

Humbled By dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk damnd1.org

A young man finds out what it's like to wear a humbler.

Jack leaned across his friend's body and slowly worked the lubed dick in his fist.

"Unnhhh, you're really getting good at this," Lucas said.

Jack looked down at his own oily dick as his friend twisted at the glans with a ring formed by his thumb and index finger. His dick was rigid, as it had been for the past fifteen minutes.

"Yeah, so are you," he said smiling.

The two teens were sitting on a pile of rubble in the back room of a long-abandoned building far outside town. They came here because it was remote and there was no way anybody could sneak up on them without their footfalls giving them plenty of warning.

Ten months ago

Jack and Lucas were watching porn as they had several times before, laying side by side on the bed in Jack's bedroom. They both had erections. Every so often Lucas glanced across with a smirk at the front of his friend's jogging pants at the obvious bulge. Jack reached down and idly started playing with his dick through the thick cloth.

After five minutes, staring straight ahead at the screen he asked, "Do you mind if I jerk off?"

"Umm, no. Go ahead."

Lucas found the prospect strangely exciting, and he glanced across as his friend took his dick out, hooking his joggers beneath his balls, and started slowly tugging on himself. It was the first time he'd seen Jack's dick. It was cut all the way back, thin, with an arrow-shaped head. The skin had light brown marks along it, like bruises or scars.

For a couple of minutes, Lucas' attention was divided between the screen and his friend's leisurely masturbation. Then he decided to take the plunge, and he took his own penis out and started wanking alongside his friend.

Two minutes later, Lucas just managed to pull his shirt out of the way before he squirted onto his belly. 20 seconds later, Jack matched him.

They lay in the afterglow for a minute, then Jack said, "Shit, no toilet paper."

He leaned over the side of the bed and picked up a pair of white sport socks, handing one to Lucas. They both cleaned their still twitching dicks.

Five months ago

Jack and Lucas were jacking off together. It had become a regular habit as often as they were able.

They had become comfortable being naked and aroused each other. Jack looked at Lucas's hand as he worked his dick. When they first started masturbating together, they were afraid to look at each other fearing that the other would think that they were gay, stealing only surreptitious glances at each other. But they had gradually become more relaxed, confident that they would not be ridiculed, and started passing comments about each other's dicks and techniques, and discussing ways of improving.

On this day, Jack had his helmet wrapped in an oiled fist, and rather than pumping it as he usually would, he was twisting and releasing, resetting his grip and repeating the cycle.

"Why are you wanking like that?"

"Saw it in a porno. Thought I'd try it."

"How's it feel?"

Without offering an answer, Jack reached across and pushed Lucas's hand off his penis, replacing it with his own. Lucas tensed in shock. He glanced at his friend before looking down at his own penis as Jack started to work on his glans.

The tingling sensation was delightful; almost overwhelming. Lucas let out a long sigh of pleasure.

"Ahhhh," and reclined, staring up at the ceiling with his head on the pillow as his friend taught him a new way to masturbate.

At some point over the past five months, the teens stopped worrying whether their sex play made them gay, and simply starting allowing their imaginations to run free.

"I'm gonna cum soon," Lucas said, adjusting himself on the rubble seat he'd created.

Jack took his hand off his friend's penis.

"You wanna play tie up for a while?"

Lucas's penis twitched. It was clear that if Jack just tugged it a few times it would spit its milky goop. Lucas was eager to cum but he liked it when they prolonged it and made the session last longer. Sometimes they wrestled naked out on the grass, boners brushing, other times they simply edged each other, seeing how long they could last at the peak of excitement.

"Okay, but not too long, I'm really horny today."

Jack smiled and went to the corner of the room. He lifted a decaying piece of wood and pulled out the piece of rope they'd hidden there, then he returned to his friend, who was sitting with his dick standing up like a flag pole in his lap.

"Hands out," Jack demanded.

Lucas offered his hands, and Jack wrapped a piece of cloth around Lucas's wrists to protect them from the rope. Then he quickly tied a few tight loops around his friend's wrists with one end of the

nylon rope. Jack looked upwards and threw the other end of the rope over a thick iron heating pipe that crossed the room 6 inches below the ceiling.

“Up.”

