

Flicked

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heavy ballbusting, castration

A teacher has a spiteful way of punishing his male students.

Flicked

Mr Pelliteri sat at his desk and looked up at the young man standing to his left. The boy was slender with floppy, wavy hair and a coating of downy vellus hair on his cheeks that caught the golden sunlight. He had a weak, slightly receding chin, and incisors that were just a little too big for his upper jaw, with sticking out upper lips that did nothing to hide them. The boy was not exactly ugly, but he was a long way short of anything that could be described as handsome either. He had on a hand-knitted and well-worn, chunky-wool, horizontal-striped brown and white cardigan with a thick zipper on the front. Even for an obscure rural village in 1950s Sicily, his clothes were desperately old fashioned.

“You’ve only been with us for a week and already you are behaving like this. Is this how you plan to continue?”

Ginu briefly looked past the teacher to his new friends Tulliu, Paulu, and Vicenzu. They looked back with serious faces. He remembered Tulliu’s dire warning, “Whatever you do don’t say anything to Pelliteri – it only makes him angrier.” But the man was addressing him directly. It would be provocative to simply ignore his question. His friends had warned him that Pelliteri ruled the school with an iron fist, and nobody in the town dared to defy him. But what could the man possibly do? This was 1952, not the dark ages.

“It was lunch time sir. We only went for a quick paddle to ease the heat.”

“In the fountain of Our Lady!” Pelliteri retorted. “You soiled it with your filthy feet!”

Suddenly, fast as a striking cobra, the man’s left hand whipped out towards Ginu’s groin. At the last second, his hand relaxed and his middle finger snapped like a wet towel and the nail hit the 18-year-old perfectly in the middle of his right testicle. Ginu staggered backwards into his other friend Manfredi, stunned both by the speed and by the amount of pain that immediately radiated from his testicle. He grunted and a pained expression flashed onto his face. He fought to suppress it in front of the 23 other students who were seated at their desks watching. They’d seen it many times before. It was Pelliteri’s thing. Attacking the boys’ testicles was an assault on the very essence of their growing manhood, and nothing cut young adults down to size more effectively, and reminded them that they were merely insignificant children still in his eyes.

Ginu looked at Pelliteri in wide-eyed shock. His friends had warned him not to antagonise the man, or even draw his attention if it could be avoided, but by design or misfortune, he had been the one standing nearest to the teacher as the man castigated them for their lunchtime dip. But still, he couldn't believe that the man would hit him in the balls. Surely that was off-limits? Teachers caned you, or paddled your hands, or gave you inane punishment assignments, but hitting you in the balls was... Hitting you in the balls was just not right. Balls were private.

"Where do you think you're going?" Pelliteri demanded, as Ginu shuffled backwards to create even more distance between them. Ginu looked at the man. He knew that admitting he was moving away to prevent a recurrence would be seen as provocative in its own right. Instead he shuffled nervously forwards again, returning to his former position.

Pelliteri's hand twitched a second time and Ginu flinched backwards but the man was toying with him. The very slightest hint of a smile appeared on his face and the teacher turned away. Ginu relaxed and moved closer again. Then the hand whipped out, fast as a gunslinger drawing his weapon, and the finger nail struck Ginu on the bottom curve of his left testicle. Ginu had a moment to wonder how the man hit him with such perfect accuracy. His balls were a fraction smaller than average for his age but they hung low in a scrawny, stringy sack. Yet the man had struck first one, then the other with the precision of a target shooter.

Then the pain hit him. It was a different pain to the first one; sharper, more instant. Like a stab, followed by a crushing sensation. The right one was aching as though it had just been kicked hard. Ginu was acutely aware of each of them dangling on their thin cords within his scraggly sack. This time it was harder to hide his grimace. He brought both hands up to cup and shield his nuts and moved away again. This time he didn't care what the man thought.

It felt surreal to Ginu, standing in front of his friends and classmates, with both of his eggs aching, knowing that they knew and were visualising his nuts, knowing that his teacher had deliberately inflicted it upon him.

"Maybe a few days with aching stones will teach you a little respect," Pelliteri said sanctimoniously, and he was right. Ginu's testicles did indeed ache for three full days. The experience ensured that he was more cautious about his behaviour going forwards.

