

# Information

By [dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk) [www.damnd1.org](http://www.damnd1.org)

A young man wishes he knew more than he does.

This story is dedicated to my greatly valued Patreon supporter Nicholas K. who also stars in the story.

## Information

"Tell me where it is!"

Marcus slapped Nicholas hard across the face rocking the young man's head backwards. Nicholas was terrified.

"I've already told you, I don't know. I didn't even know my brother sold drugs."

"Bullshit. I've seen you with him when he was selling. You were at the rec with him the day before yesterday."

Nicholas frowned.

"We were there to play basketball."

A moment later he gasped as all the air was driven from his lungs with a punishing punch to the stomach.

"Fucking liar! He was dealing in the locker room. Are you seriously telling me that you didn't see?"

"He met up with some friends and we played ball. That's all I saw," Nicholas grunted.

Marcus was purple with rage. He addressed one of the two men holding Nicholas by the arms.

"Okay, this dick is fucking with me. Pull his pants down. And his skivvies."

Nicholas screamed and struggled but he was no match for his captors and a few seconds later he stood with his jogging bottoms and his boxers around his ankles.

Marcus dropped to a knee in front of Nicholas and for an insane moment the thought of Marcus giving him a blow job slammed into the college boy's mind. Any thoughts of a kinky resolution to the situation evaporated as Marcus picked up a narrow two-ply rope. He grabbed the Nicholas's nuts and worked them lower into his sack, then tightly knotted the rope around the young man's scrotum, trapping his balls in the bottom.

They were in an abandoned warehouse. Without saying a word, Marcus stood up holding the other end of the rope. He looked up then threw the other end of the rope over one of the metal rafters

that supported the roof. He grabbed the end as it fell back down and wrapped the thin rope around his right fist. Adopting a deep, long stance, Marcus slowly pulled the rope, which in turn pulled on Nicholas's nuts. Nicholas lifted his hips to alleviate the pressure. When Nicholas was on tip toes, Marcus stopped pulling.

"Last chance fucker. I'm not playing with you. Where has your brother hidden his stash?"

Nicholas's eyes widened in horror.

"I don't know! I don't know! If I knew, I'd tell you!"

Marcus looked to the two men holding Nicholas's arms.

"Let him go."

They grinned and released the youth stepping away and for a moment Nicholas foolishly hoped that Marcus was going to release him.

"Hope you weren't planning on having kids motherfucker!"

Marcus deepened his stance still further and started to pull slowly. Nicholas's first instinct was to try and untie the knot but it was securely tied around his scrotum, and with his body weight on the end he quickly realised that he was not going to manage in time. He changed tacks and tried to grip the rope in his hands, supporting his weight but the rope was too thin to grip and his hands simply slipped from it.

In desperation as his scrotum stretched to its very limits, he leapt into the air hoping to grab the rope higher up. It was the worst possible choice. As soon as his weight was momentarily lifted from the rope, Marcus was immediately able to pull it more easily, pulling it by another six inches. As his weight came back down, Nicholas realised to his horror that he couldn't grip the rope any more easily by jumping at it than he had when he was standing on the ground.

Then the sickening pain as he reached the downwards limit of his travel. His nuts were yanked hard, and he was instantly flipped upside down. He screamed and threw his arms up to protect his face as his head whipped towards the concrete floor. As it happened, he was just too high for his head to reach and he landed on his arms smashing both elbows into the hard floor.

Now Nicholas was hanging upside down, his nuts supporting his weight. It was the worst pain he'd even felt, and he'd once been kicked full in the nuts while playing soccer. He started thrashing and screaming for a moment but within a few seconds he realised that his thrashing was only making things worse, bouncing his weight on the knot and sending jolts of agony into his stomach.

He was quickly incapacitated by the pain, and he thought that perhaps if he remained motionless it would become manageable, but it just kept getting worse and he realised that doing nothing was not an option. His T-shirt hung down covering his face. Even though it was light cotton, the T-shirt was surprisingly confining and claustrophobic.

Nicholas quickly changed his strategy, trying instead to support his weight on his forearms. Acting by feel alone, he wrapped a leg around the rope to keep his body vertical so that his arms supported as

much weight as possible. It worked for a few seconds, but as Marcus continued slowly pulling the rope, the upwards pressure on Nicholas's balls was immense. He lifted himself onto his hands, holding himself in a handstand position and Marcus stopped pulling and lifted the boy's T-shirt away from his face with his toe.

