

Commune punishment

Spanking, humbling, humiliation, discipline

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A naughty college student is humbled.

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Punishment in the commune

Xander's stepfather William, put down the phone and looked at his son.

"That was the student counsellor Mrs Limberg. Your grades have fallen through the floor since lockdown. We already talked about this twice; now something has to be done."

"I'm sorry sir," Xander said contritely. "I'm doing my best but it's just so hard to concentrate working from home."

"I get that, but you're going to have to do better. Perhaps without your Playstation it'll be easier."

Xander frowned.

"How long for?"

"Well, it's summer recess in two weeks. I've booked you for online summer classes. If you can get your grades up to at least a B across the board, you can have it back at the start of the fall semester."

"Fall? But that's over 9 weeks away!"

"Watch your attitude boy or I'll make it permanent," the man said.

"Yes sir, sorry sir," Xander said, quickly checking himself.

He'd been on the receiving end of William's wrath on several occasions, and though Xander felt that 18 was way too old for a spanking, the man disagreed and had taken a paddle to him on two occasions. On both, Xander couldn't sit comfortably for over three days.

William had not been the head their family long – just under two years, but he ruled it totally and with a rod of iron. Xander's mother, Emma, was totally smitten by him. It was almost as if he had some kind of power over her.

When she was with Mike, Xander's biological father, she had been a normal enough woman, with down-to-earth, 21st century values and attitudes, but when William arrived, it was like she stepped back to values from 80 years ago. She gave up her job to stay at home, and she became subservient to the man, acting like a 1940s housewife. The ultimate change came when they left their Sacramento home and moved to live in a commune of 120 families in Utah.

Two weeks after their Playstation conversation, William called Xander into the kitchen, where his mother was sitting. William was standing by the table. On the table were several objects. Xander glanced at them. He recognised the wooden paddle. The other objects he did recognise.

"It seems that your grades have still shown no improvement," William said.

"I'm sorry sir," Xander said. "I've been trying my best."

"Your best is clearly not good enough. Perhaps you're spending your time up in your room jerking off to internet porn instead of studying. If you were getting your grades, I'd have no problem; boys will be boys after all, but I think a harsher punishment is required."

"But I haven't..." Xander started to protest, glancing at his mother.

William held up his hand.

"Don't bother to lie. I've been in your room. It smells like the monkey enclosure at the zoo, and I've heard you as I passed by."

Xander fell silent, dismayed that his recreation left such obvious evidence.

William picked up the paddle and Xander watched him with dread.

"Please sir, not that. I'll try harder."

"Yes, I know you will. Now drop your sweats and underwear."

Xander looked at his stepfather with open-mouthed incredulity.

"Drop my underwear? Then I'll be naked," he said redundantly.

"I'm not here to debate it with you. You have two seconds."

Xander didn't move, standing frozen as he debated with himself whether to defy the man. Suddenly, a hand whipped out and William pimp-slapped him across the face hard enough to knock the boy off his feet. Xander scrambled away, jumping back up to a low Spiderman crouch, and he looked at William with utter shock, tears forming under his eyes.

"Get up!" William said, in a tone that brooked no dissent.

William rose, his hand raised to his cheek. It had instantly bruised purple.

"Now drop your sweats and your underwear unless you want another one."

Xander moved his hand from his cheek and pushed sweat pants past his hips. From there, he allowed them to slip down his thighs. He was wearing plain, olive-green sports boxers. He gripped the waist band and hesitated, looking to his father. Williams moved closer menacingly, and Xander quickly pushed his underwear down too. He immediately covered his privates with his hands.

"First we'll address the laziness," William said "Turn around and lean across the table and press your hands onto it."

Xander was used to this routine, but never naked. He turned, and his mother was sitting at right angles looking back at him.

"Can I do it with just one hand?" Xander asked.

William glanced across at his wife.

“BOTH hands. Your mom is not interested in looking at your little pecker. She won’t be able to even see it when you’re bent over anyway.”

