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It may have been when I was six or seven, that Christmas I received a small point-shoot camera that had the ability to download the pics to a computer.

We lived outside the city limits, seeing lots of wild animals made it easy to get a few shots of the ones around our home.

Hiding quietly in a large tree, capturing a perfect shot of an owl and her children. Dad helped me download the shots I had taken ... seeing them he forwarded all to a local news station. The framing, light, exposure were all almost perfect, opening up a door I had never expected to be opened.

A local camera company, providing me with a better camera, along with an agreement that any shots I took would be shown to them first, before I could offer them to a secondary facility.

The new camera gave me the opportunity to shoot dogs, cats, multiple species of birds, one of a mountain lion hunting prey ... as well as many other animals. Some of the shots were entered in national contests, a couple which I won.

The contract with the photo place was canceled ... better cameras, classes given on what to do for better shots, took me to college on a fully paid scholarship. The additional training plunged me into a life dream job of working for a national publication filming animals around the world.

Filming the elusive Snow Leopard was done with three of us, spending multiple months high in the mountains to get the perfect shots. Same was true of a family of big cats in one of the jungles ... it seemed each time I had the chance to do one of these unique assignments, what I was seeing through the lens was more exciting than I'd ever seen before.

Exactly how my career changed from never before shot animals to seeing if pictures could be taken of animals that most thought were a myth but may indeed be real.

The first assignment was to head to Africa, tracking a group of lesser known hyenas, specifically females who had become shemale animal equivalents. What I found before heading there, the female has a high degree of androgen, a male hormone, making them aggressive, dominant as well as extremely dangerous. According to stories that came to us, a specific group of females had grown huge cocks or maybe their clits had developed into large penis'. They were using these to dominate the males by pounding their anal openings. The more the males surrendered to sex this way, the more feminine they were becoming as well as less dominant.

These animals are some of the most dangerous breeds in the area they live. They'll face off a lion, which has size to their advantage, but the aggressiveness, cunning ability to sneak around, was to their advantage, so we had to be ultra careful.

Setting up a base camp, five of us were on this assignment figuring we'd post ourselves with long range lenses, zero in on their daily activity. Perched in a tree stand, not far from a family circle ... the first morning I caught a female sporting a large 6 to 8 inch clit, looking like a cock in many ways - it was hard, easily showing the size, when she encountered a large male. He had a well endowed shaft between his legs that was fully erect. The two spared for a few minutes, when to my surprise, the big male hesitated, stepping back - that was all the advantage she needed, moving quickly behind him, mounting him. As soon as her false dick entered him, my camera caught the wave of total submission coming over this poor male. I knew in my heart he would be her bitch from now on, he had been broken.

What even surprised me more, all the time she was fucking, his own cock began twitching, leaking a steady stream, until finally he exploded, emptying the full load of his seed on the ground.

Since I had the evidence we needed, putting down my camera, relaxing in the small structure, rubbing between my legs .. the pleasure I was feeling made me become more and more aroused, not sure why what I had just witnessed had excited me so much.

Laying back in the enclosure, unzipping my shorts, stroking a rigid hard on ... being so excited, it only took a few minutes to explode my own load on the surface. Eyes partially closed, dreaming of what it would be like to be taken like this, so completely.

Arriving back home, what I had seen, the way she dominated him, wouldn't leave my mind. Finally finding a BDSM club, specializing in dominant shemales who were well endowed.

Dressing in a pair of shorts, pull over golf shirt and sandals, entering the establishment on a Friday night around 7pm. The cute receptionists asked why I was there, since I wasn't a member, explaining in detail without specifics.

Stripping me nude, slipping on a tunic along with a white leather collar, "This signifies you are looking for someone to own you on a limited basis. We have quite a few ladies fitting the description of who you are looking for, good luck"

Walking in, the place was busy, moving to an empty table, I had just ordered a drink, when a tall stunning redhead, huge boobs, easily showing just how big they were, stopped by the table Looking me over, "My name is Jessica, I see you're looking for a part time ownership, mind if I set to get acquainted?"

That was when I noticed a large bulge between her legs, not easily hidden, asking her to please take a seat, thinking this was just who I was looking for.

She was easy to talk to, so I did not hesitate to tell her what had happened to make me experience these new submissive feelings. I wasn't gay in anyway, but still the way the female dominated the male, had me more than just excited.

