

# Wombles

rape, first gay sex, extreme ballbusting

A young man has to prove his loyalty to join a gang.

"We don't let just anyone join us."

"I know that; that's why I was really hoping that you'd let me."

"You're okay kid. You've already proved that you can do what you're told, and that you can be trusted."

Daniel looked out of the broken window pane at the motor cycle he'd stolen for Frank. It was leaning against a tree - a 125cc Suzuki scrambler; not incredibly powerful, but they'd have fun riding it around the fields until it broke down.

He looked around at the other people in the room. There were seven of them. Two boys about his age, one maybe a couple of years younger; 16 or 17, a girl who appeared younger still, a girl who was probably in her 20s, plus Jason who was also in his early 20s. The youngest girl was giving a noisy blowjob to the youngest boy, and he was leering cockily up at Daniel, clearly enjoying the experience greatly. The three oldest were having a threesome, with the girl sucking one dick while the other fucked her.

Then there was Frank. Frank was in his late 40s; maybe even older. It was rare to see him without a can of beer in one hand, and a hand rolled cigarette in the other. His hair was greasy and bedraggled and his clothes were shabby.

"What else can I do?" Daniel asked.

"What else are you willing to do?" Frank replied.

"Almost anything."

"Almost?"

"Yeah. I'm not killing anyone or cutting off my own dick."

Frank smiled slowly. There was something more to his smile than mere amusement but Daniel couldn't figure it out. But he was desperate to be accepted into the Wombles as they called themselves. It was a weird name. Wombles were cutesy British puppets from a 1970s TV series, halfway between teddy bears and kangaroos. Daniel had asked once what a Womble was, and they simply told him to look it up.

This clique comprised a small group of homeless people who hung out together under the leadership of the older man. Not a gang so much as a feral pack who would brutally assault anyone who threatened any one of them, and who worked together stealing, hustling, and burgling in order to survive on the streets. Each of the boys wore a material patch on his shoulder showing the Womble known as Orinoco. Daniel asked why the girls didn't wear patches.

“Because they can’t be true Wombles,” Caleb, the younger boy told him as the girl delicately tongued his helmet. “Only the guys.”

There was a trace of pride in the boy’s voice.

For his part, Daniel had been on the streets since he was 14 when his mother remarried. He did not get on with her new husband, a mechanic, and the friction between them quickly escalated from verbal to physical abuse. After the last altercation, Daniel went to school with four broken ribs and as he sat in class struggling to breathe, he decided that he had a better chance of surviving on his own.

“Come with me.”

Frank stood up, a cigarette drooping from his lip. Daniel stood, and the others turned to watch as he followed Frank into another room on the ground floor of the remote and long-abandoned, and derelict office building. Frank waited for Daniel, then pushed the door shut behind him.

The room they were in contained a couple of mouldy office chairs and a desk with the wooden veneer peeling thanks to exposure to the weather through the broken windows.

Frank unzipped his jeans and pulled them down to his thighs. Inside, his boxers were piss-stained and grimy. He pushed them down as well, then he sat on the edge of the desk.

“Jack me off,” he said.

“What?”

“You heard me the first time.”

Daniel looked down at Frank’s circumcised dick. It was wrinkled and old-looking and the glans looked dried and stained. The teenager considered the request. He’d pulled more than a few dicks to earn money. Sometimes it was a necessity on the street. He mentally shrugged and took hold of the man’s dick.

At first, he massaged the glans between his thumb and forefinger. Frank’s dick quickly started to fill with blood. When it was hard, Daniel transferred it to his fist and started pumping.

“Not too fast, I don’t wanna cum too quick,” Frank said between gulps of beer.

Daniel slowed down.

“You’ve done this before haven’t you?”

Daniel shrugged.

“I do what I have to survive.”

“Yeah we all do kid.”

Daniel looked him in the face as he masturbated the man. There was no condemnation.

The boy continued working on the cock in front of him for five minutes, going slowly, keeping Frank hard without making him cum.

"You've got a good hand. Now suck it."

Daniel looked up sharply.

"I don't do that. I've never done that."

"You're telling me you've never sucked a dick?"

"No, never."

Frank stared Daniel in the face, holding him with his gaze.

"Don't lie to me kid."

Daniel held his gaze for four long seconds, then he blushed and looked away.

