

Foreign Justice

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Punishment, castration

A young man living in a foreign country is brutally punished by an extremist Islamic government that wishes to send a message to American invaders.

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The town square was filled with people; some were shouting angrily and others were cheering. Ryan looked around in terror as they dragged him from the police van. He could see the stage up ahead; it was to the front of the square and a path had been cordoned off through the crowd. Above the stage was a 100-foot screen showing a restraining frame that stood in the centre of the stage.

Ryan had seen this all before just a month earlier. He'd been at his friend Amal's house and Amal had called him upstairs to see something on his TV. Amal was tuned to a local news channel. It was a summary of events earlier in the week and Ryan was sickened to see the public castration of a man who had been found guilty of rape. The man had been secured to a frame just like the one that Ryan was now looking at. Ryan was all for punishment of rapists but to his American mind, the savage methodology was way too barbaric. And now he was being dragged onto the same stage...

It was clear that the purpose of every step of the procedure was designed to intimidate and terrify him. He had been stripped naked in the prison's central atrium where all the other prisoners could see him from their cells. Then he was held down whilst a young woman meticulously measured his testicles. He wasn't a particularly small man but he found it humiliating to have this attractive young woman handling his genitals in front of all these brutal criminals.

Two burly guards held him by his arms and he fought and struggled every step of the way, but he was no match for them. Like a defiant dog being dragged to an unwanted bath, he dug his barefooted heels in in a futile effort to resist. He was only too well aware of his nudity and his pale body on display for all to see but there was nothing he could do. With his arms being pulled, he couldn't even protect his modesty.

When Ryan finally reached the stage, the guards held him against the metal frame whilst a technician secured him to it. Metal bands held his wrists and ankles, and when they were tight, they were cranked so that each limb was stretched into a star shape. One of the guards held Ryan's head

still whilst the technician forced a ball gag into his mouth, securing it there with a rubber strap. The gag was large, forcing his jaws wide apart in a perpetual scream, and it had a pencil-sized hole in it.

As Ryan was prepared, a compere stood holding a microphone and narrating to the crowd in Arabic.

"Men, women, children, welcome! What you see before you is the worst possible criminal. Don't be fooled by his young age, for although this young man is only 20 years of age, he has raped three young girls, and two boys – all mere children!"

The crowd booed and hissed and screamed at Ryan. Ryan's Arabic was good enough to understand the compere and he shook his head emphatically to deny the fabricated charges.

Ever since war had broken out between the US and Iraq following the reintroduction of sanctions, tensions had been high in the Middle East with the neighbouring countries becoming increasingly agitated. Ryan's parents were geologists and were helping a Syrian oil company. However, as anti-American sentiments in the region grew, it became politically popular for the Islamist right to verbally attack the US at every opportunity. And now, Ryan was just one of many Americans who had been framed with crimes in order to win public sympathy for their anti-American rhetoric.

"He may shake his head, but this young man; a mere visitor from the United States, has been found guilty in our highest court and his guilt proven beyond a reasonable doubt. So, as this dog; this young raper of children, this sodomiser of boys is castrated, I urge you to feel no sympathy for him. Instead, I urge you to feel gratitude to Allah, praise be his name, that he will never again feel the urge to deflower our precious children!"

Ryan's eyes were wide with terror as he listened to the man's words.

"Before we continue, I think we need to get a better view."

The compere walked behind the metal frame and started to turn a handle. The two parts of the frame that Ryan's legs were attached to started to move apart slowly. Ryan wrestled back in the US, so he was flexible and he wasn't particularly uncomfortable as his legs opened to a 90-degree angle. But the limbs continued to open.

His genitals felt horribly exposed but despite his fear, the hot desert sun made them relax and his balls hung low and soft in his scrotum and his soft penis dangled like a limp finger.

The compere continued to wind the handle, and by about 140 degrees, Ryan was at the limit of his flexibility, but the man wasn't stopping. The frame continued to open, and Ryan felt his ligaments being wrenched apart, and he struggled and screamed to alleviate the pain. At 170 degrees, the frame could open no more, and Ryan's legs were painfully wide apart in box splits position. He could feel his sinews stretched to their very limits. He groaned and writhed; his genitals completely exposed beneath his open legs.

"Good, that's much better. We can all see clearly, but I think we have one more obstruction to clear so let's just get that ugly foreskin out of the way."

