

Anita's Tale: The Sperm Donor

*Chastity, Orgasm Denial, Female
Domination & Forced Feminization*



A cautionary tale for males with castration fantasies.

Sabrina Jen Mountford

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford

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Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission

(For non-Kindle owners) Paperbacks by the same author:-
Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid

If you read all my stories and want to read more similarly femdom themed stories, I highly recommend 'Aimee Allison' and 'Sandy Thomas' both of whom write excellent femdom with forced feminization and chastity.

Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:
http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog
http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford

If you've read all of mine, then I highly recommend reading the works of Sarah Jameson. Her factual guides on chastity are very informative and her fiction:-

[*Stacy's Game \(The Cuckold Chastity Chronicles - Sisyphus\)*](#)
[*Tatiana \(The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss\)*](#)
[*Monaco \(The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss\)*](#)

Are excellent, well written, interesting and fun!

Forward:-

What follows is an original work of erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial, BDSM and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These

works are fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story be attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only.

This particular story should serve as a cautionary tale to any subs with a castration fetish. The reality of being castrated is likely to be very different from the fantasy. Keep it a fantasy, do not seek castration lightly, read up on the effects, make sure you are 100% certain you are happy with all the effects. Once it's done, there's no going back.

For more information please see the FAQ at the end of the story.

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This story is about Anita's journey from her vanilla medical background into the world of female domination and medical fetish.

Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

'Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor'

Scrub Nurse Anita

Anita had been in the operating theatre for some time. It was clean, sterile and all the instruments had been sterilized thoroughly. The patient was a male, mid-twenties, with testicular cancer. He was booked in for a radical orchidectomy, the removal of a testicle. She was already in scrubs with mask and gloves, waiting for the surgeon. The surgeon was a Professor Linda Goldsmith, a consultant gynaecologist and professor at the teaching hospital.

She appeared at about the same time as the patient was wheeled in unconscious, intubated and followed in by nurse and anaesthetist. After a few minutes he was moved onto the operating table and put into the supine position, flat, face up, but with the arms sticking out at right angles in-line with the shoulders. Curiously, the whole operating team were female, gowned up, gloved up and masked up. The anaesthetist, a 'Jenny' whom Anita sometimes talked to during coffee break pulled her stool up to behind the patients head and she

began monitoring him to make sure he was under and his vital signs were good.

Professor Goldsmith stepped up to the table and began unfastening the patient's gown exposing his genitals and the pubic area to the team. Then a drape was placed over the whole patient leaving only the penis, lower abdomen and scrotum showing. He'd already been shaved completely to lessen the risk of infection. The professor looked up, "Ahhh, ladies... Oooh, no gentlemen? Perhaps that's for the best, the boys can be a bit squeamish during this procedure. Welcome, the patient, is a twenty six year old male, with suspected testicular cancer in the right testicle. We are going to treat him with a radical orchidectomy, or as I call it – a half castration."

This brought a round of giggles, the professor smiled and began swabbing the area with anti-septic.

"Scalpel..."

Anita carefully picked up the razor sharp instrument and placed it in the white latex gloved hand of Professor Linda, "Thank you... Now... Hmm, come a little closer Anita, have you seen this procedure performed before?"

"No... "

"Well, let's see if we can't get you to be an extra pair of hands for me? We begin by making an incision here, just above the pubic bone, as we're removing the right testicle we'll do it on his right side like so."

Anita peered over her mask and watched Linda draw a neat, straight red line with the scalpel.

Anita screwed her eyes up and reached down gently picking up the scrotum, "Professor, why don't we simply make an incision in the scrotum and snip it off?"

"Ahhh, that's how they used to castrate... Our technique is a little more sophisticated. This way we reduce the risk of potentially cancerous cells spreading to the scrotum and getting into the blood stream, or another lymphatic system... Of course in antiquity, the established technique for creating eunuchs was to smear human faeces on the boys testicles and allow a pig or dog to chew them

off... Thankfully things have moved on a little since then... Now we'll just extend our incision through the fat... Retractor... Ahhh, here's the external oblique fascia... We now need to incise along it's fibres and identify and isolate the spermatic cord... Like so... ”

Her hands moved smoothly and delicately, steadily separating tissue and making neat cuts with little blood.

“There... Now we're ready to pull the testicle up through the inguinal canal like so... Anita, could you hold this for me please?”

Anita watched the professor gently tug the spermatic cord until the testicle popped out, then she took the testicle in her fingers... It was small, white and slimy...

“Now, we clamp, here... And here... sutures at the ready please, we're ready to cut the testicle free.”

Anita turned it over and over in her fingers, growing a puzzled look on her face...

Snip...

“Pop it in the dish dear...”

Anita looked at the Professor gravely, “Professor, this testicle looks healthy? Shouldn't there be a lump or something?”

The professor eyed it carefully, “Hmmm, you're right... There was definitely a lump on the scan... and the blood tests have confirmed it – it must be the other testicle.”

Anita gasped, the professor shrugged, “No use crying about it now, I think the patient would rather be infertile than dead...” She looked up, “We'll do the other side too – moving to a full castration.”

The theatre staff looked uncomfortable, it would be one of those incidents where the patient's life would be saved, good for hospital statistics, but there would be serious repercussions for the patient and they would probably be told the cancer seemed to have spread to both testis.

Anita carefully placed the testicle in the kidney dish being held out to her. As the Professor started making her incision on the other side she paused, then gestured to one of the nurses, “Get a fresh kidney dish, we'll keep the healthy testicle separate. Our priority is to

perform the orchidectomy on the cancerous testicle, at that point we'll see if there's any scope for reattaching the healthy testicle."

Anita watched as the professor carefully made the incisions and separated the other spermatic cord. "Hold your hands out dear, you can take the testicle – we'll give it a good once over before we cut this time though hmmm?"

Anita watched her pull the cord, then drop the little white ovoid into her fingers. She rolled it over, and looked closely, eventually holding it up for the Professor to see, "Look, this one has a pea shaped hard lump on the side." The Professor eyed it for moment, then nodded, "That's it... There's our cancer, clamps please, I didn't expect to be making a eunuch today, I've never done a full castration before."

The effort to lighten the mood didn't work, the faces around the theatre were grim. Once the Professor had clamped the remaining spermatic cord she sighed and looked at the rest of the theatre, "This was a mistake caused by scanning and notes, and it should serve as a lesson to everyone to check! Is it the patients left or the surgeons left? Are they face up or face down? Is the surgeon facing feet or facing head? Check, check and check... I'll be looking into his scan results to see how this error was made, we'll castrate and if we can't reattach the healthy one, we'll tell the patient that both were cancerous. The patient's life comes first, the reputation and avoidance of litigation for the hospital comes second - his fertility is way down the list of priorities. If he wants to have children he will have to adopt, unless he's had the foresight to bank sperm before this procedure, which of course we always recommend. Anita, here I've clamped the remaining testicle, could you do the honours please?"

She was clearly expected to make the snip, separating the second testicle from the patient, completing the castration. She took the scissors offered to her and held them over the spermatic cord, then paused and looked at the professor, "What effects will this have on his life if we can't reattach the healthy testicle?"

"Oh, lots of effects... Initially he will feel depressed, due to the changes in hormones he experiences coupled with a sense of loss – we should organize counselling for that. He will also obviously be

completely infertile from this point onwards, his muscle density and bone density will lower. Some muscle will turn to fat, he'll find his bodily hair becoming thinner and slower growing, and he will get physically weaker. Once the depression wears off he'll be calmer, but have less energy. He may have some sex drive, but probably he will have none, from this point on he is neither male nor female, but from a hormonal point of view he will be closer to female, probably post-menopausal female. Indeed he may choose to undergo further surgery and have his gender reassigned, we can't perform that surgery now as we would need further consent and it's a specialist procedure, but it involves re-shaping the [inguinal canal](#) into a vagina, and the scrotum into inner and outer labia, we would use the glans of his penis to form a nice little, realistic looking and sensitive clitoris."

Anita looked at the professor, torn, "Professor, I can't do it! It seems cruel!"

"Now, now, it's our remit to treat the cancer first and foremost... The depression will pass, he will accept his new status as a eunuch or he will choose gender reassignment. Make the cut please Anita, castrate him..."

She whispered from behind her mask, "Sorry..."

Snip!

The testicle dropped into the waiting free kidney dish. Professor Goldsmith took a moment to change her gloves to avoid spreading the cancer, then she took the healthy testicle and examined it, "Hmmm, this one is healthy... Shall we try to reattach?"

Anita returned from changing her gloves, the Professor smiled, "Good, you hold the testicle in one hand, and the spermatic cord in the other – hold them up and I'll try to put a suture in."

She did as instructed and the Professor attempted the repair, "Damn... " She tried again, but on each attempt the suture ripped through the cord or didn't grip it properly. After several goes she lay the sutures down, "It won't reattach, we'll close him up."

Anita put the healthy testicle back into its' dish, a single tear sliding out of her eye and rolling down behind her mask. Then she looked at the Professor, "What about the prosthesis?" The Professor shrugged, "I only ordered one, I only thought we were doing a half

castration... I don't think there's any point in putting just one in – we'll leave him with an empty sack, and let him choose what to do later. Sutures please, it's time to close up.”

Anita watched Linda Goldsmith suture up the patient and pass the testicles to another nurse to take down to pathology, the Professor rested a hand on her shoulder, “Anita, you're right to be sad... He's going to go through a very difficult period, we're effectively changed his life permanently, but he still has a life, even if it's as a eunuch... And some of the effects can be mitigated by testosterone injections... He may have banked sperm before the operation too – we always recommend that... These are powerful little organs, they don't just control fertility, they control libido, muscle development metabolism, energy levels, fat deposition... Even the length of his life, studies suggest castrating adds ten to fifteen years on to a man's life. We made a mistake, we castrated a patient who didn't need to be castrated. Let's counsel him, tell him both were cancerous, and learn from the mistake - then move on...”

The Recovery Room

When Jeremy came around from his operation, Anita was sitting on the edge of his bed, smiling sadly at him. He had a blood oxygen monitor on his finger and a blood pressure monitor on. She looked at him, “How do you feel?”

“A bit woozy... Urngh! A bit sore... I take it everything went well? You've removed it?”

“Sigh... Yes... But, ahem, well, while we had you open we did some more tests and we found that both of your testicles were cancerous... So we decided the best course of action was to ahem, castrate you.”

He shook his head in confusion, “I'm sorry, I don't understand...”

“It turns out both of your testicles were cancerous, so we have castrated you, you no longer have any testicles.”