He started to pull the rope, lifting Lucas’s arms above his head. Lucas tried to rise to his feet, but struggled without the use of his arms. Jack continued pulling his friend onto his feet. He walked toward the window, pulling the rope as he went. The panes were long since knocked out and Jack fed the rope through a bottom pane, wrapping it around a central divider. Lucas stood patiently, eager to play his role. Jack pulled the rope tighter, stretching Jack’s arms above him. The teenager’s bony chest jutted out, his ribs visible all the way down his sides. Jack pulled harder, and Lucas rose to his tiptoes to relieve the pressure on his shoulders and wrists. Jack continued pulling and Lucas’s toes lifted from the ground, and his body immediately started spinning slowly.

“Ahhh,” Lucas sighed, exhaling in strain at the position.

Jack pulled until Lucas’s feet were 4 inches from the floor then he tied the rope off. He walked back over to his friend and stopped the boy from rotating by placing a steadying hand on his hip.

“Well, well young man, what’s this?” he asked, adopting an officious school master tone.

He reached between Lucas’s legs and cupped the boy’s tight bag, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“Your testicles are awfully swollen. Have you been playing with yourself again?”

Lucas played along.

“Sorry sir, yes sir, I couldn’t help it.”

Jack drew his hand upwards, dragging his palm along Lucas’s hard penis.

“Your penis is positively *throbbing*. It feels as though you could blow your load at any moment. Is that true young man?”

“Yes sir, sorry sir.”

“You’re a disgusting monkey. What are you?”

“A disgusting monkey sir. Sorry sir.”

“I think you need to be punished. What do you think?”

“I need to be...”

Before Lucas could finish the sentence, Jack slapped him firmly in the balls.

“Ow!” Lucas yelped.

“Yes, punished.”

Jack slapped Lucas in the nuts again. Lucas jumped, squirming on the end of the rope.

“Punished most severely.”

Jack slapped him again.

This was harder than their previous role play. Lucas was about to protest but Jack walked to his side and slapped him on the bottom.

It made a satisfying sound and Jack liked the way his palm curled around his friend's left bottom cheek. He'd never considered the appeal of a person's buttocks before, but Lucas had a really nice bottom. It was curved, the cheeks were nicely globe-shaped, pale, but with a hint of pink to them. There was a coating of fine vellus hair that caught the light, and a far sparser coating of thicker hair that was as dark as the shaggy black mop on his head.

Jack allowed his hand to rest, squeezing lightly as a man might squeeze an over-sized breast. Then he slapped again, harder.

Lucas jumped.

"What do you say?" Jack demanded.

"Please sir, sorry sir, I won't do it again."

Jack slapped him again. Lucas jumped again, his stiff cock bouncing in front of him as they played one of their favourite games.

"I don't believe you."

Jack slapped him again, then rubbed his bottom. It was ostensibly to bring out the redness of the previous slaps but the truth was, Jack liked the feeling of rubbing his friend's bottom. He liked the feel of the boy's bottom cheek, the squashy mass of it beneath his hands. He squeezed it and Lucas's cock twitched upwards. He liked being touched as much as Jack liked to touch him although it was something neither of them ever discussed in the open.

Jack slapped him again, and again, and again. Each time hard enough to sting; each time adding to growing redness and the increasing tenderness.

He changed cheeks, interspersing his slaps with rubs to bring out the colour.

"You're a VERY naughty boy!" he intoned unimaginatively.

"Sorry sir," Lucas repeated, playing his role.

Jack slapped him even harder, eliciting genuine yelps of pain.

"Owww, Jaaack!" Lucas complained.

"Be quiet. I'm punishing you."

He reached to the front with his left hand and gripped Lucas's stiff cock.

"I suppose you would prefer it if I yanked this for you?"

He gave a couple of slow pumps, drawing Lucas's long foreskin fully over the head with each upwards stroke.

It was wet, sticky with pre-cum.

Lucas stopped talking, and nodded enthusiastically.

"Maybe later."

Jack released his friend's eager cock and continued spanking him, taking care to bring each cheek from pink to red by the same amount.

Then he stopped and walked over to the corner. He picked something up, and returned to Lucas.

"I have something new today. Maybe this will help keep your dick under control."

He showed it to Lucas. It was two smooth pieces of wood, each two feet wide, three inches wide, and an inch deep. They rested on top of each other, held in place by a long bolt at each end.

"What is it?" Lucas asked.

Jack lifted it where his friend could see more clearly. The middle 9 inches curved inwards. He pointed towards the curve.