It was four months before Ginu thought he had found a way to put the lesson aside without getting caught. He was mistaken, and now he found himself standing with his friends before Mr Pelliteri once again. This time their actions had been targeted deliberately at the school's statue of the Virgin Mary. Like most schools in 1950s Sicily, the Blessed Virgin school in Sant'Anna wore its Catholic heritage overtly.

"Did you boys honestly think that I would not discover that it was you? Who else has already shown such disrespect to Our Lady? It was bad enough that you washed your filthy feet in her fountain, but dishonouring her statue by painting it, is a disgrace that will NOT stand. Take off your trousers now!" Ginu assumed that they were about to be caned. He looked to his friends as they dropped their trousers, then he followed suit.

Ginu's mother had died during the birth of his younger brother. The boy had died at the same time, leaving just Ginu with his father. With no other family to turn to for support, it had broken his father, leaving him unable to face responsibility for almost ten years, but now as he tried at last, to retake control of his life, the man had returned poverty-stricken, to the town where he had grown up, in the hopes of restarting anew with his teenaged son. So it was that Ginu stood in formerly-white Y-fronts that were now greying with age. The crotch hung well below his genitals, stretched and worn, with frayed seams, like everything he owned. The students in the first two rows could see his flaccid genitals through the droopy, open leg hole.

When all five teens stood in a row, with their trousers around their ankles, Pelliteri gave them another command.

"And your underwear."

Ginu was horrified. The teacher wanted them to strip in front of the other students? But there were girls watching! His accomplices reluctantly pushed their underwear down to join their trousers. None of them looked happy to be doing so, but they knew better than to disobey. Ginu watched them in disbelief. This wasn't normal but he was afraid to be the only one who defied Pelliteri, so he slowly pushed his baggy underpants to the floor as well. He immediately brought his hands to his groin, protecting his modesty. The other four already stood with their hands in front of their genitals.

"Hands on top of your heads," the man said in a voice that brooked no dissent.

Ginu looked to his four friends. Tulliu, Vicenzu, Paulu, and Manfredi were already reluctantly lifting their hands to their heads like police prisoners. He noticed with dismay that they all had thicker cocks than him, although Tulliu and Paulu's were shorter. In fact, Paulu was the only circumcised member of the group and it had done him no favours. He had a stumpy two inches nestled high in a mat of brown hair.

Manfredi had a thick, man-sized dick and balls to match. He was the most emotionally mature of the group; a real scholar, yet his mature genitals seemed to Ginu be at odds with his bookish demeanour. He had often lectured the group on how best to please women, but Ginu had always assumed his words to be nothing but talk. Now looking at what he was packing, it seemed that his knowledge of women might be based upon practical experience.

Vicenzu had an even thicker dick, although it was somewhat shorter with a thick, moist foreskin that looked as though he'd just taken a piss and not bothered to shake. It rested on a plump brown sack containing two large, heavy nuts. He loved to talk about the risqué magazines he had at home, and all the fantasies he had during his frequent masturbation sessions. He called it "sega" – sawing his dick. In happier times, his stories of spunk fired from bedroom windows, or upside down into his own mouth reduced Ginu to tears of laughter, but today he had other concerns.

Ginu lifted his arms, he tried to keep his eyes on his partners in crime, rather than allowing his gaze to drift to the watching students. He didn't want to know what they thought of his slender penis or his scrawny nuts, each clearly visible within the paper-thin skin of his scrotum. But he couldn't help himself. He glanced at the other students. To Ginu's relief, most seemed to be interested primarily in Manfredi's impressive genitalia, but two of the girls and one boy were looking directly at his genitals, interested in the newcomer. Ginu feared ridicule or condemnation. He and Paulu were the youngest of the group by at least a year and it showed, but the only expressions he saw on the faces of his classmates were curiosity or sympathy.

"Look at the ceiling," Pelliteri instructed rising to his feet.