He swatted Xander’s hands from his groin to reveal the boy’s genitals. He had a fair-sized pair of nicely-hanging testicles, and his soft, circumcised penis was three inches long. Above, a patch of not-fully-grown pubic hair led to a small treasure trail. The boy was actually quite decently put together, but William said nothing. This was not the time to be paying him compliments.

Xander quickly leaned across the table, spreading his hands as instructed. William rested the paddle against his step-son’s bottom. Years of cross-country running had given the boy fantastic glutes, and even though William was not gay, he couldn’t help but appreciate the boy’s lean, muscularity, and healthy skin tone.

William took his time, allowing the paddle to rest on the right cheek, building the teenager’s apprehension, then he pulled it away, drawing the paddle back a full three feet before striking with cobra speed. The sound of wood against bare flesh rang out. Whack! The boy jumped at the force, exactly as William intended. This wasn’t some pansy, play spanking designed to turn anyone on – it was a brutal beating intended to modify the boy’s future behaviour. Xander’s pale skin instantly turned a deep red where the impact had landed. Whack! A second strike, almost perfectly on top of the first, then whack, whack, whack! Three more, each designed to build upon the damage caused by the first. Xander snorted rapidly through his mouth, as he tried to cope with the pain. The tears welled up in his eyes now, and though he was not crying out of emotion – his primary emotion was anger – he could not prevent his body’s natural response to the injuries.

He looked up as the sixth stroke landed. His mother was looking back at him, not with empathy for his plight, or even fear of the man she had married. Either would have given Xander hope for better things. The emotion displayed on her face was sadness. Sadness and disappointment that her son WARRANTED such harsh punishment. He looked away, humiliated at his treatment and doubly angry that the woman who had never laid a hand on him somehow thought that this was just. Tears ran down the side of his nose and dripped to the table, and that made him even angrier.

Now that the right buttock cheek was a deep purple; almost black in places, William shifted his attention to the other cheek, pounding Xander’s bottom six more times, ensuring that there would be no comfortable haven on which the boy could sit for a while.

Xander’s thighs were trembling from the pain, and he struggled to remain standing. He had not been counting, and waited for the thirteenth stroke to land, but it never came.

“If you press that table any harder, you’re going to make a hole in it,” William said.

“Yeah,” Xander winced through gritted teeth, but he could not ease his clawed hand. “It really hurts.”

“It’s meant to. I’m sorry son but it’s for your own good.”

Xander didn't believe for one second that his step dad cared about what was good for him. This was a power trip pure and simple.

The man put the paddle down on the table next to Xander and picked up another object. Xander looked at the bat.

"Are you finished sir?"

"That's the punishment over. Now to take care of the wanking."

"What does that mean?!" Xander asked, as he watched the man unscrew the two halves of the metal humbler. "What does THAT thing do?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Open your legs wide."

"What? Why?!"

"Don't ask stupid questions or I'll give you another 24 with the paddle," William said tersely.

"But what are you going to do?" Xander asked, envisioning his balls being crushed between the two pieces of aluminium.

He started to stand up.

His stepfather thumped him with the heel of his hand between the shoulder blades, hitting the teen so hard that it winded him.

"Oooof!" Xander said, as he was slammed back down to the table face first.

He spent the next ten seconds retching and coughing, midway between coughing his lungs up and losing his lunch.

"I told you not to disobey me Xander. Now open your fucking legs!"

The man kicked the boy's right foot hard, knocking it two feet to the right. Xander shuffled the other to the left a similar distance.

"Good," William said, "now stay still while I put this on you."

Xander felt his stepfather roughly gripping his testicles. He flinched as he felt the hand between his legs, but he didn't dare to rise up again. Instead, he looked to the side, his cheek pressed against the table.

He had no idea what William was up to. He just prayed that his stepfather didn't intend to crush his balls in the device.

He felt the man pulling his balls back between his thighs, stretching them hard and laying them across the neck of the humbler. Then the other half was closed on top, trapping his testicles on the other side of the device.

William turned the screws on either end of the device so that Xander could not pull his testicles through the tiny slit between the two pieces of metal. However, where a recreational user might have left it there, enabling the wearer to release himself at his leisure, William inserted 12 hand rivets; 3 at each end, and three on either side of the scrotal hole. The tool he used, splayed and rounded the ends so that it would be quite impossible for Xander to remove the device without a

drill, and even then, the positioning of the humbler would make self-removal completely out of the question.

