

Pig pen

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

A young man takes his ball-busting games too far.

Pig pen

Caden couldn't believe that he'd found another guy his age who was into ball busting. And they had his family's farm to themselves for the whole weekend. They'd spent the first day largely naked, watching busting videos on porn sites and youtube, busting each other in various ways, and jacking off afterwards. Now on the second day came the coup de grâce.

He looked down at the construction before him. There was a smooth fine-grained maple wood ramp 18 inches wide, rising from the floor of the barn before levelling out into a wooden platform that extended 50 feet in a straight line before passing through a hole in the wall. The wood was varnished and shiny and it was divided down the middle by a slit that started three feet along the ramp. The slit was nine inches wide at the start, but rapidly tapered to just a quarter of an inch by the time the ramp levelled out.

The ramp was bordered to each side with heavy metal tubular fencing, and on the top was a flat wooden roof.

Caden looked again at Jackson.

"So how does it work again?"

"Simple. We walk the pigs in from this end and they walk along with their feet on either side of the ramp with their nuts dangling between the slit. As they walk, the slit get narrower, until their nuts are trapped underneath. Usually there are tons of pigs behind so they have to keep walking. There's actually two pieces of wood underneath them, and the further they walk, the wider the gap between the pieces of wood gets, stretching their nuts away from their bodies. By the time they reach the end, their nuts are stretched six inches down."

Caden was excited by the description. He could imagine the walkway filled with squealing male pigs, all getting their nuts stretched.

"Then at the end, we reach in from the side and clamp these tight metal rings around the top and bottom of their nut sacks – they're usually stretched really thin by then. The rings cut off the blood. Then we let them go."

"Then what do they do?"

"Most of them piss themselves, but quite a lot jizz. Like they know it's their last chance. Then they squeal a lot for an hour or so."

"And that's all it takes to cut their nuts off?"

"We don't do any cutting. That's the whole point. It cuts the blood off and their nuts die. Eventually, their nuts just fall off."

Caden was as bright-eyed as he listened to Jackson describe their farm's unusual pig castration technique.

"Have you ever tried it?"

"Of course. I mean, I didn't do the rings, but I walked as far down it as I could."

"Naked?"

"Of course, naked. Wouldn't be much point otherwise!"

Jackson grinned at his friend.

"Did you get all the way to the end?"

"Dude, my nuts don't hang that low!"

Caden grinned.

"Nah course not. So how far DID you get?"

"I dunno, maybe half way."

Caden imagined his friend on his hands and knees. He mused out loud.

"Imagine if we was slaves, and we both had to do it."

"Yeah, that would be hot."

Jackson imagined his friend as a naked slave. Caden was thinking about being on his hands and knees, forced to follow Jackson down the pig run, so close behind that his nose was jammed into Jackson's asshole. Two dicks rose as one. Caden looked down at the obvious bulge in the front of his friend's wranglers and grinned.

"Hot huh?" he said.

Jackson adjusted his boner and looked at the hard pole rising at 70 degrees in front of his friend's naked groin. It looked hard enough to break paving slabs.

"Yeah, definitely. So, you wanna give it a try?"

Caden smiled and nodded.

"That's what I'm here for."

"Come on then, kneel down at the entrance."

Caden moved to the entrance of the pig run. His bone was so hard it barely moved as he walked.

"Kneel down then."

Caden knelt and started to crawl into the opening. There were angled fences to funnel a barn full of adolescent pigs into the run.

As he started to crawl into the run, he parted his hands and knees, forced by the wooden ramp. Jackson dropped to a knee behind his friend and with a cupped hand, raised it between Caden's thighs and slapped him hard in the nuts. Caden collapsed onto the ramp and let out a groan of pain.

"Oooof!"

“Sorry but it won’t work with a boner. Your nuts are too tight.”

Caden continued groaning as his boner rapidly wilted, his penis quickly returning to its usually floppy three-inch size.

“Awww ,dude!”

He lay for a minute until the ache in his nuts started to diminish. Jackson could have hit him a lot harder. Caden appreciated his friend’s restraint.

Caden started to inch along the pig run. He was aware of the ramp beneath his naked belly and was eager to discover how it would feel when it contacted his balls.

He continued crawling along, and was surprised to discover that the ramp was gradually widening and well as raising.

“Why’s it getting wider?”

“Presents the pig’s balls better. Makes it harder for them to resist as well. Hard to struggle when your legs are wide apart and you’re on tip toe.”