"I made them in my dad's workshop. This bit presses against your butt."

Jack pointed to a gap between the two pieces of wood. It was less than half an inch deep and a few inches wide.

"And your nuts go through here."

Lucas frowned. He couldn't visualise it.

"It's called a humbler. You'll see."

Jack pulled the two pieces almost fully apart then he walked behind his friend. Pressing the humbler against his friend's buttocks with the curve towards Lucas, he reached between the pieces of wood with his other hand. He continued extending his hand between Lucas's thighs until he gripped his friend's nuts. They were a decent size, swollen still further by Jack's skilful edging.

Jack gripped them firmly and started to pull backwards.

"Ow, ow, what are you doing?!"

"I already told you."

Jack pulled his friend's nuts backwards.

"Ahhh! My nuts don't go that far!"

"They will do."

"No, no they won't you know they don't hang down much."

"They just need persuading."

Jack gripped his friend's nuts in his fist and pulled harder, squeezing as he did so. Lucas's penis was pulled downwards, deeply unskinning the head as his testicles were pulled further. It pointed at the floor between his legs.

"Ahhh, no stop, fuck, don't!"

Jack ignored him and continued pulling. Lucas lost his erection, and Jack got another inch. Just enough. He closed the two halves of the humbler and turned the butterfly nuts, trapping Lucas's testicles on the back side.

"Ahh, my nuts, take it off, you're castrating me!"

"No I'm not. Don't be a drama queen."

"Unhhh, it's really hurting. Jack, take it off, take it off."

"Nope, not taking it off for at least an hour. But I've heard it eases off if you bend your knees up towards your chest."

Lucas immediately lifted his knees as high as he could, spreading them as he did so. The discomfort did indeed diminish somewhat.

"Unnn," he grunted. "What's the point of this Jack?"

"You've been a very bad boy, you need to be punished."

Jack ran his hand over Lucas's rosy bottom. The cheeks were even more rounded with his knees lifted.

Lucas looked at him, trying to read if this was still a game. Jack moved in front of Lucas and looked between his legs. His penis was completely flaccid, just a little scrap of flesh now – a slender, wobbly two and a half inches. He gave the pain-tightened flesh a little jiggle with the side of his finger.

"Boner's gone," he observed.

"No shit," Lucas retorted in a voice taunted by a combination of the effort of holding his knees up, and pain.

Jack walked to the window and untied the rope, carefully lowering his friend to the ground. Lucas reached his legs towards the ground ready to support his weight but as he did so the humbler rode up higher between his legs where his thighs were thicker and it pulled his nuts hard against the wood.

"Ah, ah!" he whimpered, and quickly crouched so that his legs were bent again.

Jack watched him from behind grinning. His nuts formed a tight little lump of flesh poking out from the rear of the wooden humbler. For some reason he found the sight of his best friend naked and crouched with his balls sticking out behind his ass like that incredibly cute.

"You alright there Luke?"

"No course I'm not you bastard. My nuts are fucking killing."

"You shouldn't be such a naughty boy then."

He lifted his foot against Lucas's testicles and gave them a nudge. Lucas took a small staggering step.

Lucas looked over his shoulder at his friend. Jack was apparently still role playing, although this was a lot more extreme than they had played before.

Jack tugged the rope so that it fell from the overhead pipe then wrapped it around his fist like a dog leash.

"Come on boy, time to go walkies."

"What? I can hardly move like this."

Jack ignored Lucas's protestations and walked slowly through the door pulling the rope as he went.

“Wait, stop, Jack! I can’t walk like this.”

Jack continued to walk, slowly pulling his friend along with him. Lucas stood up but the pain in his nuts immediately forced him back down to a hunch. He took a half waddling dozen steps, his knees drawn together cartoonishly as though he’d just been kicked in the nuts.

“Ow, ow!”

He dropped into a low crouch, and waddled forwards again, this time spreading his knees wide.

Jack watched him following for another half dozen steps before bursting into laughter.

“What? What is it?”

“My precious,” he replied, putting on a Gollum voice.

Lucas considered his friend’s reply with a scowl. Then he realised how he must look, and started to snigger.

“Ow, ow, no! Don’t make for laugh, it hurts too much,” Lucas said, determined to be grumpy.

“Okay, well come on boy, let’s go outside for a walk then.”

He tugged the leash. Lucas dropped to his hands in the hope that the position would place less of a strain on his tormented nuts.

