

Earning Release
By Snow the Bear

Ryker strutted down the sidewalk on a beautiful June day. His stride was fluid, powerful and confident. His every step personified a man who moved with purpose. The Clydesdale had the naturally powerful build and of his breed, but his career had built upon that powerful base. He had spent most of the last decade as a contractor doing demolition, and he preferred the old ways whenever possible – just his muscles and a 50lbs sledgehammer. The result was a well-proportioned and defined muscular body, not freakish like some out of control bodybuilder. His stylish clothes matched his impressive physique = polished black shoes, tight tapered jeans, and a black button-down shirt. The only odd piece of his outfit was the black collar that encircled his neck.

Just walking down the street he commanded the attention of all who saw him. They were first taken by his physical stature. Secondly by the unbuttoned shirt, which displaying rock hard abs that refused to be concealed. And finally by the large, long budge that strained to burst from his tight jeans.

His visage instilled desire and jealousy in almost all who saw him. Men wanted to be him. Woman wanted to ride him, or more accurately be ridden by him – and for that matter so did some men. But neither men nor woman would get what they desired. He belonged to Alice and no other woman could have him. As for the men – well he just didn't swing that way.

The horse came to a stop in front of a plain white building. The shades covering the windows blocked the view inside, and a sign was mounted on the door:

Dr. Alice and Associate
Ring bell for service
By appointment only – No exceptions!
New patients by referral only – No exceptions!

For the first time since leaving home that day his confident appearance wavered, then he took a deep breath and rang the bell. The door buzzed to indicate it had been unlocked. He knew there was no need to use the intercom, he was a repeat patient and they could see him on the cameras.

Stepping through he entered a small empty waiting room and proceeded to the reception desk. A pleasantly plump otter in a nurse's uniform sat at the desk.

The horse waited silently, head bowed for her to address him.

The otter finally looked at him, "Hello Ryker here for your yearly appointment, correct?"

"Yes mam" the horse replied meekly.

"Any changes to your health from last year?" she asked.

"No mam, no health issues" he replied.

"Excellent, then go ahead and strip down to the essentials. You're the last patient for today so you can just strip here ... I trust you are already wearing everything"

"Yes mam" the horse replied fidgeting nervously. He stripped off his clothes leaving him only wearing what they referred to as the essentials – his collar, wrist & ankle cuffs ... and the hardware.

The bulge that had been in his pants would have been impressive even if it was just due to what he was born with. But his groin was adorned in custom made metal. A heavy metal cage imprisoned his sheath,

and the attached retaining ring doubled as a 1" tall ball stretcher. His nuts hung six more inches below the ring, stretched and weighed down further by an additional six 1 inch tall split collar weights.

While he was undressing the otter had come around the counter to inspect him.

"Looks adequate, all the required restraints are in place". she said as she walked around him.

She tapped a metal flange between his butt cheeks, "What size are you up to?" she asked.

"4 inch diameter Mistress Emma" he replied

"That's rather disappointing, you should be capable of more by now. Makes me wonder if you really want to earn your release". The otter's words brought an expression of fear and disappointment to the horse's face.

She come back in front of him, and grabbed his balls at the bottom of the split collars lifting them up.

"Now this looks impressive, do I see 7 inches of stretch? I believe you were only at 5 inches last year?"

"Yes Mistress Emma, that is correct." he replied.

"Perhaps you will earn release after all". The horses started to smile, then grimaced with pain as the otter released her grip allowing the weighed balls to drop and swing freely.

"Aw, did that hurt Blue Balls?" she asked, and delivered an upward slap to his nut sack, crushing his balls against the bottom weight. Emma had started referring to him as Blue Balls ever since his first visit.

The horse hissed in pain, and his knees almost buckled but he somehow remained standing.

The otter removed a leash from her pocket, and clipped it to the tip of his cock cage.

"Come along now, you don't want to keep the Doctor waiting" she said leading him down a hall by his cock. She leads him to a treatment room in the far back of the building. Dr. Alice used this room for her research, but it looked like it belonged more in a kink club's dungeon than a medical clinic. The walls were lined with drawers and shelves full of kinky toys and bondage gear. A medical exam table complete with stirrups stood in one corner. It was the only furniture in the room that looked like it belonged in a here. A spanking bench sat in another corner.