A technician wearing light medical gloves approached Ryan. He stood to the right side so that the cameras could still maintain an unobstructed view, and he lifted Ryan's penis in his left hand. Then he carefully took the boy's long foreskin in his right hand and pulled it, stretching it as far from Ryan's body as he could. The man firmly gripped Ryan's penis just in front of the head, then he pulled out a small knife.

Of course, it would have been easy enough to have used a scalpel that would have sliced through the boy's foreskin as though it was warm butter. It would have been simple to have anaesthetised the young man in hospital and surgically circumcised him painlessly and in private if the goal was simply to ensure that he met the Islamic purification practice of Ṭahāra. But that was not the objective. So instead, the technician held a small unsharpened ritual paring knife with a serrated blade. He started to hack away at Ryan's foreskin and the dull blade slowly sawed its way through Ryan's stretched and tender foreskin, prolonging the boy's pain until eventually, as the last bit of skin tore raggedly away in his fingers under the pressure of the technician's pull, the skin was removed. As the skin separated from Ryan's penis, his penis slapped back towards his body and the remaining skin of the shaft snapped back behind the glans leaving it streaked with blood.

Ryan squeezed his eyes almost shut, grimacing behind the gag as he tried to deal with this new assault. His hip flexors were still in agony and now there was a terrible burning sensation where his foreskin had been roughly hacked away. His parents did not believe in circumcision, and when Ryan discovered the additional sensitivity in his glans during masturbation, it was a decision that he'd always been happy about. Until now...

The technician released Ryan's penis then dabbed the sliced skin to remove the blood. He applied an astringent surgical swab that stopped any further bleeding. Ryan tensed his stomach against the pain, yelping like a kicked puppy as the alcohol touched his cut skin.

The compere turned to the camera and the crowd.

"This criminal is soon going to lose his testicles, so I think it is only fair that we allow him to experience the pleasure of ejaculation one final time. In fact, I think that we will allow him to experience it ten final times, and afterwards I don't think he'll be feeling so eager for sex!"

The technician moved behind Ryan and swang an articulated arm up between the boy's legs. On the end of it was a plastic electro-ejaculator with a metal tip. The man smeared a thick dollop of lubricant onto the metal tip then he pushed the probe up against the tightly puckered bud of Ryan's virgin hole. Ryan felt it and tensed against it with all the limited strength his sphincter muscles could provide, but it was impossible to resist the narrow, lubed tip and it easily slid inside him.

As he felt it enter him, Ryan sat bolt upright, puffing his chest out, fruitlessly trying to lift himself off the invading probe. His eyes widened with shock as though he'd been splashed with ice cold water. The crowd roared with laughter. Ryan experienced a horrible feeling of invasion as the tip of the probe was pushed up into him until it was pressing against his prostrate.

The compere saw Ryan's reaction and he chuckled along with the crowd.

"It seems that this young man is unaccustomed to having *his own* hole invaded, although he is happy to do it to our boys. I think that he is really going to hate what he have planned for him later then."

He left the words hanging. Ryan was only too well aware what lay in his future.

The technician moved back to the front, and using small rubber loops, he attached electrical contacts to each of Ryan's testicles. Then the man slid a catheter into the boy's urethra but rather than sliding it all the way up into the boy's bladder to drain urine, he merely inserted it two inches - far enough to catch any fluids leaving Ryan's penis. The other end was attached to a small sealed test tube that was mounted beside Ryan's penis.

The technician looked to the compere and nodded.

"Alright," the compere said, "it looks as though this young man is ready. Let's see if he still likes orgasms after he has had ten of them!"

The technician turned a dial on control panel he was holding. Ryan felt a tingling in his balls and deep inside his bottom, and he immediately started to develop an erection. In just eight seconds, his penis was standing up at 45 degrees, veins straining along its length.

"I think our young rapist is ready and eager," the compere said. "Now we'll allow the ejaculator to run its cycles."

A circular digital readout with a radial countdown appeared on the huge screen alongside the image of Ryan. As it dialled down from green to red, exposing more and more narrow segments, Ryan could feel himself becoming increasingly aroused. His dick felt incredibly hard. As the minutes ticked away, he felt a growing desire to ejaculate. After ten minutes, despite the audience; despite being in front of the cameras; despite his parents standing just twenty feet away restrained by guards; despite of all of that, Ryan would have given anything to cum. His balls rose to the very base of his cock, tucked up tight on either side of his root, only prevented from actually slipping up into his abdomen by the rubber loops that held the contacts in place. He was sweating profusely and panting, desperate for release.

