On the Fourth Hole

"Oh, so glad you made it Foey dear," Minthe said, the fox sweeping her long, thick blue mane back behind her shoulders. "I know I asked with short notice, but, well, Hampton simply couldn't provide his assistance in the way I needed today."

"Of course, Miss Minthe," the cute gray fox said. "I'm always happy to help you out! But... Why did you want to meet here? I thought you said..." He gestured embarrassedly to his groin, glancing around the busy golf course to see if anyone was watching. The busty vixen was already stripped down, stroking along the blue areolas of her fulsome breasts as she pulled off her golfing jacket.

"Well, I told you already. We're making content for my HorngyFans. Now strip down, silly little fox."

FoePaws' ears folded back along his skull as the powerful vixen stripped out of her shorts. "I mean, you want to have... sex with me? I just never imagined.."

"Oh, I'm sure you've imagined. I can see when someone pays extra to download my videos. You've platinum teared more of my vids than anyone else." She booped the fox on the nose, her fingers smelling musky and warm. "And your pants are still on.

FoePaws began to strip down, heart racing. Maybe someone Was watching, but now he didn't care. Minthe was such a hot, beautiful babe, he would do anything to be able to touch and nuzzle her! And now she was asking him to do it! And to film it?! He was in heaven.

"See, I need some good, fun shots of a cute little subby fox like you, watching me take swings with my golf club. You know how to use a phone camera, right?"

"O-oh, I mean, yeah." FoePaws' cheeks flushed with red, as he pushed down his shorts and underwear. His bright blue shaft was hanging slightly out of his sheath, confused about its purpose right now. "So just a camera man? I sort of thought you wanted..."

"No, silly, not just a cameraman." She laughed, as she fingered her way over the heads of the various clubs at her disposal, plucking out a nine iron. "Obviously you're going to be in the shoot!"

"Oh, wow." Foepaws said, as she approached him. Smirking, she hooked a finger under his collared polo, lifting it up to reveal his soft-furred belly. His cock grew an entire inch with that, and then started thickening more as she slid that hand down, past it to cup against his eggs. "I'm really really good with the phone, do you want me to like set it up remotely or-"

"No no, you'll be holding it. POV shots are super in right now. Now, lay on your back." She had picked up his clothes, and hers, bringing them to the golf cart and dropping them on the basket in the back. Around them, the soft THOK of golf balls being hit mixed with the sound of electrical vehicles and people chattering. Just a regular, normal day, except for FoePaws. She returned with a stainless steel handheld tool, and a bag of green cheerios. "You know what THESE are for, right?"

"A bit," he blushed, watching intently as she loaded up a small band onto the metal tines of the elastrator. "I've seen them... around... "

"You've fav'd every single elastrator ball torture video that's posted on hurtmenow.com, fox. I know you know exactly what this is. That's why your dick just got rock hard, didn't it? Don't worry, though." She grinned, fangs gleaming as she knelt down next to him, a hand helping him to kneel along with her. "Lay on your back... I'm going to have to band you a couple times."

"A... couple times? Like two times?" FoePaws stammered, laying on his back on the cool, bristly green grass. In every video that started with a guy getting TWO bands, the video ended with a knife cutting between them.

"No, silly. More like... oh, I'm going to guess ten bands. Maybe twelve. It depends on how heavy your balls are." She chuckled, as she smoothly lifted his balls up, tucking them between the stretched jaws of the elastrator and letting it snap closed. "That's one."

FoePaws yelped, reaching down to grab at his balls, but she slapped his hand away. "Come on, stud, don't be silly. This is the only time you're going to be able to film me banding your itty bitty balls. You really wanna spend that time whining about how much they hurt?"

"Of... of course not!" FoePaws said. He wiped at a tear in his eye, fumbling for his phone - she had tossed it to the ground next to him when she picked up his clothes - and putting it to camera mode. "Okay, I'm rea-"

SNAP!

The pain cramped his guts, as an impossibly hot crushing pressure slammed into the tender cords of his nuts. He had banded himself before, but never two rings right next to each other like that. His balls immediately began to ache, as blood was pumped into them that couldn't pump back out. "Ffuuuu-"

"Better keep filming," Minthe teased, as she loaded up a third one. "I need my toys to be totally focused on me, and not the pain in their balls." She snapped a fourth one into place, and at this point FoePaws could no longer feel her fingers as she tucked his balls back into the elastrator. "You're focused on me, right little toy?"

FoePaws whimpered as the phone trembled, trying to watch as she snapped a sixth band around the neck of his sack. The small green bands were each right next to each other, forming a continuous green ripple groin up his nut-sack like a coiled snake. The green rubber compressed line, with his balls on top of it, looked all of the world like a...

The fox gasped as he realized what she was doing. "You're going to tee off, with my balls?!"

"Shhh," Minthe winked at him, as the seventh was released. The snap was barely noticed at this point, his balls already almost completely numb. He didn't know if having so many bands on would be worse than just one or two. "It's just for a promo shot! We'll have these off in only a minute, at most. I just gotta finish setting up."

