

Ripplestream

Zip was in a good mood. He had just acquired a new sponsorship from one of the best protein brands online, his new webcam had just shown up and worked perfectly the first time he set it up, and his webstream audience was already over 200 people without him even stepping into frame yet.

It was going to be a *good* night.

The lights in Zip Ripplestream's bedroom studio cast a warm glow across his orange fur, the carefully positioned ring lights creating highlights along his muscular shoulders and chest. Behind him, *RippleJock* merchandise decorated the wall, posters of himself in various flexing poses, a neon sign with his logo pulsing in rhythm with the electronic music filtering through his speakers. Feeling good, he turned on the cam, swapping the audience's view from a holding screen to a waist up shot of him sitting in his gaming chair.

"What's up, ripple gang!" Zip's voice carried that performative enthusiasm he'd perfected over years of streaming. He stood from his gaming chair and backed away from the desk, giving his viewers the full display. The webcam captured everything in crisp detail, from the gleam of his meticulously groomed pelt to the stretch of his white cotton tank top across his thick, meaty pecs, to the pronounced bulge pressing against his shiny purple designer athletic shorts. "I just got back from the gym, and I got some *gains* to show off! You guys ready to see what real dedication looks like?"

The chat scrolled rapidly, a cascade of emojis and messages begging for him to flex, to dance, to strip. Zip grinned at the camera, his white teeth flashing as he turned to show his profile. The movement made his substantial package shift visibly in his shorts, the fabric straining to contain what he'd been blessed with, now in profile view so that the audience could see the full extent of his bulky package.

"Now, now, flex fam. You know the rules." He hooked his thumbs into his waistband and tugged down just enough to reveal the defined V of his lower abs, the orange fur there slightly darker and leading downward in a trail that disappeared beneath the elastic. "Zip never disappoints, but if you wanna see more, Zip's gonna make you work for it."

He began his usual routine, transitioning through poses that showed off the physique he'd spent years cultivating. When he curled his arm, his biceps popped, bulking out in massive definition beneath the brown-stained 'bracelet' tattoos. His pecs bulged as he flexed, the muscles clearly defined beneath his carefully close cropped pelt, even through his shirt. When he turned his back to the camera and bent forward to touch his toes, his thick rudder tail flicked upwards, dragging his shorts along with it, the curve of his ass prominent and the heavy weight between his legs swinging noticeably.

The chat exploded with fire emojis and desperate pleas. Someone posted an eggplant emoji followed by a series of question marks. Another viewer typed out an offer of fifty dollars to see him “accidentally” let something slip out.

“You guys are so thirsty tonight,” Zip laughed, straightening and running his paws down his chest. His fingers traced the contours of his pectorals, then moved lower, deliberately slow as they approached his groin. He gripped his waistband, lifting it up to pull the satiny shorts taut around the bulk of his fat nuts and long, thick shaft. The bulbed glans was prominently displayed in the shiny satin, gleaming snugly around every contour. “You all can thank *WhiteUnderwolf47* for this pair of Vitanes.” He shifted his hips from side to side, so that the contours of reflective material clearly depicted the size of his broad corona. The heavy bulk of his scrotum kept the fabric stretched down tautly over the otter's length, created a distinct mounded bulge beneath the outline of his shaft.

Donations rolled in, the notification sounds chiming in rapid succession. Five dollars, ten dollars, twenty. Each one came with increasingly explicit requests that Zip deflected with practiced ease.

Then a new notification appeared, this one different from the rest. Twenty dollars from a username he didn't recognize: *Quantumdaddy47*. The message attached made him pause.

[[I would like to make you an affiliate for my men's health marketing company. Click this link and we'll get you shredded ;]]

The URL sat there in his donation panel, innocuous and tempting. Zip's natural suspicion warred with his compulsion to please his paying supporters. Twenty dollars wasn't his biggest tip, but the promise of more swayed him.

“Alright, let's see what my generous benefactor has in store,” he said, clicking the link without reading the full URL.

The browser window filled his monitor, and immediately the screen erupted in a pattern of swirling colors and strobing lights. The patterns pulsed in a rhythm that seemed to sync with his heartbeat, each flash pulling his attention deeper into the display. Zip's expression, usually so animated and aware, went slack. His ears, which had been perked forward attentively, relaxed. His mouth fell slightly open.

The shift was nearly immediate and absolutely total. Where moments before he'd been a performer in complete control of his show, now he stood motionless, his eyes fixed on something beyond the camera's view, reflecting the hypnotic patterns.

A text box appeared in his streaming software's private chat. The message was simple, direct.

[[Share your address.]]

Zip's paws moved to his keyboard with mechanical precision. He typed out his home address in the private chat, each keystroke deliberate and unhesitating. The information that he'd guarded carefully for years, that he'd paid extra to keep off public records, spilled out in seconds.

Another message appeared.

[[Good boy. Now I want you to edge yourself for the camera. Don't cum until I give you permission. Show your flex fam what they've been begging for. Keep them watching until I get there.]]

Zip's right paw moved to his crotch. There was none of his usual teasing, no performative buildup. His fingers wrapped around his shaft through the fabric of his shorts and began to stroke. The motion was steady, methodical, without his typical showmanship.