The boys complied and he walked to the first boy, Paulu. Paulu's testicles rode high in a soft, loose sack. Pelliteri's hand whipped out and his middle finger nail smacked with catapult force dead centre in the teenager's left nut. Paulu grunted and flinched, but remained standing as the sadistic teacher whipped his other testicle. It bounced in his sack as the thumbnail buried itself into the side of the soft flesh, and again, the boy grunted. The watching students could see that his already diminutive penis was shrinking from the pain, but he clenched his teeth and continued staring at the ceiling, unable to prevent the tears that trickled down his flushed and angry cheeks.

Mr Pelliteri made his way down the other three, flicking each of them with enough force to ensure that their testicles would to swell to three or four times their normal size within an hour, and none; not even Vicenzu, would have any interest in masturbation for at least three months.

Ginu was last in line. He had not directly witnessed the other boys' punishments, but from their reactions, their grunts of pain, and the sound of Pelliteri's finger thudding into their testicles one after another after another, he had correctly surmised what was coming. He was determined not to be the one boy who begged for mercy or cried out in pain. He scowled and stared at the ceiling, steeling himself as the man stood in front of him. Then Thwack! The first flick to his right testicle, right in the middle. It was so much harder than before. Ginu grimaced and grunted.

"Smallest first," Mr Pelliteri said in a low voice.

Thwack! Now the left side, also in the middle. Ginu felt the orb jump sideways in his sack. His balls were two glowing orbs of pain.

Thwack! The right one again, this time from the top in a downwards direction.

Ginu let out a strangled yelp as he felt the nail hit his testicle on top like a teaspoon cracking a hard-boiled breakfast egg.

"You're new here boy. You need to learn to follow the rules."

Thud! Now the left-hand side again, the finger flicking downwards from an upper angle. It hurt so much that Ginu felt as though he was going to pee. He held it back. Two eggs for breakfast then.

"You boys think that you are almost men with your dicks and your growing balls. But you're not."

WACK! The right side again, this time from beneath. Now his testicle was a pinata, struck for Pelliteri's amusement.

"You're still just children with hair on your dicks."

THUD! The hardest yet. Left testicle from beneath. This time Ginu could not help himself: he felt the urine dribbling from his dick, and his rubbery legs wobbled as he lost control.

He looked down from the ceiling at Mr Pelliteri. He wanted to know why he was receiving extra blows.

The man gripped Ginu's aching balls in his fist and ground them together. They slid off each other, slippery, trapped in his sack. Ginu brought his knees together futilely as the pain in his already-bruised balls rose even higher.

“Now maybe you’ll remember you are just a boy as long as you are in my school.”

Ginu let out a single strangled word that took all of his effort to say.

“Sir.”

It was part acknowledgement, but mostly it was a plea for mercy.

Pelliteri released Ginu’s balls before they were permanently damaged. Tears streamed down the teenager’s face. The teacher stepped back and looked at the ground between Ginu and Tulliu’s legs. Each of them had lost control of his bladder. Their lowered underwear and trousers were wet, and there was a puddle of urine beneath each of them.

“Tulliu and Ginu, clean those puddles up. You can use your own underwear.”

The two wet-eyed young men looked at each other, then at the puddles that betrayed their lack of control, then back at each other. They knew that neither of them had the courage to defy their brutal teacher. They kicked off their trousers and used their underwear to clean the puddles they had created. Pelliteri and the other three teens watched. The others were still naked from the waist down, their testicles darkening and their penises shrivelling as though they had swum in the cold ocean.

When Ginu and Tulliu were done, Mr Pelliteri angled himself so that he was addressing all five boys and the rest of the class.

“How many times must I make it clear, although you are 18, 19 even 20 years old, you are all still nothing but children to me? If you think that you are man enough to defy me, I will have to demonstrate, as I have with these little boys,” he gestured towards their naked groins, “that you have a long way to go. A very long way indeed.”

He pulled an expression that was midway between disdain and ridicule.

“Now return to your seats. You may not wear trousers or underwear for the rest of the day. Let your nakedness and any embarrassment you may feel, serve as a warning to everyone else.”

He thought for a moment, then gave a sadistic smirk.

“In any case, I don’t imagine you’ll want to place your stones into tight underwear for quite some considerable time.”

All five teenagers returned to their seats, walking with the tentative caution of a person who does not want his testicles to bounce off his own inner thighs. Not even a little bit.