"Okay, that's it. You're done. That'll take care of the masturbation. No more whacking off for you for a while. You can go back to your bedroom now."

Xander let go of the other side of the table and went to straighten, but immediately, he yelped, his high-pitched scream of pain turning into a groan as he doubled over.

"Ahhh, ahhh, what have you done to my balls?!" he demanded, bending back over the table.

"It's called a humbler. You won't be able to stand up while you're wearing it."

"I don't get it. What's the point of that?"

William moved to the other side of the table and stood beside his wife.

"Come here son."

Xander looked across at him and tried to walk around the table, bent over deeply so that the humbler didn't tug cruelly on his testicles. He staggered, hunched like a 90-year-old man, wincing with every single step. By the time he'd shuffled the 8 steps to his stepfather, he was sweating from head to toe from the discomfort and exertion.

"You'll find it much more comfortable to move on your hands and feet. Give it a try."

Xander dropped to his hands and walked as though he was a monkey. The pain in his balls reduced to a mild ache.

"Turn away so that we can get a look at you," William said.

Xander was not keen to expose his rear to his stepfather let alone to his mother but he didn't dare to defy him. He shuffled in a 180-degree circle until his bottom faced his parents. His virginal hole was pale and puckered, plain to see. William was surprised at how smooth and hairless the boy's testicles were. They were the same pale pink colour as his belly and penis. William picked up the paddle again and struck Xander's testicles firmly. Xander yowled and tried to move away, but his stepfather struck him twice more before he could scurry away to a safe distance.

He turned and looked first at William with an angry, accusatory expression, then with a hurt one at his mother for failing to intervene.

"What was THAT for?!" he demanded.

"Just playing. Just make sure I never have to do it for real."

"It wasn't playing for me. Now my balls are really hurting."

"Oh, are they?" his stepfather queried insincerely, making a minimal effort to stifle a grin. "I must have gone harder than I meant to. Anyway, as I was saying, you won't be able to stand up as long as you are wearing the humbler, and you're going to be wearing it all summer. Longer if necessary. I suggest you get your grades up; you really don't want to go to school like that - if this goddamned lockdown ever ends."

"All summer! I can't walk around like this all summer. How will I even study? I can't go out like this."

"You WILL stay like that all summer. If you want to go out, that's how you'll do it."

Xander tried once more to rise to a standing position, shielding his privates behind his hands as he rose. He got to half way before the pain in his testicles as they were pulled against the metal humbler became too great. He put his hands on his knees like a distance runner taking a much-needed breather and waited to see if he could stand higher. He glowered at his stepfather as he waited, then tried to rise again. He got 10 degrees straighter before collapsing to his knees.

"Ooh, ooh, ooh!"

William chuckled at his son's discomfort, but Xander looked at him with an expression that made it clear HE was not amused.

"There's one more reason you're wearing it," his stepfather said. "Move your hands out of the way."

Xander looked to his mother then back at Williams.

"You've got nothing your mother hasn't seen before," the man said.

"Not for a long time," Xander replied sulkily.

"It's only your penis for Chrissakes. Move your fucking hands!"

Xander complied reluctantly, leaving his palms pressed against the front of his thighs so that he could cover up again the second he was given permission.

With his testicles pulled backwards between his thighs, his penis pointed straight down, further back than its natural position. It was like a short sausage; the neatly-circumcised head exactly the same diameter as the shaft, a small ringlet of remaining foreskin in between the two like a turtleneck sweater.

"See the way it points straight at the ground Emma. It's a good inch shorter than before as well. Some of that you can put down to the pain of the spanking, but the rest is the discomfort of the humbler."

His mother looked closely at her teenaged son's penis. Her stared at her resentfully. She HAD to know how humiliating this was for him! Self-consciousness turned his face crimson.

"Yes, I see that darling, but what point are you making?" Xander's mother asked.

"Well, with his penis in that position, it's quite impossible for him to get an erection, even if he wanted to. Young Xander here will not be playing with himself for a couple of months, no matter how much porn he watches."