“What? Wait no, we can’t go outside. What if we meet someone?”

“Then they’ll see that you’ve been a naughty boy.”

Jack started walking and Lucas was forced to follow or fall flat on his face.

“No, stop Jack, seriously. I don’t want anybody to see me like this.”

“Why not, your balls look sick like that – all red and shiny and bulgy.”

He continued walking, as they walked across the large room before the entrance. Lucas carefully navigated the debris on the floor.

As Jack walked out into the sunshine, Lucas rose to his feet again.

“Jack! No, I mean it, I... ow, ow, ow, ow, stop, stop, stop! Fuck Jack!”

Jack pulled him out into the overgrown scrubland that had grown up around the long-abandoned building.

“Who’s gonna be here Luke? In all the time we’ve been coming here, we’ve never seen anyone. And I’m naked too!”

Lucas dropped to his hands and knees again as Jack pulled him along like dog going for a walk.

“I’m gonna get you back so bad for this Jack!” he growled, half seriously.

“Yeah, but first you need to shut up and be a good doggy.”

Jack wandered for ten minutes in the sunshine with his pet in reluctant tow before heading back to the abandoned building. Just outside the door on the grass beside the entrance he stopped.

"Time for some tricks. Sit up and beg."

Lucas looked up at him with a "What the fuck" face. Jack yanked the rope hard, forcing his friend to take a few fast steps.

"Ah fuck, okay, okay!"

Lucas dropped to his knees, and lifted his hands like a dog begging for a treat.

"Good, now roll on your back."

Lucas had visions of laying on his own nuts so he lifted his knees high so that his nuts were facing beneath his bottom, then he lay on his side first, carefully rolling to his back, with his knees instinctively spread to ease the pain.

"Good boy!"

Jack dropped to a knee and rubbed Lucas's tummy, before dropping his hand and rubbing his friend's flaccid penis, and its acorn head with his palm.

"Gooooo boy. Who's gonna get a treat in a minute? Up on your knees."

Lucas carefully clambered back to his knees.

"Up!" Jack commanded.

"What?"

"Jump up to my hand. Touch it with your head"

Jack held his hand seven feet above the floor. Lucas looked at it sceptically.

"Jack, enough now. This is getting old."

"UP!" Jack said in a tone that brooked no dissent. He yanked the rope.

Lucas sighed and bounded up towards the hand, missing it by two feet.

"Lazy dog. Again!"

Lucas looked at Jack with genuine anger. Jack ignored him and yanked on the rope. Jack stood halfway up and leapt towards the hand, straightening fully, barely reaching the hand with his head and cruelly yanking his testicles in the process. He grunted in pain as he landed back in a crouch.

"Good boy, good boy," Jack said. "Now your treat. Beg."

Lucas dropped into a begging pose again.

"Good, mouth open, tongue out."

Lucas did what he was told and Jack moved forwards made to place his flaccid cock on Lucas's tongue. Lucas pulled his head away.

"What are you doing Jack?!"

"I want you to suck it."

"Dude!"

“Just try it. If you suck mine, I’ll suck yours next time.”

Lucas looked at him sceptically again, then slowly he moved his head forwards as he briefly imagined Jack sucking his cock.

“Lick it first.”

Jack held his penis halfway along and presented it to Lucas’s face. Lucas stuck out his tongue and timidly licked Jack’s circumcised glans like a child licking a lollipop that had been dropped in the dirt. He licked again, and again, gradually shifting from short, timid strokes to long strokes as he discovered his friend’s penis did not have a bad taste as he’d feared it might.

Jack’s penis quickly got hard.

“Now suck it.”

Lucas obliged, wrapping his lips around his friend’s cock and sucking like a starving baby on its mother’s teat. Inside his mouth, he used his tongue on the now embedded glans.

After a while, Jack reached down and grabbed the back of Lucas’s head with both hands, pushing and pulling so that his friend’s puckered lips served as a surrogate masturbatory hand. He matched the motion of Lucas’s head with small thrusts with his own groin, fucking his friend’s face.

Suddenly he stopped and stepped away. Lucas looked up with a questioning frown.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Don’t wanna cum yet. Let’s go back inside.”

Jack lead Lucas back to the room at the rear of the building and hoisted him up, lower this time. Lucas raised and spread his knees again to alleviate the pressure.

“Oh Jack, not this again. My nuts are really aching.”

