

Vern's Ballbusting Peril

By: Jobbercomics.com

Vern entered the basement of Doc's skyscraper. At 27, the young hero cautiously kept his radio tracker communication device on. In his ear was a headset.

"I'm going in," Vern said as he sent the message back to Marcus Kane, the head of the Augment Alliance crew.

"Copy," Marcus called back. "If you get into any trouble, I'm tracking you. I'll have Vanguard, Slate, or Razor back you up."

"Don't bother," Vern said. "They have bigger problems. I'm just going to get a sample of the air quality and send it back. If it tests positive, we know they are hoarding material to build a bomb."

"What does it test, muscle hero?" a voice called from an intercom.

Smoke began to fill the room, and Vern started coughing. Emergency bars dropped from the ceiling, cornering him in. Within minutes Vern was on the ground, sprawled out and knocked unconscious from the sleeping gas.

Later

Vern woke up groggy. He was hog-tied on a table, but all he could see were candle lights flickering around him.

"So nice of you to join me for dinner," Doc said.

Doc—the Grand Island City mastermind villain.

A firm hand grabbed Vern's left glute muscle. It flexed in Doc's grip.

"Nice and meaty," Doc said.

The hero flexed, but the restraints kept him locked down. His arms couldn't move, and his glutes flexed even more—perfectly sculpted muscles that Doc stared at while finishing a large gourmet dinner.

"I have plans for you, Vern. You will fight in the Mauling Arena on a livestream that dark web viewers have paid millions of dollars to see. You will be stretched, ball-busted, broken, and so much more," Doc said.

Vern began to struggle in earnest, but there was no way to break free.

"We'll see about that," Vern said. "I've beaten plenty of your mutant scum before."

"True," Doc replied as he continued to massage the flexed glutes. "But you know I'm a cheater. You'll be in a daze and rock hard from a new serum that I'm testing on you—one that will drain you with each orgasm."

Doc pulled out a needle and tugged on the hero's codpiece. The two firm orbs of the suit's codpiece lay flat against the dinner table. Doc took the needle and injected a purple fluid into the hero's codpiece.

"Ughhh," Vern moaned.

"In five minutes you'll be rock hard and ready to bust," Doc said.

"My villains await to wrestle you. You might know him."

Carnisurge.

Carnisurge—brutal, an apex predator mutant with genetic coding designed to break muscle heroes. Carnisurge had battled the more elite heroes like Slate, Vanguard, and Razor.

Doc stepped back from the table, watching carefully.

The purple serum began spreading through the body of Vern's latex suit. The hero's body tensed involuntarily as the chemical reaction accelerated through his Augment implant.

Vern groaned, muscles tightening across his abs and thighs as the serum flooded his system.

The codpiece of his suit began to swell outward slightly, the material stretching as internal pressure built beneath the armored fabric. The latex reflected the candlelight in shifting highlights as the reinforced structure expanded and hardened. His hard cock, topped with a mushroom print stretched out the latex codpiece.

"Ah... there it is," Doc said with fascination.

The scientist leaned closer, studying the reaction like a researcher observing a rare specimen.

“My serum is activating your implant perfectly,” he continued calmly. “Your body is producing energy far faster than normal. The suit is compensating for the pressure.”

Vern gritted his teeth, fighting through the haze spreading through his nerves.

“You’re insane,” he muttered.

Doc smiled.

“No, Vern,” he said softly.

“I’m efficient.”

Across the room, a large steel door slowly began to open, the sound of heavy machinery echoing through the candlelit chamber.

Doc glanced toward it.

“Excellent timing,” he said.

“Your opponent has arrived.”

As Vern’s erection grew harder, the serum began to take effect. Any release would weaken him further. That was exactly what Doc wanted. Premium fluid from a muscle hero could fetch a high price on the black market, and Doc also harvested it to supercharge the mutant goons in his employ.

Doc fondled the rigid shaft through the suit, rubbing along its thick ridge and tugging experimentally. Vern squirmed against the restraints.

“That’s it, muscle pup,” Doc said with a grin. “Release your spunk.”

For ten solid minutes Doc worked the sensitive ridge. Vern’s face turned red, veins bulging along his temples. He fought to stay in control. He couldn’t let the edging session force him over the edge.

He had been trained for this.

Villains, mutants, sadists—so many of them loved edging captured heroes, draining them slowly. Marcus Kane, the mastermind behind the Augment Alliance, had even trained the heroes through controlled edging sessions to build their resistance.

