

In a Pickle

The day was bright and shiny, and Gorton Doscent strode briskly down the sidewalk. He felt good. He had a job set up for the afternoon, and he still had a few bucks in his pocket. All was right with the world. Folks were out in numbers today, and the pavement was packed with people.

As he strode along, he was glad again that he had decided some years ago to forego wearing shorts or underpants. He liked the feeling of nakedness inside his loose cotton slacks, his balls swinging free and unfettered. It made him feel horny.

He noticed the girl right off, bouncing along in front of him, her chubby little rear end wiggling and wagging as she hurried along. "Rooty-toot-toot, but she sure is cute," he said to himself. Her head was set close to her pert little shoulders, as if she had no neck, but her legs were nice. He slowed his pace to hers, and just followed along after her. He hadn't a care in the world, and she looked like a nice little prospect. When she turned the corner, he followed after.

Suddenly she made a right turn into the lobby of a large apartment building, and he just walked in with her as if he belonged. He stopped when she did, just a few feet behind her, and pretended to peer into one of the mailboxes on the lobby wall as she fumbled in her purse for her keys, and, as soon as she got the door open, he followed right after her, catching the door just at the last minute before it closed. She must have been aware of him, because she gave him a quick little backward glance, but he just smiled at her as if nothing were out of the ordinary. He stopped for a moment, pretending to search his pockets as she hurried up the staircase.

As soon as she turned the corner at the top of the stairs, he took the flight two steps at a time, and was soon right behind her again. She stopped when she got to her door, and he just hurried beyond her, returning her scared sideways glance with another quick smile as he passed, and continued on, slowing his footsteps and waiting till he heard the sound of her keys in the lock, waiting just a brief moment before whirling around and pushing his way through the door right behind her, kicking the door shut behind him without looking.

He was on her before she could scream, grabbing her from behind with his right arm, while putting his left hand over her mouth. He lugged her onto the bed which lay just beyond, dumping his pretty prey onto the quilt. In practically no time at all he had her skirt hoisted up, his fly unzipped, her panties tugged down, and he was in like Flynn.

Ten minutes later, he was back out on the street again, leaving behind a softly sobbing lady, her sweet little ass still fresh in his memory. Wham, bam, thank you, Ma'am, he intoned as he bounced along on the pavement once more, flushed and exuberant after his conquest, the sun beaming down on his face. Thank you, Jesus, he said to himself with a grin. The world was a nice place. A banana on every tree and a pussy on every bed.

"You're late," said the foreman when Gorton walked into the first house on the row where he was supposed to start the taping of the wallboard they were putting up.

"Sorry," said Gorton. "I didn't have a bus schedule, and I just missed the eleven-forty-five."

“Oh, yeah,” said Jim, which was the name of the foreman. “I forgot you didn’t have any wheels. “Well, you better get cracking. We got four houses we wanna finish this afternoon.”

“Right-O,” said Gorton, still feeling cheerful after his brief encounter an hour earlier.

They kept him working pretty constant and he didn’t get a chance for a break for about two hours. When he finally did, a big, friendly guy named Ralph on the work crew invited him out for a quick beer. Ralph had a large igloo cooler loaded up with ice and cold beer in the back of his two-ton pickup truck, so they sat up on the truck bed on the tool box and knocked off a couple cans of ice-cold Miller Lite. There was a slight breeze, and Gorton looked out over the valley beyond. He could see a big old house off in the distance and he asked Ralph about it.

“Buncha dykes live there,” said Ralph.

“Yeah?” said Gorton. “Any good-lookers?”

“There’s a couple looked okay to me,” said Ralph, “but I think you’d be wastin’ your time.”

“I don’t know,” said Gorton contemplatively. “I got a thing about dykes. I figure they’re all just waitin’ around for the right guy to come along. It just can’t be very satisfyin’ to ‘em to make it with another woman.”

“Yeah?” said Ralph disbelievingly. “Well, everyone to his own taste, I always say. Hey, we been out here a good fifteen minutes now. We better get back. I don’t wanna tick Jim off.”

They had finally finished off sheet rocking the four houses that Jim had wanted to complete, and it was Saturday, so they quit at four thirty. They had worked pretty steady, but, still, it was only a half day’s pay for Gorton. Monday morning he’d have to show up bright and early at eight sharp. Jim was a hard taskmaster, and he didn’t seem as if he’d put up with Gorton being late a second time.

A couple of the guys on the crew offered him a lift to town, but Gorton told them he figured he’d better find out about the bus schedule so he wouldn’t be late on Monday morning. He had another idea percolating in the back of his head, but it wasn’t something he wanted to share with them. He took off on the quarter mile path which led to the county road, where the bus stop was, and his walk took him close to the big house where Ralph had told him all the dykes lived. He thought maybe he’d wander a little over in that direction, see if he could spot some of the women who lived there. He was feeling horny again after all the work he had put in that afternoon, and a quickie might be sorta nice. At any rate he could case the joint, see if there might be some future possibilities. If he ran into one of the dykes, he could just say he was lost and wanted directions.

