

## 40 seconds

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Five young criminals lose their manhood.

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### 40 seconds

Five young men stood on a metal stage. To their right, the jury that had just found them guilty, and in front the judge's bench

The judge said, "The jury has found you guilty on all counts. You may feel that it is acceptable to act like depraved animals back in America, but here in Thailand we comport ourselves with a modicum of self-control, and we're sick of the world sending its perverts here to despoil our citizens. All that remains is to announce and administer the sentence."

He stared at the men with contempt. The camera in the left corner of the court zoomed in to show the young men's faces one after the other. Their expressions of embarrassment and nervousness had given way to expressions of fear. They knew for certain that they were going to experience considerable pain. The only question was how much.

The court did NOT operate on the principle of "innocent until proven guilty." The evidence that brought them to trial was overwhelming, so they were treated as guilty in the court. The young men stood naked on the stage. Between each of their legs rose a stainless-steel metal pole with a pod-shaped head. The poles could be raised or lowered, and each had been raised until the pods impaled the young men's rectums to a depth of 15 centimetres.

Even if the defendants were brave enough to try to jump up off the poles, risking even deeper impalement, there was another mechanism that ensured they would not do so. A heavy metal ring on the end of a cross-bar passed between each boy's legs. The ring was split down the middle, and hinged on the rear where it connected to the bar. The rings encircled the neck of each young man's scrotum, trapping his testicles loosely below. The cross-bar was capable of sliding up and down independently of the pole it was attached to. During the trial, which lasted just 90 minutes, the warmed rings were raised up against the root of each boy's penis, allowing his testicles to dangle freely below. But now things were about to change.



The judge looked at the boy on the far right of the group. He looked younger than his 19 years.

“James Morton, you have been found guilty of masturbating in public. Your adjusted sentence is 10 centimetres.”

Jimmy felt simultaneously nervous and relieved. 10 centimetres was just a little more than the lightest sentence he could get. He’d probably walk away uncomfortable, but not permanently injured.

The judge turned to the next person.

“Darnell Williamson, you have been found guilty of masturbating in public and sexual intercourse in a public place. At 22 years old, and the oldest among your group, you should know better. 25 centimetres.”

Darnell looked sick. Before being brought to the court room, he had been forced to sit in hot bathwater for half an hour, after which his testicles were pulled down in his scrotum and the distance from his groin to the base of his testicles measured. His hung 12 centimetres. That meant his adjusted sentence would still entail pulling his testicles downwards by 25 centimetres. That was going to be excruciating.

The judge continued.

“Ralph Larsen, you have been found guilty of masturbating in public. Adjusted sentence, 13 centimetres.”

Ralph turned and looked at Jimmy. Yes, Jimmy’s balls didn’t hang as low, but this was supposed to be an adjusted sentence. The dangle of each of their balls was taken into consideration. Why did HE get a more painful sentence?!

“In case you’re wondering at the disparity between your sentence and James’s, you deliberately allowed two passing women to see you in a state of arousal.”

Ralph thought about the women who had come across him and his friends as they engaged in the playful circle jerk on the dunes. He’d turned and chased them laughing, taking comically wide and high steps, his stiff flagpole bouncing between his open legs. It didn’t seem so funny now.

The judge looked to the fourth boy.

“Joshua Ocampo, I’ll deal with you in a moment. “

He turned his attention to the last boy.

“Michael Coleman, you have been found guilty of public masturbation, sexual intercourse in a public place, and failing to report the sexual violation of a minor. Adjusted sentence, 25 centimetres.”

Even allowing for the adjustment, Michael was at a massive disadvantage. Not only did he have the smallest testicles, but they hardly stretched at all. Darnell’s nuts were low-hanging, and his scrotum was kind of soft and droopy. His nuts might survive the procedure, but 25 centimetres for Michael virtually guaranteed his castration.

“But I didn’t know the kid was only 14!” he protested. “And it’s not like I was the one that fu... who had sex with him!”

“Be that as it may, the duty is upon YOU to learn and adhere to the laws of the country you are visiting. Hopefully your sentence will send a harsh message to all other American men who see Thailand as nothing more than a playground for them to play out their depraved sexual fantasies.”

“I only had sex for fuck sake!” Michael shouted. “I demand to speak to a member of the American consulate.”

“America has no consular privilege in this country, and you are in no position to make demands. However, I find your tone extremely disrespectful. 30 centimetres.”

Michael’s eyes widened. 30! His balls could never stretch that low!

“Noooo, please, mercy!” he wailed.

The judge nodded to a guard standing behind Michael and with the aid of a colleague, the guard secured a gag over Michael’s mouth.

The judge turned his attention back to Joshua.

“Now to you. You have been found guilty of public masturbation, but that crime pales into insignificance compared to your second offence, sexual intercourse with a minor. Your lawyer’s claims that you didn’t know your victim was a boy until you saw him naked are completely irrelevant, as are your claims that you found it hard to estimate his age. You only had to ask and Bon-Mee would have told you, and frankly, if anything, he looks even YOUNGER than his 14 years. I appreciate that this is only one year below the age of consent, but the law is the law. If you had

wanted to be safe, there are plenty of legal brothels you could have visited. There is only one sentence I can give you; 60 adjusted centimetres.”

