

## Castigator vs. Penitent

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The air is filled with cheers from the other spectators. From your front-row seat, you can see the cage clearly. The ring announcer steps up to the mic, and the crowd's excitement is almost palpable. You scream and cheer, doing so feeling better than not.

"Ladies and gentlefurs, let's get ready to punish!" the ring announcer calls, and the feverish screaming intensifies even more.

"Before we meet the penitent, let's meet his punisher!"

You grin ear-to-ear. The company that developed it, Biotrol, has been running ads for months, and you've seen every one of them. Their newest breed is called Castigator-SR, and it's faster, more agile, and stronger than the previous breed, Chastiser. The SR suffix means that this one is capable of self-replicating. You can't help but cringe a bit: the ads left it up to your imagination how it did that, but they implied that it might be *very* uncomfortable for the people they punished!

"...Castigator-SR is the latest model from Biotrol. We expect nothing but the best from the company that brought you the Chastiser! We have here the Biotrol executives responsible for Castigator-SR's development, and they're very excited to see him in his first real-life fight!"

*Wow, the Biotrol execs are here?* you think. You were a *huge* fan of Chastiser, and if Castigator's half as good, you'll be impressed!

"Ladies and gentlefurs, introducing Castigator-SR!"

A door opens into the cage, and a 10-foot-tall, bipedal creature steps into it. Its ears are long and sharply pointed, its muzzle equally long, rounded, and slightly reptilian, and its eyes piercing. From what the ads said, it can see both normal and infrared wavelengths, meaning that even in the dark, its prey couldn't escape. Its skin is leathery, like the hide of a rhinoceros, but light tan. Its shoulders are broad and very muscular, rippling right into a burly chest and muscular arms leading into hands with sharp claws. Its abs ripple like a washboard and do absolutely nothing to conceal the creature's sheath and perfectly proportioned testes.

You swallow in awe and a little bit of anticipation: any creature confident enough to march into battle with its genitals exposed is either crazy or one badass motherfucker. You shiver a bit, a thrill of excitement running through you as you imagine the poor penitent trying to come to terms with that fact.

Castigator's thighs and calves are just as powerful as the rest of him, and the ads said that he could jump 20 feet straight up or almost 30 feet forward if he needed to. The cage itself had been made bigger just to accommodate that. But you doubt that he'll be doing much jumping. On each of his toes is a long, nasty-looking talon. One well-placed kick could easily eviscerate someone. A hint of disappointment crosses your mind: while you're definitely rooting for Castigator, you hope it won't be a one-shot kill!

Of course, his tail is no less impressive: thick and about six feet long, it looks like it'd have no trouble knocking someone over or delivering a sharp jab to the chest!

"Wow, get a *load* of that guy!" the guy beside you gushes. "He's got to be twice as big as the Chastiser!"

"And *way* more muscular," you add.

"And *damn*, look at that thing's balls!" he says. "Uh, no homo," he adds quickly, "but that guy's packing package!"

You chuckle. He's definitely right about that!

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"Look at them," the CEO says. "Such plebeians."

"Hey, those 'plebeians' are funding our research," Gerald—the engineer who conceived of Chastiser—replies.

There aren't many who can talk to the CEO like that.

The CEO shrugs. "As long as we're making money, I don't care where it comes from. And this—Castigator-SR—is sure to make us enough money to finally begin mass-production!"

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"He's got to win first," Jennifer, the project lead, chimes in.

"He passed every test we threw at him," the CEO says flippantly. "What could go wrong?"

"We didn't have sufficient time for a comprehensive validation," Jennifer replies. "*Plenty* could go wrong."

The CEO scoffs and looks back out at the arena. "If Castigator can't survive *one* little penitent, I'll 'castigate' every last one of you!"

"There shouldn't be much need for that," Gerald says quickly. "We've spent *way* more on R&D on Castigator than we did on Chastiser. The big thing I hope is that his training kicks in to let us test the -SR feature!"

"Don't you worry," Bob the trainer chuckles. "That boy's hornier than a whole herd of bucks at the peak of the rut."