Micky was helping Tasha hang the washing up on the line. The sun was shining and there was a slight breeze in the air. The afternoon, as usual, had been still, except for the distant din of hammering and men’s voices from the new housing project going up over near the highway. Now the silence was interrupted only by the intermittent sound of the wind.

“I sure wish the old drier hadn’t conked out on us,” complained Micky. “I can think of a lot more interesting things to do than this.”

“Frank promised to pick up another rebuilt job for us before the end of summer,” said Tasha. Frank was a handyman, a jack of all trades, and the only male allowed inside their otherwise all-female household. He came in the spring to trim the trees and fix up any damage caused by the winter storms. He also came a lot of other times, since he was good at fixing just about everything else – appliances, plumbing, roof leaks. He was a favorite with all the girls, and worked cheap. They had him and his girl friend Tanya over for dinner in their big communal dining room the first Saturday of every month. Frank always brought a couple bottles of decent wine, and entertained them afterwards, playing his guitar and singing folk songs.

It was lucky they had a big back yard and a lot of clothesline. A household of nine women could generate a lot of washing every week. They all took turns doing the chores, rotating them so everyone shared in the less desirable tasks. Everyone except Regina, who was a first-rate cook, and in charge of the kitchen.

Saturday was housecleaning day, and Micky could hear the sound of the vacuuming going on in the upstairs rooms of the large, four-bedroom house they all shared together. Micky shared a room with Marisha, who was the second in command of the group, just after Rebecca, who was their unopposed leader. Then there were Tasha and Carol, Jeanne and Regina, and Terry and Bridget. Rebecca had a room to herself, a walled-in porch on the first floor. She was the only one without a regular partner, bringing home somebody new every once in a while, until they quarrelled and split up. All the others shared bedrooms, most of the couples having been together for some time. Micky and Marisha had been an item for the last four years. Occasionally one of the women left, and then somebody new came to take her place, but the household was pretty stable. Rebecca said their group formed an ennead, and that the number nine was magical.

Finally the laundry baskets were empty, and all the clothes were hung up.

“You mind carrying the baskets in?” Micky asked Tasha. “I gotta ask Regina what kinda vegetables she wants for the stew. It’s my turn to go to the market this afternoon.”

“No problem,” said Tasha. “I guess you know where to find her.”

At this time of day, Regina would be sitting in a lotus position on her sasen cushion out on the patio, tuning in to the music from the spheres, or whatever it was that people did when they meditated. Micky didn’t much care. She wasn’t into spirituality. She walked around the side of the large house to the patio where she expected to find Regina. A tall trellis jutted out from the house on one side of the patio, and, just as Micky started to make her way around the trellis, she heard signs of a struggle, and, when the patio came into view, she saw the back of a man who seemed to be yanking up Regina’s skirt, while Regina was pounding on him with her big fists. Micky grabbed a large flower pot and rushed over to the conflict. She lifted up the pot as high as she could and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of the man’s head.

They stood there, looking down at him lying on the cold basement floor, all trussed up like a Christmas turkey with the clothesline rope they had brought in from the back yard. He was snoring softly now, his long skinny, upturned nose poking up from

the pile of clothes that his damaged head was resting on. Only a small, dried trickle of blood on his forehead was visible, emanating from the spot on his crown where Micky had nailed him with the flower pot.

They stood there, the five of them, looking down upon their sleeping captive.

"How long you suppose he's going to stay unconscious?" said Jeanne.

"I don't know," said Marisha. "Micky hit him pretty hard. We might have to call an ambulance instead of the police if he doesn't come out of it pretty soon."

"How long's he been out cold now?" asked Jeanne.

"About fifteen minutes," said Marisha. "We just got through tying him up."

"Look how goofy-looking he is," said Tasha. "No wonder he's a rapist. No woman in her right mind would want him."

"You being an example of a woman in her right mind," said Terry.

"So what're we gonna do with him," said Jeanne.

"Turn him over to the cops, of course," said Carol.

"As soon as someone here can dig up a goddam telephone," said Terry.

"You think the judge will throw away the key?" asked Tasha.

"Nah. This jerk'll probly be out in ten years on good behavior," said Marisha. "Maybe less. Then he'll go back to raping. How old do you think he is?"

"Who cares?" said Jeanne.

"I mean," said Marisha, "if he's only in his twenties now, he'd be in his thirties then. He'd still have a good twenty years of assaulting women left in him. You don't think jail's gonna cure him, do you?"

"That's a thought," said Jeanne. "Maybe we ought to just cut off his whanger and let him go."

"Except, besides bleeding all over the place, he'd probably sue our asses," said Marisha. "We'd end up in prison ourselves, on top of it all."

"How could he prove it?" said Jeanne.

"That we were the ones who lopped off his weeny? Somehow, I think he could," said Marisha. "But you've given me an idea."

"What?" said Jeanne.

"What?" said Tasha.

"Maybe we could scare the shit out of him by convincing him we were actually gonna do just that," said Marisha.

"Do just what?" said Jeanne.

"Like you said," said Marisha. "Cut off his whosis. If we really staged it right, he might think we were actually gonna do it, and if we scared him enough, we might induce some kind of psychosis. Every time he thought about raping some woman, he'd suffer a panic attack and go limp."