Xander looked sharply from his mother to his stepfather with a look of alarm. William laughed.

"Oh dear, that seems to have gotten his attention. Two months without his Playstation was bad; being spanked raw was unpleasant; being locked in the humbler and having his testicles struck was very bad, but two months without jerking it is apparently the straw that broke the camel's back for this young man. Tell me Xander, just how often DO you masturbate? Two times a day? Three, four?!"

Xander scowled at him, mortified but silent.

"Come on speak up son, how often?"

"Sometimes," Xander self-consciously mumbled.

“Sometimes huh? I’d think pretty much all the time. I thought you were training for an Olympic sport judging by the stench in your bedroom. And the speed we’re going through paper towels.”

Xander was mortified. All the secrets of his bedroom recreation were apparently plain as day to his stepfather.

“Can I go now please sir?”

“Yes of course. Needless to say, you won’t be wearing any clothes until the summer break is ended.”

Xander stared at him with a “You’ve got to be shitting me,” look, but he didn’t dare voice the sentiment.

“Yes sir,” he said, and turned to crawl towards the hallway.

Four hours after Xander’s spanking, it was dinner time. His mother called him down and Xander quickly discovered that the only safe way to traverse the stairs wearing a humbler was to clamber down them backwards on his hands and knees.

When Xander finally reached the kitchen, William asked, “Have you washed your hands?”

“Yes sir. It was hard to reach the sink but I did it.”

“Good boy, now come sit at the table.”

Xander monkey-walked to the table, cautiously climbed up on a padded chair and knelt on it. It was uncomfortable, and the metal of the humbler pressed painfully against his calves, but there was no other viable position.

William glanced at him.

“No, I said SIT at the table Xander, not kneel.”

“But sir, if I sit, I’ll be sitting on my nu... my testicles.”

His stepfather stared at him at they locked eyes for 3 seconds.

“And?”

Xander stared at him for 5 more seconds, looking for any trace of humour, trying to figure out if the man was messing with him. He half-expected his stepfather to crack a smile or burst out laughing at the prank. But he wasn’t really a prank kind of guy. Xander had never called his biological father “sir” but William insisted upon it from the first day he moved into their home. He was a humourless martinet who demanded total subservience to his uptight rules.

The man raised his eyebrows in a “well?” expression, and Xander knew there would be no reasoning with him, and any protests would potentially provoke him still further.

Xander got off the seat and turned to face the table, hunching over. He was afraid to simply sit from a standing position in case his legs gave way or he rolled with momentum onto his testicles. Using both of his arms on the chair’s arm rests, he lifted himself above the seat with his feet barely

touching the floor, then lowered himself slowly. Soon enough, he felt his testicles pressing against the chair's velour padding.

"Do it slowly or you'll burst something," William cautioned. "I don't want you laid up in bed for the summer."

It took all of Xander's willpower not to spit out an insult. He was only too well aware of his predicament, and the fact that he wouldn't even be IN it if it was not for his stepfather.

Xander lowered his weight a millimetre at a time, feeling his testicles compressing against the chair, as they were spread beneath the humbler. Once again, he started breathing rapidly and noisily through his teeth as he tried to cope with the exertion and pain. Surely there was no way that his balls could support his entire weight? They were forwards of his centre of mass. He rolled his weight back further and lowered himself gently until he could feel the full weight of his bottom on the chair. His balls ached as though they were being crushed in someone's fist, but at least he could take his weight off his arms.

"Good, now sit forwards," William said, casually approaching.

Xander looked at him with a burning hatred. The man knew, KNEW for certain that Xander was sitting back to protect his balls. He turned to look up at his stepfather as William loomed over him. He started to rock cautiously forwards.

"Come on!" William said heartily, "Are you a man or a mouse?!"

Xander groaned as he rolled his full weight onto his balls, trapping them between the humbler and the padded seat. He tried to twist to one side to lessen the pressure, but it only made things worse. He tried to rock backwards again, but now it felt as though he was balancing on his nuts, so that movement only served to grind them more. He felt acute pain in both testicles as they took his weight, spreading out beneath him like two burger patties. Finally, he came up with the most obvious solution; he extended his feet to the floor! The pain momentarily intensified as his weight shifted forwards even further. He lifted himself slightly, and gradually, over the course of 20 seconds, the pain lessened until it was bearable.