The chat erupted in a frenzy of messages. This was unprecedented. Zip had built his entire streaming career on teasing, on the promise of what might be revealed but never was. Now he was openly pleasuring himself, his paw working along the thick length that tented his shorts obscenely.

His erection swelled further under his own touch, the outline becoming impossible to ignore. The fabric stretched tight across his glans, the ridge of his cockhead visible through the thin material. Pre-cum began to darken a spot at the tip, the wetness spreading slowly outward and downwards.

Zip's other paw moved to his testicles, cupping the massive organs through his shorts. They were hot and heavy in his palm, so large that his fingers couldn't really encompass them. He squeezed gently, then harder, the pressure making his shaft pulse and leak more.

The blank expression never left his face. His eyes remained unfocused, staring at nothing, even as his body responded to his own stimulation. His breathing deepened, his chest rising and falling more noticeably, but his features showed no pleasure, no awareness, no shame.

His hips began to move, subtle thrusts into his own grip. The camera captured it all in high definition: the dampness spreading across his shorts, the strain of fabric against his erection, the rhythmic clenching of his abdominal muscles. His eyes remained vacant, his jaws slack, a string of drool oozing out to land on his mechanically flexing forearm.

Another donation notification chimed, then another, then a flood of them. His viewer count had tripled in the last two minutes as word spread through private messages and social media that RippleFlex was finally putting on a *real* show.

Someone typed: [[Holy shit his balls are huge.]]

Another: [[His balls? Look at his DICK dude!]]

A third: [[He's actually doing it no way 🤩🤩🤩]]

[[This has to be a prank.]]

[[Shut up and screen record!1]]

Zip's stroking intensified, his paw moving faster along his shaft. The wet spot at the tip of his shorts had grown larger, the pre-cum flowing freely now. His testicles had tightened up closer to his body as arousal built in his core. His nipples jutted, tense and excited, from the thick slabs of his chest. But his face remained empty. No tension in his jaw, no furrowing of his brow, no bite of his lip. Just blank compliance as his body performed for the camera, his most intimate moments broadcast to thousands of strangers while his mind remained locked somewhere else, trapped behind eyes that still saw nothing but swirling, hypnotic light.

The doorbell's chime cut through the electronic music, a jarring sound that would normally have made Zip pause or curse at the interruption. Instead, his paw released his erection and he turned, the wet fabric of his shorts transparently clinging to the head of his shaft. He walked robotically to the door, his still-hard cock tenting his shorts obscenely.

The chat exploded with confusion and excitement. Messages flew past: [[Someone's at the door?]] [[This is insane]] [[really is this a prank?]] [[Who ordered the pizza lmao]]

Zip opened the door without hesitation, without even checking the peephole. It swung open to reveal a hyena standing on the threshold. He was shorter than Zip by several inches, his build lean rather than muscular, his posture hunched in a furtive, sleazy way. He wore a simple black face mask that covered his muzzle and a hoodie despite the warm evening. Behind thick-framed glasses, his eyes gleamed with an intensity that didn't match his nerdy appearance.

"Good boy," the hyena said, stepping inside and closing the door behind him. His voice was reedy, nasal. "Now, I want you to call me *daddy*. Understand?"

"Yes, daddy." Zip's response was immediate, flat, emotionless.

The hyena pulled out his phone and began recording as he followed Zip back to the streaming setup. When he saw the camera, still broadcasting, a grin split his masked face.

"Well, well. Looks like managed to keep your audience." He stepped in front of the webcam, waving. "Hello, flex fam. daddy's here now. Your boy Zip invited me over for a... *special show*." He grabbed Zip's shoulder and positioned him directly in frame. "See, RippleFlex here is completely under my control now. Hypnagogic programming means he's in a completely suggestible state, willing and ready to do whatever I tell him to do. Let's be honest, we've ALL dreamed about having a muscle stud like him to do *whatever* we want with, and now, here's my chance. He's going to do everything I say, and you're all going to watch."

He circled Zip slowly, his phone camera capturing every angle of the otter's muscular body. When he reached Zip's back, he ran a finger down the otter's spine, tracing the curve from shoulder blades to tail base.

"Let's get you more comfortable," daddy said, moving to stand in front of Zip again. He gripped the hem of Zip's tank top and pulled it upward. Zip raised his arms mechanically, allowing the fabric to be stripped away.

The shirt pulled free, revealing the full expanse of Zip's chest. His pectorals were meaty, perky swaths of thick dense muscle, the broad smooth slope of each one clearly defined beneath his orangish tan fur. Two wide pink nipples poked out of the fur, nubs firm and erect in the open air. daddy took several photos, the flash momentarily whitening out the webcam feed.

"Look at these tits," daddy said, placing both paws on Zip's chest. His fingers splayed across the muscles, pressing and squeezing. "You've spent thousands of hours in the gym, building these up, just for me, haven't you?" He found Zip's nipples and pinched them, rolling the sensitive flesh between his fingers hard enough that Zip's pectorals tensed reflexively.