At 11 minutes 50 seconds, a ten second countdown appeared on the screen alongside the dial. The crowd started to count with it.

"10, 9, 8, 7..."

Ryan couldn't see the countdown. He wondered why everyone had started counting.

"6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1..."

At zero, the ejaculation inhibitors turned off and Ryan felt a powerful zap in the core of each of his testicles and deep inside his ass. He felt his nuts clench as they were instantly jolted into the most powerful orgasm of his life. Within the very limited range of movement permitted by the restraints, he writhed and squirmed as the carefully modulated currents maintained his orgasm for a full 30 seconds. He literally saw stars before his eyes as the orgasm totally overtook his senses. The audience could see his semen spurting along the catheter tube and oozing into the test tube as though he were a prize bull being milked. He delivered more than a tablespoon of cum, filling the bottom inch of the test tube.

After 30 seconds, the orgasmic current stopped and the inhibitor cycle kicked back in. Ryan collapsed against his restraints gasping as he felt the machine resume its earlier arousal cycle.

And so, the routine proceeded for five more cycles. Each time the machine would stimulate him to the point of maddening arousal, before blowing his wad in a stupefying orgasm of ball-clenching proportions. However, with each cycle, the amount that he ejaculated decreased, until with his sixth orgasm, not so much as a drop of sperm dribbled from his overworked testicles. It was then that the experience moved from pleasure to deep discomfort. The base of his cock ached; his balls ached, and even his prostate ached.

From that point on, his straining erection became a torment rather than a pleasure. Despite the fact that the orgasms were now dry, the machine continued to force him to three more. After the ninth orgasm, the machine left him on "charge" for a full 30 minutes, and although he felt utterly incapable of ejaculating even the merest dewdrop, by the time he had been stimulated continually for 20 minutes, he was feeling horny again. At 25 minutes he was eager for relief, and when the machine finally fired off at 30 minutes, he was desperate for orgasm.

The machine obliged, providing a massive jolt to both of his testicles and his prostate gland. His whole body convulsed violently and a massive gusher of watery semen squirted into the tube attached to him, followed by numerous lesser ones. But the machine continued ejaculating him for a full minute, forcing his now aching nuts to contract repeatedly as his sphincter clenched in time with the orgasm.

Eventually, the machine stopped and it was with mixed feelings that Ryan watched the technician remove the probe from his anus and the clamps from his balls.

The man took the half full test-tube of semen and handed it to the compere.

Holding it up to the camera so that the crowd could see Ryan's gloopy, pearlescent spunk the compere said, "This boy's last orgasm. I hold his future family in my hands. What shall I do with it?"

"Make him drink it!" the crowd roared. It was a game that was always played.

The compere smiled indulgently to the crowd and accepted a syringe from the technician. He attached it to the pipe leading into the test tube, then turning the test tube upside down, he pulled the syringe plunger, transferring every bit of semen from Ryan's final ejaculations.

The man turned and walked up to the boy.

"Open wide," he said playfully, then he inserted the end of the syringe into the hole in the ball gag. "Hope you're thirsty."

With that he squeezed the plunger, emptying the syringe's contents into the boy's mouth.

With the ball gag holding his mouth open, Ryan couldn't prevent the liquid entering his mouth or move his tongue to stop the thick liquid from hitting the back of his throat. His spunk slid down and puddled on his tongue. He felt nauseated by the insipid taste and the viscous texture and he dry heaved, but with the gag holding his jaws apart, Ryan couldn't swallow, even if he wanted to.

The compere said, "Come on boy - drink up, don't be shy."

With that, he stroked the boy's throat, creating an automatic swallowing reflex. The entire test-tube of cum slid down Ryan's throat in a single involuntary gulp. A comical expression half way between wide-eyed surprised, and disgusted horror appeared on his face. The crowd roared with laughter for a second time.

"I don't think the boy likes the taste of his future family!" the compere said, and the crowd laughed again. "Maybe he thinks of it as cannibalism?!"

The crowd laughed even louder.

"But now I think it's time to get on with the real business we all came here for."

He nodded to the technician.

The technician positioned a small metal frame between Ryan's legs. The frame held two transparent Perspex tubes connected side by side and oriented vertically. Each tube had a small slit running down the rear, and the bottom of each tube was sealed with a Perspex plate. There was a hole in each plate a couple of millimetres in diameter.