The look of relief in his face turned into mortified horror, he tried to reach down, but his groin was too sore. Anita grabbed his anaesthetic weakened wrists and gripped them tightly, “Shhhh, try to stay calm... I'm sorry we had to castrate you, but our primary concern was treating your cancer. We were only expecting to

remove one testicle so we didn't have two prostheses, so... We've left you with an empty sack so you can decide what to do."

Tears were running down his cheeks now and he felt like he was sinking, like he was in a bad dream, "What do you mean decide what to do?"

Anita sighed again, "Well Professor Goldsmith suggested you might like to take some time to adjust to how you feel... What was going to be a minor procedure, I'm afraid has become quite a life-changing event. You might want to consider your options. Currently you are a eunuch, neither male nor female. We've left your scrotum intact, rather than remove it too – so you can either have some prosthesis popped into your scrotum and start a course of testosterone injections to counter the effects of being castrated, or you could start a course of hormone replacement therapy, then when the time is right, we could get you back in for a full gender reassignment surgery, where we'd take your scrotum and use it to form a labia, and make some incisions around your penis, then make the glans into a clitoris... Being castrated will mean without taking HRT you will start to see some effects which make you more feminine if you don't have the testosterone injections – it's really a matter of choice. If you've banked sperm the-

He grabbed her shoulders and buried his face in her breasts, sobbing, the starched white of her nurse's uniform providing little comfort. Feeling guilty and sympathetic she wrapped her arm around his head and allowed him to sob and sob into her breasts while stroking his hair gently and whispering, "Shhhh, there, there... Yes, you've been castrated, your life is never going to be the same, but at least you have a life? Shhh... Now try to rest..."

It was at that point that Anita realised how powerful testicles and male hormones were. They were male-ness incarnate, she recalled holding his testicles in her hands, holding the scissors over the remaining testicle and making the snip... The power... She felt not just guilty, and sad for him, but powerful and pleased that her hand had taken this man's fertility and libido, that she, she had castrated him... It almost felt like she had a sort of remote ownership of him...

That forever, wherever he was, Jeremy belonged to her in some way...

The incident was covered up, new hospital procedures were put in place and Anita never performed or witnessed another full castration at the hospital again. She eventually left the hospital, NHS cuts to blame... And went to work for a sperm bank, a sperm bank operated by an enigmatic Serena Carlotti...

Easy Money

Edward had just started at university, he was in his first year doing a bachelor's degree in history. Money was tight, he was not staying in halls of residence, he'd been late to try and book up and as such he'd been forced to rent a small flat outside the campus... And the rent was not cheap. A Saturday afternoon he was sitting in his bedroom flicking through a local newspaper. He was looking for bar work, he'd done it before and it was fun, didn't require much effort and was a chance to socialize.

After scanning through the classified's he sighed, there was no bar work at all. A couple of waiters jobs – but he'd hated playing waiter when he'd tried it... Stacking shelves on a night shift at the local supermarket...

There was nothing that he even remotely fancied, then he caught a small advert at the bottom of the second page, almost hidden away.

Brampton Sexual Health Clinic

Young, healthy, Sperm Donors wanted. Excellent rates paid, at least £25 per session. Tel:

It seemed very generous. The fact was he had a high libido and no girlfriend, so he was masturbating every day, getting paid for doing something he did anyway seemed like a win, win situation.

He rang the number, and was greeted by the silkiest, smoothest, sexiest voice he recalled hearing.

“Hello, The Brampton, Anita Speaking...”

“Hi, I saw your advertisement in the newspaper, twenty five quid for a sperm donation?”

“That's right, twenty five pounds for donation; it can go up if you're accepted onto the program. You mustn't have drunk alcohol, had

sex or masturbated for 24 hours, smoked cigarettes for seven days or smoked cannabis for three months. Any use of 'A' class or 'B' class drugs rules you out I'm afraid."

"That's great! I'm totally clean, I haven't even been able to afford a half of shandy for over a month!"

"Great then, you're perfect, I can see to you... This afternoon? I'll need to take a hair sample and a blood sample as well as a sample of your semen. Otherwise come when you're ready, here's the address..."

He jotted down the address, the blood sample was a slight inconvenience, but the hair sample didn't matter – he was 100% clean. Once he'd taken it down he put the phone on the hook and grabbed his jacket, then went straight to the door.

Travelling across town on a bus, thinking about his destination, going to see a nurse to provide semen... It was a strange sensation, it felt... Erotic somehow? Maybe it was his overly high libido or the fact that he didn't have a girlfriend, but he was really looking forward to this.

When he got to the clinic, there was little to advertise its purpose outside. A tiny sign on the actual wall next to the door in brass was the only clue. The building was a large four story townhouse set back from the road. As he climbed the stone steps he began to feel nervous. He paused, then gulped and pressed the bell.

Less than a minute later the door was opened. She was beautiful, wearing what looked a bit like white scrubs and a stethoscope hanging around her neck. She had long reddish brown hair and was carrying a clipboard and pen.

"Edward is it? We spoke on the phone about an hour ago?"

"Yes, I erm..."

"Hi, I'm Anita, come in, I won't bite..."

He paused looking hesitant, "Come on, don't be nervous - I'll look after you."

She stepped back and held the door open for him, he climbed the final step and entered the clinic. Everything inside was brilliant white and smelled faintly of disinfectant. "This way please Mr –"

“Erm, just Edward, please...”

“Okay, Edward, come on up to the desk, now if you could just fill this form out for me, good would you like a cup of tea or coffee? “

His hand was shaking as he tried to answer the questions about his age, weight, height, medical history, it was a very thorough questionnaire, that went on for several pages and the surrealness of this environment and situation and the beauty and commanding presence of Anita. He looked up briefly from the form, “Erm, no thanks...”

“Okay, just give me a shout when you’re done sweetie.”

She went behind the desk and started tapping away at a keyboard while Edward fought through his hormones and nerves to finish the form, eventually he handed it over, “Done...”

“Good boy... If you could follow me, I’ll just take you through for your physical examination.”

He followed her into one of the ground floor rooms and she clicked the door closed behind him. Again everything was white and sterile looking, the faint smell of anti-septic hung in the air. The room had an intimidating gynaecology chair in the centre, complete with stirrups. Anita pointed to the screen in the corner, “If you could just step behind the screen and disrobe for me please?”

Edward screwed his face up at her, “Dis-“

“Strip, take all your clothes off.”

“Bu-“

“Look, we’re paying top rate for your semen, I need to examine you completely so I can sign off that you have no genetic abnormalities. Now come on, there’s nothing I haven’t seen before.”

She was so commanding he found himself obeying her without wanting to. His nervousness was growing to new levels as he stood behind the screen removing his clothes. It seemed almost bizarre that there was a screen there, seeing as he was going to step out wearing nothing at all, but he supposed this was one of those bizarre medical traditions that would never go away.

He stepped out, shivering with nervousness rather than cold, she looked at him, “Are you cold? I can turn the thermostat up?” He

shook his head, “No... I’m just nervous...”

“Don’t be, this won’t take long... Now, if you could stand with your feet apart, hands apart on the bench... Good.”

She snapped on a pair of white latex gloves and approached, smiling. “Keep still for me...”

He stood as instructed and she started at his feet and ankles and closely examined every inch of him, occasionally pulling or stretching his skin or probing his flesh trying to feel his bones. Once she’d been all the way up to his head she patted the gynaecology chair, “Okay, hop up.”

He looked at the chair shaking, “Now come on, don’t be silly – it won’t bite. Hop up and place one leg in each stirrup please... I have to examine you thoroughly.”

He quivered, “I.. I’ve chan-“

She looked crossly at him now and pointed to the chair, “Edward, don’t be a such a baby, now this is easy money, it won’t hurt and we’re nearly done – now sit in the chair!”

Shaking he found himself climbing into the chair and mauling his legs into the stirrups. She smiled at him, “Good boy, I’m just going to strap your ankles in so you don’t fall... Do try to relax.”

He lay back submissively while she carefully strapped his ankles, one after another tightly to the stirrups, fastening the buckles up so his legs were immobile. Once done, she took an otoscope and wheeled her stool up to his chair, then started peering into his ear, then she did the other side. Finally she stood and leaned over him, wielding a wooden tongue depressor and the otoscope, “Okay Edward, open wide and say ‘Ahhh.’ For me...” He did as instructed and she used the tongue depressor to push his tongue down hard while examining his tonsils. He felt very vulnerable at this stage, and somewhat helpless, after a few minutes of careful scrutiny she released his tongue, but then reached into his mouth and pushed his tongue up with her fingers so she could see underneath... She held it there for a few minutes then released.

“Okay, I’m going to look into your eyes now, keep still, I’m going to put a speculum in each eye so you can’t blink – try to relax.”

Gently she dropped two little steel devices into his eyes, so they caught under this eye-lids and then moved the ratchet so they held his eye-lids open. He wriggled slightly, finding this uncomfortable, "Is this really necessary?"

"Shhh, I want to have a good look at your fundus and retina... I just don't want you to blink."

"My eyes are drying out!"

She smiled, "Not a problem, I can sort that – keep still."

She then retrieved a little bottle with a dropper on it and popped a drop of fluid into each eye making his vision go blurry. Then the light was there, right in his eye while she studied the interior of one eye, then the next.

Then she grabbed the otoscope and peered up through each nostril into the nasal cavity. At this stage his vision was still blurry, his eyes filled with fluid and his eyelids forced open by the speculum's. He thought about reaching up and removing them, seeing as she seemed to be moving on to other examinations, but he was worried about damaging his eyes or eyelids not knowing how they worked. He growled at her, "Can't you take these things out of my eyes!"

"Shhh, not just now – maybe shortly... If you're good, now lie still for me. I'm going to have a little look at your oesophagus open your mouth again."

"Oesopha- Isn't this a bit thor-"

"Shhh, it's supposed to be thorough, we want to be 100% sure about the quality of your sperm, so we perform more or less every test before we allow you to donate. Now keep still, I'm going to pop something in your mouth so you can't close it on my scope – try to relax."

He felt a little plastic ring inserted between his teeth, "Okay, now I'm going to spray the back of your throat with anaesthetic, to stop your gag reaction... Stay calm."

He felt the moisture hit the back of his throat, then he felt a tube sliding into his mouth, then it was at the back of his throat, "Swallow for me please... Good..."

As he swallowed the tube slid past his larynx and started working its way down the oesophagus. She went right down to the lower oesophageal sphincter and spent some time examining the sphincter and the walls of the oesophagus. Then she was retracting her scope, making him cough and splutter.