"Last. Fucking. Chance. Where's the stash?"

Nicholas screamed his answer.

"I don't... No wait, it's umm..."

Nicholas was lousy at lying under pressure.

"It's in the woods!"

"Where in the woods?"

"Um, it's in a log," he screamed hysterically, "near Peck's Pond. Yeah, near the pond."

It was a lie that a child could have seen through. Marcus shook his head.

"Stupid punk. You could have saved your nuts."

Marcus let the shirt fall back over Nicholas's face and continued pulling.

Nicholas's hands were lifted from the floor. He reached, strained towards the cement but it was receding. His T-shirt slipped past his shoulders and fell to the floor. He let out a long strangled, gurgling scream of pure anguish.

Although he was slim, the kid had great muscles. Not huge, but well defined. Hanging upside down, his abs and lats stood out against his lean body. But they were no good in his current situation.

"Tie the other end off on that girder," Marcus said to one of his henchmen, nodding towards a vertical support beam.

The man picked up the end of the rope, poked it through one of the large diamond-shaped holes in the thick iron girder and pulled it tight before tying it off.

Marcus let go of the rope and looked at Nicholas. The young man was dangling with his hands two feet off the ground screaming.

"Please, please, please, please, please!"

His voice was shrill.

The boy's joggers and underwear had slipped back towards his groin, hooking up on the rope. Marcus looked at Nicholas's nuts, pulled tight to the end of his scrotum, both large, egg-shaped orbs clearly visible in his tight bag. His sack was shiny where they were stretching it, and dark crimson, well on their way to turning purple.

“You got decent nuts. Shame they’ll be useless now. A eunuch at 19. Just when you’re in your fucking prime.”

He smacked the boy’s nuts hard a few times with the flat of his iPhone.

“They’re nearly purple. They’ll turn black then die.”

In spite of his agony, Nicholas could feel yet more pain as Marcus tapped his nuts. It was as though their extreme pain was making them even more sensitive. He groaned, beyond speech now.

Marcus said in conversational tone, “If you’re lucky, your nuts will fall off before you die of thirst. Or maybe they’ll stretch and you can reach the ground.”

Nicholas was still trying to hold his body vertical with his foot. It was not relieving the pressure, but he could feel that his weight wanted to pivot and that didn’t seem like a good thing. He was peripherally aware of the warm liquid flowing down his chest and across his face, even into his mouth and eyes before landing on his grey T-shirt. He didn’t even care that he was pissing himself. He was beyond caring about anything except his tortured nuts. His entire existence was reduced to a single experience. His foot slipped away from the rope and his body rotated on the rope, pulled backwards by the weight of his legs. His motion came to a stop when he was dangling at an angle of 45 degrees. His legs and arms hung limply downwards.

“If you say ‘please’, I can just pull your nuts off now, make it quick,” Marcus said as though offering a charity.

Nicholas barely registered the drug dealer’s words. He tried to beg once more but speaking was an effort.

“Unhhh, unhhh,” he groaned.

“Suit yourself. If you survive, tell your brother he’d better stop dealing in my territory or I’ll be round to visit your mother next.”

Marcus and his boys walked out of the warehouse leaving Nicholas alone. With a supreme effort, Nicholas reached up for the knot. As he did so, his body pivoted still further, changing the pressure points on his nuts. He screamed at the new pain but persisted, trying again to untie the knot. Keeping them wide, he lifted both knees towards his chest in a misguided attempt to reduce the torque on his nuts. He looked like a diver attempting a somersault, caught in a frozen snapshot.

Moving slowly, he worked at the knot, his abs straining to maintain the crunch position while he worked. The strain in his abs increased the pain as it pulled on his cremaster muscles – the muscles responsible for pulling his testicles towards his stomach.

But the rope was too tightly knotted and his weight only made it worse. Eventually a mixture of weakness caused by pain, and cramp in his abs got the better of him, and he collapsed, groaning anew as the pressure on his nuts changed yet again.

The light outside the warehouse dimmed as dusk approached and all across town homes lit up as people settled down to watch TV for the evening. Safe. Oblivious.

Even if there had been anyone within earshot, Nicholas no longer had the strength to call for help. He hung, his balls darkening towards black, vaguely wondering if they would still hurt once they died.

Meanwhile at the rec, his brother made another easy 25.