

Michael's Deceit and Sarah's Revenge

Michael, Car salesman and part time construction worker, age 23, 6'0" 170 lbs

Sarah, age 19, 5'7", 115 lbs, 33 B, 24, 34, brown hair

Sarah, is a very pretty sophomore at SMU, her family is upper middle class, she goes jogging five days each week, and often enters 1 mile to 10 k fun runs. Sarah is hoping to marry a rich guy and believes that she has the looks, intelligence, and social skills to fit in with that life style.

Michael first contacted Sarah four months ago on an online dating site. They exchanged photos but when Sarah learned his occupation, she stopped further communication.

Michael didn't have any reason to enter the downtown Neiman Marcus but he was in the area and had some time to spare. Michael entered walked around looking the merchandise and the high prices—way too much for the crowd he runs around with so he wandered toward the café and saw Sarah sitting alone at a table having a glass of tea.

Sarah never bought much at the downtown Neiman Marcus as the prices were a bit rich even for her. However, she saw it as a good place meet some rich young man. That was the thought on Sarah's mind when Michael walked over, introduced himself, as Michael Johnston, and sat down. Michael Johnson is a very common name with about 200 in the Dallas area.

If Sarah had thought about it for a while, she might have remembered exactly who Michael was and his occupation. However, she was messaging with more than a half dozen guys at any one time and that combined with a dozen more that had come and gone, it was easy not to remember who Michael was.

It didn't take Michael long to realize that Sarah thought he had money and, if the snobbish sexy little bitch thought that, he wasn't going to tell her different, especially after she quickly accepted his offer to meet him at Six Flags early the next afternoon. And, if the price of a couple of tickets and a nearby hotel room was what it took to fuck the hot bitch, it was well worth it. Michael knew Sarah

wouldn't for long be misinformed about how much money he had but she did not need to know that until after he fucked her.

Michael could have picked Sarah up at her home in Rockwall. However, it was more than 30 minute drive each way and, until he fucked her, the less she found out about him the better. Therefore, Michael asked Sarah to meet him between 2:30 and 3:00 pm at Six Flags which she quickly agreed to do. Michael chose Six Flags because he correctly guessed that Sarah was kind of girl that gets very sexually excited after a few thrilling and scary rides.

For her part, Sarah knew that to snag a young good looking rich guy, she needed to exhibit and make best use of her sexy assets. Therefore, Sarah arrived looking hot and fuckable in her halter top and matching low rise miniskirt.



Michael thought, "Damn! Sarah's a hot bitch." Michael realized then that if he played his cards right, he would be putting the bone to the hot young babe. It took all his will power for Michael to not start hitting on Sarah. However, for now, Michael decided to be the perfect gentleman, even aloof until after supper.

Then when it was time to invite Sarah to his room to have a drink, likely she would be throwing herself at him. And, with her defenses down, Sarah would be an easy piece. Michael couldn't help smiling at the fiendish thought of Sarah reaction to finding out later after he fucks her that he is not the rich guy she thinks he is.

The afternoon went just as Michael had wished. The thrilling and scary rides did cause Sarah to get sexually aroused. Michael realized that when she almost became breathless and her skin flushed to a pinkish color. And the more Michael was indifferent the more Sarah was throwing herself at him; touching and grabbing hold of his arm and throwing her arms around his neck during the scary rides. So after supper when Michael invited Sarah to his room for a drink, Sarah accepted without hesitation.

Sarah did not have any intention of having sex with Michael and certainly not on the first two dates. She just wanted to get him to notice her so he would keep coming back. And, with Michael being aloof all afternoon, the thought that Michael might make a move on her once they were alone together in his room didn't occur to her.

Once in his room, Michael offered Sarah a glass of wine; not near enough to make her drunk but enough to make her slightly tipsy, and it did lower her resistance even further. And, with her still being flush with sexual excitement, Sarah's resistance was already near rock bottom.