Once it was clear she placed her stethoscope onto his heart and listened through the ear pieces, then she pressed the cold steel against one side of his chest, then the other, ordering him to breathe in and out each time. He obeyed of course but was feeling completely incapacitated and at her mercy now, "Please, can you please take these things out of my eyes?"

"Not just now sweetie, we'll get all the tests done first then we'll tidy up afterwards hmm?"

He now felt her probing around his pubic area, then she grabbed his penis and stretched it, then let it fall. Then she grabbed his testicles in each hand and started rolling them in her fingers. "Hmmm, you seem to have asymmetrical testicles... I'd better measure them, sit tight while I get my orchidometer."

Of course he didn't have much choice, soon she was back, gently squeezing one testicle into the skin of the scrotum while holding it next to the little plastic balls of the orchidometer, she measured one, then the other, and wrote down the sizes. Of course, this whole scenario was causing him to have a raging hard on, which Anita didn't comment on.

"Hmmm, it seems you have one testicle slightly larger than the other – it's only slight so it's probably normal... Hmmm, you've never had an orchidectomy?"

"Orchi-what-ctomy?"

"A testicle surgically removed?"

"No... "

"Oh... Could be normal, could be an infection, have you ever had an infection in a testicle?"

"I had some pain in one about two years ago, they gave me antibiotics."

“Ahhh, that’ll be it... A long time ago, when I was working at the hospital, we were doing an orchidectomy... But the scans and the notes had been all mixed up... And we removed the wrong testicle... We had to treat the cancer so we ended up castrating him, the poor fellow... You didn’t hear this from me by the way.”

She fondled his testicles playfully, squeezing then gently, then releasing, “You’d be amazed at how powerful these little things are... If I were to castrate you... It wouldn’t just be your fertility that would be lost – they effect so many things... Last time, we did it through the inguinal canal, by making an incision here, and here, pulling the testicles up, then clamping them off and snipping... If I was going to castrate you today, we could do it the simpler way, the way it’s done if the testicle has been damaged in an injury and isn’t suspected to be cancerous, I could simply make a little incision in your scrotum here, then clamp, snip, clamp snip... Some sutures... And you’d be castrated...”

He could feel her drawing the lines of the incisions with her fingers as she spoke, and when she said ‘clamp’ she gripped his balls in her gloved hands as if to mimic the spermatic cord being clamped...

He looked nervous now. Blinded, helpless and having a nurse who had just admitted castrating a patient, holding his testicles and talking about castrating him, while demonstrating the technique she would use on him with her fingers - it was too much.

“Stop! Let me up! I’ve had enough! I want to go.”

She cupped his testicles gently in one hand now, “Shhh, don’t worry I’m not going to castrate you... I promise... That was an unfortunate mistake... Now try to relax, before I change my mind.”

There was an audible cheeky grin in her voice, which put him at ease a little and he lay back again, trying to stay calm.

“Can you please take these things out of my eyes then?”

“Sigh... Such a baby... Fine, keep still.”

He felt her reach up and remove one, then the other. As he blinked the fluid washed out of his eyes and down his face.

“There, can we continue?”

“Continue?! What else do you want to do?”

“I’m just going to have a look at your bladder and urinary tract now, just lie back, and relax. In a minute I’m going to ask you to pee for me.”

She reached for her tray and grabbed a little bottle of anti-septic anaesthetic gel and smeared some on the end of his penis, then she slowly started feeding a tube into his urethra.

He groaned with discomfort, “Wha-“

“It’s a cystoscope, don’t worry, it’s perfectly safe... I’m going to insert it into your bladder so I can have a look – then examine your urinary tract as we pull it out. Keep still for me.”

He felt it sliding uncomfortable through his urethra, right to the shaft of his penis, then it met resistance, “Okay sweetie, pee for me... Pee, good boy...”

As he tried to pee he felt it slide in deeper, then she was at the eye piece peering in, “Hmmm, everything looks normal... Healthy... We’ll just pop it out and have a look at the urinary tract.”

She drew it out slowly, looking all the way until it popped clear. His urethra felt a little sore and he was feeling tired of being prodded and probed. She now reached for another scope, “Last bit now, I promise... This is a sigmoidoscope, I’m just going to have a peek in your anus and lower intestine, deep breath for me now...”

Before he could complain she’d lubed her scope and his bottom and was inserting it inside him. Once in his anus she manoeuvred it around a bit, then found the hole to the large intestine and slid it in further. She spent some time crouching between his stirrup’s peering up, then she pulled it out.

“Last thing now, I’m just going to have a feel of your prostate, try to relax.”

She squirted a glob of lube on her gloved finger and he felt it slide up his bottom, she pushed, she probed she squeezed making him groan... Then she pulled it out, looked up and smiled at him, “There, all done.”

He tried to move, but his feet were still firmly strapped into the stirrups, he tried to reach them, but it was too awkward, “Can you undo my feet?”

“Sure, just a second sweetie, I’ll just wash my hands.”

So he was forced to lie back naked on the gynaecology chair for a few more minutes while she threw her gloves away and washed her hands. Eventually she returned holding a neatly folded patients gown. She unfastened the straps on the stirrups, helped him up and handed him the gown, “Here, put this on.”

“Can’t I get dressed?”

“It’s just procedure... Please, there... Good, I’ll take you to the booth,”

He felt rather silly, being led to a little booth in the corner, he felt a little sore from all the prodding and probing he’d undergone too. He thought at stage, he’d get his twenty five quid and he’d never be back again.

At the booth she handed him a little plastic cup, “Okay sweetie, fill her up...”

Edward looked at the little cup, and his patients gown. He was turned on beyond belief, but when he started stroking it hurt – possibly the friction caused by the cystoscopy. He tried a few times, but it burned. Eventually he gave up, and tucked his penis back into the gown, before stepping out to Anita, “I can’t! It hurts too much!”

She sighed, “Hmmm, could be the cystoscopy... We have to do it though... Hmmm, would you like some assistance?”

His eyes lit up at this, despite the torturous prodding and probing session she was incredible, and she was offering to help him come? He grinned with joy, “Yes please!”

She raised an eyebrow and smiled, “Okay, give me your cup... Now hitch up your gown and place your hands on the counter... Good, wait here a second.”

He stood silently, and heard her step away, snap on some fresh gloves then approach, “Now, you’re going to feel something cold enter your back passage, try to relax for me... Arch your back, legs wider, deep breath now...”

He groaned as she slid it in until it was pressing on his prostate, it was wide and cold and it filled him up, “Urngh! What is that?!”

“This is a bailey ejaculator, they’re normally used on goats, but mine has been re-calibrated for humans, hold still, I’ll just get your cup in place... These are great, I used to milk the prostrate – but these take all the effort out and they empty you completely every time... Now legs a bit wider... Hold steady... You will feel some discomfort...”

She pulled the trigger and pressed hard onto the prostate, the shock made his knees wobble and he teetered struggling to hold on to the counter. It worked well though, semen was flowing in a stream like urine into the cup, though it burned his urethra still... He had no control though, she held it, pressing and shocking, forcing every last drop of cum out of him. It wasn’t a pleasant experience like an orgasm, it was painful and uncomfortable. As the flow of semen dried up she released the trigger and pulled it out. When he turned to her he saw it looked a bit like a pistol and she was holding a cup brimming with semen in her other hand, “All done! That wasn’t so bad was it? You can get dressed now.”

His legs shaking he wobbled back to the screen and changed out of the gown into his clothes. When he returned Anita had decanted his semen into an air-tight container and was gesturing for him to exit. His legs still wobbling he struggled out of the clinic into the reception. Anita filled out a little form and handed it to him with a crisp twenty pound note and a crisp new five pound note. “Here are you Edward, I’ll send all your things off, and contact you once we know whether you’re being accepted onto the programme.”

“Programme?”

“Yes, the twenty five is just for being tested for eligibility... If the lab are happy with my medical report and your semen, you’ll be asked back to join the study, and that’s even more lucrative.”

“More lucrative?”

“Yep, one hundred pounds per week, for one visit per week.”

“And I won’t have to go through that... Urgh! Examination again?”

“Hmmp! You can lie and tell me you didn’t enjoy it – but from how your penis was standing to attention I’d say you did...”

“Hmmp, well, it-“

“ No you don’t have to go through the full medical examination again... Unless you want to of course? I’m sure I’d be happy to give you a check up again if you get on the programme.”

There was a mischievous twinkle in her eye, he didn’t feel it was right to admit it, but secretly he did want to be examined again. He’d never felt so under control and submissive, and she was so beautiful... Even when she’d been joking about castrating him... He wanted to fall at her feet.

“Hmmp, well, erm, my numbers on the form – let me know?”

“We will, see you again soon... And thank you for participating Edward.”

He was led out and that was that.

Three Weeks Later

It took three weeks before he heard anything back. The advert he’d seen stopped appearing in the local paper. All the time though he’d found it hard to concentrate on his studies, he couldn’t get his experience and Anita off his mind. When a brown envelope with the Brampton Sexual Health Clinic logo on the corner he almost jumped for joy. Wasting no time he ripped it open and read,

Dear Mr Mason,

We’re delighted to tell you that you’ve been accepted onto the programme, which consists of regular sperm donation and certain medical trials along the way. Please call the centre on 003 43 342551 to arrange your first appointment.

On your first appointment, providing you are consenting to the study, we will measure you up and prepare you.

Anita Grey

He picked up the phone immediately and rang for his first appointment. Anita answered the phone, and invited him to visit the same day...

A short while later, Edward was standing at the door of the clinic waiting to come in. Anita eventually arrived and open the door, beckoning him in, “Ahh, Mr Ma- Sorry, Edward... So glad you could come so soon! If you’d like take a seat, ‘I’ll go through the study details with you, would you like a coffee?”

“Yes please.”

Soon they were sitting opposite each other on little sofa's with a glass coffee table in between them, each with a coffee in their hands. Anita held up her clip board and smirked at him, “Okay Edward, first of all – we're going to sedate you, then castrate you...”

He spat his coffee out and started shaking, trying to get up. She chuckled, she flashed him a mischievous grin, “Sit down, I was joking... You seemed quite anxious last time I talked about castrating you – I never believed Freud's theory about castration anxiety, hmmm, now I've met you I'm not so sure? “

She pointed at the seat, “Sit... I was joking, I am not, I repeat NOT going to castrate you...” Of course she couldn't help herself, as he sat the cheeky grin grew, “At least not if you're good for me.”