Next came the shorts. daddy set his phone on the desk, facing Zip, and then stepped behind him. He stroked down the otter's cobbled abs, and hooked his thumbs into the sleek waistband of the snug purple boxers. He dragged them down slowly, the fabric catching on the bulk of Zip's erection. daddy tugged down, but the sturdy brick of a shaft caught the fabric, forcing daddy to peel the waistband forward before continuing downward.

When Zip's cock sprang free, it slapped hard against his abs with a solid meaty sound. It was broad, thick, and flushed dark where it sprouted up from the darker brown bush of pubic hair at the otter's groin. A solid dark vein swerved up its length, and the shaft curved in towards the otter's belly. The broad head was rounded like a door knob, a dark Chianti red and gleaming with pre-cum that smeared into Zip's belly fur. It was a gorgeous dick, a solid unit that *anyone* would be proud to have sprouting between their legs, but what drew daddy's attention, what made him stop and *stare*, were the testicles that hung heavily beneath.

Zip was known to be provocative with the teasing of the length and width of his cock, making sure to show off his imprint in his streams, but the bulk of his sack had been a mystery, the eggs usually tucked up clean and snug between the otter's thighs. daddy couldn't, seeing them now, figure out how Zip had done it. The fat nuggets were obscene in their size, each one as big as his fist - no, as big as a *grapefruit*, and their bulk pulled Zip's scrotum in two directions, stretching it tautly around the girth of both of them. The skin of the otter's sack was thin enough where it was stretched to to show the outline of the organs within, the flesh rubbed smooth of fur by friction against the otter's thighs and the underwear he wore. The handsome orbs hung low, swaying slightly with Zip's breathing, the solid cords that connected them to Zip's body straight and taut with the weight of the heavy organs.

"Holy shit," daddy breathed. He grabbed the phone, and circled Zip, crouching down to take more photos of Zip's genitals from every angle. The chat was scrolling so fast now that individual messages blurred together into an incoherent stream of shock and arousal.

daddy set his phone back down on the desk, angling it to capture Zip's profile, then returned his attention to the otter's body. His paws moved across Zip's shoulders, tracing the definition there, then down his biceps. He grabbed one of Zip's arms and bent it, forcing the muscle to bulge, his fingers sinking into the hard flesh. There was latent, relaxed power in the otter's huge arm, the corded muscle shifting as it was positioned, the arm slowly sagging down after Zip let go of it.

"You really are *perfect*, aren't you?" The words came out mockingly bitter and tinged with jealousy. "Bet you've *never* had trouble getting laid. Bet gals throw themselves at you. Guys too." He moved his paws down to Zip's abs, counting each ridge of muscle. "I bet you don't even have to pay for your coffee half the time. Meanwhile, if a guy like me wants to play with someone like you... well, we have to get creative."

His paws dropped lower, wrapping around Zip's erection. The shaft pulsed in his grip, hot and hard. daddy stroked it once, twice, watching more pre-cum leak from the tip.

"And this cock. Fuck." He squeezed harder, his fingers unable to meet around the girth. He wagged it at the camera, peering at the scrolling chat, far too fixated on Zip to care what people were saying. "This is what an alpha looks like, isn't it?" He stroked his hand roughly up the shaft, pulling it down and gripping just behind the glans, then released it to thud heavily into Zip's belly again. He moved his attention to Zip's testicles, cupping one in his palm. It was heavy, dense, warm. He squeezed experimentally and felt the give of the organ within its sac, like suede wrapped around stone.

"I think these are the real prize, though." daddy lifted the testicle, feeling its weight, then let it drop. It swung downward and settled back against Zip's thigh with a meaty slap. "So fucking huge. Probably pump out cum like a firehose, don't they?"

He grabbed both testicles now, one in each paw, lifting them away from Zip's body. The scrotum stretched, the skin going even more taut. daddy pulled them apart, then pushed them together, manipulating them crudely, roughly.

"Let me show you something, viewers." He addressed the camera again. "Zip here is locked in. He can feel everything I'm doing. Every touch, every squeeze. But he can't react. He can't pull away. He can't even make a sound, unless I tell him to. Unless I *want* him to." To demonstrate, he drew his paw back and slapped Zip's testicles hard with his open palm. The impact made a sharp crack, the heavy organs swinging wildly from the blow.

Zip's body jerked, a minute flinch, but his face remained expressionless. His cock, somehow, got harder, another bead of pre-cum oozing from his slit.

"You see that? I think maybe he likes it." daddy slapped them again, harder this time, and again Zip's body gave that tiny, involuntary tremor. The hyena laughed, a nasty sound, and grabbed both testicles in his paws once more.

“Let’s really test it.” He positioned his paws on the outside of each testicle and began pushing them together. The massive organs compressed against each other, the flesh bulging around his fingers. He pushed harder, his arms trembling with the effort, forcing the two testicles to flatten where they met.

Zip’s breathing quickened. His legs tensed, his toes splaying against the carpet. But his face showed nothing, his eyes still distant and unfocused.

daddy crushed harder, his fingers digging into the yielding flesh, compressing the testicles until they formed an hourglass shape in his grip. He held them there, watching Zip’s body, looking for the break in his composure.

A bead of sweat rolled down Zip’s temple. His cock twitched, drooling a long strand of pre-cum that hung briefly before breaking and spattering on the carpet.