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"And now, ladies and gentlefurs," the announcer says, his voice taking on a more sinister tone, "Let's meet the penitent!"

Boos echo all around you. Nobody's even *seen* the penitent, yet, but you already hate him. After all, he's the penitent, and that's what you're supposed to do! You boo along with the others.

"Today's penitent, number 0513720, comes to us from Yak-See Federal Prison. He was arrested on charges of murdering his children! His *children*, ladies and gentlefurs!"

Okay, now you *really* hate him! "Boo!" you cry for all you're worth.

"After seeing all of the brawls he got into in prison, Biotrol requested that the prison allow him to be 'punished.' And you all know the drill, folks."

You and the rest of the audience chorus, "If he can survive punishment, then he must be innocent!"

Of course, nobody has *ever* survived punishment, so they must've all been guilty.

"And here he is, ladies and gentlefurs: your penitent!"

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Your heart pounds in your chest. They don't let you watch TV in prison, but you know the *thing* you're challenging is gonna be tough. You shake your head as you hear the charges repeated for the umpteenth time against you. You know better: you weren't even home when your children were murdered. Their passing still pains you now.

But it also fills you with resolve: you *will* survive punishment, and you *will* prove yourself innocent!

"Up!" an armed guard says.

The German shepherd isn't the slightest bit friendly. You see a light appear above you as the trapdoor opens. You exhale sharply.

*Here goes.*

You run up the ramp to the trapdoor and out into the cage. Your ears ring with boos as the audience shuns you. But you can live with that. You turn to face the critter that's pitted against you.

You swallow hard. He's a *big* fella. He's got to have easily four feet on you, and those *claws*! Holy hell, those things must be a foot long each! And his tail! Your heart pounds harder. Crap, with all the nasty stuff this critter's got on him, all he's got to do is *touch* you to make you bleed!

You think back to the fights you've been in. That one where six guys came at you at once sticks in your mind. You nod. That's what you'll do here.

The announcer steps in between you, and you and the critter stand face-to-face. Well...face-to-balls. *Damn, why isn't he even covered up? What's he trying to do, emasculate you right here?*

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"All right, gents, let's have a nice, clean game. Oh, hell, who am I kidding? Fight to the death!" the announcer says, eliciting a laugh and a cheer from the audience.

You both go back to your corners and wait for the bell to start the round.

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The bell dings, and Castigator immediately lunges forward. The penitent ducks, dives between his legs, and rolls to the side before Castigator's tail can hit him.

"Come on, Castigator! Punish him!" you scream.

The creature nearly topples over before turning, baring his sharp teeth, and rushing toward the penitent again, leaping and kicking, his claws sailing through the air at near-supersonic speed.

The penitent's eyes widen, and he ducks, whirls, and kicks hard into Castigator's calf with the ball of his foot.

"Ha!" you laugh. Castigator doesn't even register the blow, turns, and whacks the penitent with his tail, sending him flying across the cage.

The crowd goes wild at the first hard blow. You sit up in your seat, craning your neck to see if the penitent will get back up or not.

"Wow, Castigator is way cooler than Chastiser," you say to the guy next to you.

"Yeah! This one's actually got hands and looks amazing with that buff color."

"I heard the hands were so that he could open doors. They wanna make a bunch of them and turn them into soldiers, I heard. Imagine, not needing to send any *actual* troops—we just send a bunch of these after the bad guys, and they can't even run into their houses to hide!"

As Castigator approaches the penitent, you're almost certain it's over already, but then the penitent does a kip-up, braces against the cage, and drives both his heels into Castigator's chest as hard as he can, then drops to the ground on his feet once more.

Castigator blinks and then retaliates, lunging forward and trying to grab the penitent in his claws. The penitent leaps to the side, jumps off the wall, and drives an uppercut into Castigator's chin as Castigator's claws clumsily miss him. Castigator snarls and reaches down to grab the penitent, but the penitent quickly scrambles over his head and begins trying to strangle him with a head-lock.

