

Rachel squeezed the satisfyingly large testicle gently, eliciting that adorable gasp Greg made when she was just starting to hurt him. She couldn't believe she'd gotten lucky enough to get an amazing guy who ACTUALLY liked being ballbusted. Of course, with her looks, she'd managed to get a few former beaus to accept a gentle kick or a squeeze, but as soon as she'd start ramping it up to the level of testicular torture she really enjoyed, they broke up with her.

With Greg, as soon as she tentatively brought up the idea of ballbusting, he enthusiastically agreed. Of course, Rachel had known there were boys who were interested in the idea; the deluge of private messages she got on every femdom forum proved that well enough. But she never thought she'd get to meet one in real life, much less be given unfettered access to his plump balls.

For years, she'd contented herself with the deluge of online ballbusting pornography. She'd rub herself to ecstasy as she watched some porn star get knee after knee in his sensitive, fragile reproductive organs. She imagined having a boy of her own, letting out squeaks as she mashed his babymakers to mush. In her most desperate moments, she wrote stories about the fantasies she had that were too brutal to film. Actual testicular damage. Boys in ridiculous situations, having their balls broken in a thunderous POP. The castration would be preceded by hours of nutcrushing torture, her victims having their balls swollen and bruised. She'd dreamed about blueballing them for fantastical amounts of time, for months or a year, and then destroying the sensitive, swollen genitals without even giving their owner a chance at release. Just imagining a scrotum full of fragile, blue balls underneath her foot, as their owner looked up at her, his face full of despair as she cut his sex life short with a cruel stomp, was enough to get her wet and flustered.

Of course, she recognized that carrying out such fantasies in real life would be impossible with consent. No way she could find one of those one in 10,000 boys who ACTUALLY liked having their balls crushed. She'd proposed it to all of her three previous boyfriends, and two had broken up on the spot. The third reluctantly agreed, but broke up with her after just two knees to the nuts left him rolling on the ground. She'd taken out the amount they agreed upon anyway, going up to the full count of ten kicks. His squeaky voice and hyperventilation were just as hot as she imagined, but his balls weren't anywhere near the size of what she fantasized about. She wrote about balls the size of chicken eggs, but...these were just grapes. And of course, he'd never let her near him after her testicular assault.

So she'd been on the lookout for a boy with big balls she could bust. She wouldn't actually castrate him; she could tell the difference between reality and fantasy. She just wanted to squeeze his nuts a little, see him tear up while she tested the limits of his nuts. Her wildest fantasies involved hurting him somewhere public, where he would try to hold in his cries of pain as she mashed his swollen blue balls cruelly. She figured either he'd accept her offer and she'd get one chance to really bust him with his consent, or he'd reject her, and she'd do the same thing on the spot.

She never expected this hunky, manly former crew team member to be so generous with his prodigious manhood. He enthusiastically accepted on the spot, stripping himself without a second thought and presenting his two testicles for her.

Turns out this stud had a huge ballbusting fetish and submissive side. If that wasn't enough, his balls were actually the size of chicken eggs, a feat she thought reserved for porn stars with trick cameras. When she asked him to give her permission to bust him in public whenever she found it suitable, he'd agreed right away. She hadn't taken him up on that agreement yet, although she had already started incorporated tons of kicking, punching, and gentle biting into their sex life. The more intense she went, the more Greg loved it. When she'd gone so far as to leave visible bruises in their most recent session, he'd actually thanked her, after he'd come back from blacking out.

So she found herself in Professor Vatpon's 9am physics lecture, seated in the back next to her wonderful boyfriend, squeezing his left testicle for all it was worth. She dug her fingers in a little harder. She was holding quite a bit of her strength back; after all, this was just for a little bruising and public domination, not actual damage. Knowing they could be caught turned her on all the more, although neither of them had Vatpon, so the consequences for recognition were low.

She snuck a glance at her victim. He was composing himself admirably, given the circumstances. Only an astute observer could see the trail of tears slowly making its way down the side of his face, his jaw clenched in agony as she manhandled his most sensitive organs. God, she loved the way he looked. He was an absolute stud to begin with, but that strained agony just pushed her over the edge. Her other hand snaked its way down between her own legs, and she pulled her panties aside to touch her sensitive clit. She was already soaking. This had literally been her fantasy for years, and she finally got to live it out.

Well, not literally. She couldn't act out her ACTUAL fantasy of castrating him, of course. She repositioned her hand to take both of his nuts in it. She wanted to apply a lot more pressure, and she knew if she was squeezing both balls, she wouldn't be in any danger of crushing either of them.

"Please..."

She was surprised to hear anything out of him, considering how hard she was squeezing him. She looked over at him, and he was definitely crying now, his hands clutched in his lap tightly. He clearly couldn't handle the pain. She sat up a bit, pulling his testicles down painfully and giving them a good twist. They barely fit in her hand. They were experimenting with some orgasm denial play, and she had stopped letting him cum two weeks. His poor blue balls were swollen and barely fit in her hands. She felt his impressive cock stiffen up, tenting his shorts out and making more room for her to reposition her hand.

"Please...please don't squeeze my testicles so hard."

