

Initiation

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14 young men undergo a sexually humiliating and ultimately painful initiation in order to get ahead.

Initiation

14 males aged 18-21 stood nervously in the middle of a remote warehouse building, surrounded by 30 members of The Cadre each of whom held a baseball bat.

The young men were awaiting their chance to pass the final initiation test that would prove them worthy of membership in a powerful gang that was respected all across the county. The Cadre was legendary both for the power they wielded, and the excitement of the lifestyle enjoyed by its members.

The initiates had already undergone tests of stamina, strength, and determination, and now all that remained were the tests of obedience, bravery and loyalty.

The Cadre's leader was a vicious 24-year-old called Hood. He spoke to the group.

"You've all done well so far, but now come the hardest tests. The next one is a test of your obedience. In the Cadre there will be times that you will be given orders. You will be expected to obey without question. You will do that now. I want you all to take your clothes off."

The initiates all stripped down to their underwear nervously.

"ALL of your clothes," Hood said, and he waited whilst the candidates complied.

The guys took off their underwear, allowing their briefs and boxers to puddle on the floor by their feet. A couple covered their genitals protectively, but the gang members stepped forwards and quickly swatted their hands away so that all of the youths were exposed. They stood, awkward and uncertain. It was a warm evening, but in spite of the warmth and the humidity, most of the youths' genitals were fear shrivelled. The gang members pointed at them, making sarcastic remarks.

Hood allowed them a few moments, just to show the initiates how insignificant their comfort was to him.

Looking pointedly at the initiate's shrunken genitals he said, "I don't care how tough you act, no guy can hide his fear when he's naked, and by the looks of you, most of you guys are nearly shitting yourselves. That's a fucking pathetic collection of maggots and worms you got there!" He grinned, maliciously, and the initiates stood there feeling stupid and humiliated. Many looked down at themselves then quickly reddened as they realised just how small their penises had become.

Hood picked up a large can of engine grease.

"Okay motherfuckers, come here and put your left middle finger in this grease."

The initiates looked at each other apprehensively. A few suspected where this was leading and they were starting to look decidedly queasy. The first guy walked forwards and dipped the tip of his left middle finger into the grease.

"Not like that," Hood said, "All the way in."

The youth did as he was told, and one by one, the remaining thirteen initiates followed suit.

"Good, now I want you to stand in a circle facing the back of the guy in front - about a foot apart."

The candidates shuffled into position apprehensively.

"Good, like that. Now move around. Close the end of the circle."

They stood in a circle looking towards Hood.

"Right, now I want each of you to stick your greasy finger right up the asshole of the guy in front."

His command was met with various reactions. Some of the initiates wore expressions of shock; others of disgust. A couple of the bolder ones even made noises of dissent.

One guy called Dan said, "I'm not fucking doing that. It's totally queer. I'm no fag!"

"You'll do what you're told," Hood responded quietly, "or you'll pay the fucking price. For starters, you can forget any hope of getting into the Cadre, and second, these motherfuckers here," he gestured to the surrounding armed gang members; "are gonna take you outside and beat the shit out of you. And if you somehow manage to get away without a beating, we'll hunt you and your family down and put you all down."

Dan looked aggressive and angry and he looked around at the gang members. A couple of them smiled and started patting their bats into the palms of their hands. It was clear that Dan was weighing up his options. Hood cut Dan's brief ruminations short.

"Do I make myself quite clear?" he asked.

Dan nodded sullenly.

"Good, then get those fucking fingers right up there guys, and be fucking quick about it!"

None of the others had yet done what they had been ordered, not wanting to be the first to comply and seem queer to the others. When Dan spoke up, they all waited to see how his protest would be resolved, but now that it was clear that he was going to roll over without a fight, they all leaned forwards and started to insert their middle digits into the rectum of the guy in front.

Almost to a man, each of them involuntarily contracted his own sphincter against the invasion, whilst at the same time try to work his own finger into the puckered hole of the person in front.

Hood

laughed out loud at their automatic reactions. He'd seen it all before, and he knew that the guys couldn't help it.

"If you want it to go easier, you'll all relax your assholes. And when you're pushing your finger up, if the cunt in front of you is resisting, just wiggle your finger and it'll soon slip in!"