He took his coffee, his hand shaking, relieved that she was joking. “Now, your testicles control the amount of the hormone testosterone in your blood. One of the things we're interested in is not so much what happens when we lower your testosterone levels, as would happen if we castrated you, but what happens when your testosterone levels rise... Don't look at me like that, we did the other experiment using temporary androgen blockers, nobody got castrated! Hmmm, well not permanently, temporarily chemically castrated but nothing people didn't recover from. Anyway – back to the study – so to cut it short we want to fit you with a device, which will prevent you from having orgasms, so you won't be able to have sex or masturbate while wearing it, and you won't be able to remove it. While in the device we will take regular samples of semen using the bailey ejaculator on you, and trying various stimulus to see the effects on sperm production. We need to prevent any orgasms because they could skew the results.”

He almost dropped his coffe... “Urgh! I won't do it!”

Anita looked hurt, “Please, this is really important research, and... It's a hundred pounds a week for doing almost nothing... Anyway, it means you get to see me once a week? Surely you can...”

“I... Ahem, I have quite a high sex-drive, I tend to 'orgasm' as you put it once a day... I don't think I can-“

“That’s exactly why you were chosen for the study! We need people like you, people with a high libido! Come on, won’t you do it for me? How about if I agreed to go on a date with you? I can see how you’re looking at me... I’m a few years older than you, but you’re cute, and you’re fun... Please? “

He studied her again, she looked about twenty five, but she was the most beautiful girl he’d ever seen. The fact was he’d do anything for her... He thought he was falling in love with her.

“Alright... I do find you attractive, and I... I’d love to spend more time with you... I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since... Since you examined me...”

“Hehe, I didn’t think so... Alright, come into the clinic, so I can measure you up and pierce you.”

“Pierce me?”

“Yes, the device we like to use is secured with a series of genital piercings, don’t worry though it’s perfectly safe.”

“Will it hurt?”

“There’ll be some soreness, but you’ll be fine.”

She stood and held out her hand, leading him into the clinic. She clicked the door behind and pointed to the screen, “Okay, strip and put on a gown for me.”

Shaking again he did as ordered and returned, at the gynaecology chair she patted the seat, “You know the drill, hop up and pop your feet in the stirrups for me.”

He did as ordered and watched her smiling back at him, as she strapped his feet tightly into the stirrups. Next she wheeled a tray over on a trolley with lots of sharp and cruel looking instruments. She put on a surgical mask and some white latex gloves, then peeped at him over her mask, “Try to relax, this will sting a bit, but the more relaxed you are the better – trust me.”

He tried to relax, though this was hard with a beautiful woman caressing his genitals and wielding sharp instruments between his legs while his ankles were strapped into stirrups.”

“Hmmm, I’m going to have to clear this pubic hair first, I can’t see a thing... I’ll use the hair removal cream.”

He felt her lather his pubic area up with a cream, then sponge it off and dry him. When he looked down his genitals were completely hairless, “There that’s better isn’t it? Now, I’m going to perform a magic cross piercing, an ampallang, and a prince albert piercing on you. You might want to look away for this.”

He looked up, trying not to think about what was happening, he could feel her caressing his penis with her latex gloves, presumably trying to find the right place to pierce, then a sharp pain that made him squeal and lift out of his seat...

“Aaargh!”

“Shhh, that’s half the magic cross done, pin in place, that’s possibly the worst one – you’re doing well. Ready again?”

He lay back again, tears running down his cheeks, after a moment he nodded.

“Okay... Here we go... Deep breath...”

“Aaargh!”

He was panting now, his groin on fire, “There, that’s the magic cross in, just two piercings to go... Keep still...”

“Aaargh!”

“And the prince albert to finish... Look away, try to relax... Good, now deep breath...”

“Aaargh!”

“And we’re done! I’ve taken your measurements while I’m here. I’m just going to put you into a plastic device which won’t affect your piercings until your real device arrives and you can heal, this is called a CB3000.”

He could feel her manipulating plastic pieces around his genitals, when he eventually looked down there was a plastic cage on his penis and balls and he could see the pins going through his penis. It felt strange being confined in this way, and having steel passing through his member. To keep it secure there was a little plastic seal, that looked like a keyless padlock keeping the assembly together. It didn’t look secure, it looked like the padlock could be snipped off with scissors – however it had a serial number on it meaning it was tamper proof.

Once it was fitted she looked up, “There... Now I’ve put you in CB3000 device, you can remove it for emergencies, but please, please don’t remove it unless there’s a dire need, we don’t want to ruin the study.”

He reached down and fondled his new plastic cage, immediately he started growing, causing some discomfort, “This isn’t the proper one?”

“No, your real device will be very carefully tailored to your measurements for long term comfort... I’m working on a technique to allow the device to be fitted at the same time as I pierce, but it’s not there yet – we have to wait for your piercings to heal, so we’ll keep you in this as a temporary measure.”

As she unbuckled the straps on his ankles he looked at her, “Do you want to go on a date tonight?”

“Hmmm, why not? What shall we do? Food, drink, cinema?”

“How about all three?”

“Hah! Why not? Hmmm, why don’t I pick you up? What’s your address?”

He gave her his address and they entered each other’s phone numbers into their phones then he dressed and they parted.

All afternoon he couldn’t stop thinking about Anita, and how lucky he was to be able to get a date that was punching so far above his weight. Of course every time he thought about her he got a stark reminder of his predicament from inside his underwear, his penis trying to grow but confined by the plastic cage.

The Date

Edward had dug out all his best clothes, he’d found himself able to pee in the device with some effort, but he was unable to become aroused, even minor erections would be closed down before they got going. When she turned up outside his flat at the allotted time he gasped, she’d rolled up in a Ferrari F360 Spyder. As he walked closer she wound the passenger window down and smirked at him, “Come on sweetie, pick your jaw up off the floor and get in.”

He slowly lowered himself into the supercar astonished that she’d turned up it. She was dressed immaculately, strappy high heels,

silky smooth black nylons and a satin little black dress. When she put her foot down he was forced into the back of his seat.

She took him to a tapas bar, where she insisted on paying for everything and she flirted relentlessly with him, playing footsie under the table and making suggestive comments. All the time he was throbbing in his plastic cage, but becoming more and more infatuated with Anita. By the time they'd been to see a film – her choice, a romantic comedy, Edward was besotted.

Sitting in the car, while she piloted the supercar through the streets she smiled at him, "Hmmm, you know instead of going for a drink, you could come back to my place? We could have a drink at my apartment?"

"Yes!"

"Hehe, I thought you'd say that..."

The car pulled into an underground car park with an electronic gate underneath an expensive looking apartment block in the nice part of town overlooking the canal.

He found himself following her confident stride across the car park, every click of her high heels making him more and more aroused and straining in his cage.

When they got into the lift her expertly manicured finger glided past all the numbers and pressed the button marked 'PH' penthouse... She had a penthouse apartment...

When they got there it was amazing, glass walls with views over the city, fine, modern furniture, a balcony which stretched around the entire building.

Anita walked straight to the granite topped kitchenette, "Wine?"

"Have you got a beer?"

"Sigh... I do, but I like my boyfriends to drink wine, beer is so unsophisticated... Let me put it this way instead, white or red?"

"Erm... Red please..."

"Good boy..."

She approached carrying the glasses and she sat right up next to him on the cream leather sofa, "Edward... I've really enjoyed

tonight... “

He sipped his wine, “M... Me too... Anita... You’re amazing, I’ve never met anyone like you!”

He sipped his wine again, forcing his gaze away from her, but she grabbed his chin between her finger tips and turned his head to face him, “You don’t have to go home tonight you know?”

He gulped, then she moved forwards, and slowly pressed her red, red lips onto his, gently forcing her tongue between his lips and into his mouth. She tasted so sweet and warm, they tilted heads so their mouths were at the right angle, they both placed their glasses down and she held him tightly, kissing him and stroking his hair while he reciprocated.

They kissed, and kissed, and kissed, occasionally she would gently suck on his lip, or tickle his tongue with hers, before kissing him again...

Of course throughout this onslaught he was straining and almost bursting out of his cage.

Eventually she pulled away gazing at him and stroking his hair with her fingernails, “Edward, do you want to stay tonight?”

Of course he was throbbing and pulsating in his cage by now, almost in tears with arousal... But he wanted to stay in her company, just being next to her was ecstasy, “Yes!”

She climbed from the sofa, “Come...”

She led him into her bedroom dominated by a massive king size bed with pink satin sheets and pillows. She slipped off her heels and moved her back up to him, “Unzip me...”

His fingers shaking he reached for the zip and slowly pulled it down, revealing exquisitely feminine lingerie underneath. Her dress fell to the floor and she turned and began unbuttoning his shirt... Soon they were both naked, except of course for Edwards little plastic cage. She reached down and fondled his cage, “Hmmm, a pity you are in this...”

He moaned as a drop of pre-cum escaped from the end, “Can’t we start tomorrow?”

She looked hurt at him now, “No, this serial number has been recorded now! I’d have to explain why the re-boot... No, we can’t... Hmm, actually I think I like you in this, all snug and trapped, so desperate, so boiling over with testosterone, desperate to come, but unable to... I think I’d like to keep you like this forever...”

He gulped, she smiled, “Come on, I need to get my nightie on.”

He thought about complaining but when she dug out the scarlet red, satin, fitted looking nightie, trimmed with black lace he decided not to complain. She climbed into bed and he followed, but she stopped him, “And what do you think you’re doing?”

“Coming to bed!?”

“You haven’t got your pyjama’s on?”

“Erm, well no, I didn’t thi-“

“I have this thing about night clothes, you can’t sleep in your smelly clothes and I can’t have you sleeping naked in my clean sheets! You’ll have to borrow something.”

“Borrow womens- “

“Yes, why not? They won’t bite, I have several nighties and you look about my size, you can wear the blue one if you don’t want to look a sissy.”

He looked at where she was pointing. Sure enough there was a dark blue satin nightie with lace and a little ribbon bow at the front.

“Now get dressed, and come to bed.”

He reached out and pulled it out, then held it in front of him quivering. He’d never cross-dressed before and...

Anita sighed impatiently, “It won’t hurt, it’s just a nightie – you’re not scared of a nightie are you? Don’t be such a baby!”

He lifted the nightie, slid his arms in and let it fall down over his head. The soft, silky material against his skin made him even more turned on. As he climbed into Anita’s bed, the satin sheets made the effects even worse. Anita stopped him, “Wait here.”

She jumped out of bed, vanished then reappeared with a sellotape dispenser and some tissue. “I can’t have you leaking pre-cum on my nice clean sheets, lift your nightie up for me... Good girl...”

He glared at her and she flashed him a cheeky wink, then stuffed the little hole at the end of the CB3000 for him to pee through with tissue, and taped the end up. "There, that should do, now snuggle with me and pull the sheets up."