Ginu could not believe that he’d stood naked in front of his entire class while this man; this sadistic pig, repeatedly flicked him in the testicles. He’d heard of boys lowering their underwear to receive a spanking from a teacher before, but never in front of other students. Correction; he remembered once seeing a boy lower the rear of his underpants whilst he stood facing the corner to be caned. The victim was left standing there bare-bottomed for a whole lesson, to shame him and warn others. But even THEN, the boy’s genitals were never displayed!

But here, in a dusty summer classroom in the obscure Sicilian town of Sant'Anna, he'd stood naked FACING the class with his privates on display. More than merely on display; they were the focus of the class; and the man's attention.

Now, he was in so much pain he could not stop the tears that trickled down his cheeks. Ginu shuffled morosely to his seat and dropped his soaking wet, piss-stained underwear to the hardened clay floor beside his desk. He sat, spreading his knees, carefully arranging his droopy testicles to minimise impact with the seat or any danger of squashing them between his thighs.

He'd never hurt so badly and it didn't seem to be diminishing as the afternoon passed. Each of his balls was a deeply-aching point of nauseating pain which literally made him feel as though he wanted to vomit. The ache radiated outwards to fill his entire groin, his lower abdomen and even the tops of his legs. He felt weak-kneed and stomach-crampy and sick all at the same time. As the afternoon wore on, he was sure that he could feel the pain all the way along each of the cords that suspended his testicles, all the way into the bones of his pelvis.

From time to time, he'd glance at one of the others. They also sat naked, knees apart, trying fruitlessly to concentrate. Each of them fidgeted uncomfortably in their seats, trying to cope with the aching pain that their teacher knew would for last weeks, if not longer.

Manfredi looked back at Ginu with sympathy. His nuts felt as though he'd been kicked in them, but he knew that Ginu had had the worst of it for some reason. But even he would never have guessed the real explanation. Pelliteri was attracted to the boy, and he used the sexual sadism as a symbolic means of unmaning his own unwanted desires. If Ginu could not be sexually active; if he could not even pleasure himself; then it seemed to Pelliteri as though he would no longer be a source of sexual interest to him. Had he thought more deeply, he might have realised how wrong-headed such a sentiment was. He might have remembered the Roman emperors who castrated the objects of their sexual desires precisely to keep the striplings smooth and sexually attractive.

Finally, at 3.30 Pelliteri dismissed the class. Ginu rose carefully, and pulled his trousers on without underwear. He would have liked to have thrown the stinking cloth away to the side of the dusty road on his walk home but he knew his father was too poor to buy another pair, leaving him with only one pair.

The two-mile journey took him over an hour, walking slowly and carefully like a bandy-legged geriatric. When he arrived home, his father looked up.

"Hello son, you're late."

Before Ginu could explain himself, his father noticed how slowly and carefully his son was walking. He frowned.

"Are you alright Ginu? You look like you're hurt."

Ginu grimaced.

"Mr Pelliteri punished me for a prank."

"What did you do?"

"Me and some others dressed up the statue of the Holy Mother and painted her face."

His father suppressed a grin. Since the loss of his wife, he had little use for religion.

"That was disrespectful. These people take their faith very seriously."

"I know that now."

"So how did the teacher punish you? Cane?"

Ginu shook his head and lowered his trousers. His penis hung like a four-inch noodle, but behind were two dark-crimson, grapefruit-sized orbs hanging pendulously in his massively overstretched scrotum.

Enzo frowned as he looked at his son's genitals, not fully comprehending the damage.

"Pelliteri did that? What did he do, kick you?"

Ginu shook his head again.

"No, he does this thing where he makes you stand there naked while he flicks you with his finger nails."

"He did that just with his nails?"

"He does it really hard. And in front of everyone."

"Naked? The other students were watching?"

Ginu nodded.

"And nobody tried to stop him?"

"Everybody's scared of him. Even the parents. Vicenzu said he used to be in the Special Forces."

"But to do that to you in front of the other students. Were there girls there?"

Ginu nodded blushing, reminded again of his humiliation.

"The bastard. What a sadist!"

"That's what Manfredi called him."

Enzo approached and reached for his son's enormous testicles. Ginu flinched away, setting them swinging slowly like the clapper of an enormous church bell in the wind.