Doc knew that.

That was why the serum made everything easier.

Vern felt waves of euphoria rolling through his body. The chemical influence dulled his focus and made the sensations overwhelming.

Doc finally pulled out a collection tube and fitted it over the mushroom tip.

"It's time."

"Unghhhhhhhh—!" Vern groaned as a heavy surge filled the container. The suit's slit automatically opened to allow the fluid to release. The jug began filling rapidly.

Doc's eyes widened.

"Whoa. What a load."

Vern's body convulsed as the draining effect began to take hold. His strength started fading fast. Inside his suit, the Augment implant sent out a signal.

87%.

Back at Augment Alliance headquarters, Marcus Kane sat relaxed in his chair, wearing his Grand Island City bomber jacket. His low fade haircut framed a neat, rounded afro, and black plastic glasses rested on his nose above a simple black T-shirt.

On his screen, a YouTube video of AI-generated cats played.

"What cuties," Marcus chuckled.

Suddenly an alarm blared.

Marcus immediately snapped to attention.

On the monitor, a warning flashed.

87% — HERO VERN

"How?" Marcus muttered, leaning forward. "He was just supposed to get in and out. Fuck."

Vern was young. Marcus cared about all the heroes under his command, but he was especially protective of the rookies. The veterans could endure heavy combat, but younger heroes—with fresh Augment implants tied closely to their physiology—could drain far faster if captured.

Marcus activated the alert system.

A message blasted across every active hero channel.

CODE RED

VERN IS BEING MILKED AND DRAINED

POSSIBLE DOC INVOLVEMENT

LOCATION UNKNOWN

Marcus slammed the transmit button.

"Come on, Vern," he said quietly, staring at the screen. "Give me something."

A voice cut through the comm system.

"I'm on it," Purple Thunder reported.

Another signal followed.

"We'll find him, Marcus," Razor said.

Marcus kept his eyes locked on the monitor, waiting for any signal that might lead them to Vern.

The sound hit first.

A dull, echoing thud against wet concrete.

Vern's body bounced once—then didn't get back up. The muscles of the ripped hero just flexed as he was on the floor.

For a moment, the chamber was still except for the slow drip of water from the ceiling and Vern's uneven breathing, sharp and shallow.

Then came the footsteps.

Carnisurge didn't rush him. He approached with measured certainty, like the outcome had already been decided.

Vern tried to push himself up. His arms trembled violently beneath him, muscles locking, then giving out. His vision blurred at the edges as darkness crept inward.

He barely made it to one knee.

That was when Carnisurge grabbed him.

Not a strike. A grab.

One arm hooked under Vern's shoulder, the other locked across his torso, and with almost no effort Carnisurge hauled him upright like dead weight. Vern's body didn't resist. It couldn't.

Carnisurge adjusted his grip, tightening, then lifted. He squeezed the juicy plump green latex codpiece. He could feel the throbbing of the hot, hard erect cock in his metallic gloved hand.

Vern's boots left the ground completely as the villain pulled him into a crushing hold, while holding the hero's tight testicles. Vern's chest forced open, his body suspended entirely by control.

Vern tried to swing back. It was slow. Weak.

Carnisurge didn't even react. He tightened the hold on the codpiece, absorbed the motion, then shifted and drove Vern down hard onto the concrete.

The impact echoed.

Vern didn't rise this time.

Carnisurge stepped on him, dragging him back up before he could settle. The hold changed—one arm sliding lower, the other locking higher—and Carnisurge turned his hips, pulling Vern off balance and into another position. This time slamming Vern's body over his spiked knee cap. This cut open Vern's suit and blood began to drip from the slash marks.

Vern's boots wiggled weakly in the air as his body was pressed against the jagged knee cap.

No resistance.

Carnisurge pivoted and forced him forward, folding him down and holding him there just above the ground, suspended and controlled entirely by leverage. Vern's body reacted on instinct. Muscles tensed, strained, tried to fire—but there was no strength behind it. Just reflex.

Carnisurge dropped him. Hard.

Before Vern could recover, Carnisurge was already on him again—grabbing, dragging, pulling him upright into another hold, tighter and closer this time, locking him in from behind. Next Carnisurge pulled out a spiked melee weapon and began swinging it into Vern's abs, pecs, shoulders, thighs. All over.