"Uh nnn. Please sir, let me kneel," he begged, struggling to breathe.

"No, you can stay where you are. It'll remind you why you're being punished. Also, it will teach you some fortitude."

"Teach yourself some fucking fortitude!" Xander thought to himself, but he didn't dare to show his contempt at his step-father's feeble justification for sadism.

William glanced down between Xander's thighs where the young man's chipolata lay, even smaller than before – less than one and a half inches now. The shaft had retreated almost entirely inside his body, leaving a penis that was almost half comprised of its glans.

"Looks like you're not going to be getting up to anything except pissing except pissing with that little pecker for a while, huh son?"

Xander looked down. Right now, the size of his penis was the least of his problems. He realised that his stepfather was deliberately humiliating him, although he had no idea why. It was only decades

later that Xander came to understand that by virtually neutering him, William was also neutering the last vestiges of his biological father's male influence within the home.

"Here, let me push you in," William said.

"No, no need I'll be fine here sir!" Xander said in a hasty panic.

"Okay, as you like," the man said placing his hand on Xander's shoulder.

Then he started to press down.

Xander's face was already red from the exertion at supporting his body weight, but now he turned purple as the pressure increased and he tried to cope with the pain in his nuts. It was strange; the pain felt as though it was located behind him where his testicles were, yet passing forwards between his legs along the cords of his testicles before travelling up into his stomach and from there, radiating outwards.

He was determined not to show his stepfather any weakness that would add to the man's sadistic pleasure. Xander sat, trembling, waiting for his mother to serve a dinner he would barely manage to eat.

The meal couldn't end soon enough. The sickly ache emanating from between his legs robbed Xander of any appetite, and even if he'd wanted to eat, it was made harder by his pain-induced shortness of breath. He spent the entire meal doing his best not to move his body. He was dismayed by the way even reaching out to his plate sent waves of new torment through his balls as his weight shifted.

The second he ate the last bite of the tiny portion he'd accepted, he said, "I'm finished, can I please leave the table sir?"

"Wanna get the weight off those grapes son?" his stepfather asked with a grin.

Xander nodded.

"Yes sir. Please sir."

"Okay, you can leave."

"Thank you, sir."

Xander's instinct was to leap up and get the weight off his testicles, but he rose cautiously, once again using the chair arms like a gymnast using parallel bars to raise himself vertically off the humbler and his tortured nuts. As soon as the weight was lifted, there was a momentary rush of excruciating agony.

"Ahhh ahhhh," he moaned, leaning forwards and supporting his weight on the table.

"I guess now the blood's flowing again, it's gonna be worse for a while," William observed dryly.

Xander declined to answer. In truth, it was taking all of his willpower not to throw up the dinner he'd just eaten back across the table.

He twisted his upper body, trying to get a look at his testicles, but he could not turn far enough. Instead, he reached back to gingerly feel them. They were distinctly flattened and squishy. He

grimaced but eventually, the pain decreased to a manageable level and he dropped back to the crouching position.

"Come over here, let me get a look," William said.

Xander reluctantly crawled back over on all fours.

"Turn around."

He obeyed his stepfather's command. Soon after, he felt William examining his testicles, moving them around, tugging them lightly, and lifting them to feel their heft. Xander could not tell, but they were dark red. He was more concerned that his stepfather would use the opportunity to hurt them again with a needlessly hard squeeze or by striking them with a piece of cutlery, but the feared additional pain never came.

William could see the boy's thighs quivering, and he accurately assessed that Xander was at the limits of his physical endurance, and pushing him further would break him, and risk alienating his wife.

"Hmmm, pair of red cherries there son. Probably best if you stay off them for a while."

"Yes sir, I was definitely going to do that," Xander grunted emphatically. "May I go now?"

"Yes boy."

Xander gratefully crawled towards the living room door. Just as he was about to leave, William spoke again.