"I'll be gentle," Enzo assured him, and Ginu allowed his father to touch them.

Enzo lifted his son's testicles. The boy was a skinny slip, but his balls were enormous. They looked comically large on his body; like hanging bull nuts on a fishing pole. They were heavy, filled with fluid that had belatedly accumulated there to protect the delicate meat within. Ginu winced as his father lifted them, instinctively doubling over slightly to protect them. He let out a half moan, half sigh with vocal cords tightened by pain.

His father gently squeezed them, and brave though he tried to be, Ginu let out a whine.

"They feel puffy. Let's get you to the doctors."

Enzo carefully lowered his son's bruised testicles again.

"We can't afford that. They'll be alright after a while."

Enzo smiled wanly at his son's bravery. Ginu was right, they couldn't afford the services, even of the village doctor.

"In that case, I think the best thing you can do is wrap them in a cool, wet towel. Maybe it will take away some of the swelling. You won't be returning to that school. At least as long as that man is the teacher."

Two weeks later, with the dinner plates cleared and washed, Enzu was sitting in a battered wooden chair at the dining table reading a two-day old newspaper when a knock at the door disturbed the evening peace. Enzo and Ginu lived in a small, single-floor stone cottage. It was little more than a shack, and like Ginu's underwear, it was a long time since its stucco walls had been white.

Enzo rose and walked to the door where Pelliteri stood outlined in the darkness. A 40-watt electric bulb in the hallway lit him weakly.

"Good evening Mr Tramontano, my name is Luca Pelliteri. I'm your son Ginu's teacher."

Ginu heard his teacher and moved to his bedroom door to listen to the conversation.

"I know who you are and what you did to my son," Enzo said closing the door in Pelliteri's face.

Pelliteri put his foot in the door so that it could not fully close.

"Now, now Mr Tramontano, there's no need to be ungracious. Let's talk about this like civilised men."

Enzu opened the door.

"We have nothing to discuss. You harmed my son's manhood. He will not be returning to school as long as you teach there. Now remove your foot and go away."

Pelliteri left his foot where it was.

"Are you aware that your son is *required* to attend school until he is 21? Unless you are planning to move to another town, his attendance is not optional."

"Ginu will NEVER enter another classroom with you. You are a pervert and a sadist."

Pelliteri did not care about being called a sadist. In fact, it only helped his reputation as someone not to be challenged, but being called a pervert was a different matter. It hit close to home. His expression changed from coolly cordial to icy.

"Be careful what accusations you throw around in public Mr Tramontano. I might take offence, then I would be forced to take action to preserve my good name."

"Your good name? What good name? You are despised in this town, and rightly so, but because you are also dangerous, everyone also fears you. My son will NOT be returning to your classroom."

"I have a duty to maintain discipline in my classroom. Nothing calms a young man down faster than strong discipline, and nothing acts as a greater deterrent to future misbehaviour than stones that ache for an entire week. A boy quickly loses interest in rebellion when his dick is shrivelled and his capacity for masturbation is denied, especially when it is brought about during the humiliation of

nudity in front of his classmates. I assure you, it may seem harsh, but my methods achieve results that less... progressive disciplinarians can only dream of. There is no long-term damage, and I am convinced that my technique is highly effective.”

“No long-term damage, you bastard?! It’s been two weeks and Ginu’s balls are still the size of grapefruits. He can barely sit down and he’s in constant pain.”

“Yes, I felt he needed a harsh lesson to deter him from a lifetime of trouble and defiance.”

“Defiance? Who the hell are you to make that decision?!” Enzo shouted, his anger overcoming his good judgement. “Ginu is a good boy. A very good boy. And if he was a little mischievous, well boys will be boys. Punish him if needs be, but there is NO excuse for touching his private parts!”

Ginu stepped from his bedroom door into the short hall behind his father wearing nothing but the pyjama trousers he had had spent most of the past fortnight in. He tugged at his father’s arm.

“Dad, there’s no point arguing with him. Everyone knows that Mr Pelliteri *likes* hurting boys.”

“Careful Ginu,” Pelliteri cautioned, “Or you might offend me.”