"What an idiot!" a guy next to you yells. "You can't *strangle* Castigator!"

The guy's right: though the penitent squeezes with all his might, Castigator doesn't even seem to *notice* him, and the penitent quickly tires and has to let go.

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*I just can't hurt this guy!* you think to yourself, sweat streaming down your face. The critter hasn't even flinched at any of your attacks. You've hit his legs, his chest, his face, even tried to strangle him, but everything just glances off. And what the hell do they *feed* that guy?! It's like he's made of solid muscle!

You dodge just as he lunges for you again and quickly scoot off to the side. He skids several feet, off-balance, and almost falls against the cage.

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Castigator skids into the cage just ten feet from you, and you gasp, looking at his rippling muscles.

"Now that's the money shot!" the guy next to you chuckles.

"Yeah!" you agree. "And I gotta admit, you're right: up close like that, that package *is* really intimidating!"

"I heard there's a woman on the design team, and she insisted that he needed it to make him look better," the guy says.

You shake your head. "Nah, it's so he can reproduce. That's what the SR is for: self-replicating."

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"Huh," the guy says.

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*He's leaving himself wide open after every attack, you think. Why does it matter? Nothing I do to him can even faze him! Think, damn it, think! How can I hurt him?*

Having finally turned, he comes for you again, and you duck under his legs, nearly braining yourself on his balls.

*His balls!*

*That's a cheap shot, you think to yourself.*

*He's gonna kill you if you don't!* you reply.

*Good point.*

As he comes at you again, you duck and then throw everything you have into an uppercut into his balls, making a solid thudding noise. You wince; they're a *lot* harder than you would have expected, like punching a pair of leather-wrapped bowling balls!

The critter misses his stride. It's not *quite* a stumble, but it was a definitive reaction.

*Cheap shot or not, it's all I've got!*

Before the creature can turn around, you get between his legs and deliver two jabs and a right hook to his ball-sack before he reaches between his legs to try to grab you. His balls flop from side-to-side, darkening from the abuse.

"Jailhouse rules!" you yell, jumping up and biting his balls as hard as you can. It *still* feels like biting a pair of leather-wrapped bowling balls, but you hold on for dear life.

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"Did he just—" the guy next to you gasps.

"He just bit him!" you laugh. "What a loser!"

Castigator suddenly slows down. His turn is awkward, and it seems to take him forever to try to do something about the penitent, still hanging on by his teeth.

"Wait, he can't feel pain, can he?" the guy next to you yells.

"I—I don't know!" you reply. "I didn't think so!"

But before your eyes, the penitent drops to the ground and begins whaling on his balls over and over. But as hard as he hits them, they only move a little bit.

"Holy crap! Come on, Castigator! Quit playing around and knock the hell out of him!" you yell. "Geez, how heavy are his balls if they're barely moving?"

"Dude, is he *enjoying* that?!" the guy next to you yells incredulously, pointing.

You frown and look. A red tip has poked out of Castigator's sheath. Your eyes bulge.

"No way!" you say, shaking your head. "Castigator, what the fuck?!"

He swipes down at the penitent, who ducks under his tail once more.

"Oh, for cripe's sake, he's done that like a dozen times now!" you gripe. "How stupid is this thing?"

"Hell, what good are hands if he's too stupid to use them to open a door?" the guy next to you chimes in, equally frustrated.

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"Um, Sir, there could be a problem," Gerald says.

The CEO scowls. "What?"

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"We, um...well, Castigator *does* have a weakness," Gerald admits. "We never thought it would come up, but this penitent has apparently discovered it."

The CEO grits his teeth. "What. Weakness."

"Well, Sir, when we added the SR capability, it also added a weakness," Gerald explains. "Without the ability to reproduce, Chastiser was pretty much invulnerable. But since we wanted Castigator to be able to spawn additional units, we had to add genitalia. And the thing is, we can't make them impervious. We tried, but everything we did ended up making him sterile."

"And you didn't consider covering them up?" the CEO demands.

