

Sweet Surrender

Faye Valentine

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“Here me out,” Myles said as he paced the length of the barn where his best friend Hayden was working on one of his five tractors. “I know what I’m going to ask is insane, but you’re the only person I trust to do it right and keep it to yourself. I want to be castrated,” he blurted out.

“You want to what now?” Hayden asked in utter disbelief.

“You’ve castrated hundreds of animals so I know you know how to do it.”

“That’s beside the point! You’re not livestock, Myles, and there’s no way in hell I’m castrating you.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Did you not just hear what I said? You’re not livestock. And even if you were, why in the hell would you want to be castrated?”

“Because I’m tired of Allison pestering me to have more kids as if five isn’t enough. No balls, no chance of ever having another kid.”

“If you don’t want kids then have a vasectomy.”

“Vasectomies can be reversed, castration is permanent. I don’t want anymore kids and she doesn’t want to stop having them. Don’t get me wrong, I love my kids more than anything in the world, but despite her insistence, we’re struggling with the five we have. We’re twenty-three with five kids and a mountain of debt, and all she can think about is being bred like a fucking animal. Well, I want to be castrated like one and if you’re not willing to do it then I’ll find someone that will.”

“Then go to the hospital and have it done by actual medical professionals. Why ask me to do it?”

“Because I can’t afford another medical bill and I know you know how to do it in a safe and bloodless manner.”

“That takes weeks, Myles. Can you even imagine the psychological trauma you’ll suffer watching your scrotum and balls atrophy and fall off?”

“I’ve spent months weighing the pros and cons and I believe the former far outweigh the latter. Please, Hayden, I’ll get on my knees and beg if I have to, but I need you to do this for me.”

“There’s absolutely no way in hell I’ll castrate you or another human, let alone my best friend, but if you’re serious I can point you in the direction of those that will, but you’re not going to like the price.”

“If it’s money I can’t afford even a dollar at this point, Hayden.”

“It won’t cost you a penny. Quite the opposite, in fact. You’ll be paid handsomely for going through the process.”

“I’m listening.”

“There’s an underground club I know about that caters to the castration fetish and is employed by professionals in the field with the medical and anatomical knowledge to do it right.”

“How much will they pay to castrate me?”

“It’s not as simple as going in and getting your balls removed, Myles. If you want them to do it you’ll have to prove you’re worthy by working at the club and being trained in all things BDSM including sissification and feminization.”

“Um, what?”

“That’s the price those seeking castration there pay, my friend. You must work the club and prove yourself worthy in the eyes of the owners and Mistresses which is why it takes at least a year and a complete overhaul of your life. You will be feminized and sissified. You’ll be used as a sex slave and fucked by so many men you’ll quickly lose count. And other than your wife you can forget about sex with women, but from the sounds of it that won’t be much of a problem. If you want more information you’ll need to prove yourself worthy of it by going to fifty-three-eighty-one Rosemont, booth five.”

“So, how do you know about this club? Have you been there? Have you been castrated by them?”

“I haven’t nor will I ever be castrated and for legal reasons that’s all I can say on the matter.”

“Legal reasons?”

“I’ve signed an NDA so there’s very little I can say beyond what I already have so if you’re interested in learning more then go to the address and booth and prove yourself worthy of it.”

“Can you tell me what’s at that location?”

“Afraid not. Sorry, Myles, but if you really want to be castrated you have two options: get it done at a hospital, or prove it at the club. The choice is yours and that’s all I’ll say on the matter.”

“I already have a job and family to spend time with. How the hell am I supposed to work two of them?”

“That’s something you’ll have to work out for yourself. Speaking of which, I have a lot to get done so I’m going to get back to it.”

“You’ve given me a lot to think about so I’ll leave you to it.” And with that, Myles walked out of the barn leaving his best friend to work on his tractor. Not wanting to go home, he drove to the address his best friend provided if for no other reason than to see where it led. An hour and twenty-six minutes later and he pulled into the parking lot of an adult toy shop called Sweet Surrender. Making up his mind right then and there, he parked, got out, and walked into the shop where he was greeted by a petite redheaded woman wearing a blue and silver corset that did little to cover her large, freckle-kissed breasts and a black latex skirt hidden under the counter.

“Afternoon. If you need help finding anything let me know.”

“You have booths here?”

“You mean the viewing booths? They’re through the door in the back.”

“Thanks.” Weaving through a few aisles of sex toys, Myles opened the door and stepped into a dimly lit hallway. Following it to a large room lined with rows of booths, he stopped in front of number 5, swallowed hard, and then went in. No sooner was the door shut, then he heard the clicking of a lock.

“Interesting choice,” the clerk said over an intercom. Strip naked and enjoy the show. Your partners will be here shortly.”