A suspension harness. that looked like a large leather net, hung from the ceiling in the third corner. The sight of it brought back memories of how last year's visit had ended. He remembered being blindfolded and suspended face down. Dr. Alice, or Mistress Alice as she preferred to be addressed during his visits, had fished his ball sack through the net and allowed it to hang freely below him. Then she proceeded to use his nut sack as a boxer might use a speedbag. Added to all the abuse his nuts had already received, it had left him broken spirited and begging for release. Then they played yet another cruel trick on him. They had uncaged his cock and teased it to full mast. Then he had felt something placed to either side of it and squeezed together. It felt like his cock was encased in a box full of thick jelly, and the sensation was very stimulating. Would he finally get release? he had thought. But no, the object was removed from his cock. Then it was sprayed with a tropical anesthetic, so he would not cum as it was cleansed and re-caged.

The last corner held something new this year. It looked like a short cement bench with a board sticking up from it. The otter led him to it and unclipped the leash. He stood silently while she removed her uniform, revealing her true attire. Her ample breasts protruded over a black leather corset. The bottom of the corset also accentuated her plump butt, and black garters connected the corset to her black stockings. The rest of her was laid bare for the horse to see, and tease his libido.

The otter gloved her right hand and gripped he base of the plug in the horse's ass. With some effort she pulled it out, smiling as she heard him stifle a small scream. She dropped the plug in a sink and it landed

with a thud. Then she retrieved another metal plug from a shelf. This plug had a threaded base which she screwed into a threaded hole on the new bench. She lubed the plug generously and motioned the horse to approach. "Straddle the bench lengthwise with your back against the board and have a seat. I don't need to tell you where the plug goes". she said.

Ryker did as he was commanded, the plug looked bigger than his own but he dared not disobey. He straddled the bench and tried to force the plug in. It took considerable effort and the pain was immense, but finally his tail hole stretched past the widest part and he slipped down with a splat. He rocked and shook from the pain, but once he caught his breath he summoned the courage to ask, "Mistress Emma, may I ask how big this plug is?"

"No you may not, but since you asked anyway its 5 inches in diameter. Still disappointing, but closer to the progress we expected of you this year".

The otter began binding the horse to the bench. His ankles were tied to rings on the sides of the bench. His arms were pulled behind the backboard and secured behind him. His collar was also tied to the backboard. Finally, leather belts secured his upper legs and chest to the bench & backboard. Together the restraints rendered him almost immobile.

The otter then retrieved a large ball gag shaped like a canine cock, and stuffed it into the horse's mouth. The knot slipped behind his teeth gaging him as she secured it around his head. "That should keep you from biting your tongue off when the fun starts". The otter said this with a chuckle, but the horse knew it was no joke.

He tried to move his jaw and tongue to get more comfortable as the gag stretched his muzzle. "Ooh is Blue Balls trying to suck the doggie cock? Are you starting to crave the cock of others since you can't use your own?" she teased. The horse blushed and nodded no as much as his restraints allowed.

Then she removed the six weights from his ball sack, leaving it stretched out and laying along the bench. "Are we ready to begin Emma?" asked a Kangaroo as she entered the room. She was dressed in identical fetish attire as the otter, and was also pleasantly plump in a voluptuous way.

"Yes Mistress Alice! The test subject is fully prepared."

"Excellent, how has he progressed over the last year?" the Kangaroo asked.

"He arrived with a 4 inch butt plug, which is very disappointing given he was at 3.5 inches last year, but he's currently seated on a 5 inch plug so that brings him closer to expectations. He did however increase the length of his scrotum to 7 inches, a gain of 2 inches from last year" reported the otter.

"And when was his last orgasm?" the roo enquired.

Emma consulted some notes and replied, "3 years, 2 weeks & 4 days ago".