Vern's head tilted slightly, his breath uneven, his body trying to respond but failing.

Carnisurge adjusted again, subtle and practiced, neutralizing even the smallest movement. Vern's body shifted with each correction like it belonged to someone else.

Then Carnisurge lifted him again. Slowly. Inevitably.

Vern's arms hung. His legs didn't engage. For a moment, he didn't even struggle.

Carnisurge held him there, hand gripped again on the codpiece. This time he held the testicles that jut out like two green latex orbs. He squeezed them repeatedly for about ten minutes. Each twist just causes pain. The plump fertile testicles were squeezed like tangerines. Vern was suspended, then repositioned him again in the cock grab hold. Carnisurge dragged him sideways, rotating him, never releasing control. Each movement placed Vern exactly where Carnisurge wanted him and kept him there. Each move just focuses on his testicles. By now there were slash marks that cut into his suit. Areas of his testicles and cock rod exposed among the slash marks. Blood, pre cum and sweat mixed into a sauce that Carnisurge wanted to taste. He began to take advantage of the fact that Vern was horny from the serum. He rubbed Vern's cock until he unloaded and busted a nut.

"I didn't say you could nut yet," Carnisurge said. "Bad muscle pup."

Carnisurge went in and twisted the testicles harder. He must've ruptured some blood vessels because Vern was screaming.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh. Stoppppppp. My balls!" Vern screamed.

Vern hit one knee.

Not by choice.

Carnisurge forced him into it and held him there—neither letting him stand nor collapse.

Vern tried to push up. His arms shook violently as he braced against the ground. For a fraction of a second, it looked like he might rise.

Carnisurge grabbed the testicles again and tightened the hold.

Vern's effort collapsed instantly.

His arm buckled. His body dipped forward.

Carnisurge pulled him back up again.

Another hold. Another testicle grab.

Another position. Another crotch claw. It was relentless.

This time Carnisurge stepped around him, maintaining constant contact, rotating him backward and controlling his center completely.

Then another lift.

Vern's feet left the ground again. His body offered nothing in return.

Carnisurge held him from behind, just long enough for the moment to linger, then lowered him slightly—only to snap him into another controlled hold.

Each movement was seamless. Practiced.

Vern's body twitched faintly. His arms hung. His breathing was shallow and uneven. His head dipped forward, struggling to stay upright. Vern could feel Carnisurge dry jumping on his muscle hard glutes.

Carnisurge pulled him in hard from his waist.

Vern's back arched slightly under the pressure, a strained reaction passing through him without direction or strength.

He tried to respond. Tried to move.

Nothing followed.

Every attempt triggered another adjustment. Another tightening. Another shift that left him more contained than before.

A low sound escaped him. Not loud. Just effort.

Carnisurge leaned in slightly and locked the hold.

Then paused.

Held him there. Carnisurge's mutant cock was rubbing between Vern's muscle butt cheeks.

Vern's arms dropped completely. Not by choice. They simply stopped responding.

His head dipped forward.

He didn't lift it again.

Carnisurge adjusted once more, testing the hold, refining it. Carnisurge used his razor like claws and ripped open the back of Vern's suit. The rock hard glutes exposed to the air. Carnisurge slid his hard cock deep into Vern. Vern's tight hold could barely take it. Carnisurge thrust and humped aggressively. Vern began to cum uncontrollably.

"Take it hero!" Carnisurge said.

Carnisurge clamped Vern's balls as he humped the hero. His claws ripping into the testicles at the same time. He poked his fingers into the meaty nuts to try to pull onto the Augment piece that powered Vern. Right there, he could feel the small nodules that connected to the hero's neurological system.

He pressed on them deep into Vern's testicles.

Vern began to convulse as his body went into shock. This time faster.

Rougher.

He wrenched Vern sideways, dragged him off balance, and snapped him into another hold, tighter than before. Vern's body jolted, then sagged again.

"Maintain levels. Don't break him." Doc's voice cut across the chamber. "Do not rupture his Augment cores."

Carnisurge didn't respond.

He drilled his finger again into the bloody nuts. Vern's body reacted sharply, then sagged again, weaker.

"Hold position." Doc said. "We need his testicles joined with his Augment cores. They produce his super spunk you bloody fool!"

No response.

Carnisurge licked Vern's ear and then said.