Using his small streaming stick that he has already connected to the TV, Michael played some music and asked Sarah to dance. After trying all afternoon to get Michael's attention, Sarah was delighted when finally Michael was giving her some attention and kissed her. Sarah didn't protest when Michael pulled the bowtie and unsnapped her halter-top, letting it fall to the floor, and started kissing her titties. After all she still had on her miniskirt and panties and it felt so good.

With all the kissing and caressing, and Sarah feeling Michael's penis swelling against her belly and getting harder, Sarah was beginning to be on fire with sexual desire and past the point of being able to put up any resistance so when Michael pulled her miniskirt over her hips, Sarah let it fall to the floor and stepped out of it.

Sarah was now wearing only her bikini panties with two cherries and the words "eat organic" on the front.



Michael thought, "eat organic," I'll give the cunt something organic—eight inches (an exaggeration) of something thick and hot that I'll stuff in her mouth with after I fuck her.

Michael guided Sarah to the back of a soft wide back sofa chair, bent her over it, pulled her panties off, and started removing his clothes. Realizing she was about to be fucked, Sarah said, "Michael you have to use a condom, I'm in the middle of my cycle and I'm not on the pill.

"No problem, I have condoms," Michael lied. To himself, Michael thought, "It doesn't get any better than this. I'll knock this cunt up and give her a big belly. Sarah only knows my name so she will fuck some sucker and make him believe it's his baby."

Most of Sarah's weight was on her tummy. The rest of her weight was on her hands pressing on the seat cushions and her toes that barely touched the floor,

Michael spread her legs, stepped in between them and in three strokes his hard penis was fully inside of Sarah's tight wet vagina, and he was putting the bone to her hard and fast.

Sarah, who is very orgasmic and can orgasm quickly, immediately started moaning. "Ahhhhh, oooooo, ooohoooooh, eeeeeewww, ummmmmm," Sarah moaning continued for 60 seconds when she had a tremendous orgasm that seemed to last for thirty seconds. Thinking that he and Sarah would make a baby plus Sarah's orgasm which was sucking on Michael's hard penis caused Michael to shoot an extra large load deep into Sarah's vagina.

Sarah's orgasm, which had not subsided, sucked Michael sperm deep into her womb. Sarah's orgasm would prevent the telltale signs of flow back that would let Sarah know that Michael didn't use a condom.

As soon as Michael was finished and thinking that such a large load would start dropping out of Sarah's pussy and running down her legs, Michael guided Sarah to the shower and for the next ten minutes they showered and Michael fingered Sarah another orgasm. After showering, they climbed backed into bed and Michael stuffed Sarah's mouth with almost six inches of something hot, thick and organic. Giving Michael a blowjob was something Sarah enjoyed and she proved to very good at it.

Sarah said she had to be home by midnight. However, there was still enough time to fuck Sarah again. Michael did have one condom and he made a show of putting the condom on. This time, Michael fucked Sarah through two orgasms.

Before parting, Michael told Sarah that business required him to return to his home in Houston but that he would be back Saturday, in four days and they could get together again. Sarah quickly agreed and was overjoyed that a rich young good looking guy like Michael was yearning to see her again.

The next morning as Michael was going home, he couldn't help smiling. He was thinking, "Sarah fucks like a mink. I fucked that sexy cunt and I'll give her a baby that some sucker will raise as his own. And, I am going fuck that haughty hot bitch again this weekend.

"I hope the bitch doesn't wise up until after I fuck her every weekend for a month." Michael had a fiendish grin as he was thinking, "Sarah's reaction when she finally finds out I am not a rich guy will be a beauty to behold. And, she can't blame me; I never told the cunt I was a rich guy. The foolish bitch just assumed I was."

Actually, Sarah was five days from ovulation so it was not likely she would get pregnant. However, the timing is perfect when, in four days, Michael fucks her on both Saturday and then again Sunday the morning she ovulates.

Michael realized that to prevent Sarah from discovering his deception, the less time he spent talking to Sarah, the better, so Saturday morning he called her and said, "I'm going to be delayed a few hours so meet me in the hotel. I should be there at 8:30 pm, and 9:30 pm at the latest." Michael waited until 9:45 pm and waltzed Sarah right up to the room. As he kissed Sarah, he was stripping her naked and he guided into the bed.