He did as ordered and soon their tongues were exploring each other's mouths again, and their bodies were grinding and rubbing together.

Eventually Edward pulled off, "Oh Anita... I so wish we could have sex tonight..."

She raised an eyebrow at this, "Who says we can't?" She threw back the covers and lifted her nightie up revealing her naked female genitals, "Your penis might be all snugly locked away, but your tongue can have sex with my pussy can't it?... Well, what are you waiting for?"

He was quivering with arousal, he repositioned himself so he was at the bottom of the bed and he started giving her cunnilingus, tickling her clitoris with his tongue, then sucking on it, before probing her labia and vagina with his tongue. She manoeuvred her foot so she could play idly with his chastity device while he serviced her orally.

"Oh Edward... This is amazing, I love it... I love you all caged up and denied... So frustrated... So desperate... While..."

Edward sped up, and slowed down, then sped up again, slowly, slowly working Anita into a frenzy. She for her part was finding it so erotic, Edward, all snugly in a chastity device, wearing a nightie, bursting with pre-cum but denied... Her foot playfully caressing his CB3000... When she came it was so explosive she virtually squirted girl cum into his mouth, but he didn't stop, eventually working her to another amazing orgasm.

After the second orgasm, she pulled him up the bed, he was quivering with arousal, "Shhh, come on, let's fall asleep in each other's arms." He moaned softly to her, "Can't we re-boot and start tomorrow, I'm so-"

"Shhh, you'll be okay, come on baby, put your head on my breast..."

She wrapped her arms around him, holding his head onto her breast. Just as they were falling asleep she whispered in his ear, "I'm so

glad I haven't castrated you sweetie... All that frustration bubbling over and doing funny things to your head... It's amazing the effect of taking a man's testosterone... But I so prefer the frustration of making it build."

Living With Anita

Anita insisted Edward moved into her flat, keeping his rented accommodation on was a waste, and it meant she'd be able to keep an eye on him at all times. After a few frustrating weeks of orgasm denial and constant arousal, the device came and his piercings had healed.

A Tuesday morning Anita had gotten out of bed and made coffee, "Ed, I need you in the clinic today – it's time to fit your proper device."

He shook at the thought, but smiled at her from the bed, "Okay, I have a lecture this morning, I'll been in straight after lunch."

"Good boy."

The formality of their early encounters was gone now, he was super, super aroused all the time, especially in Anita's presence. Soon after lunch he was back at the clinic, climbing into the chair and having his feet strapped into the stirrups. While wearing a patient gown.

Once there Anita, back in her white uniform gently parted his gown and looked at his swollen penis and almost blue balls, "My, my... We haven't even started yet and look at you! Poor baby, you must feel so frustrated... Oh well, today's the day eh?"

She grabbed a pair of scissors and snipped the little plastic seal off the device. Before she could even remove the CB3000 his penis was forcing itself straight and oozing pre-cum. She put it to one side and fetched some frozen peas, then pressed them onto his groin, "Hold these here for me Ed."

He complied, secretly desperate for an orgasm.

While he waited, his genitals shrivelling up, Anita snapped on some latex gloves and produced a shiny stainless steel chastity tube. She held it up to him, "Here... This is a Mistress Lori special, take the peas away, I want to fit it to you."

A look of uncertainty grew on his face, "Wait... Can't I have one-"

“We don’t want to ruin the experiment do we? Come, on, once your safely locked up it’ll be time to start taking semen samples. Take the peas away.”

He did as instructed and she gently removed the piercings, and slid his penis into the device, then slowly and carefully locked the four pins in place. It felt heavier than the CB3000, but more snug and very comfortable. As the peas wore off though, the pull of the various piercings as his penis tried to grow started to burn...

“Aaargh! Take it off! Take it off!”

She raised an eyebrow at him, “Ed?”

“It hurts too much! Everything’s pulling!”

“Sigh... It’s supposed to! It’s a crueller device than the CB3000, but we should have less worries about you dripping pre-cum onto my nice sheets hmmm? Try not to be aroused. Think of something non-arousing.”

His ankles were straining in the straps he was quivering, Messing with the device with his hands trying to make it comfy, eventually the pain stopped.

She smiled at him, “There... It’s time for me to take the first sample now, I think I’ll just have a feel of your prostate, lie back and relax – this won’t take a second.”

She squirted some cold jelly on his anus, then her finger, then started probing him. She felt around his prostate, then pressed on it making him groan and pre-cum leak out of his prince albert.

“HmMMM, it’s quite enlarged... We should get a good yield.”

She pulled her finger out gently and gestured for the booth. He found himself adopting the position, listening to her humming to herself while washing her hands and snapping new gloves on. The cup was held in place and he felt her slide the ejaculator in. Then she pressed the button, his legs turned to jelly, he groaned with discomfort and he struggled to keep upright while she forced every last drop of semen into the cup, then removed the device.

“There, all done... I’ll just get this off to the lab, if you can wait a few minutes we could go straight to dinner together?”

Still wobbling on his jelly-like legs Edward nodded and tried to get changed. He looked up at her, "It's not the same you know, you emptying me out with that... Thing..."

She smiled, "I know sweetie, but this is important research and you're doing really well!"

Edward and Anita's relationship was good...

Increasing The Yield

After another week of frustration and denial, and another semen sample Anita and Edward got back to the apartment and she held out a gift-wrapped box for him, "Ed, I got you a surprise."

He sat down on the sofa, and opened the boxes, they were filled with sexy women's lingerie of every description, he looked up at her, "I love you in this stuff bu-"

"Me!? No, they're for you to wear silly!"

He shuddered, "M..Me? Bu-"

"Look, the clinic want me to try various things to increase your yield, one thing that is suggested to increase yield is to get men into women' lingerie."

"Anita... I really don't know..."

"For me? Oh Ed, I spent ages choosing these for you, I got you the nicest I could find..."

He looked at her, she was eyeing him expectantly, he couldn't hurt her feelings...

"Okay, for you."

"Good, good boy, now come on, get undressed, I want to dress you up."

Soon he'd removed his clothes, stepped into a pair of panties and a suspender belt, and silky nylon stockings. He had a pretty pink bra on with a bow on the front and Anita was lacing him tightly into a corset. Once she'd pulled him in tight and fastened the knot she stood back, "Oh Ed, you look so pretty... I think I want you in women's clothes all the time, not just underwear, but everything! Dresses, skirts, blouses, breast implants? I want to completely feminize you."

“Anita!”

“Shhh, we’ll take it slowly, you want to don’t you? For me? You want to be my femmy girl?”

His penis was straining and straining, feeling the satin and delicate lace ticking him all over... The thought was so turning on... But it was so scary, but when he looked at her he melted, he’d do anything for her.

“Okay, I’ll be your femmy girl!”

The Results

As it happened Anita slowly feminized Edward, introducing hair removal, make-up and high heels... She decided to start calling him Ellen, after several weeks, of this treatment he was indistinguishable to most people as a male. It all tied in well with the study. As it happened the more she feminized him, the more his sperm production increased and the more frustrated, desperate and submissive to her he became. She never allowed him out for an orgasm, not once, but instead allowed him to service her orally on a regular basis and he transferred his sexual pleasure onto Anita. Everything was perfect.

At the final measurement Serena Carlotti was at the centre. Edward was in the chair, legs in stirrups waiting for the device to be removed.

Anita came into the clinic in surgical scrubs, with Serena Carlotti following. Ed looked up off the table, “Eh? What’s this?”

Serena spoke, “Edward, I’ve come to thank you personally for your contribution to this study. I’ve even paid for Anita to do some extra training because I’m so appreciative of what you’ve been through.”

Anita was giggling excitedly, “Ellen, I’ve been trained to do gender reassignment surgery, I’ve enjoyed having you be my girl so much... I want to make it permanent and real.”

Ellen shuffled awkwardly in the chair, “Anita! I don’t want to be a girl!”

Anita shrugged, “Even for me? You’ve spent months in lingerie, make-up and dresses... You’ve not worn male attire for nearly a year, you’ve not actually used your male sexual organs for even longer – I genuinely don’t think you need them.”

He started shaking his head, “No, no, let me out...”

Anita shrugged, peeping over her mask, “Hmmm, if you’re sure... A pity really, as it means I won’t see you again, you see... I’ve come to the conclusion I find women attractive and if you’re not –“

“You’re dumping me?!”

“I’m sorry El- Ed sorry... I... It’s nothing personal, I’m not being mean... I mean, you seemed to enjoy being a woman so much I thought... Look, it doesn’t matter, I’ll get you out of that device and send you on your way... I’m sorry.”

He looked at her sad eyes, barely visible over the mask and sighed, he loved her, he loved her more than he’d ever loved anyone... He was sexually frustrated, being in the device for the long, long months. Had driven him up the wall at times, but being with Anita had made it all worthwhile.

“He looked at her, “Stop... I... I want you to... I want the surgery.”

Anita’s face lit up, “You mean it? You really mean it? I can make you into my girl? Once we’re done we’ll get you straight on HRT, we’ll get you some breast implants, everything will be perfect!”

Serena stood by as Anita started removing the device, once it was off Ed’s member went rock solid and started to ooze pre-cum. Anita shaved his genital area clean.

Then she changed gloves and swabbed his genitals with anti-septic. Everything ready she peeped over her mask at him, “Ellen, I’m going to inject you with a local anaesthetic now, this is a sensitive area, so I need to numb you up a lot so I can complete the surgery... I’m going to start by castrating you – then moulding your male genitals into female ones, if you start to feel discomfort at any time let me know and I’ll give you more anaesthetic.”

He nodded and she began injecting. Soon the area was numb and she cupped his scrotum gently in her hand, about to cut, then Ed yelped, “Stop! Can’t I have one last orgasm before you castrate me?”

Anita sighed crestfallen, “I’m sorry Ellen, I’ve numbed the area now, you won’t be able to... Don’t worry though, as soon as I’ve snipped

these off – you won't feel any desire for an orgasm. Try to relax, remember, yell if it hurts.”

He lay back quivering and nodded. She made a tiny incision in his scrotum, then clamped off one spermatic cord and reached in with her scissors... Snip!

One testicle was removed and dropped into the tray, she peeped over her mask at him, “One testicle down... One to go...”

Then she clamped the other, and pulled the testicle out, holding it in her left hand and the scissors in her right. The power... It was awesome, it made her feel so powerful, and so loving for Ellen for allowing her to change Ellen's gender... She almost didn't want to cut, she wanted to savour the moment forever, as she pulled the scissors closed she almost orgasmed herself...