Jack stood in front of Lucas and reached beneath his friend’s penis. His scrotum was stretched into a tight cord, as long as his thighs were thick. It disappeared into the humbler and his testicles emerged in a tight knot 2 inches later.

Jack ran his fingers over Lucas’s nuts. There was something as seductive about the curves, as there was about the curves of the boy’s butt. Jack closed his finger tips in an elongated claw surrounding Lucas’s tight nuts.

Lucas waited patiently, concentrating on keeping his knees up and wondering where this was going to lead.

“You haven’t got much hair on your nuts,” Jack said. “Hardly any.”

“We can’t all be as furry as you.”

Jack had very hairy nuts. They were covered in thick dark fur, just like his legs. He was exceptionally hairy for his age.

“Nah, I like them. They’re cute.”

He pushed Lucas's knees down slowly until the boy's grunt of discomfort turned to a groan of pain, then he stopped and walked closer, moving between his friend's raised knees. His hard dick brushed the tip of Lucas's dick. Lucas stared at him uncertainly, then Jack leaned forwards and kissed him slowly on the lips. It was the final piece of the puzzle; the final reservation between them. Lucas returned the gesture, and they kissed slow and deep, whilst Lucas struggled against the ache in his nuts.

After a few minutes, Jack moved away and behind. He spat on his finger tips and lifted them to Lucas's hole, smearing his spit on it.

"What are you doing?" Lucas asked.

Jack said nothing, but instead placed the tip of his middle finger against the small flesh starfish and pressed upwards as though he was fingering a girl behind the chip shop.

"Jaaack!" Lucas cautioned in a trembling voice.

Jack continued to press and then his finger was inside. Lucas gasped but he didn't object so Jack slowly finger-banged him using the top two joints of his finger.

"Uh, uh, uh," Lucas panted.

"Feel good?"

"Weird. I... I think I like it."

Jack pushed his finger deeper and deeper until the tip reached Lucas's prostate. He felt the smooth lump and rubbed it.

"Aww ahh uhhhh!"

"What's up?"

"I feel like I'm gonna cum."

Jack reached through with his other hand.

"Your dick's still soft."

"I don't care. It feels like I'm gonna cum."

Jack rubbed Lucas's prostate faster and then he felt warm liquid dripping from Lucas's soft dick onto his fingers.

"Did you just cum?"

"I dunno. Maybe. It's the weirdest feeling ever."

Lucas carried on rubbing until the dribbling stopped then he looked at the fingers of the other hand. They were covered in milky fluid.

"You did cum. Couldn't you tell?"

"No. It was like the end but none of the squirting feeling. You touched something in my asshole and it just happened straight away."

Jack moved behind his friend and gripped the teenager by the hips. He bent his legs so that he could position his erection beneath then he placed the head of his boner against Lucas's sphincter which was facing down to floor.

Lucas felt Jack's dick against him and he looked over his shoulder to see what the boy was doing.

"Jack, is that your dick?"

Jack straightened his knees a little.

"Jack are you trying to fuck me? I don't think I wanna do that dude."

Jack continued pushing. He leaned forwards so that his face was pressed to the side of Lucas's neck.

He cooed into his friend's ear.

"Come on Lucas, it'll be fun."

"I dunno. It... I... It feels too gay."

Jack kissed him tenderly behind the ear.

"So what? What's wrong with that?"

All the while he continued to push upwards with his penis and Lucas found it impossible to push back as long as his knees were lifted to protect his balls.

Jack's dick slipped inside him. It was much thicker than a finger but not a great deal longer. Lucas inhaled sharply, in a series of shuddering staccato breaths as he felt it slide all the way inside.

Jack released Lucas's hips and wrapped his arms around his friend's torso drawing them close together, with his stomach matching the curve of Lucas's back. Their warm skin was pressed tightly together. Then Jack started to slowly thrust up and down, using just his hips to thrust in and out of his friend. Lucas had never felt so close to anyone. The warmth of Jack's cock buried deep inside him was strangely comforting.

"How's that?" Jack murmured in his ear. "Doesn't hurt does it?"

"No, just my balls still. But even that's kind of horny now."

Jack reached beneath and found Lucas's testicles. His scrotum was incredibly tight, but each testicle was well defined, like Christmas tree ornaments. Jack gently squeezed Lucas's nuts together between his thumb and the side of his index finger with each slow thrust of his hips, releasing the pressure as he drew his cock back out.