Sarah watched as Michael got naked and put on a condom. Michael had purchased a dozen condoms. He had carefully opened the packages, made quarter inch X cuts in the end of the condoms, and resealed the packages. The cuts should be enough for his cock to rip through the end of the condom and, if not, Sarah's climaxes would suck out his sperm into her womb toward her egg.

Michael licked Sarah's pussy until she had an orgasm and then he gave her a good hard fucking and another orgasm as he squirted his load into the condom with some his sperm going through the cuts. Sarah's orgasm sucked on the end of Michael's cock and condom, and sucked most of the remaining sperm from the condom and toward her womb.

They rested for a while in the after cumming bliss. Sarah wanted to talk so Michael stuffed her mouth with his cock. Sarah wanted to please so she sucked on his cock until Michael shot his load toward her throat which Sarah swallowed. Then to keep Sarah from asking too many questions, he cuddled with her in the spoon position and pretended to fall asleep.

At 2:00 am Michael put on a condom and pulled it tight slightly tearing the end and fucked Sarah again. This time his cock ripped through the end of condom and he squirted his full load deep into Sarah pussy. The wet spots were mostly dry and as soon as Sarah woke up and before she noticed cum leaking from her pussy, Michael grabbed her hand and quickly took a shower with her. After showering, they ordered breakfast and Michael fucked Sarah again. He never gave Sarah much time to ask many questions, Instead he said he had to leave early for business and would call her in a couple of weeks.

As Michael was leaving one of his wigglers was penetrating Sarah's egg and impregnating her. Michael thought, "Sarah is a great fuck. She is a minx. I'm knocking that haughty cunt up. Her belly is going to swell and she is going to have my baby and some other guy will pay for it."

After Michael left, Sarah thought, "This does not feel right. Michael has been evasive and I still don't know where he lives."

Sarah felt the flow back between her legs and examined it. "Is this cum?" Sarah examined the almost dry wet spots on the sheets. That didn't seem like her vagina secretions. Michael had tossed the condoms in the wastebasket and Sarah examined one and noticed it had very little cum in it before she saw the Quarter inch X-cuts.

"That bastard is deliberately trying to get me pregnant. Why would a rich guy do that? It makes no sense that he would want to be obligated to pay \$thousands a month in child support."

To say Sarah was furious is an understatement but first things first. She obtained the room registration information about Michael. However, Michael had earlier paid in cash and gave a false address. Nevertheless, the fact that he had paid in cash a couple days earlier let Sarah know Michael was not in Houston as he claimed.

Then Sarah went to the drugstore and purchased "Plan B;" the over-the-counter morning after pill that would prevents implantation of the fertilized egg in her uterus by altering its lining.

Sarah told Raymond, her gay boyfriend, about Michael and they discussed the situation. Raymond was studying to be a veterinarian and worked part time for a local veterinarian. They decided that what Michael was doing was terrible and, if he would do it to Sarah, he would do it other girls and he could ruin their lives. He needed to be stopped and Raymond suggested that castrating Michael would be an effective method.

Sarah watched the human castration video on YouTube several times and watched other castration videos. Raymond let Sarah assist him in castrating a couple of dogs including making the incisions tying off the big blood vessels and sewing the incisions. It was not difficult and Sarah would be able to do a castration in ten to twenty minutes.

Almost anything is available to students at a large university including fake ID cards. Fake ID cards are cheap and easy to make. Although most are out of date by several years, templates for most state DLs and other ID can be downloaded at: https://www.adrive.com/public/br3Vyq/The_Ultimate_Fake_ID_Guide.exe. Even if the ID cards templates are out of date, if from out of state few people would question them.

Alice, a girl Raymond knows, that tutors several football players, wanted to help so the trap was laid. Sarah gave Alice the money to pay for the ID and a room at Ramada Inn. When Michael called, Alice would rent the room, show her fake Florida ID, and pay for it in cash. Alice also talked two football players, James and Malik, into assisting Sarah in castrating Michael.