"Well just one. I was desperate for the money."

Frank put his hand on Daniel's shoulder.

"It's okay Dan, we do what we gotta do. And now you gotta do it again if you wanna be part of the Wombles."

Daniel looked at Frank's hard dick. It didn't look appealing, especially to a straight boy, and he could smell the sweat and piss from two feet away. But if the Wombles accepted him he'd have somewhere safe to sleep, people to watch his back, and most of all he'd have a family again.

Daniel dropped his head and started inexpertly sucking Frank's dick. It tasted exactly as rancid as he'd expected. Like a mixture between stale piss and sweat. Frank sat back and let the boy go at it for a minute, then he flinched and yanked the kid's head off his penis, pulling him by the hair.

"Watch your fucking teeth!"

Frank was not someone to fuck with. If the rumours were true, he'd killed at least two people, and one of them was a biker in a fair fight.

"Sorry Frank."

The man released Daniel's hair and the teenager lowered his head and continued sucking him.

"Cover your teeth with your lips, and use your tongue more."

Frank sat back for five minutes and allowed Daniel to continue performing his bumbling blowjob. Then he pushed the kid away.

"You're useless. If you're ever gonna do this for money again, you're gonna have to learn to do a lot better than that. Pull your jeans down."

Daniel looked surprised. Was Frank going to teach him how to deliver a blowjob? It defied belief. But then the man had lived on the streets all his life. He'd probably had to suck dozens if not hundreds of dicks over the years.

Daniel undid the metal button at his waist and pulled his jeans down past his knees whilst Frank watched.

"And them," Frank said, gesturing towards the boy's patterned briefs. They were not as piss stained as Frank's but they were far from spotless. It was hard to do laundry when you lived on the street.

Daniel pushed his briefs down, releasing his shrunken penis. It curved from his bush, ending in a short, tight foreskin snout. His nuts clung tightly to the base of his dick in a small spherical sack covered in deep wrinkles.

"You ain't got nothing to shout about. But I bet a lot of Johns like it that way," Frank said.

Daniel blushed.

"Uh, yeah some. It's bigger when I'm not nervous."

Frank pulled open the drawer of the desk and pulled out a tub of lube.

"Turn around and put your hands on the desk."

Daniel looked confused, then the penny dropped.

"I'm not letting anyone fuck me Frank. Not even you."

Frank's left jab whipped out faster than Daniel could react and hit him in the right eye. He fell to the floor with a grunt. In the other room, the other Wombles heard and glanced at each other with uncomfortable expressions. They had all been through the same initiation.

Frank stood over Daniel.

"Did I look like I was *asking* motherfucker?"

Daniel looked up fearfully. He was no fighter. If trouble happened, he preferred to run.

"N... no Frank. But please Frank, not that. No-one's ever..."

Before he could finish the sentence Frank stamped on his groin. His tight balls mushed against his pelvis. Daniel let out a loud shout.

"Ahhhhhhh."

Frank looked down at him as the boy cupped his agonised nuts in both hands.

"Get the fuck up and lean over that desk now before I rip your goddamned puppy nuts right off your body!"

Still cupping his nuts in his left hand, Daniel rose and leaned over the desk, supporting himself with his right hand.

"You might as well lay flat. Reach over and grab the other side with both hands," Frank instructed him. "Lift your ass in the air!"

Daniel reluctantly obeyed. Then he felt the man smearing lube between his cheeks and on his hole.

"Frank pleeease," He wheedled

"Shut the fuck up and be man about it! You said you'd do almost anything."

"But not this Frank. Please. Don't take my cherry."

“What, like THIS!” Frank said, and jammed his right index finger as far into Daniel’s hole as it would go.

“Uh ahh!” Daniel groaned, letting out a choked yelp.

In the other room, there were more awkward glances.

“Just lost his cherry,” Phil said.

The others nodded and Micah agreed.

“Yeah.”

Daniel turned, rising from the table but Frank reached out and roughly pushed his face, pressing his cheek against the peeling desk wood.

“Stay down motherfucker! Now grab the other side and hang on tight.”

Daniel gripped the desk and Frank moved in between his legs. For a few moments nothing happened and Daniel started to hope that Frank had changed his mind, or that it was all a joke, but his aching nuts and right eye socket said otherwise.