The horse gowned when he heard this. This whole situation was Claire's fault, that traitorous bitch! He recalled that night over 3 years ago that had altered the course of his life. His girlfriend Claire was as smart as she was beautiful. The filly had risen quickly through the medical ranks due to her specialty in Gene Sequencing. She had met Alice in medical school where the roo had been studying to become a Sexual Therapist. The two had become fast friends even though their areas of study were so dissimilar.

That fateful night they were attending a monthly party amongst Claire's colleagues. The usual a poker game had started up, and at the end only Claire and Alice remained.

The River Card had just been revealed, and the no limit game was near its end.

"I raise \$10,000" said the roo calmly.

"I'd call your bluff, but I don't have that much on me" pouted Claire.

"That's too bad. You know the house rules, all bets must be coverable onsite" replied the roo. "Maybe we can work out a deal. I need a male for a psychological trial I want to run, would you ante up Ryker?" Claire was shocked, could she wager her boyfriend to the pot? "What would you do to him?" she asked. "I want to study the effects of long term chastity on males. I want to see what they would be willing to do to earn a release" the roo casually replied.

She wondered if Ryker would be willing to take the chance.

"Ryker dear can you come here for a moment" Claire called out.

Claire had explained the bet as Ryker analyzed the current state of the game of 7 Card Stud.

With Alice's \$10,000 bet the pot was almost \$40,000.

The flop had been Queen, 4, King. The turn had been an 8, and the river another Queen.

His girlfriend held pocket kings, giving her a Full House – Kings over Queens.

"Sure we'll take those terms" Ryker said with a smirk.

Claire revealed her Full House, and Alice frowned.

"Shit, well that's too bad ... for Ryker" she said, then smirked and revealed four Queens.

A few days later he had visited this office for the first time and was fitted for his custom cage.

As the time went on and his sexual frustration grew Alice had assigned him challenges, which if accomplished might earn him release. From butt plugs & CBT to constraint ball stretching he had obediently followed her commands. His annual visits promised the most pain, but carried his only hope for release. The experiment had to end someday, didn't it?

The horse was snapped back the present as Emma gave his balls a smack, "No daydreaming blue balls!" Alice walked up to the bench, raised her right foot, and brought it down to gently rest her toes on the horse's nuts. She scrunched the toes on her naturally powerful foot, gently kneading the balls beneath them.

At this stimulation his caged cock jerked and almost landed on her foot.

The roo placed a finger under the horse's chin and slightly raised his head to meet her gaze. "Let's get that useless thing out of the way". Without needing to be told Emma retrieved a short Y shaped chain. She attached the chain to the tip of the cage and his sensitive nipples. The weight of the cage tugged on them painfully, and every jerk of his cock would be sure to tug at them as well.

The roo continued to knead and squish the sensitive orbs with her toes, gently but constantly increasing the pressure. Hearing the horse begin to whine she said, "so full and swollen with seed, I bet with enough pressure we could squeeze the juice out of them like grapes. Then she slid her foot forward rolling them under her sole and heel, which caused the horse to grunt in discomfort.

Alice removed her foot and sat on a low stool next to the bench. She grabbed the horse's nuts in both hands and began to press them against each other. Then she held one orb in each hand and began to squeeze. Like her foot she gently increased the pressure of each subsequent squeeze. She followed a pattern, squeezing first the right nut, then the left, and then both together.

Within minutes the strength of her squeezes were compressing the horses testicals to less than half their normal thickness. The horse was already pulling at his bonds and weeping, but he knew from past experience these ladies were just getting warmed up.

“Your starting to swell nicely, time for a real challenge. If you want release I better hear you scream for it through that gag. Emma prep the balls, oh and why not join in the fun”.

The otter tightened a loop of thin cord and around his nuts like a noose. The loop was small enough to prevent the balls from slipping through, but not quite tight enough to restrict blood flow. The cord was pulled forward to stretch his sack tight along the bench, and secured to keep him taut. Then they both stood on opposite sides of the bench and turned their backs to him.

At first he was confused, what were they going to do to his defenseless balls?

Then his eyes widened in terror as they begin to move.

Alice swung her thick powerful tail in a quick sharp arc, bringing it crashing down on the horse’s balls.

The tail made and a loud thudding sound as the horse’s delicate orbs were crushed between it and the cement bench. Then she followed through and the arc of the swing carried her tail away.