She stopped and put down the scissors, then removed her mask and approached Ellen, she began kissing Ellen enthusiastically, and Ellen reciprocated. After a few moments Anita whispered to Ellen, “Rub me... Rub me down there... Use your fingers, I want to orgasm as I castrate...”

Ellen reached down and started rubbing Anita's groin enthusiastically. Anita grabbed her scissors and held the testicle in one hand and the scissors in the other, feeling the power over Ellen. She was feeling more aroused than she'd ever felt, the spermatic cord resting between the blades of her scissors, his remaining testicle gently resting in her fingers... His future, his sexuality, his libido, his sense of identity... So much resting in her hands, waiting, willing and accepting for her to take these away...

As Ellen rubbed Anita closed her eyes and let out a long groan as she orgasmed. As she orgasmed, the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had, she closed the fingers in the scissors she cut the testicle free, sending her orgasm to a new higher level. Her legs wobbled and she staggered back.

Snip!

And the other testicle was free in her fingers...

Anita took a moment to recover, then kissed Ellen again, “Thank you... I love you.” Ellen smiled back, “I love you too...”

Anita worked tirelessly fashioning a perfect set of female genitalia for Ellen. Ellen felt the sense of loss from being castrated immediately, sobbing softly as Anita finished her work, exploring her emotions, at the fact that she had chosen to become a girl, entirely for the love of the woman who was carefully constructing her female genitals...

As Anita worked, Serena Carlotti stepped forwards, and whispered quietly so Ellen couldn't hear, "I could be wrong... But I think you'll regret this Anita... There's something magical about a feminized, chastised male... And removing his testicles – that's removing the 'magic'."

Anita whispered back, "But I love her, I want her to be my girl! Why shouldn't –"

"Fine, just remember what I said."

Epilogue

Anita continued to work at the clinic, eventually Ellen finished her degree. It turned out the study was being sponsored by a 'Samantha Burns' who for some reason wanted to stockpile gallons and gallons of semen for some reason... [See *WPC Domination*.]

For a long time Anita and Ellen were happy. Anita, preserved Ellen, or Edward's testicles in a clear, transparent resin and made it into a necklace. When they made lesbian love, she would wear it to remind Ellen of her sacrifice and her dominant position.

However slowly, slowly it became apparent that something was missing. Ellen's sex drive started to plummet. As the stores of testosterone in her body depleted her sex drive vanished almost completely. Anita of course was not so afflicted and Ellen's refusals soon began to frustrate Anita, she knew what Serena Carlotti had meant.

It was so sad in ways, Ellen was her perfect girl in so many ways, slim, attractive, now with long flowing hair and shapely breasts... In the end it wasn't Anita that left Ellen, it was Ellen that left Anita, having grown tired of Anita's constant attempts to instigate sex when all Ellen wanted to do was for them to fall asleep in each other's arms.

Ellen had packed her bags and was about to leave Anita's flat for good, Anita stood at the doorway, almost with tears in her eyes, "Ellen... Don't go... I love you."

"I know... I wish... I wish it was different but..."

Anita pulled her necklace made of testicles out, "And what about these? I don't feel right keeping it... I wish I'd never castrated you."

Ellen took Anita's hand and smiled, "Don't be sorry, I'm happy, I like being a girl... I think in some ways I wish I'd always been a girl. Keep the necklace, keep it to remember me, and don't be sad... I'm happy, I will be happy – I just don't think we can be happy together. I'll never forget you... Or what you did for me... Looking back, I think the day you castrated me was the happiest day of my life up to that point, being free of male, testosterone fuelled urges... It's been good for me – I feel better."

Anita leaned forwards and kissed Ellen softly on the cheek, then watched her carry her bags down the stairs. She never saw her again.

The hurt of losing Ellen, stabbed at Anita as she closed the door and walked back into her apartment, holding Edwards preserved testicles in her hand she scowled at them through the clear resin then threw it in the bin angrily. Straight away she walked up to the telephone and rang Serena...

"Serena... Anita, yes... I just wanted to call you and let you know – you were right. Ellen's left me."

"Ahhh... Not what I expected, I thought you would end up leaving her. I can't say I'm that surprised though, the magic in your relationship that probably has slowly vanished... I'm afraid that was all tied up in those little testicles which you relieved him of."

Anita sighed, "Oh Serena, I don't find men attractive, I dominating them, I find it... Arousing... But, I prefer the female form, I like my partner to have breasts and... I wish I could find a boyfriend, who I could completely feminize, and give a completely feminine outward experience... But to have his testicles still hidden away somewhere, doing their magic, keeping him submissive and frustrated..."

“I’m afraid if there’s a method of creating what you desire – then I don’t know about it.”

“Hmph, well I shall create a means of doing this. A surgical chastity belt that leaves the male in a state of constant permanent denial and totally submissive... But with the indistinguishable outward appearance of being female...”

Serena laughed down the phone, “Well, if you ever succeed in completing such an audacious project – do let me know, I know many dominant ladies who would love to send their submissive partners for this surgery, indeed I know more than one submissive who would happily volunteer to have this done to them!”

Anita smiled, and almost whispered into the telephone, “I don’t think it will be hard... I’m already working out how to perform the surgery in my head... “

[To read about the end results of Anita’s hard work, please read ‘Slavery 2 : Operated on!']

~fin

By Sabrina

Free Trial Chapter from ‘Samantha’s Tale : The Deal’

~Ten years ago...

Samantha sat alone in her flat, the rain was beating down heavily on the single glazed pains, forcing its way through the poor seal around the glass. The wind was buffeting the ragged curtains as it invaded the interior of the flat. The solitary source of heat in the flat was a small gas heater rumbling away in the corner, in truth it wasn’t actually doing much the place was so damp and poorly insulated, any generated vanished almost instantly.

Samantha was sitting by the phone, not her landline, it had been cut off for non-payment of bills. She didn’t dare put the television on for fear of the electric meter running down and not being able to have the lights on. Life was fairly miserable, she’d left home young, after a major fallout with her parents. She’d gone to London to seek her fortune and spent six months ‘couch surfing’ at various friends

and acquaintances places, but gradually the number of couches on offer had declined. She'd lost yet another job, despite being fairly competent, fairly good at it..

After reflection she'd put it down to a matter of spirit. Though she was good at administrative work and talking to people and fitted well into the environment, she found it dull. Go to work for nine, have a sandwich at your desk at twelve, then home for five thirty, day in, day out... There had to be a better life somehow, somewhere...

She wouldn't be able to afford the rent for much longer on her sub-standard accommodation. It was her last throw of the dice, she'd told herself she wouldn't turn to prostitution whatever happened... But just a few clients, a few hundred pounds... It might see her through until she could get back into work. The agency was appealing, better than selling herself on the street, or being pimped out by some untrustworthy stranger... Who'd probably try to get her hooked on drugs...

Her mobile phone rang.

She looked at the softly glowing display, 'Serena' a client? She thought about ignoring it, spending the night 'loaning' her body to be used by some dirty old man made her wretch... But she needed some money, any money, from anywhere... The other factor of course, the thing that drove her to reach over and click the green button to answer the call, was that Serena had implied to her, that though she was an adult escort agency, and intimate contact with the 'clients' was expected, that there might not actually be sex on the menu.

She didn't quite understand what she was getting herself in for... But she was intrigued, and Serena had promised to explain all when the time came – if the time came. She'd taken a picture of Samantha on her mobile phone and said she'd be in touch. That was three days ago now...

Samantha held the phone up to her hear, "Serena?", "Ahhh, young Samantha! I'm so glad you answered... I have a client for you.", "A client?", "Yes... A regular client, he very much liked your photo and wants to book you for this evening."

Samantha quivered... This was it, she was on a knife edge, put the phone down walk away – or carry on down the rabbit hole... "And this client, you implied earlier that your escorts don't actually have um... Don't have to...er..." Serena chuckled over the phone, "No Samantha, our escorts rarely engage in those sort of activities... If they do then it is entirely of their own volition – payment is not a factor."

There was a silence for a few moments, then Samantha spoke up, “If you don’t mind me asking then – what exactly is it I’m expected to do? Go for a meal with him and kiss him goodnight?” Serena sighed audibly, “Some clients may want that from time to time... But not young master Barlow... His tastes are.... Hmm, shall we say a little more niche?”, “Niche?”, “Samantha, have you ever heard of BDSM? Of bondage, discipline and sado-masochism?”

Another silence...

“I have... But I...” Serena cut her off, “Look Samantha, you’re young, I can appreciate you might be new to this – but it’s really very easy, it pays better than prostitution and you don’t have to have sex with the client. If you hurry, you can come to my hotel room first and I will try to prepare you, then you can go see master Barlow, I’ll get my commission and you’ll get a tidy sum for doing something which I promise, is fairly easy and actually good fun.”

Samantha thought for a moment... She knew BDSM, it conjured up images of women in latex skin tight cat-suits and leather corsets, wielding whips and looking angry... She’d never pictured herself in that role... Though, in her few relationships with men, she’d found herself wanting to ‘call the shots’. How hard could it be? It certainly sounded easy – besides she’d rather tie a strange man up and whip him than allow him to have sex with her... And Serena said it paid better? It didn’t make sense, but the promise of easy money at a time when she needed it made it all the more alluring.

“Give me the hotel and room, and I’ll be over straight away.” Samantha could also feel Serena’s smile over the telephone, “Good girl... It’s the Lexworth Hotel, Penthouse suite, I’ll see you shortly.”

~ The humble abode of Serena Carlotti

The Lexworth was a very grand five star hotel. Samantha had spent more or less the remainder of her disposable money on a tube ticket and a taxi and she was now standing in the foyer of the hotel. Everything was very plush, and luxurious... Expensive looking even. Marble floors and polished brass railings were the main themes, uniformed staff, milling about. She’d never been a place as opulent looking and she marvelled at the fact that Serena appeared to be using the penthouse suite as her home.

Eventually she plucked up the courage to enter the lift. Of course in this hotel, guests and visitors were not expected to do such a mundane task as press a button themselves – instead she was clearly expected to tell the uniformed porter

which floor she wanted to go to, "Penthouse please." He eyed her suspiciously for second, then smiled, "Of course madam."

She felt nervous in the lift, as if she was a fish out of water, an intruder into an unfamiliar domain. When the bell finally rang to indicate that it had reached the top floor she sighed a sigh of relief. "Penthouse, madam." She nodded nervously to the porter as she shuffled out of the lift, "Thank you..." He raised an eyebrow at this, as if guests thanking staff was somehow not normal protocol. She wandered towards the cream, gold gilded door at the end of the short corridor, then rang the bell.