“See that?” daddy said to the camera, still maintaining his crushing grip. “He’s feeling all of it. Every bit of pain. But he’s such a good boy, he stays nice and still for daddy.”

He released the testicles and they dropped heavily, swinging back to hang between Zip’s legs. The skin was reddened where daddy’s fingers had dug in, the organs slightly misshapen from the abuse, the distorted ovoids slowly filling out to their normal shape and size..

“Now then,” daddy said, pulling out his phone again and opening an app. “I’m going to share my cashapp with you lovely viewers. There’s no reason he should be making so much money off of my performance, and I receive nothing. I’m doing all the work, you see. So you send me requests for what you want to see happen to our boy Zip here, along with your generous donation, and I’ll make it happen. Consider this a community event. We’re all going to have fun with this perfect body.” He held his phone up to the camera so his account details were visible. “Don’t be shy. The worse the idea, the better.”

The notification chime came through daddy’s phone less than thirty seconds after he’d shared his account details. He pulled the device from his pocket and grinned at the screen, his eyes scanning the message and attached donation.

“Fifty bucks to shave him,” he read aloud. “Lookie here, it’s our first request, folks. Looks like someone wants to see what this pretty boy looks like without all that stinky fur.” He pocketed the phone and reached into the belly pocket of his hoodie, pulling out a four inch long switchblade. The click of the blade snapping open was sharp in the quiet room, the metal catching the streaming lights.

daddy knelt in front of Zip, bringing himself eye-level with the otter’s groin. The massive testicles hung at his eye level, impossible to ignore. He pressed the flat of the blade against Zip’s lower abdomen, just above his pubic mound, testing the angle.

“This would be easier with clippers,” he said conversationally to the camera. “But where’s the fun in that?”

He grabbed a handful of the dense brown fur that surrounded the base of Zip's cock and pulled it taut. The blade scraped against the skin, cutting through the coarse hair in uneven patches. daddy worked carelessly, yanking and sawing, the knife's edge leaving shallow red lines across Zip's groin.

When he encountered Zip's cock, still rigid and drooling, daddy grabbed it roughly and forcibly bent the thick stalk away from him, stretching the skin to access the fur at the otter's groin. He scraped the blade along the newly exposed area, cutting away the fur, and as he dragged the edge of the blade along the otter's cock root, the flesh parted slightly, revealing a hint of red tissue inside.

Blood welled up along the cut, but daddy ignored it, gripping and slicing through the fur with the same care and focus that one would have raking leaves. He pulled Zip's cock towards himself, then downward, each time clearing away more fur and leaving more shallow cuts.

The pubic hair fell away in clumps, scattering across the carpet around Zip's ankles and daddy's knees. What remained of Zip's pubic area looked raw, the pale pink skin reddened and irritated, small beads of blood dotting the exposed flesh like dew.

A few small patches of fur remained, but daddy had already moved on to the otter's balls, grasping the neck of Zip's scrote and pulling it firmly down to stretch the skin tight. daddy couldn't help but note just how heavy, how *dense* the organs were, as he he scraped the blade along Zip's taint, clearing away the hair there with the same rough efficiency. He decided to leave the fuzz on the sac itself, as it had only been a fifty dollar donation, but he made a point of holding the edge of the blade along the edge of Zip's scrotum, leering at the webcam and giving a nod. He wanted the audience to know that anything, *anything* was on the table.

"Looking good," daddy said, releasing Zip's testicles and sitting back to admire his work. The contrast was stark: Zip's lower abdomen and groin were now nearly bare, the orange fur stopping abruptly where daddy had shaved, the exposed skin pale and vulnerable. He checked his phone, and saw more requests piling in. People saw the pubes being shaved wanted to see more parts of the otter being shaved as well.

As long as they pay, daddy smirked under his mask.

"Arms up," daddy commanded, standing.

Zip's arms rose mechanically, his paws reaching toward the ceiling. His thick arms lifted up, baring the thick, bushy thatches of fragrant hair in the otter's armpits.

daddy pressed the blade against Zip's left armpit and scraped downward. The knife pulled at the damp fur, cutting it away in irregular patches. He had to make multiple passes, each one scraping roughly against the delicate skin. By the time he finished the first armpit, the area was red and inflamed, dotted with small cuts. Nothing serious, of course.

He grabbed a tuft of fur that remained, tugging firmly to rip it free of Zip's armpit, snickering at the way the otter's pec twitched in response. He dragged the clump along his nose, taking in the fragrant body odor of the muscular stud. Then, discarding the lock of armpit hair, he circled around to the other side, gripping the otter's meaty arm and lifting it slightly higher to show off the pungent otter pocket. Then, he repeated the process. The blade caught on a fold of skin and daddy had to yank it free, leaving a longer cut that immediately began bleeding more freely. He wiped the blade on Zip's shoulder, leaving a red smear on the orange fur.

Another ping, another hundred bucks. This one was for something *different*, and daddy smiled widely. Freaky. Fun. He could do that.

"Alright, now for the chest fur," daddy said, stepping back to examine his canvas. "Can't have a patchy shaving job, can we? Nobody wants an otter with a thick bushy chest. Fortunately, I can help."