Felipe was only here because his friend Ramone had convinced him. He knew about the Cadre, and it would certainly be useful to become a member, but he really wasn't that desperate to get in. He'd come along with Ramone for moral support, and with each stage completed the cost went up and

up, and his desire to last the course increased. Now he was definitely at a line and he would certainly not have crossed it if he had any choice at all, but seeing how the other guy had been put down, there was no way that Felipe was going to risk his own safety, let alone that of his family.

So now he stood, with his finger buried to the second knuckle in Ramone's ass, and worse still, a guy behind, with fingers that felt as big as sausages was working his middle finger up into his hole. Felipe tensed against it, but the finger was past the tip, and there was nothing he could do to stop the invader from pushing it in right up to the palm. He looked over his shoulder and the guy behind him gave him a dirty leer, as if to acknowledge that he knew he didn't have to shove the finger in that deep, but he'd done so anyway.

Hood said, "Right; now, if you shit-fingered motherfuckers feel around deep inside, you'll feel a small round lump. That's the prostate. If you rub it GENTLY, it'll make the guy in front cum. I want you all to do that now."

Some of the initiates looked at Hood disgusted, but they were quick to return to the task they'd been set.

Felipe started carefully trying to find Ramone's prostate. He found it and began gently rubbing it. He could feel the fat-fingered asshole behind him probing, and almost immediately he felt a funny, exciting sensation deep inside. The punk started rubbing Felipe's prostate and after just 15 seconds, Felipe was surprised to experience a powerful orgasm. His penis was still limp, so he didn't feel the usual pumping sensation in his dick, but he looked down and saw a substantial flow of cum dribbling from the head of his uncircumcised dick to the floor. His knees buckled momentarily from the intensity, and the guy behind him held him up by the ass. He looked around only to see that same dirty grin, which widened with self-satisfaction. The punk was clearly glad that he had made Felipe cum so quick.

Felipe felt humiliated at how quickly this private sexual function had been induced from him, and by just how much he'd cum. He looked down at the puddle red-faced. Then as he increased his efforts on his friend, he realised that a few of the other guys had also cum already, and judging by the puddles, some had produced a lot more spooge than he had. Ramone suddenly clenched his sphincter and it was clear from the heavy gasp he released, that he was cumming too.

After another 30 seconds, Hood said, "Right, now that you faggots have all cleared your pipes, it's time for the real challenge - we're gonna do the elephant walk. I want you to reach behind you with your other hand and grab the dick of the kid behind you."

He waited a moment whilst the initiates all took a grip.

"Okay, good. Now, you homos have gotta pump the cock behind you and massage the ass in front. You all just blew your loads, so no-one's gonna be cumming right away. The idea is to make the two fags on either side of you cum before you do. Here's what's gonna happen: the last guy to cum, the guys either side of him are gonna get taken outside, beaten up for not trying hard enough, then sent away. Do you understand me fags?"

The initiates murmured their sullen acquiescence; most angry at being called fags for doing what they were *forced* to do. Felipe took a grip and he noticed that the asshole behind him instantly started growing hard in his fist.

Hood looked at them.

"Well, what are you standing around for? Start jacking motherfuckers!"

A couple of guys already had boners but most of them did not. The ones doing the jacking had to work them up from soft. Felipe could feel Ramone massaging his dick in an attempt to make him hard. Meanwhile, Felipe was already pumping on the gooner's dick behind him. He concentrated hard on getting the guy excited, meanwhile the other guy was doing his best to finger Felipe to orgasm. To his dismay, Felipe felt himself quickly getting hard in his friend's warm hand. He pumped the dick behind him frantically, only to find the guy was skilfully massaging his prostate in return. He tried to replicate the massage on his friend's prostate. Ramone looked back at him, shocked at how well his friend was finger fucking him, then he frowned and with a look of determination, he started pounding on Felipe's dick, urging him towards a second orgasm.

In spite of his ejaculation just a minute ago, Felipe could feel his excitement rising again. There was an expectant, tingling feeling building in his balls, and it was combining with the new sensation in his sphincter as the punk behind started finger fucking his hole.