"Awww dude, that feels so weird. It's like my balls are hurting in my asshole."

Jack kissed Lucas's neck up and down its length, nuzzling as he slowly thrust his cock in and out below.

"How does my dick feel?"

"Like your finger but sexier. It's kinda nice actually. I didn't expect that. It's like..." Lucas struggled to find the words. "It's like you're a part of me. Your dick is hot."

"Yeah, hot for you. I've been wanting to do this with you for a long time."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. You're so cute."

"Really? Wow. I thought my freckles and my big lips made look dumb."

"Your lips aren't big. They're gorgeous."

Lucas turned to see if Jack was making fun of him. Jack smiled and leaned forwards across his shoulders so they could kiss. He kissed Lucas gently a couple of times on his full, red lips. Lucas kissed him back, working his sensuous lips against Jack's.

"I guess I took your cherry."

"What?"

"First sex."

Lucas gaped and blinked. He suddenly realised was losing his virginity. He'd never thought it would be like this."

"I... I guess so. I always expected it would be with a girl."

He pondered for a few seconds.

"And I kind of thought I'd be the one doing the fucking."

Jack smiled and pushed his cock upwards, as deep as it would go. Lucas trembled as the tip touched his prostate.

"Disappointed?"

"Nah. I guess... Well I guess you make me hornier than any girl."

A slow smile spread across Jack's face.

"It's just..."

"Just what?"

"Well, I kinda thought I was straight. And you. This is so weird."

Jack continued lifting and dropping his hips, slowly fucking Lucas.

"I'm glad you're not. Your asshole feels great."

"Yeah? What's it like?"

"Hot. Tight. Slippery."

Jack reached around to Lucas's front.

"Your dick's hard."

"Yeah."

Jack ran his fingertips gently over Lucas's glans. The skin was retracted way down the shaft, and the head was dark and shiny.

“Really hard, like stone or some shit.”

“Yeah.”

“Your balls aren’t hurting any more then?”

“They’re kind of aching, but in a weird way they’re adding to it. Like when you get sack tapped and it gives you a boner. That ever happen to you?”

Jack grinned.

“Yeah. I had to hide it a couple of times in gym.”

“Ha ha. Me too!”

Jack reached forwards and placed his palms on the fronts of Lucas’s knees, then he slowly pressed them forwards and down. Lucas panted like an overheated dog as he felt his nuts getting squeezed against the humbler, crushed by his own tightening scrotum.

His cock faced straight down, pulled by his tight sack. When Lucas’s legs hung vertically, Jack reached through and gripped his friend’s tool, pulling it backwards between his thighs.

“Close your legs.”

Lucas complied, trapping his dick at the rear of his thighs. Jack stroked the head tenderly, then he dropped to his knees and slowly ran his tongue over it, bathing it in his saliva whilst he gently massaged his friend’s aching nuts.

“You’ve got such a cute dick,” he said in between slurps.

All Lucas could manage was a grunt, midway between pain and pleasure.

Jack parted Lucas’s buttock cheeks and spat on the hole. It had just a smattering of hair surrounding it. Then he stood and slid his cock inside again. He started fucking Lucas in earnest now. It was easier now that the angle of his cock and his friend’s asshole had changed. He only had to use his hips, not his thighs.

He pulled Lucas’s thighs towards him, ensuring that the boy could not bend his knees again and then hammered his own iron hard cock home hard time and time again.

“I’ve wanted you for so long,” he murmured, his face close to Lucas’s cheek. “You’re so fucking sexy. I love everything about you.”

Lucas was speechless. True, he was struggling to cope with the ache in his nuts and the growing pleasure in his cock, and the feeling of his best friend’s cock slamming balls deep into his asshole was more than a little distracting, but Jack’s revelation was also shocking to him.

He wanted to declare his love to his friend but he thought it would come out wrong. Too needy or intense. He struggled for something to say that would impart his pleasure at this moment, that would somehow tell Jack how deeply his emotions ran at this moment, and how connected he felt to him.

But words failed him and he simply said, “Same same.”

Jack smiled. He understood the complexity of the situation, the fear of overplaying your hand, saying something that would scare the other person off.

He pulled Lucas closer to him, ass to pubes, belly to lower back, chest to shoulders, and kissed his friend on the neck behind the ear.

“Gotcha.”