“This is MY goddamned house!” Enzo interjected, “And if me OR my son wants to offend...”

He didn’t get to finish the sentence. Pelliteri moved with a speed that belied his 48 years and his large body. In an instant, he had grabbed Enzo by the throat with a powerful left hand. Ginu’s father brought both hands to his throat in shock, and the moment he did, he felt the fingers of Pelliteri’s right hand unerringly gripping his testicles. Both of Enzo’s testicles were trapped between the edge of the school teacher’s index finger and his thumb. Pelliteri gave a single sharp squeeze to crush all the fight from the man. Two bolts of pain shot from Enzo’s testicles to his stomach, and he was instantly paralysed by the pain: not in the literal sense of preventing his muscles from working; rather his brain was so overwhelmed by the unexpected pain that he couldn’t formulate a response.

Mr Pelliteri spoke in a quiet voice that dripped menace.

“I warned you to be careful how you spoke to me. Now it seems that I must teach you the same lesson as your son.”

Enzo stared at him with an expression of shock. The man; this fucking *school teacher* was squeezing his nuts! He swung a wild haymaker. Pelliteri was not used to people fighting back and the punch hit him on the cheek knocking his head to the side. He staggered, turning away, releasing both Enzo’s testicles and throat at the same time.

Then he turned back slowly. Enzo stood with a ferocious snarl and clenched fists, ready to defend himself. Pelliteri slowly grinned, and Enzo’s blood turned to ice. Then, with the speed of a striking cobra, Pelliteri’s right hand whipped out and his finger nail struck Enzo’s right testicle with perfect precision. There was a slapping sound as the finger struck it through the frayed material of Enzo’s baggy work trousers. Enzo’s mouth opened in silent shock and fury and he swung an enraged fist at Pelliteri’s head. The former Special Forces sergeant was ready this time. He ducked and his hand simultaneously whipped out again. Long before the fist sailed over his head, Pelliteri’s heavy hand struck Ginu’s father on the left testicle.

Now it was Enzo’s turn to stagger backwards, clutching his groin in shock and pain.

“Like son, like father huh?” Pelliteri gloated. “His right one is smaller too.”

"Don't hit my dad!" Ginu yelled, running forwards with no plan in mind.

Whack! His advance was halted by a backhand slap that hit both swollen testicles from beneath. The shock and force of the blow lifted Ginu off his feet as he tried futilely to halt his advance. Before his feet had even touched the ground, he felt his teacher gripped his hugely bloated left testicle through his pyjamas, capturing it in a clawed hand. Ginu yelped as the man dug his fingers into the tender, bruised flesh, and reached down to pry the man's hand from him, but Pelliteri halted his efforts with a single sharp squeeze that served both as warning and distraction.

Enzo raised his fists and stepped forwards, his own testicles aching, to aid his son.

With his free hand, Pelliteri reached down and gripped Enzo's left testicle through his trousers, and squeezed the fight sharply from him. Now he stood, holding the left testicles of both members of the Tramontano household, as Enzo and Ginu stood next to each other both terrified to move.

"I can see that I am going to need to teach you both a harsher lesson. You do NOT disrespect me EVER."

With that, he slowly brought his fingers together, pressing the thumb of his hand right through Enzo's captured testicle until it reached the side of the opposite finger. At the same time, he closed the claw around Ginu's testicle until the tips of his fingers met in the middle of the young man's already injured gonad. Enzo and Ginu let out blood curdling screams of anguish, clutching ineffectually at Pelliteri's thick and impossibly powerful forearms. Their efforts were no more successful than a child swatting away the trunk of an oak tree.

Pelliteri lifted his arms, raising father and son to their tiptoes, staring at their expressions of horror with satisfaction. Every few years, a parent in their remote town had to be pulled back into line, and a crushed testicle or two was always enough to do it. The procedure would not require the removable of the injured organ, but the testicle would be sickeningly painful for three to six months, and would rapidly atrophy to a fraction of its former size. Furthermore, it would never again be capable of producing sperm or hormones: a permanent reminder not to mess with him.

On two occasions, when fathers had come seeking revenge; one with a knife, and the other with a gun; Pelliteri had taken both of their testicles before sending them on their way.