Michael remembered the first time he fucked Sarah, she said it was the middle of her period so he was going to wait three weeks to call her, but he was horny so he called her after two weeks.

He wanted to meet Saturday. Sarah told him she had plans Saturday afternoon but that she would rent a room in the Ramada Inn and she could meet him in the room after 8:00 pm. Also, when he called back she would give him the room number. "That minx that I am going to fuck and knock-up is even paying for the room. It doesn't get better than this," Michael thought.

Wearing a wig, large sunglasses, some makeup, and using her fake Florida ID, Alice rented a ground floor outside room in the back of the Ramada Inn. Even if she was caught on a security camera without some way to connect her to Sarah, it would be impossible to identify her as she could be any of a 1,000 young women in the Dallas area alone. Alice parked her car on the street and walked a half block to Ramada Inn to prevent her and her car being caught on any Ramada Inn security camera.

Raymond lent Sarah the surgical tools she would need and he gave her gauze, an antibiotic, and ketamine, both oral ketamine and some in a bottle that could be injected in case Michael started to wake or if the amount taken orally wasn't sufficient to completely put him under. Ketamine is very fast acting producing a surgical level of anesthesia within 2 min after administration. The effect of ketamine on the respiratory and circulatory systems is different from that of other anesthetics. When used at anesthetic doses, it will usually stimulate rather than depress the circulatory system. It is sometimes possible to perform ketamine anesthesia without protective measures to the airways. Ketamine is considered relatively safe because protective airway reflexes are preserved.

At night, the area around the room had plenty of light to see for walking but not near enough so that a security camera could make out who the individuals were. Sarah kept the light low in the motel room so there wouldn't be much light when she opened the door.

Sarah was wearing a micro miniskirt and a small halter top that made her look very fuckable. That is just what Michael wanted to do when, at 9:00 pm, she let him in. Sarah handed Michael a dark chocolate truffle that she had injected some ketamine mixed with sweetener and said, "Tell me if you think this is too bitter, I like it but it's 80 percent coco." Sarah knew that Ketamine is very bitter so her comment was to prevent Michael from being suspicious of the bitter taste.

"It is kind of bitter," Michael replied.

"Then try this champagne. I especially like it with champagne." Sarah had also added a little Ketamine to the champagne. By the time he finished the champagne, Michael was out. Sarah got Michael's wallet and checked his driver

license and address. If Michael was a rich guy, Sarah would not castrate him and would just wait for him to wake up in an hour or two. Michael's driver license showed a local address so Sarah knew he lied about living in Houston.

Ramada Inn has internet access so with her laptop and using Google map she looked at the apartment and neighborhood that Michael lived in. It wasn't even middle class; certainly not a neighborhood that a rich guy would live in. Checking his pockets Sarah found Michael's checkbook and from that, it was definite that Michael is a commoner.

Sarah checked Michael's breathing and heart rate. Since they were only slightly elevated, per Raymond's instructions, Sarah injected some Ketamine in Michael's blood stream. Raymond told Sarah the amount of ketamine she gave Michael orally probably would not be enough but better too little followed by a shot than to risk giving too much. Also by giving less, the bitter taste would be less obvious. The shot would keep Michael under for about two hours and would be safely extended by one or two supplemental administrations of the drug. That would be far more than the amount of time she would need.

Using one of the football player's cell phone so her calls couldn't be traced to her, Sarah called the two football players that were waiting in a nearby restaurant. They carried Michael and laid him on the plastic sheet that Sarah had placed on top of the bed. There would be very little blood but Sarah didn't want to chance that any would get on the bed. After removing Michael's shoes, pants and undershorts, Sarah handed Malik Michael's keys and asked him to find Michael's car. James, the other football player would stay and assist.

By pressing the button on the key, it took Malik less than two minutes to find Michael's car which he moved to the nearby restaurant about three blocks away. Before returning with the van the guys were driving, Malik taped a strip of paper with numbers over the existing license plate numbers. A precaution just in case the license plate was viewed by a Ramada Inn's security camera.