The woman whom she'd met in a bar only days earlier answered the door. They hadn't met by chance, Samantha had answered a cryptic advertisement that implied female escorts were wanted. As it happened all her assumptions about the work she was embarking upon were being torn to shreds.

Serena Carlotti was a tall, mature lady, who wore an elegant black, figure hugging satin evening dress, with a striking chain of large diamonds about her neck. She was holding a champagne glass. "Ah, Samantha... Our newest recruit... So glad you came, do come in – would you like some champagne?"

The luxuriously appointed hotel room was a world away from her meagre dwelling, seeing it offered a window into a better life, a life where money was abundant and life would be more filled with hedonistic activities than scraping by, desperately trying to earn enough to survive, doing jobs which were either difficult, boring or worse...

The furniture was immaculate, and rich. Serena turned allowing Samantha to follow her, then walked to a small table, with an ice bucket on top. She pulled the champagne from the ice bucket and poured a small glass of champagne. Samantha took it looking bewildered... Serena chuckled softly at her expression, "You like?", "It's... It's amazing... And you live here?" Serena shook her head, "No, I book this room for a few months at a time, for work purposes... Hmmm, but enough about my room – we should get down to business. You've no experience of bondage, discipline and sado-masochism?"

Samantha sipped her champagne carefully, not breaking eye-contact, "No... I..."

Serena eyed her constantly, with a thoughtful expression, then cut her off, "I see... Well there's a simple test – a test for suitability if you like. Follow me."

With that she turned on her heel and walked through the suite to a large double door and opened it. Beyond was the bedroom of the suite. Samantha followed

wide eyed. Once they were in the bedroom she gasped. There was a naked man lying face down on the bed with his hands hand cuffed to the headboard. There was a selection of corporal punishment implements next to the bed on a little table, whips, riding crops, paddles, canes... And a small wooden pillory, a stock for the neck and wrists, left invitingly open. It was lined with leather and looked comfortable, but constrictive.

Serena turned to Samantha and pointed to the man prone on the bed, "My client... His fetish is for corporal punishment, he likes it severe... He doesn't like mercy... Incidentally he's wearing a sensory deprivation hood, so he can neither see or hear us – he doesn't know you are here. Now look at him, look at the implements, then look at the pillory... Inviting isn't it? The client who has requested you tonight is a submissive, he has a broad range of passions, all involving being dominated and punished, by a beautiful woman... But clients can tell if you are simply swinging the whip for money and it doesn't fulfil their desires. So you can understand our clients, I want you to experience what they experience, put your head and wrists in the pillory Samantha, and I will lock you in... Then I will pull your dress up, and your underwear down – before painting red stripes on your buttocks with a riding crop..."

Samantha approached gingerly, looking nervously at the pillory, it looked comfortable, but inescapable. Serena's voice drifted softly over her shoulder, "Good girl... Now put your head and wrists in..." Samantha lowered her neck onto the opening and placed her wrists in. Serena's heels were clicking on the floor as she approached. She could feel the soft cushioned leather on her neck, smell the leather... she thought about what she was about to endure. She imagined the crop snapping onto her buttocks... The pain... She pulled her head up and glared at Serena, "No! I don't want to be whipped! Not by YOU, or anyone!"

Serena chuckled and raised an eyebrow... "You don't want put yourself at my mercy? You don't want to feel the delicious sense of vulnerability, knowing that you are inescapably locked into my pillory, doomed to feel the crack of my whip across your bottom until I deem you to have been sufficiently punished? Helpless to do anything about it, but plead for mercy?". Samantha screwed her face up, "No! How about YOU get into the pillory and let me practise my swing for this Barlow person?"

Serena smiled warmly, "Samantha, there will be no need for that... I can see we're like-minded individuals... You feel what I feel, but you don't understand it. I can help you with that of course... And I will... If you had followed my instructions, you would still have had work – we get a limited demand for female submissive escorts... But that life would have been very different, you would have received payment for being on the receiving of the whip, for lying over men's... Or women's

knees, and receiving spankings... As it stands, it is YOU who will be doing the spanking. Now select an implement – don't be shy, he can neither hear nor see you.”

Samantha felt like she was well and truly down the rabbit hole now, Serena had grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and torn her into another world where the normal rules of life were re-written.

She looked at the implements, then selected a riding crop and gave it an experimental swish through the air. She then approached the prone client, but paused before she took a swing, “And he wants this? He actually wants to be whipped?” Serena nodded, “Yes, more than that – he feels he needs it.”

Samantha smirked, “Needs it? So what, I just start whipping him now? How hard? As hard as I can?” Serena shook her head, “And where would that lead to? When you start to administer corporal punishment to a client you are entering into a sensual, intimate relationship with them, you need some foreplay! What do you think this is about? Pain? He could hurt himself on purpose if pain was all it was about... Think Samantha, what is special about his position right now, what has he relinquished?”

“Control?”

Serena smiled, “Good girl... Control... You will eventually be cropping him so hard, you may draw blood – you should be aiming to draw blood... Unless a client has requested ‘no marking’. Not at the start though, you should start by teasing, giving him a taste – build it up, make him want it more, allow him to feel his helplessness... Work on his anticipation... Use your imagination.”

Samantha took the crop and gently tickled the back of the prone man's neck, making him squirm slightly... Then stroked it down his back gently, caressingly, as it rested on his buttocks she gave a little tap with it, making him jump – then swirled the crop end around the buttocks and gave him another tap, a little harder this time.

She giggled with delight at his reaction, she began to feel in control, oh so in control... He was completely at her mercy, helpless, totally under her control and subject to her desires... She began ticking him with the crop in surprising places, then snapping it down onto his bottom, harder each time, soon making sharp snapping noises as it landed, causing him to whimper inside his mask.

Serena grinned at Samantha, “You seem to be enjoying yourself... When you are with a client though, you have to use two other aspects of yourself to dominate,

your voice and your mind. Tease, humiliate, tell him that he is at your mercy, re-enforce his feelings of submission... And mean it, have the attitude, don't act the dominatrix – be the dominatrix, be commanding, assert your authority... I'm going to undo his hood now and let you practise... Remember, the most powerful tools a dominatrix has are her mind and her voice.”

Serena kneeled on the bed and unfastened the hood. His head was sweaty and he looked bleary eyed and dizzy, his short brown hair sticky with sweat. Serena pinched his cheek, “Graham, I've got a surprise for you... It wasn't me whipping you just now... My arms are getting tired, but I don't think you've been punished enough – so I've asked my good friend, Mistress... Wildfire to step in.”

Serena looked up expectantly at Samantha who approached, with a mischievous smile on her face. Samantha leaned in, “Did you like that... Graham? Hmmm, I think you did... Don't speak... Unless I give you permission, I want try some different implements on you – do you understand? Nod don't talk...” He nodded, “Good...”

She selected a slender bamboo cane from the table then returned to 'Graham' and stroked it across his face, “I'm going to cane you now Graham, I'm going to cane you to within an inch of your life... If you struggle, or try to evade my strokes, I will cane you more and cane you harder... Are you going to be a good boy for me?... Good... Then keep still... Try to relax.”, He nodded and she started the process of stroking him carefully with the cane, ticking him in intimate places, then landing heavy strokes on his buttocks, leaving red lines where it had landed. Each time laughing happily to herself.

She was enjoying it, having him bound, helpless and at her mercy made her feel in control and powerful... It started to make her feel aroused... His muffled cries made the effect all the more powerful.

After a few strokes, he began to squirm away from the strokes, when he did, Samantha would repeat the stroke, harder and speak into his ear, “Shhh, keep still for me... It will all be over soon... You need to keep still for me and accept your punishment willingly though – or I'm afraid I'll be here all night and you'll have no buttocks left in the morning.” Sure enough he began trying desperately to keep still while she caned him harder and harder, painting his bottom bright red.

Samantha found his predicament incredibly amusing, and having whipped his bottom red raw, reached in between his legs and grabbed his balls. He squeaked in surprise, then groaned as she started squeezing – hard. She leaned in and whispered in his ear, “I wonder how hard I can squeeze these before you squeal for mercy? Hmmm?” She squeezed harder, his thighs instinctively pulling into try

to release her grip, she leaned in again, “Oh no you don’t, keep your legs nice and wide for me... Good...Deep breath now – I’m going to squeeze harder... Try to keep still and keep your legs open.”

She was now squeezing harder and harder giggling with pleasure and he was whimpering in pain. Serena watched on smirking or smiling with approval alternatively. Clearly Samantha was a natural at this, she had it not just in her blood, but in her very soul. There was no acting in it, she was genuinely revelling in being in control of the submissive.

The submissive was whimpering in pain, somehow managing to follow her instructions, keeping still and keeping his legs open. She leaned forwards again to whisper in his ear, “Now I’ve got you nice and warmed up – I’m going to start squeezing hard...”

She increased the pressure, and suddenly the sub started shouting, “Chicken! Chicken!” Samantha looked at Serena, who chuckled, “His safe-word... Don’t worry, if the client uses their safe-word don’t end the session, just move on to another activity.” The sub tried to turn his head to glare at Serena, “You’re using me to teach this girl how to...” Samantha cut him off by squeezing harder and speaking sternly but softly in his ear, “Shhh, don’t question me, or I will ignore your safe-word and squeeze your testicles until they pop... Keep quiet and keep still!.. Good boy...”

Serena was impressed, what Samantha lacked in knowledge she made up for in enthusiasm and spirit. She could see the genuine fear on the subs face, but also the sense that he was enjoying the level of control Samantha wielded over him. “I think you’re ready to go and see your client now... We can continue our discussions of the world of fetish and kink when? Tomorrow perhaps? I’ll just set up my subs next predicament, then we’ll make sure you’re suitably equipped.”

Samantha chuckled and squeezed a little harder, “Oh... I don’t know if I’m quite ready to let him go yet... Oh no you don’t, keep your thighs nice and wide for me... Good... Hmmm, shall I squeeze harder again? Hmmm?” She squeezed and made him whimper softly, “Perhaps I should get you to beg me to stop? I need you to be convincing, if you sound fake – I squeeze harder... Do you want me to let you go?”

“Please, please stop...”

“Hmmm, not convincing I’m afraid... “ She squeezed harder, almost feeling like she was trying to pop his balls, he yelped in agony and started sobbing, “Please, please stop!” There was real desperation in voice, he was in tears, whimpering

and squirming. Samantha took her spare hand and stroked his forehead caringly, “That’s better... That’s a good boy – perhaps I’ll let you keep your testicles after all?” She released his balls then patted him on the bottom in a gentle ‘we’re finished’ way.