"Well, Sir," Gerald says, holding out a piece of paper, "Actually we did. We urged you to let us cover him up, but you insisted that we keep him uncovered, since that would 'make him look as masculine and intimidating as possible.' Here's the email where you said that, Sir."

The CEO snatches up the paper and scowls at it.

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*I might actually win this thing, as long as I can keep beating those balls,* you think as you kick with all your might into the critter's gonads, whipping them up to slap his sheath. It's kind of weird: the more times you hit him, the softer his balls get. When they return, they're completely black from where you've been hitting him.

*Tenderizing your meat,* you chuckle. But it *is* kind of odd how his cock keeps getting more and more erect.

"Hey, big guy!" you call. "Are you some kind of masochist or something? You look like you're actually getting off on this!"

You jump onto the cage, bounce off, and use your momentum to drive your fists into his balls. The critter actually grunts for the first time.

"Oh, I'm getting to you, am I?" you ask. "Well, if you weren't so stupid, I might actually have a hard time!"

*Three...two...one...*

You duck as the critter's tail flies over you. *Geez, his reaction time is bad!*

"You're like a sharp-clawed, bumbling giant!" you taunt him. "All strength and no brains!"

You grunt as his tail comes down on your head.

"Oof, okay, that one I *didn't* see coming," you admit, shaking it off and quickly retaliating with a blow to the perineum.

The creature actually staggers. You quickly get up under him and punch him again.

Blood and cum shoot out of the creature's cock, splattering on the floor outside the cage.

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"Ugh! That's disgusting!" the guy next to you yells.

"What?" you ask.

"Castigator! He just shot bloody cum all over the floor!"

You look and see a thick, whitish-red paste on the ground between you and the cage. "Ugh! Yeah!"

You *know* you're supposed to cheer for Castigator, but everything you've seen so far has been kinda disappointing. Chastiser was elegant and nimble and seemed to plan his attacks out before making them. Castigator is just kind of brutish: run in and swing and don't think about the consequences or what happens next. As if on cue, the stupid thing lunges at the penitent again. The penitent trips him, and Castigator crashes to the floor. Then the penitent gets between his legs and begins just beating his balls senseless before Castigator can even close them to protect himself.

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"It's like they didn't expect him to ever get hurt, so they designed him only for offense," you say to the guy next to you.

"Yeah," he says. You both sit down heavily, feeling really cheated. After what all the ads said, Castigator was supposed to be so much better than this!

"Boo!" you call suddenly. "Boo! Bring back Chastiser!"

"Hey, yeah!" the guy next to you says, picking up the chant. "We want Chastiser!"

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Until now, the sound from the audience has always been general noise with the occasional cheer or boo. But now you notice a cadence to what they're saying.

"We want Chastiser! We want Chastiser!" they seem to be yelling.

You heard about Chastiser; he was apparently some kind of unbeatable monster, but for whatever reason, his creator pulled the plug on him. The thought crosses your mind that this *isn't* Chastiser you're fighting, and that must mean that the audience is *not* satisfied with his performance.

"Ooh, tough break, kid," you say to him exultantly as you land a very hard kick to his balls, then leap out of the way as his legs close and he rolls onto his back.

"Sounds like they're calling for your daddy," you continue, taking a step back and grabbing a breath as the creature gets back to his feet.

You can't help but laugh as he does: what used to be just the tip of his cock poking out of his sheath is now half his member.

"You *are* enjoying this, aren't you?" you ask incredulously.

Shrugging, you run up to him, jump, and grab his cock, hanging by one hand from it as you punch it over and over with the other hand. It feels like his balls did at first: like punching a solid ball of leather. But with each blow, you feel it soften almost imperceptibly.

"Yipe!" you yell as he swings for you.

You let go and quickly drop to the ground. The creature screams above you, and you whirl to see blood spurting from the critter's sheath.

"Thank Providence—*finally* some good news!" you say.

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"Did you see that?!" you gasp, sitting forward.

"Hell yeah, I saw it! Castigator just about castrated himself!"