The description excited Caden. He’d better make progress or he’d get another boner. He continued edging along the run, and suddenly the ramp was brushing his belly. He kept going. He could feel his genitals dangling, then the slit was pressing on both sides.

“My dick’s in it.”

“No problem, I’ll get it for you.”

Jackson moved to Caden’s side and reached beneath his friend’s belly. He hooked Caden’s penis with his thumb and pulled it from the slit, angling it to one side. Caden shivered as he felt his friend’s hand on his dick.

“Is that okay?” Jackson asked.

“Yeah.”

Caden worked forwards slowly. Then he felt the slit narrowing around the neck of his scrotum.

“It’s got me now.”

“Cool. Keep going.”

Caden continued forwards. The ramp slowly levelled out. Caden was surprised how high it lifted him, off his hands and knees and onto his hands and feet – what they called a dog position in wrestling class.

Now he was on his tiptoes, his arms and legs wide spread. There was very little space above between him and the wooden roof. It forced him to lift his chin. Now he could only see in front.

“It’s really cramped.”

“Yeah, it’s to stop the pigs from struggling.”

It was a weird feeling to know that his nuts were exposed, trapped on the other side of the slit with his legs wide apart.

With each shuffling step, he could feel his nuts getting stretched further away from his body.

He heard a bang and felt a vibration in the metal frame.

“What was that?”

“Just shutting one of the gates behind you.”

“Why?”

Caden couldn’t turn his head to look.

“I just thought it would give it a bit more realism.”

“Oh. Cool.”

Caden loved that Jackson was getting into the fantasy with him. It was spooky he thought, how similar their tastes were in almost every way. One day, maybe before he left this weekend, he’d have to ask his friend if he was as turned on by Caden, as Caden was by him. It was a big step, admitting that he liked him in that way, but they had already shared so much together.

“Wait a second, I have something for you.”

Jackson walked to the side of the pig run.

“Stick your hand out through the bars.”

Caden stuck his right hand out and watched bemused as Jackson pulled something over it. As the young man buckled the object onto Caden’s hand, Caden realised what it was and laughed out loud. It was a short sleeve with a rubber base designed to look like a pig’s trotter.

“Ha, ha, what are you doing?” Caden asked.

“Bit more realism,” Jackson responded hopping over the of the low pig run. “Here, stick your other hand through.”

Caden complied and Jackson buckled the second trotter glove onto his Caden’s hand. Once it was secured, there was no way that Caden could remove them without his friend’s help.

Without asking, Jackson folded Caden’s left leg at the knee and wrapped a leather belt around it, securing his ankle to his upper thigh, with his toes facing away from his bottom.

“Dude, what the fuck?” Caden said, bemused.

Jackson returned to the original side and secured Caden’s right leg as he had the left. Now Caden could only walk on his knees and on the fake trotters.

Jackson reached behind a hay bale and pulled out an object. He showed it to Caden.

“One guess where this is going?”

The object was a curly pink pig tail attached to a plug dildo.

“Dude!” Caden said grinning. “Don’t you think you’re going a bit far? There’s no way you’re sticking that in me!”

Jackson squirted KY onto the plug and spread the goo across the lower third with his fingers.

“Wanna bet?”

He walked up to the pig run and knelt, placing his right hand on the small of Caden's back to steady him. With his left, he brought the plug to the guy's rear.

"Dude, keep that thing away from me!" Caden said alarmed.

"C'mon, don't be a pussy. It won't hurt."

"I don't care. You're not sticking anything in my butt!"

It was one thing to fantasise about Jackson, but another entirely to be forcibly sodomised with a butt plug by him.

Jackson was undeterred. He pushed the plug and it slid between Caden's buttocks until the tip was touching his sphincter.

"Dude!!"

Caden shuffled up the run to escape the plug, but he was slowed by his nuts being stretched beneath him. Jackson reached out and grabbed him by the shoulder to restrain him.

"Jackson, I'm warning you, don't try and stick that in my butt!"

Jackson ignored the warning and pushed the plug. Caden clenched his hole, so Jackson pushed harder. Caden continued to resist, but little by little his hole slowly opened under Jackson's sustained pressure. To Caden's dismay, his asshole suddenly seemed to surrender of its own free will and the plug slid inside him. His sphincter snapped shut on the neck, holding it in place. He tried to shit it back out but his own sphincter held the plug inside him.

"Jackson, for fuck sake, take it out!"

"I just want you to get into it properly. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"I didn't want to be dildo-raped!"

But Caden couldn't deny, the plug felt kind of good.

"You make a great pig!" Jackson laughed. "Just keep on going. See how far you can get."