He started at Zip's collarbone, scraping the blade downward in long strokes. The knife, removed the fur efficiently here, the flatter surface easier to work with than the contours of his groin. daddy cleared a path down the center of Zip's chest, then began working outward toward his nipples.

The blade approached the first nipple, the pink nub standing out prominently against Zip's chest. daddy gripped the otter's shoulder with his other paw - for balance, of course - and angled the knife to work around it, scraping away the fur in a circle. The blade came close, so close, then pressed against the base of the nipple itself.

"Oops," daddy said, glancing to the webcam. He pulled the blade towards himself, and felt as the sharp edge sliced underneath the nipple, smoothly peeling it off of the otter's chest. He felt the otter's shoulder tremble as the knife's blade sliced through the sensitive flesh. The nipple separated from Zip's chest with surprising ease, a clean cut that went deep enough to remove a thin layer of underlying tissue. Blood welled immediately from the circular wound, running down Zip's chest in dark rivulets.

The severed nipple fell, tumbling through the air before landing on the carpet with a tiny, wet sound. It lay there among the scattered fur, a small pink oval of discarded flesh.

"Well, that was clumsy of me," daddy said, not sounding apologetic at all. He moved to Zip's other nipple and positioned the blade deliberately at its base. "Such a shame, honestly, but you know, it's better make them match though. Can't have you looking all lopsided."

He pressed down and drew the blade across in one smooth motion, not even pretending to shave the otter's chest. The blade bit into the warm flesh, and the hyena drew it threw, enjoying the slight resistance of the jock's chest as it tried to retain the pink bit of flesh. It failed. The second nipple came away clean, the blade cutting through pecmeat like it was butter. It joined its twin on the floor, and now blood ran down both sides of Zip's chest, darkening his orange fur to brown where it spread in long thin stripes.

Throughout all of this, Zip's expression never changed. His eyes remained unfocused, his mouth slightly open, his features slack. Only his body reacted, the muscles of his chest tensing involuntarily when the knife cut through his nipples, his breathing growing slightly more rapid. *Very good*, daddy thought, as he checked out his phone.

There it was. A smooth grand, already donated, with a single word. A word daddy *loved* to read. Someone had finally realized there *wasn't* an upper limit to what daddy would do with his complacent little jock puppet.

"Stay there," daddy told Zip, though the command was unnecessary. He stepped over the fur and blood on the floor and left the room, his footsteps audible moving through the apartment.

The stream chat had become a wall of shocked messages. Some viewers were asking if this was real, if they should call the police. Others were encouraging more, their messages graphic and explicit. The viewer count had climbed to over ten thousand. Donations were still rolling in for Zip, but now the hyena's phone was the one chiming as five and ten and twenty dollar hits flowed in.

daddy returned from the kitchen carrying a large kitchen appliance. It was a CharnCo electric meat grinder, the kind used in professional kitchens and by serious home butchers. It was heavy, industrial, with a wide oval hopper on top and a spout on the side used for injecting ground meat into sausage skins. He set it down on the floor between Zip's ankles with a heavy thunk.

"Let me show you all something," he said, gripping the metal hopper and twisting it to remove it from the top of the grinder. The internal mechanism was now visible, a spiral auger that fed into a set of sharp blades, all leading towards the spout on the side. The blades gleamed under the lights, their edges clearly honed to razor sharpness, and never used.

daddy plugged the grinder into a wall outlet and flipped the switch. The motor hummed to life, the auger beginning to rotate, the blades spinning in a blur of steel. The sound was mechanical, relentless, a grinding whir that filled the room.

He picked up the two severed nipples from the floor, holding them between his thumb and forefinger for the camera to see clearly. They were small, pitiful things, each about as big as the tip of his thumb, but they'd been part of Zip just minutes ago.

daddy dropped them into the grinder's opening. The auger caught them immediately, pulling them down into the mechanism. There was a wet, gristly sound, the blades chopping and tearing, and then a thin stream of pureed meat spurted from the output tube, splattering onto the carpet in a small puddle of ground flesh and blood.

"There we go," daddy said over the noise of the motor. He let it run for a few more seconds, then switched it off. "Now we're all clear on what this thing does. And trust me, we're going to put it to much better use soon. But first, I just realized, that I now have something that I can auction off. One second."

daddy left again, returning with a large metal bowl from Zip's kitchen. He positioned it carefully under the grinder's output tube, adjusting it to catch whatever would emerge. He straightened and looked at Zip, still standing motionless with his arms up in the air, blood dried in tracks down his chest.

"Kneel," daddy commanded.

For the first time since entering the trance, Zip's body hesitated. His muscles tensed visibly, his legs locking as if his subconscious was fighting the instruction. His testicles swung slightly with the tremor that ran through his thighs. The resistance lasted only seconds before his body complied, his legs folding as he lowered himself to his knees.

The new position changed everything. Zip's massive testicles, which had hung low while he stood, now dangled between his spread thighs. The grinder sat directly between his ankles, its spinning blades positioned less than three inches below his scrotum. Gravity pulled at the heavy organs, making them sway slightly, the bottom curve of his sac coming dangerously close to the grinding mechanism.