Joshua’s eyes widened and he stared at the judge in shock. The image of him laughing as he fucking the smiling Ladyboy whilst Michael watched flashed into his mind. At the time, fucking a Ladyboy had seemed like an extreme case of college bawdiness, but now it didn’t seem so funny.

His lawyer had warned him to expect such a sentence if found guilty, and there really were no mitigating circumstances that might earn him a lesser sentence. Joshua passed out, held upright by the pole in his rectum.

The judge looked at the five young men.

“Your sentence is to be carried out immediately.”

He turned to the jury.

“If any of you would prefer to leave during execution of the sentence, you are welcome to do so now.”

Four men and a woman left the room and Joshua came around.

“Alright, now you’re back, let the sentence begin.”

“No, I object! I want to appeal!” Joshua cried.

“You have no right of appeal. Unlike America, we don’t waste millions in public money relitigating our trials. You have been found guilty and that’s the end of it.”

The judge pressed a button on his desk, and all five cross bars started moving downwards at an almost imperceptible rate. Almost.

All five young men flinched; not out of any discomfort, but from the knowledge that their unstoppable punishment had begun.

The rings were programmed to descend at the rate of one millimetre every 5 seconds. For the first 20 or 30 millimetres, the rate of descent would be barely perceptible. The slow descent would cause the cremaster muscles to relax and the testicles would lower perfectly comfortably within their elastic scrotums.

The seconds ticked away, as the young men’s testicles were slowly pulled away from their bodies. As the clock hit the 200 second mark; 40 millimetres of stretch, the boys started lowering themselves on the poles, bending their legs to reduce the amount of stretch on their scrotums, and pressure on their testicles.

This was the painful choice that they were faced with; to wreck their insides or let the ring stretch and crush their testicles. The poles were already impaled 15 centimetres; half a foot inside them. There was not a great deal of extra space to work with.

A homosexual man with an asshole furrowed by years of extreme dildo insertion could take maybe a foot of extra pole, but none of the five was gay.

By the time 400 seconds had passed, Jimmy was as low as he could squat on the pole. His balls were stretched uncomfortably, but he was not in great pain. He had just 2 more centimetres to go.

His nuts bulged beneath the ring. He looked side wards at Darnell and Ralph. Both of their nuts bulged, but neither appeared in any greater discomfort than he was in.

Another 100 seconds ticked away and Jimmy's ring stopped moving. His nuts ached now as though someone was very firmly squeezing them in a fist. But at least it wasn't going to get any worse.

150 seconds later and Ralph's ring stopped moving. He was grimacing, but Jimmy couldn't tell if it was because his nuts were hurting or because he'd impaled himself lower in an effort to avoid the pain in his testicles.

For the next 25 minutes, the remaining rings continued to descend, and Darnell, Joshua and Michael's groans turned to shouts. Then Michael's voice rose into a shrill, gurgling scream and his scrotum pinged back upwards towards his body. Ralph looked at his friend's groin. There was no blood and the ring was still intact. That could mean only one thing: Michael's testicles had crumbled and turned to mush, slipping through the one-centimetre aperture. Michael was screaming and sobbing uncontrollably.

For Joshua and Darnell, the worst was yet to come. Both of their scrotums were hideously elongated. Both of their testicles were horrifically crushed in the bottom of their shiny sacks, and looked like two flattened half orbs crushed against the ring. Although Darnell was black, his testicles looked white pressing through the taut, thin skin of his scrotum.

Ten minutes later, with no warning, Joshua's scrotum tore up near the neck, and then it worked its way through the ring and flopped to the metal floor, leaving two wet, shiny orbs stretched on long cords.

Two minutes after that, Darnell's shiny scrotum split along the seam, and both of his testicles, internally torn from his vas deferens, simultaneously rocketed out as though fired from a gun. Both were free of his body, and they landed on the metal floor before bouncing away like rubber balls with short tails attached.

Jimmy and Ralph looked at them in horror, but Darnell had mercifully slipped into unconsciousness.

That left just Joshua. He was screaming in agony, squatting and impaling himself as low as he could. He felt the pod crushing his internal organs but that was nothing compared to the pain in his tortured nuts. Without a scrotum to support them, both hung lower more easily, dangling from the vas deferens like Christmas baubles. Now they were no longer white. The blood vessels within burst and they turned first red then a dark purple, verging on black.

He continued screaming, then his left testicle went the same way as Darnell's scrotum. The tunica split along the bottom curve and like pink meat ejecting from a hand mincer, the offal of his testicle squirted through the split and tumbled to the floor in a moist pile. When the tunica was empty, the remains of the testicle, slipped back through the ring, pinged up towards Joshua's body. It dangled below his partially degloved penis then slowly retreated out of sight entirely up into his inguinal canal.

A few minutes later, his remaining testicle went the same way as the first, leaving nothing of his reproductive capability but a small pile of meat on the floor.



The judge watched Michael, Darnell and Joshua's total destruction and when it was completed, he said, "Get them treated, and collect their belongings, then get them out of the country. I never want to see them again."