"Oh, one more thing Xander..."

Xander stopped with a sense of dread and looked over his shoulder towards the man.

"Take the trash out please."

Xander stared at William with a look of incredulity. The man was deliberately embarrassing him. It was plain as day now.

"What if the neighbours see me?"

"What if they do? That little thing is hardly going to upset them."

He gestured dismissively between Xander's thighs at the shrunken maggot that hung there.

Xander knew that it was pointless to argue the issue. He crawled over to the garbage bin and tied the sack, then he lifted it out. His nuts were far too tender to stand, so hobbling was out of the question. Instead, he crawled, out of the front door, awkwardly moving on three limbs, dragging the bag in his right hand. He made his way along the short gravel drive to the street. He checked that nobody was in sight, then he crossed the sidewalk and the narrow grass verge and dragged the sack the edge of the road.

Then he heard something that turned his blood to ice. Female voices giggling behind him. He looked over his shoulder and saw four teen girls from his grade at the small private school.

"Xander, what are you doing? Why are you naked, and why are your nuts in that thing?"

He froze like a deer caught in headlights, then closed his eyes in resignation, breathing deeply before turning towards the voice. This was going to get all over school for sure.

"I'm being punished by my dad."

"What for?!"

"Bad grades."

He was not keen on staying to chat, but he knew that retreating would only reveal his balls even more clearly. He couldn't bear to stay any longer. He turned to leave.

"Wow, your balls look really sore," another girl said. "Your dad must be a real asshole."

"Yeah," Xander said, agreeing to both statements.

As he moved back down the drive, another girl said, "Nice dick Xander."

"If you like cocktail weiners," another girl added spitefully.

At least two voices quickly shushed her, but he heard sniggering as well. He knew he was never going to live this down.

Xander closed the door behind him, resigned now, to the worst two months of his life.

Epilogue

A month later, Xander was sitting at the dinner table, taking great pains as usual, not to move and increase his ball ache, when there was a tap at the back door followed by a female "Ooo ooo." Xander looked towards the door. He'd done his best not to be seen by anybody since being humbled, but his step-father seemed to take particular pleasure in bringing as many friends from the commune to their home as possible. At first, Xander would try to scuttle away out of sight to his room, but then his father would simply call him down to show off his handiwork.

His mother rose and opened the door, where a cheery woman in her thirties stood.

"Hello Tanya!" his mother said. "Come on in, come in, make yourself at home. Sit down."

She gestured towards the empty place at the table.

"We're having gammon. Are you okay with meat?"

"Oooh yes, can't beat a nice bit of meat!" Tanya replied, and the women both burst out laughing at the double entendre.

William smirked at the joke, then gave his wife a light smack on the bottom.

"Well, I'VE never heard any complaint from Emma in that department!" he said.

Emma blushed and giggled like a school girl, while Xander watched with mild distaste.

Tanya noticed Xander sitting there.

"Oops, sorry young man, I didn't think about you. Hope I didn't embarrass you?"

"No ma'am," he answered.

"Ahh that's good."

She hesitated.

"Are you... are you naked?"

She moved to a better vantage point.

"Yes ma'am," Xander reluctantly admitted.

"That's very cosmopolitan of you. Do you mind if I ask why?"

Xander looked to William.

"He's being punished," the man interjected.

"With nudity? Does he mind?" Tanya asked.

"I'm sure he'd prefer to keep his clothes on. But then that's not the real punishment."

"Oh?"

"No, look underneath his bottom."

She moved to the side and looked. Xander could only sit and wait while his step-father guided her to his secret. Even if he'd been brave enough to defy the man, the pain of rapid movement, coupled with the very real risk of actually popping a nut ensured that he remained motionless. He stared straight ahead.

"What's that he's sitting on?"

"Look underneath."

Tanya crouched so that she could see more clearly.

"Are those his balls?"

His nuts, now greatly compressed, and the skin shiny, bulged between out from the front and rear of the humbler, pressed against the chair.

"Yeah," William said with a smug grin.

"They look awfully pink and squished."

"Yeah, that's the idea. They're pulled between his legs and locked in place."

"That must be very uncomfortable."