"The boss saved your nuts. This wasn't half of what I was going to do to you. I was gonna eat your nuts for lunch."

Carnisurge dropped Vern on the floor. Vern shook violently and held his balls.

Doc stepped forward.

"That's enough." Doc said.

Carnisurge kicked the hero in the abs.

"You were ballbusted! Milking time." Carnisurge said.

Vern let out a giant scream and then passed out.

Carnisurge lifted Vern higher.

At this point, the fight was over.

Vern's arms hung slack at his sides, his body no longer responding the way it should. The strength that once defined him—the tight control, the explosive power—was gone.

He was drained and used up.

His head lolled forward, breath shallow.

Inside his testicles, the Augment core system depleted.

12%... 9%... 6%...

“Stay... up...” Vern whispered to himself, barely audible.

Carnisurge adjusted his grip, holding him effortlessly in the air like a broken figure on display. He inserted his fingers inside the testicles again right on the augment orbs. Carnisurge felt the quarter sized power nodules that powered the hero. In each testicle there was one.

No resistance. No fight left.

Across the arena, Doc watched with quiet satisfaction. “Fascinating,” he said. “Even at this stage, the body tries to hold on.”

Vern’s fingers twitched weakly.

That was all.

The lights above intensified, casting sharp shadows across his limp form as Carnisurge turned slowly, presenting him to the cameras from every angle. The bloody goop from his testicles.

A defeated hero.

A message.

The system inside Vern’s suit sputtered again.

4%... 3%...

A warning tone pulsed faintly in his ear.

Critical.

His vision tunneled, edges going dark.

The world felt distant now—like he was slipping somewhere far away from it.

Carnisurge tightened his hold on his testicles just enough to keep him upright. Not to hurt him. To keep him conscious. To keep the moment going. Carnisurge poked his clawlike finger on the nodule. Poking the firm jelly like devices.

PAIN. Vern felt it like someone kicking his testicles but even worse because they connected into his neurological system. His nipples poked out rapidly as it also triggered his reproductive system. Making him stimulated. It was a mix of pain and pleasure but it caused the hero to collapse.

“Endurance,” Doc said softly. “That’s what makes them valuable.”

Vern tried to lift his head.

It barely moved.

2%.

The number blinked once.

Then held.

His body went completely slack.

No tension left in his muscles. No strength to even brace himself. He hung there, weight fully surrendered, like a rag doll in the brute's grasp.

Still alive. But barely.

Back at headquarters—

Marcus stared at the screen, frozen.

"No..." he muttered.

The feed stabilized just enough to show Vern—motionless, suspended in Carnisurge's grip.

The number pulsed on Marcus's display.

2% — CRITICAL

Razor's voice came through, sharp and urgent.

"We're almost there."

Marcus didn't respond.

His eyes stayed locked on the screen.

“Hold on, kid...” he whispered.

Back in the arena—

For a moment, everything was still.

Then—

A spark.

Deep inside Vern’s system, something flickered. Faint. Unstable.

But there.

The 2% didn’t drop.

It pulsed.

Once. Twice.

Carnisurge paused.

Doc leaned forward.

“...Interesting. Attach him to the drainer.” Doc said.

Carnisurge slammed the hero against an industrial column. The hero couldn't get up and Carnisurge grabbed the hero by the abs and put each leg out so the hero was kneeling. He then pulled out synthetic barbed wire and began to methodically wrap the hero around the pole. The hero's pecs and nipples were pierced by the sharp blades. His arms and legs were cut into by the razor sharp blades. It only made the slash marks and bruises on his body even more painful. The hero was in and out of consciousness as he was bound.

Next Doc brought out a rod like device and placed it against the hero's testicles. A metallic claw at the end of it robotic gripped and pierced into the hero's testicles. It's sharp needles directly piercing into the hero's testicular augment implants.

"Arghhhhhhhhhhhuhhhh!" Vern yelled.

"I knew that would wake you up." Doc said.

Doc pressed a button and the needles began to repeatedly poke the testicular augment implants which stimulated them. The hero couldn't endure and his penis got rock hard. It throbbed and bulged. Finally release of Vern's cum. It dropped out on the floor. Next, Doc connected a tube to collect the hero's cum and it began to pump into the jugs.

"We're going to milk you dry muscle pup."

Doc and Carnisurge exited the chamber.

Vern was left in the cold room to release his loads of hero cum for The Syndicate's black market.

The end.

