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Prison

Maximum Security Prison – The Tiers and Common Area

The common areas of the prison each accommodated two three level tiers of cells. With twenty-five cells on each level, with two prisoners per cell that meant each common area could contain a total of three hundred men if every man was out of his cell at the same time. The number of men actually in the common area at any given time was well below the maximum. The prisoners had a choice of staying in their cell, hanging out in the common area, or going out to the yard where they could play basketball, lift weights, or just hang out outside for the sun and fresh air. Prison routine had the men up at 5:00AM. All meals were served at the same time to each of the tiers and the men had just a scant thirty minutes to complete their meals. After each meal they were returned to their cells for three of the four daily head counts. When the head counts were completed those cons chosen to work in the various departments of the prison were gathered together and marched to their respective areas of work. The others were left up to their own resources.

The first morning after breakfast The Deacon took his urine smelling cellmate to meet an individual that would play an important role in his acclimating himself to his new home and his new life. Jerrod, aka Jesimae, walked a few steps behind the giant of a man that forced him to become his bitch when he was assigned to his cell by the warden. The first night alone with his cellmate resulted in his being beaten into an inch of his life because he thought he could prove himself by trying to instigate and win a fight with a seven foot three inch muscular giant. Now he was walking behind this behemoth wondering who he was going to meet and why. Walking from the tier that his cell was located to the tier directly opposite Jerrod could sense a change that did not give him a sense of ease, but a sense of foreboding doom.

He followed The Deacon into what was labeled as Tier D to the furthest most point from the entrance and then up to the third level. It was there he was introduced to Diego 'Dee Dee' Martinez. The Deacon looked down upon the five foot eight inch Mexican she-male that was considered the queen of the prison's homosexual and she-male society. Doing two consecutive life terms for castrating her male lover and his homosexual girly boy, she readily admitted during her trial she did it because she was pained that she didn't have the correct genitalia to satisfy a true male. When she saw The Deacon coming up the metal steps to her level she brightened figuring he was here to see how his in prison whores were doing and to collect his financial take for the illegal, but never busted, business. She smoothed her camisole top and little denim miniskirt she was wearing wanting to be sure she looked good for him.

"Dee, youz is lookin' mighty fine this mornin'," he said as he walked up to her and picked her up by her underarms.

"Please Deacon, I know you're a big man, now put me down," chortled Diego. She sighed when her feet touched the ground and The Deacon just put his hands on her shoulders without doing something like forcing her to her knees to kiss his cock which wasn't beyond him. She continued, "I didn't expect you today, man. Something up?"

"Dat's right, somthins' up. Looks over ma shoulder. Youz see a little white boy standin' there?"

Dee-Dee looked around the man to see Jerrod standing a few steps behind The Deacon. Dee-Dee replied, "Yes, I do and don't he look a fright. I heard rumor you had a new cellmate. Is that him?"

"Yep, and he didn't like suckin' on my mornin' wood so I tossed him out of the bunk and he knocked hisself out on da bars. Had to wake his dumb ass up so I'z pissed on him. Dat woke him up real fast. Here's the thing Dee, I'z puttin' him in your good hands. I wants him to be one pretty bitch by this time next week. I wants to let the whole tier know he'z my wife when I fucks his virgin asshole and makes it a pussy. A pussy I'z gonna fuck for many a year."

Diego could see the look in The Deacon's eyes and knew from his time in stir that if his new celly wasn't one hell of a looker she would suffer the consequences. The shiver that ran up and down his spine was plainly visible to The Deacon and signaled him that he understood what was expected of him. The Deacon turned to Jesimae, "Get youz ass over here now, bitch."

Jerrod walked up the remaining steps and stood next to giant that is his cellmate. Diego had to stifle a laugh at the size difference between the two as he also wondered how this slight boy was going to take The Deacon's cock up his ass without being split literally in two. Diego started the conversation with Jerrod, "So, what's your name?"

He replied, Jerrod which was immediately answered by The Deacon with a slap across the back of his head. He rubbed the back of his head and said, "My name is Jesimae."