The technician gripped Ryan's right testicle through the young man's scrotum, and placed it into the top of the right tube. Ryan's scrotum passed through the slit in the tube. The tube itself had been selected to fit each of his testicles, and it was only just wide enough to put the young man's testicle in lengthways. Ryan watched in horror; his eyes wide with fear. He knew that this was preparation for the final stage - his excruciating public castration.

The technician fed Ryan's other testicle into the left-hand tube. Each ball sat in its own tube, and the scrotum was stretched in a v shape between the two sides. The technician raised the frame, so that Ryan's testicles slid to the bottom of the four-inch-long tubes. Then he inserted two Perspex-headed rams into the top of the tubes. The rams attached to a pair of computer-controlled piston arms.

He adjusted the first ram, pushing it down so that it squashed Ryan's left testicle gently against the bottom of the tube, then he repeated the procedure with the slightly smaller right testicle. Ryan's testicles turned red from the pressure as they moulded to fill the tubes, but the pressure was not yet enough to cause him any pain.

Six inches beneath the tubes was a small Perspex platform, about a foot along each edge. In spite of his terror, Ryan wondered what it was for.

The compere spoke to the crowd again.

"This boy has committed the most terrible of crimes against children in our country and now he will pay a terrible price. As you watch his 20-year-old testicles turned into worm squirts, I want you to think about his victims, not him, and remember; he is getting exactly what he deserves."

The technician positioned another piston beneath Ryan's anus. This time, instead of a Perspex head, or a slender probe, it held a ribbed metal dildo, some two inches in diameter.

"Because this depraved wretch sodomised boys as well as raping girls, it is only fair that he should know how it feels to have his hole invaded by an unwelcome intruder," the compere explained to the crowd.

There were a pair of close-up cameras. One was positioned to show Ryan's rear as the dildo did its work, and the other showed his groin and the small table beneath it. The technician looked to the compere, waiting for the signal to begin. The compere nodded at the man, who produced a small awl with a one-centimetre-long spike about the diameter of a biro pen refill. Holding the awl with the spike facing upwards, the technician placed the angled tip in the hole at the bottom of the left-hand plate, and without pausing, he rammed the spike upwards into Ryan's left testicle until the handle pressed against the Perspex. Ryan flinched as the spike deeply penetrated his testicle, but there was nothing he could do to avoid it. The technician withdrew the spike and a bead of blood appeared on the surface of Ryan's tight scrotum. The technician leaned across to the other side and punctured the right testicle with equal dispassion, driving the slender spike into the core of the second testicle.

The technician took a tissue and dabbed at the blood, then using an astringent swab, he dabbed coagulant into each hole until they stopped bleeding. All that showed were two red puncture-marks, once again providing the audience with a clear view of Ryan's testicles.

Next, the technician produced two small metal tubes, no thicker than the awl, also about a centimetre long, and threaded on the outside. The man screwed the cylinders up into the holes in

the cylinder plates, until each was embedded about a quarter of a centimetre inside Ryan's punctured testicles.

The technician injected the supposed rapist with a sensation enhancing chemical, that both increased his sensitivity to pain, and also prevented him from passing out. The man stood back from his victim and turned to the compere.

The compere announced to the crowd, "And so it begins. We have scheduled this fiend for a two-hour castration. It will take exactly two hours for each of the rams to fully reach the bottom of each cylinder. Of course, this creature will cease to be an effective male long before that..."

He nodded to the technician, and the man typed some commands on the computer. A two-hour digital countdown appeared on the large screen. The pistons started their incredibly slow job of crushing Ryan's testicles into oblivion, but they moved too slowly for anyone to see, or for Ryan to feel initially. However, what he did feel was the dildo as it slowly forced its way up into his hole, stretching his ring.

The Syrians had discovered over the years that if the experience was not too excruciating, the victim was more traumatised by his body's pleasure-reaction, than if they simply ripped his hole to pieces. Like a man penetrating a virgin ass, the dildo invaded his hole slowly enough for his ring to stretch without tearing. When the lubed cylinder had finally penetrated past his sphincter, it continued to a depth of eight inches - enough to push against the base of his bowels, before withdrawing. Then it pumped straight in again.

The crowd watched excited. Most had seen other rapists being castrated like this, and they knew from experience that the victim rarely experienced much pain in the first 15 minutes, and the brave ones could go nearly an hour before they lost their composure.

Ryan became aware of the increasing pressure on his balls at about 10 minutes, but it wasn't until 20 minutes that it started to become mildly uncomfortable.