“Partners?”

“I think you know exactly what I mean.”

Eyes going from the TV hanging on the back wall to the holes cut into the left and right, Myles once again looked to the TV just as an obviously gay porno began playing. *Oh God! Did Hayden send me here to suck off and get fucked by men? Is this some sort of test? Of course it is. If I want to get castrated at the club I have to prove myself. I have to be feminized and sissified.*

Jesus Christ! Am I really going to go gay so I can never have kids again? There's no way in hell I'll be able to hide it forever. Allison will divorce me the second she finds out I quit my job to be a fucking sissy, but if I don't do it she'll never stop hounding me for more kids. FUCK! Myles thought as the men on the screen stripped naked before entering a dungeon playroom. *Am I really going to go this far just to not have kids?* He thought even as he began stripping out of his clothes. "H-How many partners are coming?"

"Hopefully all of them," the clerk quickly replied.

"Look, I've never done anything like this in my life. I'm straight and about to get screwed by men so I'd like to know how many and how this is going to help me learn the name and location of the club I'm looking for."

"You'll spend the next twelve hours sucking and getting fucked by new fewer than ninety men. And like it or not you'll eat every load shot into your mouth. Spill a drop and you'll start over. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes."

"My name is Wendi but you'll call me Mistress. Be a good fucktoy for your partners and I just might reward you, but fail to satisfy each and every one of them and you'll be disciplined. Is that understood, sissy?"

"Y-Yes Mistress," Myles answered as he dropped his pants on the booth floor.

"That's a good sissy. And because you're so polite I'll go ahead and call in a nice, even one hundred partners. Now watch the show and no jerking off no matter how much you want to yank on that pathetic thing hanging between your legs. Seriously, it's more of a clit than a cock," Wendi said even as she imagined his impressive manhood pistoning in and out of her and he wasn't even hard yet. "Be honest, sissy, how many times have you eaten your own jizz or taken toys up your ass?"

"Never on both accounts, Mistress."

"So if I came in there and pegged you you'll be good and tight?"

"I've never taken anything up my ass ever, Mistress, so yeah, I'll be really tight."

"Unfortunately for me I have a shop to look after or I'd be in there tearing that ass up so you're off the hook until your partners arrive.

Sitting on a narrow bench to the right of the door, Myles let his eyes drift up to the TV where he reluctantly watched his first gay porno.

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Hearing muffled voices and footsteps getting closer by the second, Myles' heart skipped a beat knowing it was time to commit or cave and give his wife a dozen more kids they simply could not afford. Doors opening to the left and right, he saw dicks poking through holes in the walls. *This is it*, he thought as he got into position. Swallowing his sexual identity and pride, he bent over and inhaled sharply at the feeling of a dick touching his ass for the first time in his life. Gulping, he closed his eyes and sucked the cock in front of him into his mouth as much as possible without immediately gagging. *No going back now*, he thought as his head bobbed back and forth on the man's meat pole.

Fascinated by the surprising weight and texture of the dick sliding in and out of his mouth, Myles paid no attention to what was going on behind him until something wet hit his asshole. Then the head of the man's cock sliding along his tightly shut back door was followed by a sharp pinch as his sphincter was stretched open and a sigh of relief as the shaft slid in balls deep. Grunting and groaning, he rocked back and forth as his first spit-roasting had his manhood standing full mast and dripping pre-cum.

Two men. Four. Ten. Twenty. Having downed ten loads, Myles came to the humiliating conclusion that despite being straight, he loved the taste enough to beg them to use him as a cum dump. And his ass had been stretched enough that fingers and toys were introduced to gape him even more. Three fingers. Four. Dildos. Butt plugs. Twenty-six men. Huge anal beads. Thirty men. As the fist slid into his wrecked ass for the first time Myles blew his load all over the booth floor, but his gloryhole gang bang continued. Fifty men. More fisting. Another hands-free orgasm. Eighty men. Huge dildos, beads, and plugs in his ass. Backend stuffed, the remaining twenty men pounded their cocks in and out of Myles' throat until feeding him their creamy loads.

Door opening, Myles was greeted by the beautiful visage of Mistress Wendi wearing a thick leather glove on her right hand and carrying a ceramic container in the left.

“Congratulations, sissy, so hoe did you enjoy your gloryhole gang bang?”

“I want to say I hated it, Mistress, but despite my disgust at sucking cock, eating cum, and having my ass utterly destroyed, I loved every second of it. I'm still wrapping my head around the fact I was fisted like twenty times and I don't even know how big the plug stuffing my ass is.”

“It's ten inches long and three and a half thick,” Wendi answered. “It's also yours to keep along with the rest of the toys used on your sissy ass.”