"I've just taken one stone from each of you," Pelliteri hissed vindictively. "In six months, they will be nothing more than tiny ornaments dangling between your legs. Because this is a painful procedure, I will give you two more weeks to recover Ginu. After that, I expect to see you back in class. Do you understand?"

Ginu whimpered, more concerned about the pain in his damaged testicle.

"Do you understand?!" Pelliteri repeated more forcefully, lifting the boy higher.

"Yes!" Ginu managed to whimper in a high-pitched, choked voice.

"Say 'Yes, Mr Pelliteri'," the man said asserting his total dominance.

He squeezed his fingers deeper and Ginu screamed in a shrill, hitched voice. It took all his effort to get the words out.

"Yes Mr Pelliteri! Yes, yes!" he screamed hysterically.

“Good. That’s better. And if you don’t want me to take the other stone as well, neither of you will do anything stupid in a foolhardy effort to take revenge okay?”

He squeezed both of their testicles and their whining moans of pain intensified.

“I’ll take that as a ‘Yes’,” he said, finally releasing them.

Enzo and Ginu collapsed to the ground, clutching at their groins, tears rolling down their cheeks.

“I’ll bid you both good evening. Ginu, I’ll see YOU in class in two weeks.”

That night, Enzo and his son hobbled together to the village doctor. This time Enzo was willing to pay any price to save his son more pain.

After a brief examination, the doctor said, “There’s nothing I can do to fix the damage. That bastard Pelliteri knows exactly what he’s doing. The only way to stop the pain would be to remove your testicles, but that’s not a surgery I’m willing to undertake. You’d have to go to Sciacca or Sambuca for a hospital that can perform that kind of operation, and that would be at least half the night away on foot. More importantly, that would leave the young man sterile and unable to father children.”

“I don’t want to have my balls cut off dad,” Ginu moaned.

“No, nor do I son. That’s out of the question. Is there nothing else you can do doctor?”

“All I can do is give you something for the pain.”

He left the room and returned two minutes later with a bottle of pills, which he offered to Enzo.

“Morphine. Strongest I have. It should make the pain bearable but it might make give you side-effects such as headaches or dizziness. If you experience anything more serious, stop taking it and come see me immediately. Take one every 4 hours. Less if you think you can do without it. Whatever you do, do NOT take more than that.”

Word got out around the town that Pelliteri had taken another two victims and ironically, it did more to win the father and son friends in the village than Enzo’s best efforts over the past eight months had. The villagers suddenly started coming by, checking up on them, dropping food in and generally making them feel welcome and sympathising. Now they were part of the secret that the village kept.

Ginu spent much of the next week sleeping, but two weeks after his teacher’s unsolicited house-call, he sat quietly at his school desk once again. His classmates discreetly fawned over him, and commiserated with his suffering. Then Pelliteri arrived, and gave him the slightest of smiles before carrying on as though nothing had happened.

It took a year before justice caught up with the evil teacher. He never even heard the club that hit him in the back of the skull as he walked to the local bar one Friday evening in November.

When he regained consciousness, he was naked, wearing a hood. With a noose around his neck and his arms securely tied behind his back. He started to struggle, growling with anger as he did so.

"He's awake," Ginu announced.

"Good. Then we're nearly ready to get out of here," Enzo replied.

"Tramontano, is that you?" Pelliteri snarled. "What the fuck have you done to me?"

"Hello Pelliteri," Enzo said neither denying nor confirming his identity. "The village has had enough of you and your evil bullying. We've decided that it should be YOUR turn to suffer. Let's see how YOU like it"

"What the fuck are you talk..."

He interrupted his own question as he felt Ginu's hands on his testicles. He might have enjoyed the experience under other circumstances.

"Who the fuck! Get your hands off my stones!"

"He's got big balls," Ginu said. "And they hang really low."

"Ginu, is that you? You goddamned brat! And to think that I tried to help you."

Ginu wrapped both fists around his teacher's hefty nuts, interlocking his fingers then squeezed them hard.

"This is how you tried to help me," he said.

"Ahh, you fucking bastard! I'm going to grind your stones into pulp when I get free."

"Maybe, but *you* won't have any balls when you do it."