She understood completely, all the time running her hand up and down the inside of my thigh, triggering a mind blowing hardon easily tenting the tunic. By the time she was stroking my shaft, suggesting we head to her place.

Staying in my slave tunic, as soon as I sat comfortably in the limo, she injected my leg with a prefilled auto inject solution - looking at her more than surprised, "I've drugged you with a relaxing compound. It is spiking your arousal as we speak, ridding you of any and all inhibitions. It will make it so much easier for me to take your virginity"

Before we arrived at her place, I was on my knees, leaning over the seat, she had easily entered me with that larger than average cock, taking away my virginity and like the poor male in the jungle, causing me to enjoy one of the most mind blowing orgasms I've ever experienced.

When I left Sunday night, I'd been fucked in my 'girly-hole' multiple times, given her my first blowjob as a man, had both of my nipples pierced and was much more feminine then before,

Work on Monday morning, everyone commented, 'I looked different', they had no way of knowing just how right they were. She had refitted me with her own leather collars, while I absently played with it, at my desk, I kept drifting off, thinking that she officially owned me, in due time, I'd be forced to move in with her, have my ass branded as one of her play things all the while eventually having my balls and cock caged, only released when she needed to torture me. I had found what I had been looking for all my life, complete submission to a dominant female.

This day dreaming came to an end, when the director called us in, "It seems we have a few reputable reports coming in from the Himalayas that a group of Bigfoot females or Yeti's as they are called there, are coming into small villages, capturing males - so far none have ever come back ... I'd like you three to see if you can get some footage of these females" Then he laughed, "Who knows maybe you'll be the first to show they really do exist"

Texting my mistress, letting her know I was off on assignment, we headed for this region within a few days.

Stopping first at one of the villages who had lost the first male, with the help of an interpreter, we found out the male captured was more feminine than most men, this was true of each of the missing males. For some reason they were capturing feminine males, maybe so no resistance would be put up.

Moving closer and closer to the place where we thought they may be living, I was becoming more and more nervous. Of the three of us, I was the most feminine, continually remembering how much I loved having her cock deep in me, the thrill I had when she pulled on my nipple rings and tortured my balls. I'd exploded in a mind blowing climax the first time she'd fucked me and now we were heading into a unknown group of huge creatures that seemed to pick out the gay guys to be captured.

Driving as far as vehicles could take us, equipped with heavy backpacks, warm gear, camera bags and enough supplies to last us more than a week, the long trek started. It took two days of walking before we saw any signs of these animals. A man's boot was laying on the trail, then the second one, some clothing, ending up in an open area, showing signs of a creamy liquid all around the logs used to set on, as well as strings of a similar substance shot across the trampled area. I knew exactly what we were looking at, I'd shot a similar string of cum when she'd used me time and time again.

Thinking of what was happening to these slaves, I was becoming hard as well as more than a little aroused.

The next day we came over a crest, looking down into a wooded area, it was true there were a large group of maybe ten or twelve white fur covered creatures moving around upright, just like humans move.

There seemed to be a large cave where they'd come and go, but no sign of any human males. We decided our best bet to get some shots was to divide up, I'd take the ridge on the left, the other two to the right and behind above the cave. All agreed we'd meet back here in two days, then head back with what we'd found. Just the preliminary shots we'd already taken, proved the Yeti is alive and well.

My way was fairly easy walking, eventually placing me directly above the central point, also allowing me to get more detailed pics of what they were.

Setting up a long range lens, stabilizing it, zooming in on five of these things less than a hundred feet from my position.

Zooming in, what I was seeing nearly made me faint, not realizing I'd let out a small whimper. These were over 8 foot tall creatures, all covered in white fur, but definitely having huge breasts covered in the same white covering. Between their legs was a huge penis like growth, also covered in fur ... Saying silently to myself, "OMG these are Yeti shemales, big titted, big cocked shemales. No wonder they have been capturing the feminine males, we'd never put up a fight when faced with these creatures using us"

While I was getting shot after shot, it looked like they looked in my direction. I knew I was camouflaged well enough they'd never see me, but as soon as they looked away, one of the five left, the others began playing with each other, stroking their cocks, kissing, dropping down to suck on another's member ... this had me so aroused, pressing my raging rocket in my pants, against the ground, grinding back and forth, humping the ground, trying to enjoy the much needed explosion that had been building for a few days, I never saw the one who had left the group, circled up behind me, making a strange sound. Startled, looking back, she was larger than I had initially thought, but sexually my body was in a euphoric dream-like state, only able to stare at her, her big hand easily grabbed me by the waist, lifting me up, screaming to the others She took me into the cave, where I was stripped nude, one of the slaves spoke broken English, asking me if I was alone or where the others were, not willing to give up my friends, just stared at them.