“Thank you, Mistress. So, what happens now?” Myles asked – making no attempt to hide the fact he was staring at the container in the clerk's hand.

“Now I give you a special mark and send you on your way.”

“On my way where, Mistress?”

“Home to recover and then to the club you so desperately seek, sissy. But first I need to mark that you've proven yourself worthy. Sitting the container on the bench, Mistress Wendi unscrewed the top, reached in, and withdrew a short, frosty metal rod with intricate tip. Holding it in her gloved hand, she walked up to Myles and pressed it firmly into his left hip. Holding it for a full minute before pulling it away, she leaned down to inspect the cryogenic brand now permanently frozen into flesh.

Looking down, Myles' eyes went wide as he saw what was clearly a kneeling trans woman with breasts and cock centered between the words: GLORYHOLE GLUTTON – the entire thing standing out in stark white contrast against his otherwise tanned skin. “What did you do to me, Mistress?”

“It's called a cryogenic or freeze branding and yes, it's permanent and the first of many to come as you're training continued. Speaking of which, before I give you the location of the club you're looking for I need you to read and sign this,” Mistress Wendi said, handing the sissy-to-be a piece of paper and a pen.

Taking the page, Myles read the NDA five times before putting his name on the line. Handing it back, he watched Mistress Wendi sign and date the document before giving him a huge grin. “I'll definitely need a copy of that for my own records, Mistress.”

“Of course, sissy. Grab your clothes and follow me out front.”

“Yes Mistress.” Picking up his boxers, Myles was about to put them on when a hand reached out and snatched them from his fingers.

“I said grab your clothes, not put them on. That'll be ten swats for disobeying a direct command. Now finish picking your things up before I make it fifty.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Quickly picking up the rest of his clothes, Myles followed the clerk out front where the shop was thankfully empty.

“Don’t worry, sissy, we closed hours ago but that doesn’t mean we can’t have some fun before you leave. Be a good fuckboy and I’ll let you fuck me, but disobey again and I’ll make sure you never fuck anyone again,” she threatened as she stared at the band around ring finger of Myles’ left hand. “Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Now, while I go print you a copy of the NDA I want you to grab a cane for your punishment.”

“Yes Mistress.” *Jesus fucking Christ! What in the unholyest of hells is wrong with me? I just spent twelve hours being spit-roasted by men and now I’m going to let a woman I barely know cane me for attempting to get dressed? Either those men fucked my brains out or I’m a masochist. After everything I’ve gone done and will soon go through maybe I’m both.* He thought as he made his way to a rack where all manner of canes, floggers, paddles, cat-o-nine, and slappers hung. Grabbing a thin length of bamboo, he slowly ran his trembling fingers over the surface before approaching the counter where he saw bags of sex toys sitting by the register.

The door behind the counter opening, Myles looked up to see Wendi emerging with a piece of paper in each hand. “This is your copy of the NDA,” she said, holding out the page in her right hand for Myles to take. “And this is the address of the club you’re looking for. You have until we’re finished to commit it to memory and then I’m taking and burning that piece of paper so no one else can read it.”

“Yes Mistress,” Myles replied even as he brought the small slip of paper up to read.

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Bags of sex toys in the trunk, Myles left Sweet Surrender completely exhausted and smelling like a \$2 whore that had just spend half a day being used as a cum dump. Knowing a fight was already coming, he stopped off at a truck stop where he paid \$15 to shower. Smuggling the massive butt plug that had been stuffing his ass for hours out in his dirty clothes, he tossed them in the trunk with everything else and then drove to a park where he downed several beers and drinks of whiskey before going home where he unsurprisingly found the lights on. Having spent the vast majority of his gloryhole gang bang coming up with scenarios to explain where he was and why his hip was branded and ass covered in welts, he whittled several dozen down to just the one he thought had the highest probability of working.

Walking in reeking of alcohol, Myles was immediately confronted by his irate wife, Melissa whom looked ready to kill him. “I don’t fucking want to hear it and so help me God if you ever mention having another kid I’ll divorce you on the spot!” he seethed as the alcohol allowed his inner thoughts to come out unfiltered. “I’m going to bed. Join me or don’t, I honestly couldn’t care less.”

“I don’t know what in the hell has gotten into you, but...”

“I said I don’t want to fucking hear it,” Myles snapped. “I’ve spent the last five years working my ass off to provide for you and our family and all you do is sit on your ass popping out babies like a god damn pez dispenser and hounding me for more so don’t you dare give me shit for going out and having a night to myself you ungrateful, lazy fucking cow!” Glaring at his wife for several tense seconds, he stormed off to the bedroom locking the door behind him and giving her no choice but to sleep on the couch, or in the guest room.