Felipe looked back over his shoulder and started using every trick he knew to bring gooner off. The guy looked at him grinning, knowing that he was turning Felipe on more. It was obvious to Felipe that the asshole was already experienced at this.

Felipe looked at the guy with shock, and as their eyes met, it was clear the gooner knew that he knew. Felipe was no homophobe, but it seemed unfair that he was getting reamed by an expert, whilst he was trying his hardest to bring the punk off. Locked eye to eye, Felipe redoubled his efforts, but gooner only fingered him even more skilfully.

As Felipe looked down at gooner's salami dick, he heard the guy behind gooner cumming with noisy pants. Felipe's hand moved in short strokes on the youth's fat dick, but Ramone's hand was doing full-length, lightning fast strokes on his own dick. Felipe wasn't a very sophisticated wanker, and because he often had to get it over with before he was interrupted or he had to leave for work, usually he simply pounded himself as fast and hard as he could till he came, usually in under a minute. That was exactly what Ramone was doing to him now and it was having exactly the same effect. Even as Felipe was concentrating fully on gooner's salami, he felt himself cumming powerfully. He momentarily lost his rhythm. Gooner gave him a crooked-toothed grin and almost immediately afterwards, came himself.

It was clear that the asshole had been holding himself off until Felipe lost it first.

As soon as the big guy came, Felipe turned his attention back to his friend, and he was surprised to see that his own spooge was trickling down Ramone's back. He continued massaging Ramone's prostate, and he was happy when 30 seconds later, his friend came again.

Felipe looked around quickly to see if any other guys had not cum yet, and he was relieved to see that four others were still being worked on by their increasingly desperate partners. Finally, after seven minutes, the last guy came, and six gang members walked forwards and grabbed the two initiates who had been working on him. They were dragged naked, kicking, screaming and begging for mercy from the warehouse, and were never seen again by the remaining initiates.

Hood waited for them to disappear, and then he said, "Good, you fucking queers have done well. You've passed the trial of obedience. Now comes the hardest one - the test of courage. Once you've passed this one, the last one is a walk in the park - I promise. But first, let go of each other's dicks, take your fingers out of their asses, and clean up."

A large wad of blue industrial towel was thrown on the floor in the middle of the circle and the candidates gratefully reached for it, cleaning the grease and shit from their fingers, and the cum from their hands and dicks. Felipe was relieved to see that Ramone was not the only one wiping spooge off his back either.

"Alright, get back in a circle like before. Don't go sticking anything up any asses - we're done with that!" he quipped, the double entendre clear. "Now I'm gonna tell you fucking straight, if any of you finger fucking ass-bandits tries to escape this next stage, I'm gonna have my boys beat the shit out of you, then cut your dick off, so don't even fucking think of ducking out now!"

He paused to let the threat sink in for a few seconds.

"Now, reach between the legs of the guy in front and grab his nuts in your strongest hand. Make sure his nuts are right down in his sack so you got them in the middle of your fist."

The faggotry was bad enough, but this was looking very ominous and there wasn't a single person amongst the initiates who didn't have a deep feeling of foreboding about what was to come. Felipe gently worked Ramone's nuts down low into his sack, and gripped them in his fist. He could feel the gooner behind roughly gripping his own nuts in a meaty, sausage-fingered fist. For a moment, Felipe imagined that hand working in a garage, lifting heavy engine parts all day.

Hood waited for all the guys to take a good grip, and it was clear that they were all scared now, as their dicks tightened and shrivelled again.

"Okay," continued, now grab your other fist onto your first one so that you can squeeze harder."

He waited whilst each initiate leaned forwards and did as they were told.

"Good, now here's what you gotta do. When I say start, you're gonna squeeze hard on the nuts of the guy in front of you. I'm gonna count off one minute, if any of you pisses himself, you're out straight away. If the punk you're squeezing does NOT piss himself, you're out. If my boys don't think you're squeezing hard enough, you AND the guy you're squeezing are gonna be dragged out after, and we're gonna pop your nuts and cut off your dicks, so there's no fucking point making nice if you're holding your friend's nuts. You squeeze those fuckers like your own balls depended on it, because they do."

He gave another long pause to let his words sink in.