"Why don't you ask him? Xander, is it uncomfortable?"

"More than uncomfortable," he said with tension and resentment in his tone. "Sickening would be a better description."

"Ow, that's brutal," Tanya said laughing as though Xander's pain was nothing more than a comical punchline to her.

"Maybe, and he sure doesn't fidget much during mealtimes anymore."

"What did he do to deserve that?"

"He was getting bad grades. Also, he was jerking off far too much. Now he doesn't do it at all."

"Oh really? I thought that was a second career for teenaged boys. So it works?"

"Look at his dick. He couldn't get hard even if he wanted to."

Xander glowered at the woman as she looked across at his now pathetically small, pain-shrivelled penis.

"Well, it certainly looks harmless enough right now. How long has he been wearing it?"

"He's been in it just under five weeks now."

"Five WEEKS. Darn! And have his grades improved?"

"Oh yes, most definitely. And his bedroom doesn't stink like a zoo any more does it boy?"

"No sir," Xander said in a low, resentful voice.

"Hmmm, very interesting. Our boys are constantly at it. I can hear their beds squeaking all the time, and they think we don't notice that they each take three showers every day now. Perhaps I should speak to my husband about trying your technique out."

"I would," Xander's mother added. "I was doubtful when I saw what William was doing to Xander, but now I've seen the results, I have nothing but praise."

"Can I just get a closer look to see how it works?"

"Of course, and I can email you the plans to make your own if you like?" William said. "I'm thinking of leaving it on permanently, even after school starts up again."

Xander looked at him sharply.

"What?! But you said if my grades improved, you'd take it off!"

"Quiet boy!" his step father said in a voice that brooked no dissent. "We'll discuss this when Tanya has gone."

Xander looked at the man with wide eyes and an expression of utmost dismay.

Two days later Xander was in his bedroom, when he received a phone call.

"Phillips?!" an unknown male voice demanded.

Xander didn't recognise the voice.

"Who's that?"

"It's Nick. Nick Hanson from school."

Xander recognised the name. Nick was a hot shit on the school wrestling team, but they'd never spoken.

"Hey Nick, what can I do for you?"

“What can you do? You already did too fucking much! What the fuck is wrong with your dad? My mom visits your house, and two days later me and Christian have got these fucking metal clamps on our nuts!”

“Who’s Christian?”

“He’s my little brother. It doesn’t matter. What the fuck did you say to make this happen?”

“Say? I didn’t say anything. I’ve been crawling around like this for over a month. Your mom came over, and my STEP dad started showing off what a big man he was putting me in this fucking thing. It was YOUR mom who liked the idea, don’t start yelling at me.”

“You’ve been wearing it for a month?” Nick asked, his tone softening. “Does it get better?”

“No, it still hurts like motherfucker every time I sit down.”

“Sit down? How the fuck would I sit down?!”

“I hope you don’t find out...”

Five weeks later Xander backed awkwardly out of William’s MPV parked at the front of the commune’s combined high school and college.

“Please William,” he begged for the tenth time, “Don’t make me do this.”

“You get through those goddamned doors and get along to class before I come and help you on your way with a hard kick to the rear.”

A vision of the sole of William’s foot stomping his trapped nuts flashed into Xander’s mind.

Xander was naked, his face purple with humiliation. He turned away from the vehicle, and to his surprise, he saw dozens of boys; the majority of the male student body; all naked like him, all humbled and crawling reluctantly towards the school doors. He even saw a couple of the nerds from the chess and science clubs hobbling along on all fours, their dicks flapping between their legs, each as pathetic as his.

It wasn’t a large college; less than 200 students aged between 14 and 22, but seeing such a large proportion of the male student body naked and humbled blew his mind. Dozens of pairs of rosy or browned balls wobbling behind as the naked students resentfully dog-walked towards the school doors, with parents smirking as they looked on. And to make it worse, all around them, the girls, fully clothed and utterly bewildered, were walking around with bemused expressions, commenting, trying to comprehend, and ridiculing the male students.

Xander turned back to William with a “what the fuck” expression. William returned his look with a slow grin.

“Welcome to your new life kid.”