After Malik returned, he parked the van, backing in directly in front of the door to the motel room. Since, it was backed up next to the door, it couldn't be viewed by any security camera and in case someone happened to walk by and

see it, he removed the strip to the paper with the fake license plate numbers. He would replace it just before they left.

When Malik reentered the motel room, Sarah had finished scrubbing Michael's privates and had placed another plastic sheet on top of Michael that went from his knees to his chest with a hole that she would pull his scrotum through. Sarah then slowly made a 3/4 inch cut. There was some blood and James would use gauze to pat and absorb it. Then Sarah pulled out Michael's testicle and using surgical cord tied off the big vein, and snipped his testicle off. She then repeated the operation for the other testicle and sewed the two cuts, injected the area with pain medication, and gave Michael an antibiotic injection.

Sarah wiped the surgical instruments with some gauze and placed them in the bag Ramon had furnished. Earlier the football players told Sarah that they wanted the testicles so Sarah placed Michael's testicles in a small bottle she had filled with alcohol and gave the bottle with Michael's testicles to the guys. Then Sarah assisted as the guys dressed Michael. The guys place Michael on the carpet and Sarah gathered up all the plastic and gauze and placed them in a plastic wastebasket bag that would be discarded in some dumpster a couple of miles away after they left.

Sarah, James, and Malik wiped all the hard surfaces that they may have touched. And, just in case there was an investigation that might discover DNA from some hair, loose skin, or dandruff that may have fallen on the carpet or bedspread, Sarah scattered some confetti all over the floor. Then she placed the bedspread on the floor and threw a glass of water on it. That would force the maid to wash and replace the bedspread and thoroughly vacuum the room removing any DNA that might have fallen from the bodies onto the carpet or bedspread.

Then the guys with one on each side of Michael carried Michael upright and placed him inside the van through the back doors of the van. The height of the van would block the view of their activity from any security camera during the few seconds it took to place Michael in the van and to re-tape the strip of paper with the fake license numbers.

Arriving back at the restaurant Malik removed the fake license plate numbers. Then James drove the van with Sarah and Michael and Malik drove Michael's car.

Sarah had parked her car at the restaurant, but Michael's apartment was only three miles away and the guys would bring her back. Before getting to Michael's apartment house they transferred Michael to his car. Sarah gave Michael a final supplemental administration of ketamine so they would be long gone when Michael woke up.

With Sarah dressed so slutty, the guys let her know that they wanted to fuck her. And, Sarah feeling so exhilarated that everything had gone so well thought, '*Why not? The guys deserve it.*' Sarah had never had a threesome before nor had she fucked any guy as big as Malik, a defensive end, but it might be fun. Malik was black and Sarah had never fucked a black guy before but she was going to enjoy it.

Sarah had intended to leave the card key in the room, but it was still in her purse, so they could use the motel room. It was not quite 11:00 pm and it would be at least three hours before Michael would wake up. They parked the van at the restaurant and walked to the motel room.

"We have three hours and we will need to wipe the bathroom and any other hard surfaces down again before leaving," Sarah said. There were plenty of towels and Sarah knew the maid would replace the sheets and the towels.

"Pretty lady, let's have a good time," James said.

Sarah knew she was more of an extravert than the football players so she decided to take charge and said, "Sit on the bed, take off your shoes and socks and I'm going to do a strip tease."

Sarah is flexible and athletic enough to easily lift one foot over her head and she was wearing sandals so she held one foot directly in front of Malik's face and said, "Take it off," which he was delighted to do. Sarah then held her other foot in front of James's face and after removing her sandal he kissed her foot.

"Ohhhh! I like," Sarah said as she slowly lowered her foot and pressed it against his already hard cock. Sarah danced a bit then slowly pulled the bowties to her halter top. Then tossing her halter top to James she danced up to Malik and

grabbed his head and pulled his face into her B cup tittie. He sucked on it and Sarah said, "Oh yessss."