Felipe whispered, "Sorry Ramone."

Ramone whispered back, "Sorry I got you into this Felipe."

"Oh, and one more thing," Hood added, "I don't wanna see you fucking pussies crying or screaming. You're about to join the toughest gang in the country, so you take the pain like men."

He lifted a stopwatch.

"Readdy... Start!"

Felipe focussed on squeezing Ramone, but the second Hood said "start", he was immediately assaulted by an acute agony in his right nut, followed a moment later by equally sharp pain in his left. Every muscle in his body contracted, including his fists, which was fortunate, because he was incapable of conscious action for several seconds. He heard Ramone groaning as he squeezed his

friend's nuts, and was dimly aware of other victims around him groaning too. Pain was shooting up from his nuts on either side of his groin and into his belly. He could feel gooner increasing the amount of pressure on his balls, and he did likewise on his friend's sack. He could feel his friend's soft nuts smooshing up tight together in his fist, and he could feel that his own nuts must be squishing into a small knot of flesh too. He felt wetness falling onto his hands, and he realised that Ramone must have pissed himself. At the time, he was in too much pain to care, but later on, Felipe would come to the realisation that this elimination trial meant that both of them could never have gotten into the gang. The friendship that made them stand next to each other had doomed at least one of them to failure.

It was taking all of Felipe's concentration simply not to scream, and he was struggling with all his might to keep his stomach tense so that he didn't piss himself. Hood was counting out loud, 35...36...37...

As the count rose Felipe had so far managed to hold his bladder, and gooner started to panic, so he squeezed with every ounce of his strength. Every part of Felipe's balls was an agonising lump of pain. A couple of initiates had started screaming almost immediately, but now almost half of them were crying or screaming, but still Felipe struggled on to give a point to all this suffering. At 48 seconds gooner lost control of his own bladder and in a moment of enraged frustration, he managed to find even more strength. He felt the small lump that was Felipe's balls flatten, and at 53 seconds, urine started to flow from Felipe's penis. Felipe felt both of his testicles rupture. There was a momentarily sharper, purer pain as the testicular tunica bulged at one end of each nut, then literally popped. He almost gave in and wailed himself at that point, but to protect his friend from castration he had to focus on squeezing Ramone's balls with all his strength. Ramone's balls felt very small and had long since failed to be recognisable as two distinct shapes. Now there was little more than a bean-sized lump in Felipe's fist.

Finally, Hood reached 60 and as one, the initiates all released the person in front and collapsed to the floor holding himself.

Hood spoke to the group, "Four cunts cried like bitches from the off. You four are no fucking good to us." He looked to his gang and said, "Get them outta here boys." The crying victims were dragged off, putting up no struggle at all. Hood continued, "Although the rest of you all pissed yourselves, that's to be expected. Every single candidate does. But the threat is the only way that we make sure the guy behind you tries hard enough. You've all passed. Go home, and we'll contact you in three months or so. In the meantime, you'll be tested on the final part of your admission – the loyalty test. All of you are gonna want to get medical attention. Do NOT tell anyone what happened or who did it. Don't go to the hospital, or the doctors. If your nuts are popped, they can't be repaired; trust me. If they're bruised, they'll just give you pain killers. I don't want you taking pain killers. The pain is your reminder that you just joined the toughest gang in the world. If you have to lose your nuts to get in then so be it, but nobody can ever know. Now get dressed and fuck off. We'll be speaking again soon."

The initiates slowly staggered to their feet. Some pulled on their pants or boxers, others remained naked, but none attempted to put jeans back on - at most they dressed in t-shirts and underwear.

Hood said, "You can't go home like that; it'll be fucking obvious what happened you cunts. Now pull your fucking jeans on and man up!"

The victims obeyed, pulling tight jeans up over horrifically damaged testicles, and constraining burst balls behind tight zippers. The guys all left, limping and silent, like warriors returning from a war, unaware that as with all Cadre initiations, every one of them no longer had any balls.

As soon as the last of them had left, and the doors were shut behind him, the Cadre members burst out laughing.

The number two said to Hood, "I can't believe those stupid cunts let us burst all their fucking nuts. What a bunch of losers!"