"That'd take some scaring," said Jeanne. "How would you go about it?"

"How come you guys didn't call the cops?" said Rebecca when she showed up.

"Where're we supposed to find a phone?" said Tasha. "You were the one who had the service cut off, because everybody was making too many long-distance calls. Remember?"

"Yeah, yeah, right," said Rebecca. "But how about Bridget? She's got a cell phone."

“Bridget’s in Arizona visiting her folks.”

“Oh right. Well, how about Micky?”

“Micky had her service cut off because she didn’t pay her bill.”

“Somebody else’s gonna have to get a phone, in case we have an emergency,” said Rebecca. “How long’s this guy been tied up?”

“About half an hour,” said Tasha.

“He still unconscious?” asked Rebecca.

“Last time I looked, he was,” said Tasha.

“I better check on him,” said Rebecca.

When Gorton came to, he had a giant headache, which seemed to have spread to his entire body. His legs were horribly cramped, and they felt like they were starting to go to sleep on him. He was stuck in a really uncomfortable position, and he could hardly move. Even his knees ached. He tried to look around to check out where he was, but he couldn’t see much, craning his stiff neck and peering about, because the place he was in was pretty dim. He was lying on his side on a hard, cold cement floor, and since there weren’t any windows, he guessed he must be in a basement or something. He tried to turn over on his back, but he couldn’t because his arms were fastened behind him in some kind of goddam fetal position. Whoever had tied him up had really done a job. From the part of him he could see, there was so much rope wrapped around him he almost looked like a mummy.

The last thing he could remember was the struggle he had had with the big girl he had discovered while he was checking out the house. She had been sitting with her back to him, but somehow the bitch had managed to spin around when he grabbed her, and was warding him off with her fists while he was struggling to yank her skirt up. Then there had been this big explosion on top of his head, and his memory of what happened after that was totally blank.

Suddenly a light went on somewhere. For an agonizing minute his eyes were too dazzled to make anything out, but as they gradually came into focus he could make out a big old furnace over to his right, and some kind of workbench immediately in front of him.

“So you’re still alive,” said a woman’s voice.

“Yeah,” he groaned. “What’d you hit me with?”

“Somebody else hit you,” said the voice. “I think it was with a flower pot.”

“Can’t you take some of these ropes off of me?” he said. “I can’t hardly move.”

“Maybe later,” said the voice. “We don’t want you getting away.”

“What’re you gonna do with me?”

“Call the cops, maybe. We haven’t decided yet.”

Gorton heard the ‘we’, and he remembered dully that the house was supposedly inhabited by a bunch of dykes. The woman who was talking to him was probably one of those dykes. Maybe even the one he had tried to grab.

“I wish you’d decide pretty soon what you’re gonna do with me. It’s really uncomfortable as hell lying here all tied up.”

“Like I said, we haven’t figured it out yet. You think you’re gonna live?”

"Yeah, yeah," he said. "Except for this goddam headache, and cramps in my legs and my knees ache, I'm alright. Look. Whyn't you just lemme go. I'm not gonna come back here. You can bet on it."

"And leave you on the loose so you can attack somebody else?"

She had him there. He couldn't imagine her believing that he was suddenly going to go on the straight and narrow. He had to try to think of some way to sweet talk his way out of this situation. It was slightly encouraging that she wasn't sure about calling the cops. Gorton had never been caught before, and he didn't want to screw up a clean record. He also didn't want to lose his recently acquired job, and he especially didn't want to go to jail. He had known people who had done time, and the prospect of being locked up without any pussy was a fate worse than death, especially the prospect of becoming some other man's pussy. He had heard a lot of unpleasant stories about prison life, and they gave him the willies.

"Look," he said. "Just don't call the cops. Alright? I'm really an okay guy, and I don't usually do things like this. I just don't know what came over me. Some kinda temporary insanity, maybe. My old lady left me a year ago and I guess I'm gettin' a little loony." He fervently hoped she'd buy the 'old lady' bit. He hadn't had an old lady in his life, if you didn't include the thirteen-year-old girl he'd kept locked up in his trailer for three weeks.

"Don't go 'way, now," said the voice, and he was left in silence again.

He must have dozed off again, because this time his hands were no longer bound behind him, and he was lying on his back on top of a bed. He couldn't remember a thing since that woman had talked to him, but somehow he had been moved from the basement to wherever this place was, and the ropes were gone, but when he went to sit up, he found that his wrists were tied to the bedposts. Damn! He twisted his head to look down and saw that his ankles were similarly restricted. He was spreadeagled and couldn't turn in any direction, but at least he was more comfortable. His head didn't hurt so much, and his knees were no longer in pain. He lay back and considered his future, wondering if he had any, at least outside of a jail cell. Still, the fact that he was still there seemed to suggest that they weren't going to turn him over to the cops. Not yet anyway. He wondered just what they *were* going to do with him.

The girls were sitting around in the large front room, debating the same question. What the heck *were* they were going to do with their prisoner?

"He's going to want to take a pee pretty soon," said Rebecca. "How are we gonna handle *that*?"

"Maybe *you* 'd like to handle it," cracked Terry with a smile.

Rebecca gave Terry a mock frown.