Diego smiled, "Jesimae, I am going to help you attain the highest level of femininity. Every day you are to come here to me and I will help you become all the girl you can. The pills I'll be giving you will not do their thing for thirty days, but The Deacon said he wants you all girly in a week and I intend to make you presentable to him. I am hoping I don't have to send one of my girls to The Deacon and report you as missing. That would not be a very good you for especially when he finds you. Understand, Jesimae?"

Jerrod looked from Diego to The Deacon and knew his only answer was, "Yes, I understand. Completely."

"Good. You call me Mistress Dee-Dee. Guess, you can leave her here with me Deacon." Diego didn't wait for The Deacon to leave. He took Jesimae by the arm and guided her into the last cell on the tier and put her in the middle of the cell. Jerrod noticed that the cell was organized and decorated as a teenage girl's room. Pink curtains were hung by the small window, the bunks had pretty sheets and blankets on them, and all the clothing in the cubbies were modifications to the standard prison wardrobe to make them one-hundred percent feminine. Standing with her left hand on her hip, her left foot slightly in front of her right foot, thus forcing her left hip to be higher than her right, she pointed at the boy standing in front and said, "Yuck!!! I can smell the piss on you from here. Now, baby, strip for me so I can see what I have to work with. Don't be shy."

Jerrod started back at the pretty man that stood in front of him, didn't move, and said with an angry tone, "Go fuck yourself you prissy Mexican piece-of-dog-shit. You and what army are going to make me strip?"

Diego stepped aside and two muscular Hispanic men entered the cell. They were not feminine. They were not wearing any form of prison clothing or civilian clothing that would identify them as prison sissies. Calixto and Flavio stepped to where they were each on a side but still in front of Jerrod. They were not much taller than Jerrod, but they were definitely more muscular. Their hair was non-existent because they kept it very short and both of them had the same moustache, goatee, and deep-set dark brown eyes. Their facial features were exactly the same. Calixto and Flavio Aiza are identical twins, born in Mexico, and in the United States illegally. They are each doing six consecutive life sentences for the murder of a jewelry store owner, his wife, and four employees during a botched heist. Neither man would admit to being gay or bi-sexual, but they always had the choicest pussy in the prison because they kept Diego's girls and trainees in line.

Each man stared into Jerrod's eyes seeing if the new bitch was going to back down or need a beat down. Jerrod could see that they didn't have a negotiable bone in their body. He also noticed that each man opened and closed the opposite fist to each side of his face. Thinking quickly he realized they were going to use his head as a speed bag for as long as he was able to stand. Looking back-and-forth between them, Jerrod made his decision. He raised his arms above his head to signal his surrender. Calixto and Flavio didn't smile but nodded their heads in unison as they backed out of the cell never taking their eyes off of Jerrod's face.

Diego returned and said, "Good choice Jesimae. You would have not liked what they were planning to do to you. So girl, get undressed. And, don't forget you address me as Mistress Dee-Dee."

Jerrod couldn't believe what he wanted him to call her, but he knew better than argue because he knew if Mistress Dee-Dee's two henchmen returned he'd be one fucked up dude. Jerrod removed the blue denim work shirt, the blue denim pants, sneakers, socks, and boxers he was wearing. He stood in front of Mistress Dee-Dee stark naked.

Mistress Dee-Dee didn't break out in laughter although her two henchmen did chuckle when Jerrod was finally naked. She eyed him from head-to-toe. She stepped up to him and took his balls in her hand and rolled them around to evaluate them. When she released them she took hold of Jerrod's cock and did the same thing except as she did it he got hard. As soon as he was erect, she used her index finger with her long nails to flick at the head of his cock and the ensuing pain was enough to make Jerrod lose his erection. She then took him by his shoulders, forced him to turn around, and then she pushed the back of his shoulders causing Jerrod to bend over at the waist. When he was bent over she told him to spread the cheeks of his ass so she could inspect his asshole.