Caden was surly but he continued slowly inching along the pig run. He could almost imagine a young boar in front of him, teetering forwards, feeling its nuts getting stretched away from its body as his now were, blissfully unaware that by the end of the day, they would be nothing more than dead lumps of meat hanging between its legs. And he had to admit, Jackson's modification DID give him greater empathy for the animals.

Caden had seen some of the intact pigs at the farm. Their nuts were far larger than his; the size of large grapefruits, tucked up tight in a volleyball-sized scrotum that looked more like some kind of out-of-control tree fungus bulging between their hindquarters, rather than a sack that dangled as his did.

His nuts were stretched a few inches below his body now.

"It's getting tight," he informed Jackson.

"Yeah, you're just past half way. Keep on going."

Caden slowly crept forwards another two feet before he stopped again.

"I can't go any further that's as much as my nuts can stretch."

Jackson knelt and looked beneath the wooden board. Caden's nuts formed a neat circle the size of a satsuma. He swatted at the lump with his hand. It wobbled.

"Hey what you doing?" Caden demanded.

"Just checking how tight your nuts are. Loads more give in them yet."

There was something incredibly erotic to Caden about the fact his nuts were stretched down, exposed and vulnerable and there was not a thing he could do to protect himself.

"Go on, you can keep going," Jackson urged.

"Nah man, that's enough. I'm starting to get a stomach ache."

"Come on you pussy. See if you can get to the end."

"There's no way. It's already hurting too much."

Suddenly Caden felt a wicked jolt on his right flank. He flinched, moving forwards six inches.

"Ow, what the fuck was that?!"

"Cattle probe motherfucker. If you don't wanna find how it feels on your balls, keep going."

"What?! Jackson I can't I'm... OWWWW!"

Caden interrupted himself with a yelp of pain as Jackson pressed the electric probe against his nuts.

"Okay, okay I'm moving!" he said frantically, and started working his way along the run still further.

His nuts were stretched lower and lower, being forced into less and less scrotum.

After five feet he came to a stop again.

"Dude please, I really can't go any further. I think I'm gonna be sick."

He felt Jackson touch the tip of the probe to his perineum; the flesh between his balls and his asshole, then another jolt. More powerful than the other two. He screamed.

"Ahhhhh haaaaaa!"

"Keep moving."

"I CAN'T I CAN'T!" Caden screamed.

Jackson pressed the prod against his nuts again.

"No Jackson don't! PLEASE!!!!"

This time Jackson held the probe there for five full seconds until Caden started clambering along the run. Caden felt certain that he was going to rip his nuts off his own body at this rate. He puffed and wheezed, trying to cope with the pain, forcing himself to press on. He could feel his nuts squashing against the bottom board, but there was also a deeper pain in his gut where his stretched cremaster muscles originated. But it was the pain from the cattle probe that hurt the worst. His nuts felt like they were being crushed in a fist.

"Keep going!" Jackson shouted at him.

"I'm trying, I'm trying!" Caden screamed back in terror.

He kept on creeping forwards, an inch at a time, his nuts stretching excruciatingly beneath his belly, until finally, he reached the end of the run. A wooden board prevented him moving forwards any further. He heard a clattering sound as Jackson dropped another board behind him, trapping him in place.

Jackson bent down and looked up at Caden's nuts. They were pressed to a fraction of their usual sized, squeezed into a bag so tight that it looked as though it might split at any moment, spilling out its tortured contents. Caden's testicles were barely more than two splats of yellow and bloodless flesh, angled towards each other, ironically forming the shape of a heart. Jackson reached out and stroked them. They were already tender from two days of lustful ball busting. He pressed the flesh and Caden screamed. Jackson pressed the other one, eliciting the same response. Urine dribbled from the plank above as Caden lost control of his bladder. Jackson looked at the stretched scrotum in the void between the two planks. It was so tight it looked more like sinew than flesh. He reached beneath Caden's stomach, turning him slightly so that he could examine his penis. The brown flesh had shrivelled from a slender three soft inches to just one inch, with a puckered snout.

"You pissed yourself," he informed his victim.

Caden was unaware, nor did he care.

"Just like the pigs. That's funny," Jackson added.

Caden didn't think it was funny. He was in so much pain he could barely breathe.

Jackson turned and walked towards the barn door.

"Think I'm gonna get some lunch. Don't s'pose you're hungry?"

Caden spoke in trembling, tortured gasps.

"Uhh... hu... huh... Jackson, please, uh... h... h..., don't leave me. Hurts uh, hurts so bad."

"Hey dude, you wanted to spend the weekend ball busting. Looks like you got your way."