FoePaws's head swam, confused and aroused and in a good deal of pain as she snapped the tenth band into place. His balls looked quite swollen, and dark, the scrotum stretched especially tight around them and compressing them into a single solid egg shape. She wrapped her paw around the cooling bulk of them, her fingers folding around them entirely. FoePaws wished he could feel the heat of her paw, staring at the little screen as she made a show of kneading and squeezing against his plump fox eggs. She was staring at him, at the phone, back at him, licking her lips predatorially. She seemed satisfied about something, and gave them a little pat, letting them go. They jutted upwards from his groin, hanging slightly to the left.

"This looks great. Now, I need you to frame the shot, so that you can see your balls being offered up to me on a tee, and you gotta see my tits too. Don't need my face, if it won't fit. Can you do that?"

The pain was starting to fade now, but FoePaws' was still bleary eyed as he nodded, propping up his elbows to hold the phone in both paws. His cock had given up, apparently, only half hard now and just kind of sullenly peeking out of his sheath. Precum dribbled from it, tickling as it stained FoePaws' fur, as he lined up the shot.

When he confirmed he had the framing, Minthe poked at his balls, gently adjusting the way they dangled with the flat edge of the club. It made his dick twitch that she was so casually playing with his nuts like this, like they were just a prop.

She seemed satisfied, and lifted the golf club back, taking a pose as if she were preparing to swing. "Alright, you getting the shot?"

FoePaws switched from video to camera mode, and quickly took a series of pictures. "Yeah, I'm getting it... oh my gosh, you look REALLY powerful... from down here." He blushed again, his cock struggling to thicken, but the growing ~numbness~ from his balls was making him worry a bit.

"Good." She did a practice swing, then brought the club back down, nudging his soft dick to the side. "Take a couple more. Make sure they look great." She frowned, staring down at his junk concernedly, and FoePaws took a picture. "Man, I really hope this is regulation size..."

She lifted up the club, letting the weight of it rest against his left knee, pushing it down to the ground. It kind of hurt to stretch his leg like that, especially when she lifted it back up, and rested it on his right knee, helping it be flush to the ground as well. It forced his hips slightly upwards, his nut-sack jutting up into the air a good three inches or so. She slid the head of the club along his inner thigh, and placed it against his banded scrotum. "You getting a lot of good pics?"

"I am," he said, "You're going to love them, I have my phone set to automatically add these to a folder I shared with you on the cloud."

"Perfect," The vixenness said. Her cleft sparkled in the sun, as she wiggled her hips, pretending to line up the shot as she stared down the fairway. "Set it to video. Keep it focused on the head of my golf club. Can you do that?"

He nodded, biting his tongue as she reached down, stroking fingers between her legs and against her snatch. "Are you filming now? This is really hot. I can't believe we're doing this!"

"Y-yes, we're filming." His balls were completely inert, now. It had been a couple minutes of her playing with the club and posing for her promo shots. He wanted to interrupt her, but she was just so dynamic, her sensuality so electrically charged.

"Good." She raised the head above her head. She took a deep breath, tail wagging slowly, carefully behind her, and flexed her arms.

"FORE!" she shouted, as she swung the golf club down and around and through the tee'd up nut-sack that jutted up so patiently for her to swing at them. FoePaws, shocked at what he was witnessing, went to tap to end the video, but-

WHAP!

The video caught the violent castration of the fox at 16x slow motion. The way the club sheared slightly underneath the bulk of the testicles themselves, the way the ridged head of the club slammed into the side of the left nut, the way it flattened and slammed into the right one, the way the whole bulk of FoePaws scrotum was cleaved cleanly off, half of the bands staying with the balls and the other half remaining with his scrotum. He was too stunned to stop filming, turning the camera towards the green, his mouth open as he watched his precious nuts sail off towards the 4th hole.

He distantly felt the thick spurts of his cum against his belly, and against his chest, shooting out of his soft cock as his body responded to the sudden, unexpected trauma.

Three of them had stained into the fur of his torso, before his balls slammed into the ground, hundreds of yards away. He could see them slam against the grassy surface, bouncing once into the air, and landing, coming to rest about six feet from the small hole.

Minthe shielded her eyes from the sun as she watched the balls come to a stop, and then pumped a hand into the air. Not even glancing at the dazed, climaxing fox she had just emasculated, she walked towards the golf cart.

"Well, you're not Titleist, but that's close enough to putt! Great job, little buddy! See ya back at the club house, eh?"

The golf cart lurched forward, leaving FoePaws reeling on the grass, staring up at the blue of the sky , still not believing what had just happened. He rolled up onto his elbows, looking down at himself and grunting in dismay at the thick layer of fox jizz that caked his abs and chest.

He stood up, shakily, feeling at the small tag of skin that four or so bands were still affixed to, all that remained of his scrotum. He glanced around, trying to find something to cover up with, or at least to wipe the seed off of his chest with. He didn't want people to see he had been castrated, but he really didn't want them to see he had gotten off on it!

And that's when he realized his clothes were all still on the golf cart!