"There's a toilet out in the art studio," said Carol. "Maybe we could lock him up out there."

The art studio was a former garage which they had expanded in size to allow Rebecca and Tasha to paint and sculpt in private, plus serve as a guest bedroom for emergencies.

"How would we lock him up?" asked Rebecca.

"How about that old pair of handcuffs?" said Carol. "You still have the keys?"

"I think so," said Rebecca, "but he could still escape, and if the cops caught him running around with a pair of handcuffs on, we might get in some kind of trouble. I don't think it's legal to handcuff somebody."

"We could put one cuff on him and attach the other to some chain," said Terry.

"We got any chain?" asked Jeanne.

"There's a whole pile of it in the toolshed," said Terry. "Lucky nobody ever throws anything away around here."

"What would we chain him to?" asked Micky.

"That's a problem," admitted Rebecca. "Maybe Frank could help us on that."

"How would we explain it to him?" said Marisha. "We don't want to drag him in on this."

"No, that wouldn't be fair," said Rebecca. "And whatever we do we gotta do it right now. We can't leave that asshole in *my* bedroom."

"I know what," said Jeanne. "It sounds kinda weird, but we never did take out the garage doors. Maybe they could still be opened, and we could push Margot's old Fiat in there and chain him to that."

Margot was a former girlfriend of Rebecca's, who had left six months before after a quarrel with Rebecca. The Fiat had never been repaired, and it still sat out in the driveway, gathering rust and dust.

"You think we could move it?" asked Micky.

"Maybe if the whole lot of us tried," said Terry. "We'd need to put air in the tires first."

So that was what they did. It took a lot of pushing and shoving, but between the eight of them they managed. Luckily the Fiat was small. They could just barely get it in the art studio and shut the garage door. Their final task was moving their prisoner out there without taking a chance on him getting away. They waited till he was asleep, and trussed him up with rope again. He woke up during the process but with all of them manhandling him at once he didn't have a chance. They chained him to the axle of the old Fiat, padlocking two chains together so he could just make it to the small toilet from the bed they put up for him. To make doubly sure he couldn't escape, they even took the wheels off the car. It was a pretty clumsy arrangement, but it looked like it would work. They had a little party in the kitchen afterwards to celebrate their victory, and Regina brought out two old bottles of Geyser Peak Cabernet that Frank had given them the Christmas before last.

Gorton was starting to get really bored with his incarceration. No TV, nothing to look at except a ladies' fashion magazine, a weird kid's book called *Horton Hatches the Egg*, and a copy of the Gideon Bible. Luckily he didn't care much for reading, anyway. But he hated the inactivity. He wanted to do something. *Anything*. Run around the block, chop a chicken's head off, throw rocks at a cat.

The food was good. He had to say that. Three times a day one of the five women brought him a meal. She always left it just inside the door, far enough away that he couldn't reach her. Lucky for *her*. If he *had* managed to grab her, he would've made *super* sure she didn't get away from him, so he could use her for bargaining leverage in order to be freed from his chains and get the hell out of there.

The only problem with *that* plan was that he'd also need to get them to return his clothes and shoes. All that he'd been permitted to wear so far was his T-shirt and a large pair of panty hose. He couldn't imagine running around in anything like *that*.

It was sure weird the way they had him chained up to the car. That was particularly strange. He guessed it was the biggest thing they had around, and they didn't want him to get away. Unfortunately it worked. He was getting a little sore around his left wrist from being handcuffed to the chain all the time, but, with his right hand free, he could still eat, scratch his balls, and wipe his ass. But he really missed not having a TV. He had never realized before how much he had counted on it for entertainment. Up till now, TV had always been a given, something sitting around he could always rely on. The bitches. They were just trying to make him suffer.

He didn't know why they were keeping him. He had the distinct feeling it wasn't going to be forever, that there was some special reason why they hadn't turned him over to the cops yet, and he couldn't figure out what. Lately that fat little fuck who brought him his meals had been dropping snide little hints, making vague comments that made him uneasy. Little cryptic remarks about an operation. An *operation*. He had thought about that a lot. Yesterday she come out with a wise-ass statement about how he better make the most of his dick with his free hand while he still had it. He figured she was just playing with his mind, but he wasn't quite sure. It made him pretty nervous. His dick was the most important part of his anatomy. Without it, life would be pretty drab. Did they *really* intend to cut it off? It was so unthinkable that he couldn't bring himself to accept it. And if they *were* going to do that, then why were they stalling so long? It gave him a lot to speculate on as he lay around, going stir-crazy, each day a little more tempted to pick up that god-damned Bible or that goofy kid's book, just to have something to do.

He was sure he had lost his job, by now. No matter what happened, once the bitches let him go he'd *never* be able to talk his way back onto the work crew. That hard-ass foreman wouldn't for one second believe that he had been tied up for all this time by a bunch of dykes. *Nobody* would believe him. He wouldn't believe it *himself* if somebody else told it to *him*. The guys on the work crew would laugh their asses off, tell him it was just his wishful goddam imagination. Even the cops wouldn't go for a fairy story like that. Besides, if he brought the dykes into it, they'd tell about the attempted rape. He knew the cops would believe *them*, even though the dykes would probably be in some kind of trouble for keeping him locked up like this. No matter how he looked at it, he was screwed. The best he could hope for was that these fucking females would let him go. He clung to that shaky belief. They were just trying to scare him, to get even with him for grabbing that woman in the patio.