Serena then leaned forwards to her sub, “I’m going to fit two electrodes to you now, one a probe, to be inserted up your rectum, the other is a crocodile clip I’m going to attach to your foreskin... Then I’m going to set the machine to give random intensity shocks, at random intervals... And I’ll be in to check on you shortly, if you want to use your safe-word you’ll have to use it before I leave the room... But I won’t be pleased if you do – I want you to accept the pain, the shocks for my enjoyment, now keep still and quiet while I set up your electrodes.”

Samantha watched as Serena lubricated and inserted a metal plug into his anus, then clipped a crocodile clip on to his scrotum. Once they were set she left the bedroom with Samantha following, and closed the door. As it clicked shut they both heard the first buzz and the yelp of pain from within.

Serena walked to the cupboards, with Samantha following, Samantha asked, “This ‘safe-word’ thing... Is it normal? It seems to me like he’s actually in charge? I thought he was supposed to be the submissive?”

Serena shrugged, “Experienced players who know the domme, often do not ask for a safe-word. This is all a game really Samantha, it’s a game which is fun and lucrative... But then, it can be more than a game. I’ll let you into a secret, men are very easily to manipulate, they all respond to dominant women. You, I believe have the skill to control any man, to do almost anything... The ultimate form of domination is not the best restraints or the keenest cane... The ultimate form is when you need nothing but your voice, or even a sly look, to put men into a submissive state, where they will hang on your words and do anything you say. Men like being in this state, it’s something like a high to them. Submissive girls are different, they don’t have those little testosterone factories pumping them full of drugs all the time. If you want to take a man to extreme levels of submission, fit him with a secure chastity device. The build-up of testosterone without any release will drive him wild and have him melting at your feet... If you want to take him to another level, feminize him.”

Samantha screwed her face up, “Chastity device? Feminize?”

“Sigh... A chastity device is something you lock onto subbie, it can be a belt or a tube, or a spiked bracelet called a Kali’s teeth bracelet. The effects are the same, you lock it onto him, and it prevents him from having sex, getting erect, having an orgasm or masturbating. As long as he is wearing it, he becomes more desperate,

more frustrated, more under your control. Feminization, is the process of coercing him to cross-dress, as much as possible. This is about control and humiliation. If you want him to be completely at your mercy and helpless to resist, get him into long term chastity and make him wear panties, bra, corset, suspenders, stockings, make-up... The more feminization and the longer in chastity, the more humble and at your mercy he becomes.”

“Hmmp! Sounds a bit weird – and they like this? They want to be in chastity and feminized?”

“Oh yes, well, hmmm, no, maybe not – but if you can trick them into it... If you can get them into a belt and lingerie... Then they will not be able to resist liking it and feeling submissive to you. They want to wear satin and lace, but they feel guilty, you forcing them to do this absolves them of guilt, they feel absolved of responsibility. Men are not good at handling stress and being submissive is a great release for them.”

“Hmmm, you’ve given me a lot to think about... But I get it... In there, with your sub, the sensation of having him at my mercy... It’s so... So beautiful... Lying spread eagle on the bed, squeezing his balls... But even more so asking him to hold his legs apart so I can squeeze them, and he listens and obeys... I love it.”

“Good girl... Now here’s the address, go see your client, Mr Barlow has his own toys so you won’t need to take anything. Have fun! You can drop me ten per cent of his tribute off tomorrow and tell me how it went. I can get you lots more work like this, all I ask is if I refer a client to you, I want ten per cent. Now off you go, you don’t want to keep Mr Barlow waiting? ”

~ To read more – please read;-

‘Samantha’s Tale : The Deal’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Further Information:-

To learn more about chastity belts and to read more free chastity belt fiction, please visit the web’s best chastity belt resource:-

Altar Boy’s Chastity Site : - <http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>

(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)

For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson’s <http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-

books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.

For the world's best quality, highest security, chastity tubes, please see Mistress Lori's Chastity site: - <http://www.chastitytube.com/>

For the world's finest Florentine design full chastity belts, to suit all tastes, please visit <http://www.neosteel.com/>

For the world's most visually attractive chastity belts, which are comfortable and secure, please visit <http://www.latowski.de/>

If you enjoy this story, look out for my other work.

The Clinical Trial & Other Collected works of Male Chastity and Forced Femme Fiction.

Marcus is a down on his luck student looking to make some easy cash and set about finding some guilt-free student sex. When he signs up for a clinical trial he gets more than he bargained for and ends up enslaved and forced to live as a live in sissy maid. Only his surprising saviour can find a way of releasing him from the captivity of his cruel female tormentresses.

Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced castration and sex-change operation.

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist. He's been trying to quit for years so is happy to give it a go. However his memory of the sessions is very hazy, and he finds himself more and more interested in Denise's fetishes... Whenever he starts to suspect there's

more to Dr Eve's hypnosis sessions than 'smoking cessation' he finds he forgets what he's thinking about...

Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral, sensual mind control and brain washing.

The Tormentress and the Boss.

Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.

Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist.. Will he find happiness in his captivity?

The Male Bridesmaid: Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses

that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination : Male Chastity, Slavery, BDSM, Forced Feminization and Female Domination

Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?

A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul

mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.

Just when he's starting to get used to his situation, a final twist changes his fate forever. Will the magic work? If it doesn't, will Alice keep her end of the bargain and allow him to return to his life as a boy?

Samantha's Tale : The Deal (Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')

Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and

powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marian. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 : Operated on!' and 'Samantha's Tale : The Deal') gives Edward an incredibly intimate and invasive physical examination, probing every orifice mercilessly and thoroughly. Edward of course finds this experience very arousing and he finds Anita very attractive.

When he's accepted onto the program, initially reluctant he agrees to join on the promise of a date with Anita. She pierces his genitals and fits him with a chastity device and proceeds to show him the time of his life. At the end of a fantastic date, she

encourages Edward into a sexy feminine nightie and whilst keeping him in denial makes good use of him.

Now deeply in love with one another, Anita feminizes Edward more and more, and falls more and more in love with him. Eventually, when the study comes to an end Anita has made a decision, she wants to Edward to become a full-time permanent, 'she' so they can live happily ever after. As the mysterious Serena Carlotti suggests, things don't always turn out how we expect them to.

The consequences lead Anita to honing her surgical skills to perfection and creating the ultimate feminization surgery...

The Harem Slave

Roy and Henry are backpacking, on their gap year from university. When they are offered a chance to visit a previously unknown tiny country run by a Sultan, a last stop before they turn around had head for home, it's too tempting an offer to pass up. Little do they know, they will find themselves being offered for sale at the slave market, and after an invasive poking and prodding from the achingly beautiful princess Hadjina, they are taken away to become the princess's new eunuchs. Their story twists and turns as they end up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.

Of course it can end at any time, because the princess promises them, if their situation becomes too much, just let her know and she will arrange the surgery for them to become eunuch's after all.

The tease and denial culminates in a scene where the hapless Harem Slaves are forced to watch the Sultan 'visit' princess Hadjina while she lies back, playing idly with their cruel chastity

devices... Who will break first? Will either of them manage to leave Rijkistan without becoming eunuchs?

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Shaun is a fairly lazy about nineteen year old. His older sister works at a bridal couture shop. When he remarks about her job being a skive Caroline suggests he should try it... Except she's not sure how he'd look in a dress. Feeling defiant Shaun ends up making a bet, he bets she can't get him a job there and she bets he can't hack it.

As it turns out, Francesca, the boss has been getting grief from the job centre about discriminating against males in her employment policy. Not one to be defeated, she takes Caroline's suggestion about hiring her brother as a challenge and an opportunity... How far will her efforts to 'feminize' Shaun go? How will Shaun find his new life, blackmailed into Satin and Lace and working in the dress shop, trying on for customers and acting as Fran's manequin.

In the end, thanks to a little help from Dr Eve Wilshaw [Of 'The Hypnotist'] Shaun ends up not just accepting his new female status... He embraces it...

When Fran supplies him with a new experimental drug to make his breasts grow the results are quite surprising...

This is an adult themed forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Ex's Revenge is a sequel to 'The Tormentress & the Boss'. In Femdom : The Ex's Revenge, Angelo is a male chauvinist pig... He's lazy, overbearing and ignorant. When he dumps his girlfriend Melissa because she refuses to wear high heels and have breast implants he doesn't realize the repercussions his actions will

have. Melissa goes to work at 'Fisher Creative' and her new employer 'Samantha Fisher' upon hearing about Angelo agrees to help her reap a terrible revenge.

Angelo is employed, hypnotized, feminized, chastised and forced to service several of these dominant women who are all out to teach him the power of femininity. He ends up with polypropylene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...

Eventually Melissa's revenge is complete and Angelo is completely tamed... When it comes to it, what fate will Melissa choose for poor Angelo? And how will he adapt to his new life?

This is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's Wedding, and Gary's ordeal as Sarah's Bridesmaid. This story picks up where 'The Male Bridesmaid' left off and involves more female domination and orgasm denial, with more punishments, maid training an element of cuckolding.

FAQ

Q: Are you a professional dome?

A: No, I have some experience with kink, with current and former partners, but no I am NOT a pro dome.

Q: Will you lock me up and force me to wear ladies clothes?

A: No, that is for your partner to do.

Q: *Please?*

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as read above, but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

Q: *How can I get my girlfriend to lock me up and force me into lingerie?*

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea.

Q: *Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

Q: *Sounds like your boyfriend is really into his kink, are you? Or do you just do it for him?*

A: He's more into it than me. I do like the sense of being in control, and anything which puts me in control and makes him vulnerable turns me on. It's just a bit of fun though really.

Q: *Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?*

A: No, they're just stories, not to be taken seriously – they're literally 'just a bit of fun'.

Q: *Couldn't your stories encourage people to do criminal or dangerous things?*

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being

castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

Q: So do you hate men?

A: No, I like most men, most of the time.

Q: Are any of the characters in your stories or events real or based on real?

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination.

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns?

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

Q: A lot of your stories seem to involve castration, does your boyfriend want to be castrated? Does he want gender reassignment? Do you want him to be your girlfriend?

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

Q: So even if I really fantasize about it all the time, I shouldn't get castrated?

A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

Q: How many of these stories are you going to write?

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

Q: I love reading your material, but there isn't enough! Who else can I read for similar stories?

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent.

Q: What do you think of 'Fifty Shades'?

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

Q: Can you tell me more about you? Where you live, how old you are, what your real name is?

A: No, I don't want stalking. If you want to get to know me better – read more of my stories. Though in reality all that will really teach you is what a twisted imagination I have.