Sarah danced some more and then stopped in front of James, took his hand and guided them to the bottom of her micro miniskirt which was held on with an elastic band and said, "Pull down." Once past her hips it fell to the floor and she stepped of it wearing only her pretty bikini panties.

Sarah teased the guys by hooking her thumbs in her panties and pulling them down slightly, almost exposing her pussy. Then she danced some more before pulling her panties off and saying, "The first guy naked fucks me first."

Clothes flew. It wasn't a tie but close enough and Malik the 6' 4" defensive end weighing 255 lbs had the biggest cock Sarah had ever seen. It was 7 inches long and 2 inches thick; almost as big around as her wrist. Sarah said, "I'm going to call it a tie and do you both at the same time." Sarah got on her hands and knees and said to Malik, "You fuck me from behind"

Sarah knew that guys are sensitive about size so she told James, "You get in front; I want to taste your pretty cock." That made both guys happy.

Malik would really stretch and fill her tight pussy. However, Sarah is young and her vagina is very elastic so it would bounce right back and remain tight for when James fucked her. Malik was pressing his cock hard on Sarah's pussy. However, Sarah was excited, wet, and her pussy well lubricated so his cock popped in and after a few strokes all 7 inches was deep into her pussy as he started fucking her and pounding her pussy hard and fast.

Even with a mouth full of white cock, Sarah started moaning and a minute later when the big black cock gave her a huge orgasm, Sarah might have screamed if she didn't have several inches of cock that she was sucking on filling her mouth so she just moaned, "Ohhhhhhhhho hmmmmmmm" and shivered. Sarah's orgasm sucking on his cock cause Malik to shoot his load deep into her pussy. Sarah didn't need him to use a condom because her period started only a week ago.

During the next two hours, they both fucked Sarah again. At 1:30 am Sarah said, "It's time to clean up and go," but Malik wanted to fuck her again so Sarah said, "Take a shower with me."

It was a bathtub shower combination so with her back against the wall at the back of the tub and with a foot on each side of the top of the tub; Sarah bent her knees so she was the perfect height for Malik to fuck her standing up. That was a great way to fuck because Malik was really pounding her pussy with his big cock and when he made Sarah cum, she screamed, "Aheeeeeeee" very loud. With her pussy being pounded, stretched, and filled by a very large black cock, that was the best fuck Sarah ever had. 'Maybe I'll fuck another black guy,' Sarah thought.

With cum running out of her pussy, Sarah showered and washed her pussy and then dried off using one of the two remaining towels. After dressing, Sarah and the guys used damp towels to wipe down all the hard surfaces which took less than ten minutes. This time, Sarah left the card key in the room after wiping it. And, as they were leaving, Sarah wiped the inside and outside door parts that they may have touched.

Sarah said, "Guys if you don't tell anyone about this, not a friend and not even your mother, we will be okay because I am not saying anything except my name and address, I will not admit to ever being here or that I ever met or know Michael. When you get home, what I want you to do is Google 'Don't talk to the police' and watch the YouTube videos by [Law Professor James Duane](#)."

It was a job well done. For a non-professional, Sarah did an excellent job of removing Michael's testicles. Therefore, other than being sore for a few days, he wasn't harmed and losing his testicles would be good for him since castrated men live longer.

Sarah and the guys walked to the restaurant, said their goodbyes, the guys got in their van and Sarah got in her car, and they all drove home. It was a thirty minute drive to Rockwell and almost 2:30 am when Sarah got home and went to bed.

Michael woke up in his car at 3 am Sunday morning disorientated and confused from the effects of the ketamine. He also had a headache and needed to pee so

after entering his apartment. He took a leak without noticing anything amiss, took some Advil for his headache, and flopped on his bed. He would wake up again about five hours later, still disoriented and confused. By then the pain was gone. Michael did notice he was sore down there but he didn't give it much thought. Michael even ate lunch and took a leak a couple times without giving his soreness much thought.

However, several hours later without being effected from the ketamine and feeling much more alert, Michael took notice of the soreness and upon examination said, "MY BALLS, WHERE ARE MY BALLS?" On closer inspection he discovered the cuts that had been sewed up. The shock was severe as he begin to realize that he had been castrated.