"He split his sheath right open!" you exclaim. "What a clumsy moron!"

"Ya know, this guy might *actually* be innocent," the guy next to you says, shaking his head. "I've never seen anything like it!"

The thought crosses your mind: could this guy *actually* be innocent? Did the Castigator makers know that all along? Is that why they made him so easy to beat? Was some higher power looking out for this guy? Either way, it seemed like there was only one thing to do.

"Go, Penitent! Show him who's boss!" you yell.

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With the critter's semi-erect penis now dangling between his legs, you can now whale on it just like you did with his balls. You run up to him, jump, and kick him right in the tip of the dick, sending it flying down between the critter's legs to swat him in his own butt. He grunts, clearly uncomfortable, and he's not moving nearly so fast now. As sweat pours out of you, you know you've got to keep hitting him while you can. Who *knows* if he's got some kind of secret store of energy somewhere? You reach up, grab his dick

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with one hand, and slam it into your other hand as it punches forward, brutally beating his tip over and over. The critter thrashes violently and finally manages to hit you with one of its claws. You cry out as blood runs down your arm, but you quickly get up and charge right back in, yelling at it angrily, holding its cock-tip facing your fist, and drive your fist into its urethra.

The creature screams and thrashes with its tail, and you dig your fingernails in on your way out, clawing him from the inside. Blood now trickles from his prick as he recoils, lashing out at you defensively with his tail and using his legs to shield his battered genitals.

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The CEO pinches the bridge of his nose. "This is a bad dream, right?" he demands. "Do *not* tell me that our fifty-million-dollar project is about to fall on its own dick!"

The general mood is pretty dour in the Biotrol box.

Save for one person.

"I hate to say, 'I told you so,'" says Gerald, grinning smugly.

"Then don't," the CEO snaps. "As soon as the fight is over, we get rid of that thing. We'll start back over at square one on Monday."

"We told you we needed to make it smarter, but you wanted it dumbed down since it was going to be a mindless drone," Gerald says evenly.

"I didn't want a bloody revolution on our hands!" the CEO yells, jumping up and whirling on him.

"There's a huge difference in being smart enough to demand freedom and being too stupid to get out of harm's way!" Gerald spits back. "Even *frogs* are smart enough to move away from pain!"

"Now listen here—" the CEO starts.

"Oh, no!" Gerald interrupts. "Every fucking design decision we made, you overrode! We wanted it four-legged for stability and greater speed and power—like Chastiser—but *you* said it needed hands. We wanted it neutral-colored and harder to see in the dark—like Chastiser—but *you* wanted it to look more humanoid. We wanted it *not* to have genitalia—like Chastiser—but *you* wanted it to have a big 'ol set of balls! There were a dozen other ways we could have made it work without putting a big pair of balls on it."—Gerald puts his hands on his crotch and sways his hips side-to-side, simulating having a huge package—"No, that was *all* you." He turned and pointed to the arena. "*That* is all you!"

With that, Gerald tosses a stack of printed emails proving his point on the table in front of the CEO and storms out, leaving the CEO to clean up the mess he'd made.

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The audience is back on its feet, but now cheering for the penitent. With the gross failures of Castigator, it's obvious to you now that the penitent should be set free. You have to give Castigator credit: even though everybody knows he's beaten, he refuses to give up, lunging at the penitent again, only to have the penitent grab his dick and bend it at such an odd angle that every male in the arena simultaneously winced and sucked in a breath.

You shake your head. It's just pitiful now. Despite how great he looks, Castigator just isn't anywhere near as good as Chastiser was.

"Kill him!" you scream. "Penitent, finish him off! Prove your innocence!"

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The audience is chanting again, but this time, something different. You glance quickly out into the glare of the lights and hear the audience cheering, "Penitent, Penitent, Penitent..."

You realize they're rooting for *you*. You grin and wave to them, holding up your hands triumphantly. They burst into cheering, and their enthusiasm is *infectious*!