The chat had gone silent, or as silent as ten thousand people could go. The messages were slower now, scattered, as if viewers were holding their breath.

daddy knelt beside Zip and wrapped his fingers around the otter's cock. It was still hard, had stayed hard through everything, the shaft hot and slick with the pre-cum that hadn't stopped leaking. He squeezed the base, pleased that the rock hard shaft didn't even flex in response. Zip was already as fully erect as he could get. He stroked his hand halfway up the handsome length, and then back down, being careful not to be *too* pleasurable.

"Here's something fun about the hypnosis," daddy said to the camera while he lazily groped Zip's shaft. "I can say, "Hey Zip, the closer you get to cumming, the hotter you are going to feel you are." He Watch."

He began really stroking the otter's big dick now, all fifteen inches of it, his paw moving from base to tip in long, deliberate pulls. Zip's cock pulsed in his grip, the rounded head seeming to swell even more. After a minute of steady stimulation, Zip's breathing had deepened noticeably, his chest rising and falling more rapidly. His skin, visible through his fur, had begun to flush darker.

daddy placed his free paw on Zip's chest, feeling the heat radiating from the otter's body. "I can feel him getting warmer. His body is really heating up. Oh, and that's right - do any of you know what happens when *balls* get hot?"

He punctuated the question by gripping Zip's scrotum, feeling the taut skin and the heavy organs within. The scrotal skin was warmer than it had been, and as he carefully stroked his fingers along it, the testicles themselves felt hot. It was as if he could feel the heat from Zip's arousal spreading through them.

“They droop,” daddy answered his own question. “The body relaxes them, lets them hang lower to cool off. So the more turned on our boy Zip gets, the closer these fat nuts get to the grinder.”

As if to demonstrate, he returned his full attention to Zip’s cock, stroking firmer now, grinding his thumb pad across the flared head with each upward stroke. More pre-cum oozed from the slit, coating daddy’s fingers and making the glide slick and easy.

Zip’s body temperature continued to climb. His muscles, which had been tense, began to relax. And his scrotum, stretched taut by the weight of his testicles, started to loosen. The change was gradual but visible, the skin gaining elasticity, allowing the organs to hang a fraction of an inch lower. Then another.

“That’s it,” daddy encouraged, his stroking relentless. “Get nice and hot for daddy. Show everyone how close you are.”

The descent was mesmerizing to watch. Each minute of stimulation brought Zip closer to climax, made his body hotter, relaxed his scrotum further. His testicles, already hanging obscenely low, began to sag toward the grinder. The bottom curve of his sac came within two inches of the spinning blades, then one inch, then half an inch.

daddy leaned close to Zip’s ear and whispered, loud enough for the microphone to pick up, “You might as well *try* to cum while you still can. You can’t, of course, but you should try, because those huge nuts are about to become hamburger.”

The words had an immediate effect. Zip’s cock flared in daddy’s grip, the shaft pulsing hard, the head swelling as if he were about to climax. His testicles pulled up fractionally, then dropped again, sagging lower than before. The heat pouring off his body was palpable now, his fur damp with sweat.

And then the edge of his scrotum made contact with the blades.

It was just a brush at first, the thin skin at the bottom of his sac grazing the spinning metal. But the auger was designed to pull material inward, and a few moments after the skin touched, it caught. The grinder grabbed the loose flesh and pulled, yanking Zip’s scrotum downward toward the opening. The soft, fleshy protective skin bag was dragged in, and in doing so, the nuts were squeezed and compressed downwards towards it.

Zip’s cock erupted with pre-cum, a thick spurt that would have been ejaculation if daddy hadn’t forbidden climax. His body shuddered, every muscle going taut, but his expression remained blank even as his testicles were pulled flush against the grinder’s maw.

The opening was large, designed to accept big chunks of meat, but Zip’s testicles were *massive*. Both organs pressed against the mouth of the grinder simultaneously, too large to both fit through at once. They jammed there, the auger still pulling, the scrotum squeezing them together, the whole apparatus trying to draw them both in while the blades spun beneath.

They wouldn't fit through, but that didn't mean that they were completely on the outside. The slippery outer skin of the individual testicles bulged down into the hopper, and the blades danced along it, digging eagerly into the soft flesh. The flesh was peeled away, strips of protective membrane gouged free, and then the testicles themselves were punctured. The blades sanded away the underside of the otter's nuts until there was nothing holding the insides up, and with the pressure of Zip's own scrotum squeezing them together, the testicles began to disgorge themselves directly into the blades of the shredder. Hunks of reproductive tissue touched the metal, were sucked into mechanism, ground into paste. The blades dug deeper, hungry for more of the meat of the organs themselves.

The auger was insistent, mechanically unyielding, and the pressure and tension crushed the testicles against each other, deforming them, while the blades continued their work on the bottom third, inexorably reducing Zip's possibilities of having grandchildren a couple milligrams at a time.

daddy kept stroking, his paw moving steadily along Zip's shaft even as the otter's balls were being destroyed. Zip's cock pulsed in his grip, trying desperately to climax, held back by the hypnotic command.

"Such a good boy," daddy murmured, twisting his grip on the upstroke. "Taking it so well."

