normally get all jazzed up from food, but, I guess you did ask, but I've been just riding this horny high ever since I took off the VR headset." He reached down to hold the remains of his nut in place, whittling off another hunk of it.

Fret paused at the question, watching Kolby carefully to see if the fer-ram was about to break out of his hypnogogic state. Questions like that usually came from some deeper layer of consciousness, a moment of self-awareness breaking through the hypnotic programming like sunlight through storm clouds. Seeing that Kolby did not seem concerned about anything other than the appropriateness of his nearly-nonexistent arousal, the weasel let out a relaxed chuckle.

"Not at all," he assured, "It's perfectly natural to discuss your physical responses during the experiment. In fact, I encourage it. The data regarding libido maintenance under sensory substitution conditions is fascinating."

The reassurance settled Kolby's momentary concern, and he returned his full attention to the task at hand. His movements regain their fluid confidence as he completed the final cuts, chopping his last testicle into neat slices that join their companions on the plate. The cutting board now resembles a battlefield, soaked in blood and littered with the biological remnants of his masculinity, yet his altered perception sees only the organized workspace of an almost-professional chef.

"There," Kolby announced, a deep pride in his voice as he surveyed the gorey remnants of his own genitals. "Meat, cheese, and tomato, all sliced up and ready to make a sandwich with."

The crusty baguette was still nearby, still layered with the greasy rounds of the *cheese* that Kolby had sliced earlier, and now he grabbed handfuls of the warm, slippery slices of bologna, and draped them on top. The sleek slivers folded over each other, the grain of the sausage clearly delineated on top of the smooth, pale flesh of the cheese slices underneath. Kolby piled it high, not wanting to waste a single morsel, his tail wagging behind him as he carefully stacked dick meat on top of nut meat.

When the dick meat plate was clean, he pulled the other nut meat plate over. He was more careful with the thick, juicy *tomato* slices, laying each one carefully on top of the thin *bologna* slices, so that the juices still dripping out of the soft flesh could soak down into the salty meat underneath. Blood continued to seep from the biological matter, absorbed by the bread and creating dark stains that his mind interpreted as natural juices from *premium ingredients*.

Fret moved closer, tablet raised to capture photographic documentation of the completed... 'sandwich'. The camera clicked repeatedly as he documented the grotesque creation from multiple angles, preserving every detail of Kolby's unconscious self-destruction for future analysis.

"Remarkable presentation," he commented, his voice carrying scientific appreciation tinged with darker satisfaction. "The visual and endocrine substitution held perfectly throughout the entire preparation process."

"Thanks," Kolby responded with genuine pride, his thick fingers making final adjustments to the sandwich's presentation. "I really think this is some of my best work. The ingredients were just exceptional quality - you can see it in the final result."

Blood continued to drip from between his thighs, dark rivulets tracing paths down his fur-covered legs to pool on the kitchen floor, but Kolby remained completely oblivious to the evidence of his mutilation.

"This looks delicious!" Kolby exclaimed, lifting the plate with the large completed sandwich for Fret's inspection. "Do you want to share it? All this work has made me hungry too."

The offer carries the casual generosity of a good roommate, completely innocent of the grotesque reality that his hypnotically altered mind cannot perceive. To Kolby, he has simply prepared an impressive sandwich using premium ingredients, worthy of sharing with a friend who has shown such interest in the process, without any semblance of recognition that he systematically destroyed his own reproductive capabilities in doing so.

Fret's agreement comes with predatory enthusiasm barely contained beneath a veneer of scientific professionalism. "Watching you do all of that work has made my hungry, as well. I would love to share this meal with you." He watched as Kolby divided the sandwich in half, sliding one side over onto a fresh plate, and added potato chips from a bag on the counter, arranging them with the attention to presentation that has characterized his entire performance. Kolby handed what he saw as an impressive deli-style sandwich to the weasel, and Fret accepted it.

The walk from kitchen to dining room was a grotesque parade, Kolby's naked form moving with confident purpose while blood continues to drip from his mutilated groin. Each step leaves dark droplets on the apartment's worn carpet, yet his altered consciousness remained focused entirely on the successful completion of his culinary project, the satisfaction of a job well done filling his mind with warm contentment.