He didn’t even finish his scream before the otter’s tail came down on the other side to strike a blow.

“Not so quickly Emma dear. Give him time to savor the pain before the next blow”, the roo instructed.

For the next 5 minutes the room was filled with a symphony of percussive tail slaps and muted screams.

Each lady silently counted out 25 tail slaps each, for a total of 50 delivered to the horse’s balls.

Throughout this the horse thrashed as best he could trying to break free of his bonds, but it was useless.

Once done they admired the swollen and heavily bruised balls. Alice poked then, digging her fingertip in slightly. The Horse whimpered but hung limply in his bonds, his physical strength mostly spent.

“I think we’ve earned a little reward” said Alice as she traced a finger up his ball sack and over the caged cock. “Emma, be a dear and ice those down while I prepare the reward” she said pointing to the balls.

Emma smiled evilly but the horse didn’t see it, he had shut his eyes in relief that the beating was over.

When he opened them again he was filled with fresh horror. The approaching otter wasn’t carrying an ice pack, but a large block of ice.

“Aw don’t look so worried Blue Balls, cold and compression is good for swelling. Besides its only 20lbs.” she said. She positioned it above his balls, but instead of lowering it down gently she let it drop the final half inch. The horse thrashed with renewed strength as the weight and cold sunk into his nuts.

The two ladies discussed his remaining trials while his balls froze.

Emma came over and removed the chain holding up his cock, and the block of ice.

Alice also came over and to replace all six of his split collars. Then she wrapped the weights and his balls in a heating pad and turned it on. He had expected pain but the heat had been set low enough to just warm up his nuts.

After a few minutes they removed the heating pad and the bonds holding him to the bench.

They each place one of his arms over their shoulders and with a might jerk pulled his ass free of the plug, and helped him to his feet. He was led to the medical exam table, helped up and strapped tightly down. He found himself seated in a reclining position, his feet in the stirrups and his legs spread wide.

“Time for a reward” said Alice, then chuckled as Emma finished the statement, “ours, not yours”.

The horse was dismayed; what further torments were still to come?

Each lady grabbed a bottle of lube, and approached the table.

The otter claimed on top the table and started lubing his caged cock. The stimulation made it strain against its prison trying to break free. Once it was thoroughly lubed she straddled the cage, lowered herself, and let it sink into her pussy. The otter chirred with delight at the thick, hard shaft sank within her. She gave a playful lick to the tip of his nose and mockingly said "why Blue Bals, your hard as steel". Then she began to rock, fucking herself with the caged cock.

While Emma was mounting him Alice had positioned herself between his legs. She picked up the mostly metal covered ball sack and lubed it. Then she raised and reclined herself using her powerful tail, and crossed her legs over his. She rocked forward on her tail, forcing the 7" long, 2" wide cylinder of weights and nuts into her pussy. It felt amazing as it sank deeply within her. She rocked back on to her tail pulling it almost all the way out. Then forward again to drive it back in. She gradually accelerated her rocking until she was nut-fucking herself with reckless abandon. Her vaginal muscles clamping down him and squeezing his nuts.

The two woman continued using him as a living dildo for almost an hour. Both enjoyed multiple orgasms while the horse mentally begged for just one. His face displaying a mixture of shame, pain and lust.

The otter noticed his expression and mocked him "Poor little Blue Balls. This must be the most intimate you've been with a woman since Claire left you almost a year ago. I heard she ran off with that stud brother of yours. You can't really blame her, a girl has needs and you certainly couldn't fulfill them anymore. Though if she had tried riding your cage or balls like this she might never have left, it feels incredible".

Once they had their fill they dismounted him and cleaned up from the wild sex. Alice stood beside him and patted the tip of his nose. "That was wonderful, I think you may have finally earned release" said the roo. Ryker's ears perked up and his face filled with hope.

They unstrapped him from the table and helped him down. Then they directed him to the spanking bench. They strapped him down again and removed the weights from his balls. A series of mirrors in this corner allow their victims to see what was happening behind him. Alice sat on a stool behind him and slowly stroked his nuts sack down, meanwhile Emma had brought over a tray of interments.