Dipping her finger in a bowl of a greenish looking substance, then shoving it in my ass ... within seconds my mind started whirling out of control ... when I was asked again I gave them all the information wanted. Several of the group were sent out to find them, I never saw them again.

Hanging by my arms over my head, a different cream was rubbed all over my rock hard shaft and balls. The stinging - tingling took effect immediately. It reminded me of covering my whole area with alcohol, making me squirm, moan, opening and closing my legs ... as soon as the stinging started to lessen, more was applied starting the process over again. This kept up until there was no more feeling down there, than a cage, made out of vines was fitted over the balls and cock, soaking it in water when on, as it dried the thing began shrinking, much like leather does when it's soaked - my poor cock and balls were only fractions of what they had been when I arrived.

They were all fascinated at how much pain they could cause me by pulling on my nipple rings ... by the next day every slave had rings made of vines through their nipples.

While still hanging there, a white substance was spread all over my body, my head everywhere, that's when I noticed the slaves captured before me were all bald, no hair showing anywhere. By the time they had applied this substance multiple times, there wasn't a hair on my body, no hair on my head, legs, arms, under arms ... no eyebrows ... none anywhere.

They took me down, moving me to a bench, looked very much like a breeding bench, but I had no idea why, there were slaves everywhere being fucked, why would they need a bench when it was obvious why we had been captured.

Trying to tell them I wouldn't resist, they could use me as much as they wanted, but no one seemed to care.

Securing me to the device, one of them pushed her cock deep inside me, no preparation, just pushed it in all the way. Grabbing my hips, she started to pump in and out ... over and over ... the pain was uncomfortable to start, soon however started to feel so wonderful, even causing me to push back ... my poor shaft would have been rock hard, throbbing had it not been caged, now it was painful.

She held onto my hips, I felt soon she'd empty a wonderful flood of her warm cream, no chance she just kept pumping. I was in a frenzy when she pulled out, replaced by someone else, barely missing a beat with my poor ass.

Having no idea how long I was being abused, it went on and on and on, eventually complete exhaustion took over, dropping my head, eyes could no longer stay open. Waking occasionally, still being fucked, back to sleep.

As near as I could figure, sometime the following day, they stopped, pulling out of me ... my poor

back door ached A creamy substance was pushed up inside me, more and more applied ... more rest time ... Midway through that day, one of them again easily slipped in me, pumping a few times, emptying a load of the warm substance. This one pulled out, replaced by the next one, a few pumps filling me again.

I could feel how much seed they were emptying in me, but nothing was running down my legs, it should have been a lot, but nothing. Load after load, one shemale after the next, the only reason, my body was absorbing their sperm.

While I remained locked down, the reason they had pounded me so long had to be preparing my body to absorb the cum now added. It wasn't making any sense, until I was having problems remembering my Mistress, then why I was here ... that progressed to not being able to know who I was ... the liquid contained something that wiped out my memory, leaving me as a sex pet, the only reason for living was to be fucked by these shemale creatures.

They released me the following day, showing me where food was located, as well as where water was available ... Then I was kissed and released to wander around. The cave was warm, so staying nude did not bother me, walking aimlessly around, one of my owners helped me down on my knees, that wonderful cock sliding in easily ... pumping over and over ... finally when she released the load inside, a wave of pleasure washed over me, making me want to enjoy this again, as soon as possible. Touching one of the creatures, she fucked me until the wave came over me again. I wasn't cumming, my poor cock was restricted so tight I wasn't aware of it at the time, but eventually my penis would die and drop off - the older slaves just had a marking but no cock.

I'd sleep at night somewhere in the cave, usually by myself, all day I'd be ready to be fucked, night time was sleep again.

What I wasn't aware of, when I was in that stand looking at the female hyena dominating the male, I had wondered what this would be like, now I was living that dream.