To his dismay, he felt the man spreading his ass-cheeks. Daniel let out a fearful huff, halfway between a whine and a strong exhalation of air. Then the head of Frank’s dick was pressing against his sphincter.

Frank leaned over him, pressing his stomach to the boy’s back. He spoke in a low, gruff voice.

“I like you Daniel, and because I like you, I’m gonna go slow, give your asshole time to adjust to a real cock. But if you tense up against me, I’m gonna rip you a new one got it?”

“Yeah,” Daniel grunted angrily.

“What was that boy?”

“Yes Frank, I got it,” the boy said belligerently.

“Good. Then let’s get started.”

Frank stood and placed his hands on the two crests of Daniel’s hips. Then he leaned slowly against the boy, giving Daniel’s asshole time to spread to accommodate his six-inch meat.

Daniel did his best to relax despite the nausea he experienced feeling a penis trying to enter him. His hole slowly widened, surrendering to the firm but steady pressure from behind, but soon he reached his limit. He started to grunt loudly as the man’s thick penis stretched him.

“Frank it won’t go, you’re too big.”

“It’ll go, just give it time.”

Frank’s dick felt way bigger than the biggest, hardest shit Daniel had ever forced out, but still he did his best to follow Frank’s direction to relax. He felt the head slip inside and he gasped with relief. Unfortunately for him, the shaft of Frank’s penis was wider still.

“Ah, it’s ripping me apart!” Daniel moaned.

“Not much more now kid. You’re doing well.”

Daniel was confused by the contrast between this more compassionate, almost paternal Frank, and the man that had stomped his nuts just three or four minutes ago. But he preferred this version. He did his best to keep his hole relaxed, even though his ring was burning as though someone had shoved a hot poker into him. His attention alternated between his aching balls and his burning asshole.

Then, he felt Frank’s cock slide all the way into him.

Frank said, “Bet you never thought you’d be relieved to feel dick slipping inside you?”

Although Frank was still pushing the side of his head, pressing his cheek into the desk, Daniel couldn’t help but agree. His asshole was on fire, wrapped tightly around Frank’s surprisingly rigid dick, but at least it wasn’t going to get any worse. But he didn’t want to give the man the satisfaction of an agreement so he simply made a non-committal “Unnn” noise.

Frank drove in as deep as he could, and Daniel felt the man’s glans touch a place inside him. It produced an intense sensation, almost as though he wanted to pee, but the pain in his nuts was overriding any possible pleasure he might have enjoyed.

Frank withdrew his fat cock slowly, then pushed it back in just as slowly. Now that he was getting his way, he was acting like a solicitous lover breaking in a virgin. He pulled and pushed slowly, giving the boy’s asshole time to get used to him, then as he saw Daniel starting to breathe easier, he increased the pace of his fucking.

“You’ve got a great ass Dan. Virgins are always the best, and yours is nice and slippery inside like horny woman’s pussy.”

Daniel didn’t know how to respond. Was he supposed to be happy that his ass was like a woman’s pussy? Was he supposed to be thrilled that he was pleasuring the man who had beaten him up and was now raping him? He’d come to the group to gain PROTECTION from violence, not become victim of it.

But at least Frank wasn’t hurting him any worse. He could feel Frank’s big nuts slapping against the back of his own aching pair. Daniel said nothing.

Frank was getting into his rhythm now, pumping faster, enjoying himself. The lumps and veins on his cock teased the nerves of Daniel’s sphincter as they passed. Daniel was starting to gain an unwelcome appreciation for why faggots enjoyed being fucked. He scowled at the window beside him. It was the only thing he could see with his face pushed against the desk. He tried to separate himself from what Frank was doing; to detach his mind by examining with his one good eye, the metal frames with rust and paint flakes slowly corroding their once pristine surfaces. But his balls were hurting too badly. He wondered how long that pain would take to go away; a few hours? A day? A week?! He’d never been nut-stomped and he was shocked at just how much pain he could endure whilst remaining conscious.

He could hear Frank grunting loudly behind him as he jammed his fat dick into him faster and faster. The thought occurred to Daniel that the other Wombles, just one door away would doubtless hear Frank’s grunting and know what was going on. He wondered what they thought about his rape.