Tasha was working overtime to finish the costumes. She had really kept the old Singer sewing machine humming away the last few days. Rebecca had made some sketches on how the costumes should look, copying them out of a book she had on wikka craft. Already, there was a stack of eight witches' hats, with round brims and tall, pointed peaks, that Rebecca and Carol had completed the night before. Ideally, there should be *nine* witches, but with Bridget away they could only muster eight. Rebecca nixed the idea of bringing someone else into the plot.

"That asshole won't ever notice whether there're eight or nine," she had said when the whole group had gotten together to finalize the plan.

Carol had gotten hold of some anesthetic from a friend of hers who was a nurse. After the “operation” they would inject it into his penis to make it numb. That would help convince him they had cut it off. They had wanted to get something that would cause him pain in his pubic area, but Carol’s friend hadn’t come up with anything she thought would be safe enough. They had settled on rubbing his privates with some steel wool and then applying some Sloane’s linament. That ought to do the trick.

Unfortunately, Carol’s nurse friend had also refused to supply them with any kind of sleeping potion, on the grounds that it might be dangerous, that he might not come out of it, so they dreamed up another solution for putting him out while they were supposedly removing his penis. They would keep him awake for a couple nights running by playing the weirdest music they could manage. Then they could use something milder to put him to sleep when it came time for the “operation.”

Rebecca picked up a bunch of used cds from a record shop in town with pieces from Bartok, Schönberg and Varèse, plus some Arabic music. She figured that ought to be strange enough to keep their guest from sleeping. There weren’t enough for a couple nights’ running, but they could just play them over and over again. Luckily they had an old RCA they had picked up at Radio Shack a couple years before that would play five cds in a row, so it meant that only one person would have to get up in the middle of the night to replay the stack.

Terry had contributed some LSD left over from a long-ago acid trip, and they figured that a very small dose of it mixed in his Thursday night dinner would help to put him in a more receptive frame of mind for the music. It would also serve to keep him awake. Then, just before the penis-removal ceremony they had planned for him for Saturday night, they would give him an injection to knock him out temporarily, fashioned by grinding up a few of Carol’s prescription sleeping pills in a water solution. After the sleep deprivation and all the excitement of the ceremony, *that* ought to put him under. Then they would anesthetize his member and bring out the steel wool and linament to provide him with some convincing pain in his groin. They would then move him back to the studio and wrap his privates with bandages, keeping him tied up so he couldn’t pull the bandages off. They were hoping that when he came to he would freak out.

“There’s something missing, though,” said Rebecca, as they sat around ruminating about their scheme.

“What’s that?” said Micky.

“We still need a clincher,” said Rebecca, “Something that would really convince him that we’d done it.”

“What in the world could that be?” said Tasha. “Outside of actually showing him his severed penis.”

“That’s it!” said Rebecca.

“What d’you mean, that’s it?” said Tasha.

“You’re the sculptress,” said Rebecca. “Couldn’t you make a fake penis? Something that looked real?”

“I don’t see how I could possibly fool him,” said Tasha. “He’s been looking at his dick all his life. He probably has it memorized by now.”

“You could put it in a jar,” said Marisha, “so he couldn’t see it so well.”

“Right,” said Carol. “In some kind of pickling solution, like the organs on the walls of mad doctors in old horror films.”

“I think we’re on the right track,” said Rebecca.

“I don’t even know the dimensions of his penis,” said Tasha.

“We could go in and measure it,” said Jeanne. “Maybe even take a photo of it with that old Kodak.”

“Wouldn’t that give him a clue later on?” said Tasha. “Like when we showed him what was supposed to be his ex-penis, he’d remember about us measuring it.”

“Not if we made it seem like part of an pre-operational exam,” said Rebecca. “We could measure it in combination with a bunch of other tests and procedures.”

“What would I sculpt it out of?” said Tasha.

“How about a weiner?” said Micky.

“But it would need a head,” said Tasha.

“How about a big mushroom cap stuck on the end of the weiner,” said Jeanne.

“You could paint it with pink nail polish,” said Terry. “That’d make it look realistic.”

On Wednesday evening, after dinner and his nightly crap, the bitches all showed up en masse and spreadeagled him to the bed, tying his wrists to the bedposts behind him and his ankles to the bottom of the bed. Then, to his disbelieving eyes, they pulled down his panty hose and squirted shaving cream all over his crotch. The head bitch, the big fat one who seemed to be in charge, then brought out a straight razor and proceeded to shave his pubic area. She also gently tested out the sharpness of the razor on the roots of his penis, not actually drawing any blood, but scaring the shit out of him. While she was doing this, the tall blonde bitch pulled out a stethoscope and placed it over his heart, and he noticed that the short fat little one who served him his meals was actually measuring his dick with a tape measure, while the tough little welterweight was taking a photo of it.