The grinding continued for nearly a minute, the blades shredding the bottom portions of both testicles while they remained jammed in the opening. Pieces of pink, slimy tissue, unrecognizable as testicular matter, extruded from the output tube into the bowl. The amount was substantial, thick pink gray and white chunks mixed with cum and blood.

"Well, you had your chance," daddy said. He released Zip's cock and placed a finger tip on top of one of the testicles. He pushed slowly down, adding force to the auger's pull. The organ compressed under his palm, the meat yielding, and suddenly it slipped through the opening into the grinding chamber below.

The sound changed immediately. The gristly noise intensified, wet and thick, as the blades caught the full testicle and tore it apart. The blades punctured the exterior, crushing the internal structures against itself as the prized testicle was pulped into hamburger. The auger pulled it deeper, feeding it into the grinding mechanism like a ship sinking quickly into the ocean's depths.

Zip's body convulsed, his back arching, his toes splaying against the carpet. His cock stood straight up, the shaft more engorged than it had been all night, pre-cum twitching and flowing from the tip in a steady stream. His breathing had become ragged gasps, his chest heaving. Tears streamed from his eyes, though his expression was still remarkably lax, relaxed, peaceful as he stared directly at the web cam.

The first testicle took nearly twenty seconds to fully grind. By the time it was completely processed, reduced to paste and chunks, the bowl was almost a third full of ground Zip nut. But there was more to go.

The second testicle, no longer held back by its twin, slid into the chasm immediately after the first one had been fully ground. The auger dragged it down into the blades with the same relentless mechanical efficiency, completely uncaring that it was the last of Zip's genetic legacy. The blades must have been greased by the passage of the first nut, or perhaps the machine had fully warmed up, because this second testicle ground faster, thick clumps of ruined meat plopping, steaming and wet from body heat that the meat was no longer connected to, into the bowl to confirm the destruction of the jock's prized gonads.

When the grinding finally stopped, when the last of the second testicle had been processed and expelled, all that remained was Zip's empty scrotum and two torn, dangling, loose cords. The sac was tattered, the edges torn from where the grinder had pulled at it, but it hung there still, a loose flap of skin that had once contained his massive organs.

daddy released Zip's cock, which stayed rigid, pulsing with the climax that would never come. A thin stream of pre-cum continued to leak from the tip, the only release Zip's body was permitted. He retrieved the switchblade from where he'd set it on the desk and crouched in front of Zip again. The otter's destroyed groin was a mess of blood and torn tissue, his empty scrotum hanging in tatters from where the grinder had pulled at it.

"Beautiful," daddy said, switching off the grinder. The sudden silence was shocking. He stood and examined his work, looking down at the mutilated otter kneeling before him. "Absolutely beautiful. But we can't leave you like this," daddy said, grabbing the ruined sac. "Looks unfinished."

He positioned the blade at the base of the scrotum where it attached to Zip's body and began cutting. The skin was thin, easy to slice through, and it separated from Zip's groin in seconds. daddy held up the scrap of skin for the camera, displaying the tattered flesh before dropping it into the grinder.

He switched the machine on again, hearing the soft growl as the scrap was digested. It wasn't even enough to extrude from the spout, the skin meat simply packed into the last of the nut meat still in the grinder.

What remained of Zip's groin was raw and ravaged. Where his massive testicles had hung, there was now just smooth, blood-slicked skin and the smooth strip of skin of where his scrotum had attached. His cock still stood erect above the ruin, the shaft dark and swollen, pulsing with each beat of his heart as if Zip were at the precipice of orgasm.

daddy traced the tip of the switchblade along that shaft, starting at the base and drawing it slowly upward. The metal left a thin white line in its wake, not quite breaking the skin but close. When he reached the head, he tapped the flat of the blade against the sensitive glans, making Zip's cock twitch.

"This is what everyone really wants to see," daddy said. "The destruction of this perfect cock."

He wrapped his left paw around the base of Zip's shaft, gripping it firmly to hold it steady. With his right hand, he positioned the blade against the side of the cock, about halfway up the length. Then he began to cut.

The blade sliced through the outer layer of skin easily, peeling away a thin strip of flesh. daddy carved it loose and held it up briefly before dropping it down into the grinder. He positioned the blade again, adjacent to the first cut, and removed another strip.

The process was methodical, systematic. daddy worked his way around the shaft in a spiral pattern, shaving off the flesh in strips like peeling an apple. Each piece was small, no more than an inch long and half an inch wide, maybe a quarter inch deep, but there were many of them.

Blood ran down the shaft and over daddy's fingers, making his grip slippery. He had to pause occasionally to wipe his paw on Zip's naked belly, on the remaining fur of his chest, on the fur of his bicep, thigh before continuing. The pile of flesh in the bowl grew as each piece was ground, the mixture becoming more substantial.

Zip's cock was getting smaller. What had been almost fifteen inches of thick, proud flesh was being whittled away layer by layer. The shaft became thinner as the outer tissue was removed, the internal structures more visible through what remained.

daddy's cuts grew deeper as he continued, taking more substantial chunks now. He carved away a piece that included part of the corpus cavernosum, the spongy erectile tissue that gave the cock its rigidity. The shaft buckled slightly where that piece was removed, no longer able to maintain its full hardness in that spot.