Alice picked up one of the instruments and slipped his nut sack all the way through it. There was a twang and something bit into, and began chocking his balls. A second twang soon followed. He was left like that for several minutes, his balls softly throbbing and growing cold. Then he felt the unmistakably lethal kiss of a knife as it played between the bands.

This was it, he would finally have his RELEASE from that Faustian bet! Once his balls were gone they would have no further use for him. He would be free from their torment forever! He closed his eyes in anticipation and gratitude.

He felt the tug of the knife as it cut through in a single swipe. Unexpectedly there was no immediate pain. But after a few seconds he felt a prickling sensation like being stung by bees. This was followed by a deep throbbing pain.

The pain felt wrong and he opened his eyes in confusion. Before his face he saw Alice's outstretched hand, but instead of his severed balls it held two severed elastic bands.

"No, please" he whined, the words understandable in spite of the gag.

Alice let the bands drop to the floor. Then she kneeled down to look him eye to eye.

"You didn't really think you did enough to earn your release, did you my silly pony? Maybe if you stretch your balls until they hang between to your knees, or stay in chastity for 10 years you will earn it. And perhaps you never will do enough to satisfy me. The fact is your cock and balls are mine, for as long as they amuse me".

Her words caused the horses spirit to crash down into hopelessness & despair

"Emma dear, we are about done for this year. Please put the toys away while I get this year's challenge". The otter sat in the stool behind the horse and poured lube onto her gloved hands. Then she started stroking down his ball sack as if milking a cow's teat. Once it was thoroughly coated she re-lubed her right fist, and plunged into his sore ass. She fisted him until his hole was well lubed.

She grabbed his nut sack just above his balls and pulled it back tightly, then up and placed them in front of his tail hole. After riding the 5" plug it took very little force for her to pop them inside.

This was a new experience for him, and while it didn't hurt, it did fill him with humiliation and disgust.

With his ass ready the otter proceeded to pick up and lube his butt plug, and placed the tip to his ass.

The horse realized what she meant to do and started frantically mumbling and shaking his head.

"Don't be such a wuss Blue Balls, this is the tiny 4" plug you wore here today. I'm sure it will fit even with your fat swollen nuts in the way. Besides your balls already had a cold & compression treatment, time for some heat & compression". Then the otter slammed the plug in.

The pain was beyond anything he had yet experienced, his system overloaded and the world went dark.

The horse awoke with a cough as something stung his nose. He opened his eyes in time to see the otter pull away a bottle of smelling salts. The gag had been removed but his mouth and throat were too sore for him to speak. His balls felt like a knot of throbbing meat being crushed between his rectal walls and the plug.

Mistress Emma untied him and helped him shakily to his feet. "Now you keep that plug in until you get home understand?". Ryker obediently nodded yes.

She placed his split collars in a sack and handed it to him, then led him back to the waiting room and instructed him to dress. As he finished dressing Mistress Alice returned carrying a long box.

"I'm sure you remember last year when we covered your cock in jelly. That was a special request from Claire, she was tired of having a chaste boyfriend and asked us to make this". Alice opened the box revealing a huge silicon dildo. It took him a few seconds to realize it was a replica of his own cock, exact in every detail including the coloring and shape of his full flare.

"Unfortunately Claire left you before we could deliver it. Its such fine workmanship, it would be a shame to see it go to waste. So here is this year's challenge, I want you to literally go fuck yourself. You have 2 months to be able to take this monster balls deep. After that I expect to see you live stream a 30 minute

fucking session every weekend until next year's visit. Succeed and you will go a long way toward earning your release." The roo closed the box, thrust it into the stallion's arms, and walked away.

Ryker stood there speechless, trying to contemplate how he would ever manage to take it all. He felt the otter tug at his arm and lead him to the door. Before she opened the door to the outside world she said, "aw why so glum Blue Balls? Worried about your new challenge? Think of it as training for your new life. If you ever do earn your release and become a proper little gelding, you'll spend the rest of your life craving large cocks in your ass". Then she added a cheerful "See you next year!", as she ushered him out and locked the door.