He fucked as fast as he could now, building rapidly and inexorably towards an orgasm. He thudded his cock as deep as he could as he felt himself climax. He roared in ecstasy and trump, then leaned forwards biting Lucas’s neck, partially to stifle his shouts, and partially in a primitive gesture of ownership. Lucas yelped in pain. Jack felt himself seeding Lucas’s asshole, long and deep in an orgasm that seemed to go on and on forever as he emptied his balls inside his friend.

Eventually he slowed and reluctantly came to a stop with his groin pressed hard against Lucas’s soft ass-cheeks. Their sweaty bodies were slippery against each other and Jack was breathing hard from the exertion. He wrapped an arm around Lucas’s waist, pulling him tight, feeling his hard cock still surrounded by the heat of his friend’s formerly virginal rectum.

He reached beneath and idly toyed with Lucas’s small tight nuts as he basked in the warm afterglow of an orgasm that he would remember for the rest of his life.

“You bit me.” Lucas said.

Jack drew his head back and looked at his friend’s shoulder. There was a clear oval of deep purple teeth marks and pricks of blood.

“Sorry. You drove me crazy.”

He licked the blood away and replaced it with a series of light kisses.

“You okay?”

“Yeeeeeah, I guess,” Lucas replied in a goofy tone, grinning bashfully over his shoulder.

He was happy to drive Jack crazy.

Jack reached to the front and ran the fingertips of his left hand through Lucas’s neat pubes, scratching him for a while as though he was tickling the fur at the nape of a cat’s neck, prolonging their closeness a while longer.

When he felt his penis finally wilt inside Lucas’s hole, he pulled away, drawing his cock from it, watching the now-soft meat stretch like a thick elastic band. The head pinged free, and it slapped against his belly, jiggling between his legs before coming to rest.

He looked at Lucas’s dick, and below it there were several long dribbles of cum running down the back of his thighs.

“You came too?” Jack enquired.

“Yeah. Same time you did.”

Jack grinned broadly.

“Sick!”

His own cum was pouring copiously from Lucas’s asshole now. It dribbled onto the humbler and over the teenager’s tight nuts before falling to the floor. Jack watched it until there was no more, then he wiped the cum off his friend’s balls with the side of a finger.

“Your nuts are dark purple now. Really small. Are they hurting?”

“Yeah a lot.”

Lucas lifted his knees to his chest and Jack looked at his compressed bag in profile.

“They’re smaller than a ping pong ball now.”

“Yeah. Jack, I’ve had enough now. Take it off.”

“I’m just getting dressed. Hang on for 30 seconds.”

“Dude! My legs are aching. Hurry up please!”

“Okay, okay!”

Jack quickly dressed then stood in front of Lucas.

“Actually, I think I’ll leave you there for a while. I’m going to the mall to get a coke. I’ll be back in an hour.”

“Dude, don’t fuck around. My nuts can’t take any more.”

Jack walked away and across the main room towards the doorway.

“See you soon. Don’t go anywhere.”

“Jack!”

Jack disappeared through the door.

“JACK!” Lucas called desperately.

His call echoed back across the empty room.

Lucas hung, knowing that he could never keep his knees up for even ten more minutes much less an entire hour.

“JAAACK PLEASE!” he shouted into the emptiness.

Then he heard a noise behind him. He couldn’t turn far enough to see what it was with his knees raised.

Behind him Jack was clambering through the broken window. He stood before Lucas.

“Aaaaaay, as if I’d do that to you!” he said with a puckish grin. “Especially after what we just did.”

He reached beneath his friend's thighs and removed the humbler. Lucas's nuts hung low from his body, small now in a long, bruised bag, gossamer-thin skin wrinkled as though he'd just climbed from a long, very hot bath.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Lucas sighed.

"Better?"

"Ah, ah, ah!" Lucas panted, contradicting his previous sigh of relief."

Jack frowned.

"Wassup?"

"Blood going back to my balls! Ahhhhhh!"

Jack looked at Lucas's balls. They were gaining some colour now that the blood supply was fully restored. But they did look kind of small and pathetic in their droopy sack. He grinned.

"Your nuts look like an old balloon."

He walked to the window and lowered Lucas to the ground before untying his friend's wrists.

"That was so fucking hot!" he said.

"Yeah," Lucas agreed, looking down at his battered and withered nuts. "But next time you can wear the humbler."