Frank started to roar like a triumphal lion, driving his cock home like a pile driver. Daniel felt extra warmth squirting inside of him, seeding him deep inside. Frank pressed the boy's face against the desk even harder, and Daniel wondered if the man was trying to force his head right through the wood.

He let out another strangled gurgle as he struggled to resist the skull crushing force. Then it was over. Frank stopped pressing his skull, and instead lay on top of Daniel, his sweaty body sliding against the boy's back. He lay for three minutes, worn out from the exertion, and whilst the weight of him made it a struggle for Daniel to breathe, the 18-year-old was glad that the man was not savagely fucking his asshole any longer. He was legally a man, but that was just an arbitrary line on a calendar. Right now, he felt like a child; just a bitch to be fucked by this true alpha male.

Daniel felt the man's dick start to soften and shrink inside him. It hurt less with each passing second. Then Frank stood and pulled his soft noodle from the boy's hole. Daniel felt it slip from him with relief.

Frank said, "Let go of the desk and put your arms behind your back."

"What?"

"Put... Your... Arms... Behiiiiind... Your... Back..." Frank said slowly, enunciating each word as though he was speaking to a foreigner.

Daniel frowned but complied, and Frankly immediately tied the boy's wrists together using cord that he had taken from the desk drawer.

Daniel's heart started pounding. Now what? The man had already had his fun.

He felt Frank grip his tight scrotum and work his right testicle to the bottom. Although the teen couldn't see what Frank was doing as the man opened the jaws of the large bulldog clip wide, he felt the shooting pain in his right nut as Frank allowed the jaws to close around his egg.

Daniel screamed at such a high, warbling pitch that it could almost have shattered any remaining glass in the derelict building's panes.

Outside, the other Wombles looked at each other uneasily. Each of them had gone through what Daniel was now suffering.

Daniel struggled frantically, but the pain robbed him of all strength and a single liver punch was enough to collapse his legs. Frank lay him back on the desk with his legs dangling, then he pulled the boy's briefs up, trapping the tortured testicle and its tormentor within.

Frank picked up a large bucket of fast setting epoxy. He mixed the two chemicals and spooned the thick glue into the pouch of Daniel's underpants. Once the boy's nuts were surrounded by glue, Frank pulled up Daniel's jeans and pulled the zipper up. Then he did up the button of the boy's jeans and fastened his leather belt. Finally, he coated the zipper, the button, and the belt buckle in a generous slop of glue as well. Daniel could already feel the glue around his nuts already starting to harden, hot from the chemical reaction that made it set so quickly. It was trapping the bulldog clip

on his nut, but also sticking his genitals against his belly and pubes, and welding everything to the cotton of his underpants and the denim of his jeans.

Daniel was sobbing unashamedly as Frank dragged him to his feet. The front of Daniel's jeans were dark with his own urine, and the seat was dark with Frank's cum.

Frank dragged the boy to the door. Daniel's legs had no strength as Frank half-carried him through it.

The other Wombles looked up at them both from an array ancient chairs and threadbare settees. They were no longer engaged in sexual acts. It was impossible when there was all that screaming in the next room.

Frank said, "Every guy here has given his biggest nut for the Wombles. The girls here will be for you to use any time you like when you get over this. We don't want any cowards living with us, but if you're man enough to come back next month, you're in. It's gonna take you a couple of hours to get that glue off. You can take it off as soon as you like. Your right nut will be long dead by then anyway. You can keep the bulldog clip as a souvenir."

Dan looked at the other male members of the group, tears streaming down his face. Each of them was wearing a bulldog clip around his neck on a necklace, but only now did he realise the significance. They were all Frank's bitches. Each had involuntarily given a nut as well as their assholes to be here. Suddenly the gang name made sense.

Through his agony Daniel groaned, "One balls. Now I get it."

Frank escorted him to the entrance of the building. They were half a mile from town and Daniel could barely walk unaided, and now he could feel his genitals encased in hard glue, like Han Solo in carbonite.

Frank pulled at a knot by the boy's wrists and Daniel's hands were freed. They fell to his groin but there was nothing a hard lump of solidified epoxy there.

"I'll never hurt you again after this, and we'll ALWAYS have your back. You come back soon now, ya hear."

With that, Frank let Daniel fall to his hands and knees, then turned and walked back into the building.

