

## **Tattoo** (castration version) by [dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk) [www.damnd1.com](http://www.damnd1.com)

Alien, body horror, castration

A young man has an alien encounter.

Will's bedroom was flooded with light. It roused him from sleep. He tried to turn to see the source but he was disturbed to discover that he could not move. Suddenly he found himself gently floating above his bed. Drifting towards the window and out beyond. The light was blinding now, but his vision faded back to darkness.

Awake again. Still paralyzed. Around him were slender forms, but his vision was blurred. He was naked. His legs spread and pulled high, lifting his bare bottom in the air. And hands touching his body; his torso, his nipples, and down there; his scrotum and his penis. Something was inserted into his bottom; something slender, twisting, touching him inside.

And then pain; pain in his intimate places; his tongue, his hole, and his genitals. His eyes gaped wide in shock. He wanted to scream but he could not. And then, after a long time, there was darkness once again.

The next morning Will woke up in his own bed with no memory of the previous night's activities. He fell out of bed feeling disappointingly unrested from almost 8 hours in the sack. It was going to be a long day in college.

As he almost always did, he had a piss boner. Most days, he'd wait for it to diminish before making the trip to the bathroom, but today his bladder was full.

He stumbled to the bathroom with his hands covering his groin, careful not to bump into his parents. His dad would doubtless find his erection hilarious, but if he bumped into mother there would be red faces on both sides. He wasn't a kid any more.

He stood over the toilet bowl and pulled his hard penis out over the waistband of his pyjamas, leaning forwards so that he could push his hard-on down towards the bowl.

Then he froze. What he saw made his blood run cold and his heart started to pound in his chest. His penis drooped almost immediately and still he couldn't move. Almost without his intention, urine dribbled from his now limp penis, and that gave him a second shock. His urine was blue; deep, royal blue, and it had a strong, non-urine smell. His eyes widened. This had to be some kind of joke, but by whom? It was unbelievably intimate. And how could someone even pull a prank of this sort without awakening him? He dismissed the idea of it being a joke almost as soon as it had occurred to him. He felt sick; invaded. Someone had been messing with his junk while he slept but who? Certainly not his parents, and his younger brother was an even less unlikely candidate.

He walked quickly from the bathroom to his room, leaving the toilet unflushed. At his bedroom door, he called towards the stairs.

“Daad!”

He waited a moment before shouting again louder and more insistently.

“Daaaad!!”

“What is it?” his father called up the stairs.

“Come up here quick. Please, something’s happened!”

His son wasn’t in the habit of calling for him, or asking his help with anything, so his Michael took the teenager’s call seriously and trotted up the stairs. He met the boy at the door to his room.

“What’s up Will?”

“Come in here,” the boy said, closing his bedroom door behind his father.

Michael looked at him concerned.

“Someone’s been messing with my privates while I was asleep.”

Michael pulled a half amused, fully bewildered face.

“Messing with them?”

Will nodded then reluctantly pushed his pyjama trousers down to show his father.

“You shave your pubes?” Michael said looking at the perfectly smooth genitals.

Will shook his head.

“Oh, sorry.”

“No, that’s not what I...”

“What the hell is that writing all over you?!” his father interrupted, suddenly seeing the primary reason for his son’s concern.

“That’s what I’m talking about. I woke up this morning and my dick was covered in this weird writing, and my pubes were gone. And there’s another thing. My pee is dark blue.”

“Dark blue?”

“Yeah.”

Michael stared at his son’s genitals.

“You’re not playing a prank on me are you?”

“That’s what I thought about YOU, but then I knew you would never do something like this. No dad, this is how it was when I woke up. No prank I swear.”

One glance at his son’s face was enough to convince him that his son was sincere.

“Do you mind if I get a closer look?”

Having his dad scoping out his privates was not normally high on his list of desires. In fact, it was pretty low on his list, but these were special circumstances. Will shrugged. His father gave him a sympathetic look.

"Hey look, it's not like I haven't seen you naked when you were a kid, and you haven't got anything I don't."

"Yeah," Will agreed, taking mild comfort from his dad's words.

Michael gave his son a look of reassurance and dropped to a knee in front of him.

He frowned.

"It's not writing. At least not anything I've ever seen. It kind of looks like futuristic hieroglyphics."

"From Egypt? But who would...? How would they get on me, and why shave my pubes?"

Michael reached out and touched the skin above his son's penis.

"It's totally smooth. I don't think they were shaved," he speculated.

"What do you mean?"

"I dunno, but shaving would leave some sort of stubble, or bumps where the hair follicles are. It's just totally smooth. Like you never even had hair. Do you mind if I touch your bits?"

Will sighed deeply.

"I guess not."

His father lifted his flaccid penis and looked at the scrotum that hung behind.