He opened the door.

Caden wanted to say more but it hurt to breathe much less to talk.

"No," he gasped but Jackson was gone.

Caden lay for fifteen minutes struggling to breathe before he decided that he was going to have to do something rather than hoping that Jackson would return to free him. He tried to lift the panel in front of him, but it was just sheet of flat wood and his trotter hands could not gain enough purchase or traction to lift it. Then he tried reversing, but he only travelled one agonising, ball-dragging foot before his bare bottom pressed against the panel and he could go no further. Maybe if he could get off the board he was laying on? He lifted one bound leg to the side like a dog pissing against a tree, hoping to step over the central board before he realised that he was pinned to it by his nuts. He was in too much pain to think clearly and after a few minutes of fruitless struggle he collapsed, waiting upon the mercy of a guy he thought was his friend.

Four hours later, Jackson returned. Caden was breathing in short, staccato gasps as he tensed his diaphragm in a constant effort to cope with the unrelenting pain in his nuts.

"How ya doing Caden?" Jackson enquired jauntily.

Caden lacked the power to answer. Instead, he just stared straight ahead, his neck cranked back, lost in his own world of misery.

Jackson moved to the front and slapped Caden on the cheek a couple of times to snap him out of his agonised stupor.

"Got another present for you."

It was a rubber pig mask attached to a harness. Jackson strapped it onto Caden's head.

"Hey Caden, now you properly look the part."

Caden looked at Jackson through the eye holes. When his eyes finally focussed on Jackson's face, Jackson showed him two objects. One was a tool that looked similar to a sturdy pair of pliers, but with curved jaws. In the other hand he held a rubber mallet.

"Gonna nut you once and for all. Your choice how I do it."

Caden's eyes widened in terror as he surveyed his two choices.

"Please," he implored weakly. His voice took on an echoey timbre behind the mask.

"Choose or I'll choose for you."

Caden's tear-filled eyes flickered, then he looked at the pliers.

"Pliers it then," Jackson said. "I think it's time to show you how we bust our boars' balls."

Jackson produced a flat metal ring and he placed it inside the jaws, then he wrapped the jaws around the top of Caden's scrotum. He paused briefly to look at the small nuts he was about to ruin, then squeezed the plier handles hard in his fist. The jaws closed around the neck curling the metal band. Jackson kept squeezing until there was a distinct click as the handles locked shut, then he opened the pliers and examined his handiwork. The metal band was tightly wrapped around the top of Caden's scrotum, biting deeply into the skin. Jackson felt the skin beneath the band. He could feel where the two cords of the vas deferens passed beneath, both clearly crushed.

Satisfied with the first band, Jackson reloaded the pliers and repositioned them as low on the neck of the scrotum as he could reach, then he banded that part as well. When he had done both ends, he examined his work again. Unless Caden got restorative surgery in a hospital within the hour, nothing would be able to save his balls now.

"That'll do pig," Jackson quipped, repeating a line from the movie Babe.

With that, he lifted the front panel and allowed Caden an exit.

"Get outta here!" Jackson said.

He placed a hand on Caden's rump and forced him forwards. Caden slid along the board and through the hole in the barn wall, where he fell from the board.

As he exited the building into bright sunshine, his nuts finally pulled free of the hateful pig run. The two rings trapped the stretched scrotum and vas deferens in its extended state and his squashed balls swang like the pendulum of an old clock.

Caden looked to see where he had emerged and he immediately realised he was in a large pig pen with 8-foot-high walls. It was filled with wet mud. He was not the only animal. There were 14 pigs in total, all of them covered in mud from snout to tail. Four of the animals were human. He could not tell their age, although none appeared particularly old. He instinctively glanced between their legs to see if he could gauge by the size of their dicks. All four had shrivelled nubs, like his own. But there was something far worse: where testicles should have hung, all four just had a crimp of flesh. They watched in fearful, resigned silence as another joined their number.

Caden looked back between his own legs at the ridiculous church clapper hanging there. The balls were already dark purple. He sat and pawed at them fruitlessly for five minutes with his trotter hands before he realised that he was not going to be able to remove the rings.

He looked at one of the other human pigs.

"Can you help?"

The other guy lifted his own trotter feet.

"They don't come off. Your balls will fall off soon. Then the pigs eat them."

Caden stared at the youth with horror, then he looked up at the tall walls before collapsing to his side in the mud in tears, his dying nuts dangling in the mud.

In the barn, Jackson's father joined him and put an arm around his shoulders.

"Another one? Well done son..."