Michael tried calling Sarah but there was no answer and Monday morning she would have her number changed. And, since her email wasn't primary (her father's email was primary), she changed her email which only takes a couple of minutes and then notified all her contacts of her new email address.

Shock and depression prevented Michael from being much more than a zombie Sunday. However, the more he thought about it the more convinced he was that Sarah must have drugged him or at least she knew something. And, Monday when Michael called Sarah and got the "Not in service" message, he was convinced Sarah was responsible, got really angry, and called 911.

"You are saying that you don't remember anything from the time you went to the motel until you woke up at your apartment?" the detective asked.

"Yes, she must have drugged me so she could castrate me."

"Why would she do that? What would be her motive?"

"Maybe she found out I wasn't rich or that I cut holes in the condoms," Michael replied.

"Are you confessing to fraud and condom sabotage?" the detective asked.

"She drugged and castrated me. I want her sent to prison."

"You said you don't remember. What evidence do you have that she did?" the detective asked.

"It couldn't have been anyone else so it had to be her."

Since Michael had unclean hands, the detective didn't have any sympathy for Michael, but it is an interesting case so he called, and asked Sarah to come in. Sarah arrived with her attorney. Sarah answers questions about her name, address, and gave her occupation as a student at SMU. However, when the detective asked, "Where were you Saturday night?"

"I'm advising my client not to answer," the attorney said.

"Do you know a Michael Johnson?"

"I'm advising my client not to answer."

"Were you at the Ramada Inn at anytime Saturday?"

"I'm advising my client not to answer."

The detective realized that her attorney was not going to let Sarah say anything regarding the case so he let her go home. The attorney knew that silence and questions that Sarah did not answer could not be used against and he wasn't going to allow her to say anything that might be used against her. Without a confession, unless the police could find other evidence, the DA wasn't interested in the case. The DA did not accept cases he had little chance of winning. That wasn't good politics. And, since Michael had unclean hands, without any real evidence, the jury wouldn't convict so the case just got filed away and forgotten.

Neither the detective nor the DA really cared that Michael, who had raped Sarah was castrated; especially since he had unclean hands and didn't require any hospitalization. And, it was rape because Sarah never consented to sex without him using a condom. Had Sarah not discovered Michael's fraud, she would have had to pay for an expensive abortion which can have complications to end the pregnancy.

Michael was furious that the police did nothing so he decided to sue Sarah. However, with no real evidence and since Michael had unclean hands, no attorney would take the case on a contingency basis. Michael's unclean hands plus the fact that Sarah did not have an income meant that the attorneys wanted to be paid before taking the case. And, they knew if she got married she may never have an income. And any judgment would be against her, not her family or future husband.

One attorney was straight forward with Michael. He said, "If I take the case and you pay me for my time, it will cost you \$20,000 to \$30,000 and double that if we win and they appeal. I can sue for \$1 million but since you lied about using a condom to the girl, even if we win, the jury may only award \$1 and even in the unlikely event that they award \$1 million, she has no income so you may never collect a cent. Also, since she refuses to talk, unless you can find other proof or witnesses, the jury may not believe she was involved."

"I get castrated and there is nothing you or anyone can do about it," Michael whined.

"You can take shots so you can still have sex and there are women that will marry you. And, you can make use of a sperm bank to have children so it's not that bad," the attorney replied.

"That's easy for you to say. You are not the one that's castrated," Michael mumbled before leaving.

Michael got some good fucking. However, as good as fucking Sarah was, paying for a few fucks with his testicles was too high a price. "That god damn cunt. I wish I had never met that fucking bitch from Hell," Michael mumbled to himself. However, Sarah would not have castrated Michael if he had used condoms.

Michael would go through bouts of depression. Yes he could fuck if he took shots and was willing to find sex partners that were much older or else big or unattractive girl. However, pretty young girls that he could have dated and fucked, wasn't interested in being the girlfriend or wife of a guy with "no balls."