Afterwards, they released him from his bonds and reattached the chain. When they left, he examined himself for some time, marveling at how smooth his crotch looked after being shaved. He almost looked like a woman. It made him feel really weird. After all the tests they had just made of him, he was starting to feel seriously worried. Maybe they *were* actually going to carry out their threat.

If the shaving ceremony unnerved him, it was nothing like the weird-ass music they forced him to listen to day and night. He had never heard anything stranger, and it made sleep impossible. Unfortunately, the cd player was too close to the door for him to be able to reach it. He tried throwing things at it to knock its cord loose from the electrical outlet, but nothing seemed to work. He finally wrapped his blanket around his head and tried, futilely, to grab a few winks. He also hoped that he might manage to nap a little during the daytime, but one or another of the bitches dropped by a few times a day to keep the music going. He was starting to feel pretty goofy, as well as paranoid. He was having weird dreams while he was awake, and all that unsettling music blasting away didn’t help any. What the point of it was he couldn’t imagine. It was bad enough worrying about whether they really were going to perform an operation on him. If they were trying to drive him crazy it seemed to be working.

Saturday came. At least he thought it was Saturday. He had been trying to keep track of the days, but with all the lack of sleep and nutty things going on he was starting to get a little confused about the date. On top of it all, the fat little bitch continued to make her snide little remarks whenever she brought him his meals, like how he better play with his whanger as much as possible, since he wasn't going to have it much longer. He got the impression that the operation was going to take place soon.

That evening, about half an hour before sunset, they came for him and roped him up again, except for his feet, then they led him outside and down to the meadow below the house, where they sat him on the ground and tied him up against a tree and removed his panty hose. Then they spread his legs apart and tied his ankles to some stakes. He realized that the moment had come, and he was sweating up a storm. They left him alone for a while, while he watched the dying rays of the sun stretch across the grassy field. He started hearing the distant sound of a drum beating, like out of one of those African safari movies. This was accompanied for a while by the eerie sound of a flute.

He seemed to see his whole life before float by like some kind of movie. He remembered when his mother ran off with the bass player in the rock band, and he had been left with his father, who was in the porno movie business. He had been big for his age, and he remembered all the phony bitches he had had to fuck in his father's sex flicks, back before he was 17 and left to join the Marines for six months until he got out on a medical discharge. That was around the time he started grabbing women when he needed some sex. He had never had any respect for women, anyway. They were never there for you when you needed 'em, so fuck 'em. Once he had come to this decision, he took women whenever and wherever he found them. So far, he had never been caught. Not until now, that was.

The flute stopped, but the drum kept up its distant muted beat. In the gathering twilight, the meadow around him seemed like a strange, distorted place. He felt an eerie calm plastered over total panic beneath. It was like some kind of doomsday as he sat there awaiting his fate.

Then the drum beat stopped, and all was silent. In the distance, he could see a procession of white figures with tall, peaked hats, carrying torches, snaking their way through the meadow, slowly approaching him, and, as they got closer, he saw their blue faces with red gashes where their mouths should have been. In the fading light, they gradually made their way towards where he lay waiting for them with his heart in his mouth and his limp dick cowering on the ground. Finally they stopped, about a dozen feet away from him, in a semi-circle, and the one in the middle walked slowly up to where he sat, towering above him. Two others sprang forward then, and planted their torches in the ground, one on each side of him. Then the one in the middle held up a large, gleaming scalpel, shining in the torchlight, and she began a strange, low chant, and the group behind her joined in. A disembodied hand reached out from the side and grasped the base of his penis, and it swelled into an erection as the blood collected. The witch holding the scalpel knelt down. Then he passed out.

When he awoke, he was back in his room roped to his bed. His crotch was throbbing with pain, but there was only a sense of numbness where his penis should have been. By the dim glow of the night light near the bathroom door he could see that he was

bare from the waist down, and where his private parts were located he was swathed in bandages.

As dawn approached, and the room was gradually suffused with the cold light of early morning, he noticed a jar on the bookcase against the wall to his left, next to all the weird sculptures. He was certain that he hadn't seen it there before, and as he peered at it he could just make out the shape inside the jar, and he suddenly realized with a jolt what it was. It was his goddam dick, his beloved dick, lying there alone, all by itself in that horrible jar!

They had actually done it, he realized with a feeling of utter loss. He was paralyzed with dread at the prospect of making it for the rest of his life without his pride and joy, that part of him that he prized so much. He caught the faint odor of urine and realized he must be peeing in his bed, but he couldn't feel the usual passage of piss, just a slight relief in his bladder and the sense of warm wetness beneath him. He hoped he wasn't bleeding, but he could see no sign of blood. He wondered if he would be able to control his urination without a pecker. He gradually succumbed once more to a dozing kind of sleep, punctuated by disquieting dreams of walking naked through the streets with people pointing at him and laughing.

The next time he came to, it was daytime, and he was still lying in bed, but the bedding had been changed, and he was dressed in his street clothes, the ones he had been wearing when they first captured him. He was still tied to the bedposts, and he was aware of the bandages still wrapped around his crotch. There wasn't much feeling in his genital area, but he didn't want to think about it right then. Actually, he was too bummed out to think about much of anything. He wasn't even sure he wanted to escape any longer. What was there to escape to? What was left for him in life?