If they hadn't talked about this frankly before, Rachel might have started to ease up the pressure. He put on a very convincing facade as a poor boy who couldn't handle his nutpain. But she knew how much he loved acting the tortured victim. She would stop when and only when she heard their safeword. Until then...he consented to let her do as much to him as she wanted.

"*GOD*, my *balls!*"

And while they both wanted children some day...She knew from her experiences with men online that most guys who liked intense ballbusting, also liked castration talk.

And he still wasn't saying their safe word.

"Please what, boy?" She whispered, smiling. "Want me to leave you with something functional down there?"

He gasped. If he wasn't into it, he would scream the safeword and run out...

"Please don't pop my balls, Rachel."

She bit her tongue to stop herself from moaning out loud. His acting was incredible. Her finger sped up over her little pleasure button, and she bucked in ecstasy. They were far in the back, in an otherwise empty row in a 500 person class. She should be discreet, but nobody was really paying attention to them. She squeezed harder, and she felt his fat, sexy balls squish out between her fingers just a tad. She knew he'd need something to make up for this later, a good blowjob or something. She was working him more than she ever had in their bedroom. He would have sore, swollen balls for weeks.

But not broken. Totally functional. She knew testicles were impossibly resilient. She'd read about this dozens of times online. She'd personally tested these testes with kicks and punches.

"Please, I want to have children someday. I want to have sex with you again. Please...please don't castrate me. Just...let go, you're...you're really starting to hurt me."

His voice was coming out in barely a whisper, and a high-pitched one at that. She let herself slip into her fantasy. This hunky jock of a man, his entire manhood in her grasp, begging her to let him keep something, anything, so that he could still remain a man, and not a neutered, nutless freak.

"Rhinceros! Goddamn, rhinceros! That's our safeword, right?"

Of course, that had been their safe word. Last week. They had changed it on Sunday, so he could cry it out and she could pretend to ignore it. She couldn't believe how much he was

catering to her fantasies. She pressed down on her clit harder and her jaw went just the tiniest bit slack as she edged toward her orgasm.

“You...you know there isn’t any damn safeword, Greg. I’m going to pop your balls, and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

His jaw dropped, and the light went out in his eyes. It was unbelievable. It was like looking into the eyes of a man with his balls in a guillotine. She was almost convinced that he was convinced that he was about to be castrated.

She pulled down on his testicles to their maximum length, and dug her thumb into the back of the left nut. It was far harder than she had gone before, but she knew he could take it. She’d read the stories online.

But stories were just stories. And for all her practice, Rachel had never actually squeezed him this hard before.

Splut
Splut

In her fantasies, the exact moment balls gave way to mush was loud and obvious. She had always imagined testicular rupture to be loud, like a balloon popping. Surely, an event as significant as this in a man’s life would be magnificent. So when her thumb burst through her handful with barely a sound, she almost didn’t know what she had done. She couldn’t tell she had castrated him. It was just so...underwhelming.

At first, anyway. Then, all at once, it hit her.

Her deepest, darkest fantasy had just been acted out, right here, in public and discreet all at once. Greg let out a shriek, and the whole lecture hall turned and stared at them. She felt the mush in her hand that had been his proud, intact testicles just moments ago. She didn’t mean to. She didn’t want to pop him. She had just been doing a little roleplay. And now...

Her orgasm hit her like a freight train as her libido caught up with the facts her brain was piecing together. Two balls were shattered irreparably in her hand. Greg would never have children of his own; she’d just cut off his genetic line permanently. If she had been in control of herself at all at this point, she would have extricated her hand from his pants, maybe giving him a sliver of a chance at having a nut repaired at the hospital. But her orgasm was beyond anything she had ever felt before, and her hand contracted involuntarily around his manhood, crushing what little was left inside his scrotum. She bucked and moaned, aware that she was being watched now but uncaring about anything except her own pleasure. Greg was openly bawling now, his hands clutching feebly at her iron grip on his former balls.

She finally got a hold on herself. She had cum audibly, with one hand in her former boyfriend's pants the entire time. She realized how obvious it had been to everyone in the room. She slid her hand out and walked out briskly. She didn't care that anyone in the room saw them; neither of them were even in anything remotely physics related, and it was a big school. Nobody in there would know her.

But she wished she had more time with Greg. She didn't mean to pop his balls, but now that she had...She wished she could really see what the mush in his sack really felt like, see if he could still feel pain, maybe even still get an erection...She had so many questions unanswered.

As she thought of all this, she noticed something. Or rather, a lack of something. Regret. Greg was a nice boy, after all. Shouldn't she feel bad? It was an accident, after all.

Or was it? Was it really an accident, or her subconscious urging her on despite what was obviously happening? Had they agreed to change the safe word this week, or next week? She should have been able to tell that his balls were giving way though, right?

But...she had. She realized she'd known something was different when she felt him bulging through her fingers. That was already much farther than they had ever gone in private.

And she had kept going. Kept going far beyond any reasonable limit. She had wanted to neuter him. She could never admit it, but it was what she had wanted more than anything else.

She could feel herself getting wet again. She needed to get home.

This was going to make a great story.