At 30 minutes, the anal ram was pumping in and out steadily, and his hole was now thoroughly stretched. However, it was his balls which were really starting to ache.

By 50 minutes, Ryan's balls were in agony, and it was clear that they had been squashed to almost half their size in the clear tubes. The skin had turned a livid red, and his testicles filled every millimetre of the space available in the tubes, spreading right into the corners in misshapen lumps.

At 53 minutes, the crowd cheered, and Ryan looked out at them, distraught, wondering why they had started cheering. He couldn't see it, but a small worm of flesh had suddenly squirted out of the metal cylinder in his left testicle. It was just a few millimetres long, but it signalled the beginning of the end for that testicle.

Ryan felt a sharp stab of additional pain at the point where the meat was being forced out of his testicle, and he writhed and struggled for all he was worth, gouging his wrists and ankles against the unforgiving restraints.

At one hour, the excruciating agony in Ryan's trapped nuts was literally breathtaking. He panted as he tried to cope with the pain. The worm of ball flesh had grown to almost an inch before falling off onto the table, and now a further half an inch of flesh was hanging down.

A few minutes later, the crowd let out another huge cheer as a tiny tube of flesh started to squirt from Ryan's right testicle. As always, the first few millimetres exited in a single spurt as the pressure finally found release. The short strand of ejected ball flesh was pale pink in colour, resembling a length of meat coming out of a mincer.

Ryan looked down at himself, and for the first time, he saw the inch-long piece of offal that had fallen from his left testicle lying on the small platform. He realised instantly what it was: he recognised it from the earlier castration he'd seen on the news.

He was already in almost unbearable agony, but seeing the small piece of meat from his balls lying on the platform, he realised that his testicles were well on the way to their permanent destruction. He could see how squashed they were within the tubes, and he knew that if they were already squished enough to force the meat out of them, that it was simply a matter of time until there was nothing left. He gave up any hope of a last second reprieve, or even a rescue at that point. The innocent man looked over at his parents. His mother had her hands to her mouth and she was crying, while his father stood, stone-faced and helpless, watching his son being emasculated. Their eyes met, but there was nothing his father could do - no signal that would offer meaningful hope. Ryan looked away wild eyed, towards the crowd. Each person he looked at was shouting in delight; actually taking pleasure that the flesh was literally being squeezed out of his balls. He flung his head back, howling in pain.

Three quarters of the way through his castration, Ryan's nuts had all-but turned to mush, crushed to a quarter of their normal size. In spite of that, the nerves were functioning perfectly, and thanks to the sensation enhancer he had been injected with, he could feel only too well as the rams continued their downwards path. He looked down and saw the small piles of destroyed ball flesh slowly growing as his pulped nuts squirted through the two small holes like cream from a cake-maker's icing bag.



His penis had shrivelled to nothing, and he was barely aware of the crowd or even his parents any longer. He had long since screamed himself hoarse behind his gag, but his face showed that he remained in agony right up to the end.

Two hours after it had begun, the castration process was completed. Each of the rams crushing Ryan's testicles had reached the bottom of its tube, turning his flesh into offal that had been squirted through two small punctures in the base of his now purple scrotum. All that remained of his testicles lay in piles of minced meat on the Perspex platform. Two small mounds of flesh that looked like worm casts.

The technician approached and sprayed the evacuated meat with a special polymer sealant, that would forever encase them in plastic. Over time, the clear polymer would also evacuate the moisture from the flesh, whilst leaving it looking as fresh as the hour it was squeezed out of Ryan's testicles.

The technician picked up the plastic-coated meat, careful not to drop any, and sprayed the underneath. The meat pile that had been Ryan's testicles was now a sealed lump, a little smaller than a candy bar. The mangled testicles would be displayed in the Hall of Rapists at the Justice Museum, along with naked before-and-after photographs of their former owner. They would sit on their own tiny shelf, where children would look at them during school visits, and learn about the dangers of committing sex crimes.

Ryan was taken down from the frame and his parents were finally allowed to help him. A trickle of blood was running down the inside of his thighs and his black and darkly bruised scrotum was

nothing more now than a flap of skin. Ryan could not stand unaided, and between the supporting arms of his parents, he was nothing but a dead weight.

The sensation enhancer was still doing its work, and he could feel the agony deep in his scrotum, robbing him of the ability to walk. His father picked him up in his arms, walking back to his car, accompanied by the cheers and jeers of the crowd.