He remembered a strange porn film he had once watched in the Peoria Porn Palace, about a weird dude by the name of John Wayne something-or-other. A guy who had had his dick cut off by his wife, who then drove off into the boon docks and threw it out the goddam car window, and how the cops had searched diligently for the guy's dick and actually found it. That in itself was amazing. And then, to top it all off, they had actually managed to sew it back on. An absolutely incredible story.

And then he got this fantastic idea. It blew him away. He would steal his dick back from these dykes and go to a hospital where they would sew it back on. He clung with single-minded fervor to this sudden hope.

He peered over, from time to time, at the jar across the room, and in the full light of day, there was no doubt now about what was inside it. He concentrated on his resolve to retrieve his lost treasure.

Suddenly one of the bitches opened the door and peered in. It was the short fat one with all the wise-ass remarks whenever she brought him his dinner.

"How's the patient?" she asked, but this time she didn't have a smirk on her face. She almost seemed concerned about him.

"Okay, I guess," he said sadly. He almost felt like crying, but he didn't want to do it in front of her. He lay quietly for a minute. "I see you guys cleaned up all the piss," he said finally.

"Yeah," she said. "You feeling okay?"

"I guess so," he said morosely, "just a lotta pain. You got any pills for that?"

"I don't think so," she said, "but I'll check on it. Anything else?"

"When are you guys gonna let me go? This is goddam fuckin' uncomfortable, bein' tied up like this in addition to everything else you done to me."

"We had to do it for your own safety," she said. "If you ripped off your bandages prematurely you might bleed to death. We'll be letting you go pretty soon. Is there anything else?"

"I'd like to get myself checked out at the goddam hospital." He didn't want to tell her why, afraid that they might oppose him getting his pecker sewn back on after all the trouble they had gone to in cutting it off. "I wanna find out what you guys did to me, make sure I don't have some kinda goddam infection." He was pleased with his little invention, his excuse for getting to a hospital.

"I oughta sue your fuckin' asses for what you done to me," he said in a rasping, low-pitched tirade. "Goddam fuckin' bitches. You cut off a man's glory, what the fuck does he have to live for? You ever think of that?" He fell silent once more. He didn't even want to look at the bitch.

"How's he doing?" asked Rebecca when Jeanne reported back to the tired group gathered in the kitchen after she had checked on their patient.

"He's awake now," said Jeanne, "and he's boiling mad about what he thinks we did to him. He asked for some pain pills, and he wanted to know when we were gonna let him go. He didn't seem violent exactly. He's just feeling awfully sorry for himself, almost suicidal, maybe."

"So he bought it," said Marisha.

"Absolutely," said Jeanne. "Hook, line, and sinker. He was talking about wanting himself checked out at a hospital. It's gonna be quite a surprise to him when he finds out he's actually okay."

"You think his old cockiness will return?" asked Terry with a slight smile.

"Maybe he thinks that's possible," said Carol. "Maybe the real reason he wants to go to a hospital is to find out if they can sew it back on."

They all had a laugh over that.

"I guess we'll never know whether he goes back to his old ways," said Rebecca. "Our 'operation' seems to have been a success, however."

"The whole thing went incredibly well," said Tasha. "I didn't even need to use the sleeping tablet solution."

"You didn't?" said Rebecca.

"Huh uh," said Tasha. "I didn't need to. I had the needle ready, but he just sort of passed out when you pulled out the scalpel. So I didn't bother."

"Wow," said Rebecca. "That's even better. It proves that he was really convinced we were going to do it. Well, I think it's time to return him to society. For psychological reasons, I don't want him to find out he's okay, though, until he's out of our hands. How do you guys think we should go about it?"

"Why don't we just give him what he asked for, and dump him off at the hospital," said Jeanne. "We could keep him tied up till then. It'd be hilarious for him to walk into the emergency room reporting a missing penis."

"Or even funnier," said Carol, "if he asked them to sew it back on."

“We’ll find out if that’s what he’s been thinking,” said Rebecca, “when we go to take him away. See if he insists on taking his pickled pecker with him.”

Five of them came to his room and untied him from the bedposts. They trussed him up with a long piece of rope, which just left his legs free. Then they led him slowly towards the door. Just as they passed the bookcase where the jar stood, he looked anxiously back at it.

“You guys mind if I take that with me?” he asked in a conciliatory tone, trying to sound as casual as possible.

“You want it for your mantelpiece?” asked the fat little one.

“Leave him alone,” said the tall blonde. “What harm can it do if he takes it?”

“Let’s wrap it up for him,” said one of the others. “We’ll have to make sure the lid’s on tight.”

He watched with concealed concern as they wrapped a towel around the jar and stuck it in a large paper bag.

“An’, you’re gonna let me out at the hospital,” he said. “Right?”

“Right,” said the little tough-looking one. “Now let’s get this show on the road.”

The sun was shining as they stepped out into the driveway. A quarter ton truck was standing there, and, between the lot of them, they managed to help him climb up onto the truck bed. Two of them sat up there with him, while the other three got in the front, and the truck was soon on its way, rumbling and bumping up the rocky road until it got to the freeway, where it picked up speed and was soon whizzing along on the smooth asphalt. He couldn’t see where they were going, but he didn’t care, just so long as it was a hospital. He cast surreptitious little glances at the package the dyke next to him was holding.