Ginu tied a stout cord multiple times around Pelliteri's testicles, isolating each of them from the other and criss-crossing them in a self-tightening mesh. Then he tied several loops around the root of the man's penis.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Pelliteri demanded.

Ginu ignored him as his father lifted a heavy rope-wrapped rock up for his son. Ginu passed the end of the testicle cord through the rope that wrapped around the rock and tied it off.

"Pelliteri, in a moment, I'm going to hand you a rope. It's attached to a 30-pound rock. The rock is attached to your balls. I suggest that you do not drop it unless you want to lose your balls. The boy here is quite skilled at knot-tying so the cord will not tear your balls off right away. First the knots will tighten around your balls, squeezing until they both pop. Then the rope will hang from your cock, stretching it and cutting off the blood until it dies."

"You goddamned son of a whore Ginu!" Pelliteri screamed.

"Maybe so sir," Ginu said, "but tomorrow morning, at least I'll still have one working ball."

He passed the rock to his teacher.

"You can take it now or lose your balls right away."

Pelliteri gripped the rope with his right fist. Enzo had tied Pelliteri's hands in such a way that the man couldn't use his left hand at all, either to work the knots on his wrists free, or to help support the rock.

"Oh, and in case you're thinking of simply sitting down, then working yourself free from there," Enzo said, "there's a noose around your neck. I guess if you're determined, you could just hang yourself right away, and save yourself a lot of pain. Or you could fight. Who knows, maybe if you last long enough and shout loud enough, someone will save you, or you can escape, but I wouldn't bet on it."

"You fucking bastard! You fucking worthless pair of bastards. I'm going to hurt you both so badly."

Enzo threw a reverse nod to his son, lifting his chin and indicating the rope that they were going to use to climb out of the sinkhole. It had taken them a long time to find and prepare the hole out in the mountains, a long way from any passing roads or tracks. Enzo took one more glance at his teacher's genitals. The man's long fat cock was already darkening from the cord that was tied around its root, and his large balls bulged between the mesh of cord that encased them.

Ginu and his father climbed the rope that reached 30 feet up to ground level on the mountainside, then Enzo pulled it up after them. Below, his neck secured to a thick cross-beam that Enzo had inserted 20 feet from the dirt floor, Pelliteri stood, holding the rope in his powerful fist.

Ginu pointed his flashlight into the hole, leaned down and called, "Goodbye Mr Pelliteri."

"Enzu, I'm glad your wife died. You're a pathetic waste of a man Tramontano, and you have a pathetic weed of a son. Ginu, you'll be a virgin until the day you die, you ugly, snivelling worm!"

Ginu unzipped his trousers and pushed down his baggy grey/white underpants, then flopped his genitals over the waistband. His father shone his torch at his son's groin. The boy's scrawny scrotum hung four inches. At the bottom was a single normal-sized testicle. Hanging much higher, was a much smaller one, no larger than a kidney bean, and useless now. Ginu lifted his skinny penis and pissed down the hole onto Pelliteri's hooded head.

"Here's a goodbye present Mr Pelliteri."

Pelliteri screamed in rage as Ginu stopped and pulled his underwear back up.

"Ginu!" Pelliteri screamed looking up but seeing nothing through his wet hood, "Ginu, please, don't do this. Everything I did was for your own wellbeing. I only wanted to make you a better student."

Enzo wrapped his arm around his son's shoulder.

"Let's go son."

Ginu smiled and they turned and walked slowly away from the hole, followed by screams of alternate abuse and begging from Pelliteri. As they reached a point 50 yards away, his shouts of abuse were suddenly cut short by a gurgling yelp of pain.

"Already?" Enzo said, "I expected him to last much longer than that."

"Hmmm, I may have greased the rope. Just a little bit," Ginu said with a smirk.

Enzo looked at his son, seeing a new side of him. Fuck knows, the boy had the right to be vindictive. Ginu pulled a wide-eyed Mr Innocent face that worked all the better thanks to his angelic curls of brown hair. The two of them stared at each other for a few seconds, then a huge grin burst onto

Enzo's face, and they both burst out laughing, and walked away leaving Pelliteri alone. It would be the last time anyone ever saw the man again.