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Castigator lunges for you, and you grab his dick and punch it hard in the shaft, snarling as your knuckles hit the solid member and it barely gives. You hold his stinking, bruised cock in your hand to prevent it from flopping away and land blow after blow. Like a punching bag softening the more it's hit, his cock begins to lose its firmness.

*Hmm.*

Abruptly, you let go of his cock and run to the back of the cage.

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"What's he doing?"

"Come on, Penitent, finish him off!"

"One of you, do *something!*"

You stand and watch. Castigator suddenly realizes he's not being actively beaten anymore and charges toward the penitent. The penitent begins running at Castigator.

"I can't watch!"

"Is he out of his mind?!"

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You jump, extend your knee, and drive it into the critter with your and his combined momentum. At the last second, you snap your leg out. The force throws him over your head. Blood splatters—you don't know from where. You land and whirl around, your leg covered in blood that leaves a red footprint on the floor of the cage.

There's a loud crash, and the beast falls to the ground behind you. Blood trails from between his legs. His scrotum hangs limply, as if his one-proud balls were nothing more than gelatinous goo. His prick hangs like an empty sock.

Yet despite being in incredible pain, the stupid critter gets back up.

"Stay down," you say.

The critter advances toward you, slowly and snarling.

"Stay *down!*" you order, kicking him hard in what's left of his scrotum.

The beast falls backward, landing on his ass.

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"Wow, I can't watch this anymore," you say. "It's just so pitiful."

"But you're still watching," the guy next to you says.

"I know," you admit. "I can't look away."

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The critter tries to get up again. You sigh.

"Just stay down," you plead. "Get this over with."

The critter keeps trying to get up.

"Fine," you snarl.

You kick the critter in the face as hard as you can, the force knocking him onto his die. Before he can move again, you reach down, grab his dick, squeeze as hard as you can, and then stomp on what's left of his balls. His scrotum bursts open, oozing ruptured testicles. Then you drive your foot onto his dick, stomping it over and over again, the glans, the shaft, the base, everything. The creature retches and vomits as you deliver the final blow: a solid stomp to the tip of his prick. The force makes his urethra rip



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open, and blood runs freely from it. The critter is now too exhausted and pained to fight, and it lies there, whimpering helplessly.

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The room is silent. While everybody was cheering for it to happen, nobody can *believe* that this guy—the first penitent in history—just defeated his punisher! The ring announcer is too stunned to speak, so the penitent takes the microphone from him.

"I have fought to prove my innocence," he says, his chest heaving from the exertion of beating the beast. "I have beaten this creature in fair combat. Though you pitted me against him with nothing but bare hands and feet, I have *still* beaten him! If that is not proof of my innocence, then what is?" he demands. "Now, I deserve to be freed! Release me, and let me go and pick up the pieces of my life that you have stolen!"

Someone starts clapping across the arena from you, and soon the whole crowd takes it up.

"Yeah, free him!" you yell. "He's proven his innocence!"

Suddenly, a group of armed guards appears out of the trapdoor, seizes the penitent, and begins hauling him downstairs.

"No!" he yells. "I'm innocent! Innocent!"

The trap door slams shut, silencing him, and a bunch of Biotrol guards suddenly appeared and fired their weapons simultaneously at Castigator, instantly vaporizing him.

"Uh, ladies and gentlefurs, that's our match!" the announcer says, finally finding his voice. "Please drive safely as you leave."

"Boy, I'd like to find those Biotrol execs and give them hell," the guy next to you says as you both make your way toward the aisle.

You shake your head. "I can't believe that this one was so bad," you say. "He *looked* so great! Those muscles, that cock"—you shudder and fight back nausea, thinking about how it was ruined—"And that poor guy; I kinda feel for him, you know?"

The guy shrugs. "Eh, 'once a criminal, always a criminal,' says I. Just because he beat up some bio-weapon doesn't mean he's innocent; it just means he's good at beating things up." He chuckles. "I wonder if he'll be back next month."

You purse your lips thoughtfully. The guy's not wrong, you decide, but still...what if that guy was innocent?