When they pulled up to the hospital emergency area, they helped him out and untied his right hand. They placed the paper bag on top of a bench. Then they climbed back in the truck and hauled ass, tires squealing as they sped off in the direction of the freeway. It was only late afternoon, and the hospital parking lot he was standing in seemed pretty empty, a couple of ambulances parked near the emergency entrance, but nobody was in sight. It was a Sunday, he reminded himself. Maybe on Sundays people were too busy going to church to be sick.

With his right hand free, it didn’t take long to free the rest of himself, and he tossed the rope scornfully into the nearest trash can. He sat down next to the bag, but not too close, afraid of knocking it over, and rubbed his stiff limbs until he was ready to walk. He didn’t touch the part of himself that was bandaged, however. He was too depressed about what he would find, or rather what he wouldn’t find. He also didn’t look inside the bag when he picked it up. He just wanted to get inside, where he would let the doctors check things out properly.

The doctor at the emergency desk wasn’t going to admit him at first, since he didn’t have proof of medical insurance. Gorton really lashed out at him.

“A guy has his dick cut off, and you want to stand there and argue about some goddam insurance?” he exclaimed. He was really pissed.

The doctor just gaped at him and didn’t say anything for a moment. Then he seemed to recover his faculties.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "Let's get you to an examination room. We can handle the formalities later. Can you walk, or would you like a wheelchair?"

"I can goddam walk," said Gorton testily.

"Just follow me," said the doctor.

Gorton followed him down the corridor, where he was shown into an empty examination room.

"A doctor will soon be with you," the doctor said to him.

"Aren't you a goddam doctor?" said Gorton.

"No, sir. I'm just an orderly. Now just sit there quietly for a minute and a real doctor will be here soon."

Gorton sat and fumed. This wasn't like the emergency rooms he saw on TV dramas, with doctors and nurses running around like mad. Everything was so goddam quiet. Finally, after what seemed like a small eternity, a white-gowned man with a stethoscope hurried in through the doorway.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sir," he said. "My name is Jenkins." He held out his hand to be shaken but Gorton ignored it. "Did I understand correctly, sir, that your penis has been severed?"

"Right," said Gorton wearily. "An' I want you to sew it back on. I got it right here in the bag. Buncha dykes cut it off and put in a pickle jar."

The doctor looked with astonished eyes at the bag Gorton laid on his desk.

"I'll take a look at that in just a second, but first let's take a look at you. Could you just stand up, please, so I can examine you? Are you in any pain?"

"Only a little," said Gorton, rising to his feet.

"Would you mind lowering your pants, please?" said the doctor, kneeling down to take a look.

Gorton unbuckled his belt, undid the top button of his pants, unzipped his fly, and dropped his trousers to the floor. The doctor delicately examined the bandages which swathed his crotch area, then began peeling them off carefully. Gorton steeled himself for what the doctor would find. He almost didn't want to know. Finally the last bandage fell to the floor, and he could feel the doctor touching him.

"Well? Well?" said Gorton impatiently.

"I don't understand," said the doctor, looking up at Gorton with an astonished expression.

"What do you mean?" said Gorton, almost angrily. "What don't you understand?"

"Well . . . look for yourself, sir," said the doctor, rising to his feet.

Gorton looked down, and there was his penis, alive and well, hanging rather limply, to be sure, but looking pretty much the same as it had ever looked. His crotch area was somewhat reddened, and sore to the touch as he reached down and fingered his lost member, now miraculously restored.

"Those goddam bitches," said Gorton, in a voice of awe. He was in the grip of a tremendous relief, coupled with an angry reverence. It was a mood he had never experienced in his entire life.

The doctor gave him a peculiar look. "Do you mean to tell me that a group of lesbians actually deceived you into thinking they had cut off your penis?" The doctor's astonishment seemed to be undergoing a slow transition into a subtle smile, and Gorton

felt a sudden twinge of what threatened to transform itself into a major embarrassment. He desperately wanted to be anywhere else, any place on earth where he would not have to suffer the humiliating gaze of this doctor, whose smile was now, slowly but surely, turning into an incredulous, broad, disbelieving grin.

But suddenly the doctor's gaze was directed elsewhere, and, before Gorton could make a move to stop him, he watched in slow motion as the doctor grabbed the bag from his desk and walked over to the sink.

"I'd still better make sure this isn't real," said the doctor, removing the bag and unwrapping the towel before he slowly poured the contents of the jar into the sink. Gorton pulled up his pants, zipped his fly, and walked over to see what had been inside it.

"Not a bad job," said the doctor. "It wouldn't fool a professional for one minute of course, but, inside that jar, surrounded by all that pickle juice, I can see where it might have convinced you."

But before the doctor could finish his comments, Gorton was running out the door. He ran through the emergency ward and out the exit, under the surprised gaze of the few orderlies on duty. He ran through the parking lot and down onto the highway, where he ran and ran and ran, until an old geezer in a pickup truck loaded with chickens stopped and gave him a ride to town.