More cuts, more pieces falling into the grinder. The shape of Zip's cock became irregular, no longer a smooth shaft but a ragged, carved thing. daddy worked around a prominent vein, slicing the flesh away on either side before finally cutting through the vein itself. Blood spurted from the severed vessel, running down what remained of the shaft in a steady stream.

The dismantling continued. daddy carved away the underside of the shaft, removing the sensitive skin there in several large pieces. He sliced through the urethra, the opening where Zip had been leaking pre-cum, cutting it away so that the end of the shaft was no longer the exit point. It oozed down out of the base of Zip's shaft, over the hyena's fingers, dripping into the hopper and lubricating the blades for each chunk of dick that daddy dropped in next..

What had been impressive was becoming pitiful. The shaft that had made Zip's stream popular, that had been the focus of thousands of viewers' fantasies, was being reduced to scraps.

daddy reached the head, the flared glans that crowned Zip's cock. He had been careful not to mar it until now. He knew the nerves were still connected, even if the urethra and spongy tissue wasn't. Connected to Zip's body by only a spine of connective tissue and nerves, it was utterly helpless, flaccid, but still full flared out into peak arousal. He gripped the bulbous glans firmly with one hand, wrapped firmly around the base of the glans, the meaty piss lips spread apart with a blob of precum still dangling there between them.

He stuffed the tip of the knife into that slit, and slowly twisted, coring out the urethra. The glans was dense, the tissue tougher than the shaft, but the sharp blade cut through it with enough pressure. He twisted the knife, shifted his grip, twisted it again. Slowly, he cored out the center of the head of Zip's cock, pulling it out like the cork from a wine bottle. Into the grinder it went, ground into paste like everything else.

Then, he cut the cockhead in half. The knife sawed along the frenulum, dissecting it and separating the meat of the broad cockhead into two lobes. Both of them were still connected to the nervous tissue, but there was nothing else to really do with it. He dropped the knife, and gripped one half of the cockhead in each paw, and pulled them apart like a wishbone. There was a soft tearing sound, as the nerves themselves ripped down the center. daddy was left with two rounded, meaty cock heads, each half of the original, now completely useless as anything other than *meat*. The distinctive shape of Zip's cockheads disappeared, sinking into the blades, and the nerves were dragged taut as they were reeled in, pulling firmly up into the otter's groin, until with a snap from within, they came slithering out, the last of the otter's groin to be shredded and packed into dark red meat in the bowl that was now almost completely full.

Finally, daddy sat back to examine what remained. From the ragged, raw flesh of Zip's groin emerged a stump of cock no more than an inch long. It was irregular, bleeding freely, a pathetic remnant of what had been there before. But it was still technically a penis, still attached, still minimally functional even if it would never again be anything more than a ruined nub.

"That's good enough," daddy decided. He wiped the blade clean on Zip's thigh and closed it, tucking it back into his pocket.

He switched off the meat grinder and pulled the bowl free, examining its contents. The mixture of ground testicle and penis meat filled the bowl nearly to the top. It was a uniform consistency now, the different parts indistinguishable from each other, just pink flesh and red flesh. There was still some steam wafting up from the raw flesh, and clear fluid pooled around it, the liquids settling out of the protein.

"Alright, viewers," daddy said, holding the bowl up to the camera. "We have here a one-of-a-kind delicacy. Prime otter cock and balls, fresh ground. I'm going to auction this off. Bidding starts at five hundred dollars. DM me your offers."

He set the bowl down on the desk, careful to keep it in frame. Then he looked at Zip, still kneeling, still erect despite everything. Well, as erect as a one-inch stump could be.

"Oh shit," daddy said, laughing suddenly. "You never got to cum, did you?"

Zip's body trembled slightly, the only response it could give. His destroyed groin continued bleeding, and the stump of his cock pulsed, futilely. There was still seed in him, his prostate still full of it, and his body, despite the trauma - or maybe because of it - was primed and ready to let loose with the biggest, most humiliating orgasm of his life.

"Ah well," daddy shrugged. "Not my problem."

He moved to Zip's computer and began clicking through the stream settings. He changed the stream from private to public, making it visible to anyone who searched for it. Then he opened a text document and typed out Zip's address in large font, positioning it at the bottom of the screen where it would be visible in every frame.

"There we go," daddy said to the camera. "For anyone watching who wants to come play with this body, feel free. RippleFlex here will be waiting. He's a good boy. He'll do whatever you tell him."

He picked up the bowl of ground meat and his phone, taking one last look at Zip. The otter knelt in a spreading pool of blood, his muscular body marked with cuts and abuse, his groin destroyed, his expression still blank and compliant. The webcam would capture it all, broadcasting to whoever wandered into the stream.

daddy walked to the door, opened it, and stepped out into the night. The door swung shut behind him with a quiet click, leaving Zip alone with his audience. The stream continued, the viewer count still climbing, the chat filling with new messages as new people discovered the horror on display.

Zip remained kneeling, bleeding, waiting for the next command that his trapped mind would force him to obey.