"Your balls are smooth too. I assume you had..."

"Yes dad," Will sighed with a mixture of humiliation and exasperation, "I had hair on my balls."

His father examined his uncircumcised penis more closely, turning it in his hand. He rubbed one of the marks on the young man's pubis with a finger.

"You know Will, I don't think this is even writing," he said, feeling increasingly bewildered by the implications of what he was seeing.

"You said it looks like Egyptian pictures."

"Yeah, not Egyptian, but that's not what I mean. I don't think this is drawn on at all. I know it sounds crazy, but it looks like it's a tattoo."

"A tattoo? How can someone have tattooed my dick while I was asleep?"

"I don't know but we're gonna get to the bottom of this."

He lifted his son's penis and examined the underside, then he gently did the same to the teenager's testicles.

"It goes all the way round to the back."

"Is it the same thing over and over?"

"No, I don't think so. I'm just going to pull your foreskin back."

Will felt almost nauseous.

"This is so messed up."

"Yeah," his father said gently retracting the pale skin.

He frowned.

"What? What's wrong?!" Will asked, as his anxiety level escalated still further.

Michael swallowed before answering.

"It's on your helmet as well, and the inside of your foreskin. How could that be a tattoo? There's not even any redness."

He lifted his son's genitals then dropped lower on his knees.

"What now?" Will asked, his voice trembling in anticipation of the answer.

"It goes all the way down your gooch. Turn around."

Will turned and after a few moments he felt his father pulling the cheeks of his bottom apart as wide as they could go.

"It even goes into your butthole," his father said. "This is crazy, how can this be?"

Will turned to his father and lifted his testicles to look underneath, then he realised something. He lightly gripped a testicle between the thumb and index finger of each hand and gently squeezed. He frowned and squeezed harder.

"Will, what's wrong?"

"I can't feel anything."

He squeezed harder, and harder, then frantically harder still until his fingers almost met through the soft meat of his testicles. His father pulled his panicking son's fingers off his scrotum.

"Will, what are you doing? Jesus Christ you're going to ruin your balls son!"

"They're not mine dad. I can't feel anything!"

"May I feel?"

Will nodded and his father gently felt his testicles, squeezing them in his scrotum. They seemed a little small but he didn't mention it.

"They're slightly cool. Maybe they're just numb?"

He felt the orbs to the point they joined the teenager's body, then he traced the cords until they disappeared into his body. He even hefted them to feel their weight.

"Been a good few years since I saw you naked Will, but they feel completely normal son."

Will pulled his pyjama trousers back up with a sceptical look on his face.

"Dad, who did this to me?"

"I don't know son. We can take you to the doctors, but first I think we need to call the police."

Suddenly, from the next room, they both heard Will's younger brother shouting in a panicked voice.

"Daaaad!"

On trans-orbital research cell 8723, bio-tech Kla'tkrt examined its notes on a screen. There was a holographic image of Will floating in the air in above it and dozens of medical holograms of his body and internal organs were listed in a panel at the left. The androgynous insectoid clicked on a picture of Will's genitals and a moving hologram appeared, showing the teenager's flaccid penis and pale teardrop-shaped scrotum. Kla'tkrt made a throat-clicking noise of amusement at the sight. Its race did not have gender; reproducing via a system of cellular transfer and budding. It was much easier. The human's sexual organs were so soft and vulnerable, it was a miracle that they reproduced at all.

On the hologram, a micro cutter opened the soft flesh bag, cutting along the raphe; the seam that bisected the boy's bag. Two claws squeezed the flesh pod and the subject's shiny white testicles plopped out of the slit. The testicles were cleanly removed just below the epididymis and prosthetics were attached in their place, then the scrotum was resealed without leaving a scar.

Kla'tkrt lifted a small surgical jar that held the young human's testicles, and shook it. It was one of thousands in storage. The small ovals slid within the container and Kla'tkrt's palp briefly flickered out between its mandibles. Human testicle were a delicacy that the crew never tired of eating. It was one of the advantages of their assignment. Some liked them cooked, but Kla'tkrt preferred them raw. It would puncture the end of the tunica, then squeeze the soft orb until the offal within oozed out onto its palp before swallowing slowly. The younger males tasted sweeter. Kla'tkrt looked forwards to savouring Will's flesh.

The insectoid looked at the screen and read the brief subject summary. It was a perfect copy of the digital pictograms indelibly tattooed into the young human's body. Kla'tkrt's research clutch planned to look in on this subject many times in the future.

In its alien language, the pictograms described the schedule of surgery. Translated to English one phrase along the boy's penis stood out to Kla'tkrt: "Transplant and replace." It clicked to itself in amusement again as it wondered how the human would react on the day it awoke to discover a different animal's penis growing in place of his own...