Looking between his cheeks confirmed his minimal amount of body hair. His rosebud was pink, had no obvious hemorrhoids, which confirmed he truly was an anal virgin. She placed her right hand index finger in her mouth to wet it and then proceeded to rub it across the exposed asshole of the next wife of The Deacon. Jerrod felt the light rubbing sensation on his anus and without meaning to grunted in response to the nice sensation he was feeling course through his body. It didn't go unnoticed by Mistress Dee-Dee. She stopped rubbing and removed her finger from the crack of Jerrod's ass.

"Jesimae, you may stand up now, turn around, and face me."

"Can I get dressed now?" inquired Jerrod.

"No, you need to take a shower and remove what little body hair you have. Then we'll put you in your first pair of panties, stockings, a nice sun dress, and small heels to start with. Then I'll begin to teach you to walk, talk, and respond like a female. And, you'll need to learn how to put make-up on your face to make you look all pretty for The Deacon. You have a lot to learn before your wedding night and we have only a week to accomplish it, Jesimae. So, follow the Calixto and Flavio into the shower and when you're done they'll bring you back to me."

Calixto and Flavio in syncopation pointed at Jerrod and then in the direction of the showers. Calixto turned and started towards the showers and Flavio waited until the naked Jerrod was past him so he could follow. The twins were good at their jobs as they guided Jerrod to his first shower in prison. When they arrived, Flavio retrieved a large jar of Nair and with a thick Mexican accent explained to Jerrod how and where he had to use the depilatory. Jerrod looked at them and wondered how they had use of the showers when according to prison rules the men only showered two times a week.

As he rubbed the vile smelling cream on his body, he asked them, "So, how do you get to use the shower when no one else can?"

The twins looked at each other and didn't respond to Jerrod's question. They just stood stoically watching as the new sissy boy prepared himself for his hair removal shower. Jerrod thought to himself, these guys are either dumb or just not talking to him. He decided to try another tact.

"So, my name is Jerrod. What's yours?"

No answer from the twins.

"You guys know how to speak? I mean here I am yours for the taking and all you do I stand there and watch me. Come on... All I want to know is your names. Afraid Mistress Dee-Dee will kick your Mexican asses..."

Calixto and Flavio looked at each other, nodded, and continued to stand watching Jerrod without as much as moving a muscle to hurt him. Both of them just continued to stare at Jerrod waiting for him to finish. Flavio made the motion of washing when in the shower. Jerrod took the hint. The cream was starting to really burn his skin and he jumped under the water to rinse it off. As he was rising off the depilatory, Calixto tossed a bar of soap into the shower where he was standing, it slid across the floor, and ended up resting against the shower wall. Jerrod made the mistake of bending over to pick up the bar of soap. Both men whistled when they saw his backside. Jerrod stood up faster than a speeding bullet.

When he was done showering Flavio tossed him a towel and they continued to quietly wait as Jerrod dried himself. Upon finishing Jerrod looked at the two stern Mexicans and raised his hands as if to say what next. To his amazement they understood his motion and guided him back to the cell where Mistress Dee-Dee was patiently waiting.

Jerrod saw Mistress Dee-Dee waiting and asked, "May I get dressed now?"

"No, Jesimae. I have to inspect you and make sure you have no hair on your body. If you do, I will use a razor to shave it off of you. The first place I need to check is your soon to be violated pussy. So, turn around, bend over, and spread your ass cheeks."

Jesimae did as requested. Mistress Dee-Dee ran her long thin fingers through the crack of Jesimae's ass searching for any errant strands of hair. Naturally she found some and took the razor and ran it across the sides of his cheeks closest to his asshole. When she was done inspecting his rectum, she turned him so she could see if he got all the hair off his pretty little balls and cockette. She was surprised to see that he had removed the minimal amount of pubic hair he had. She then inspected the rest of his body and was impressed that he was totally hairless. She stood up and admired the white skinned boy for a moment or two.

"I think Ms. Jesimae that you are going to make one beautiful wife for The Deacon. Although it won't be long enough but I think we're going to let your hair grow to your chin and the cut it frame your face, but first..." Mistress Dee-Dee turned and found a pretty pair of pink lace boy short panties. She handed them to Jesimae and said, "The tag goes in the back and the pretty lace bow goes in the front. We'll worry about tucking your boy package later."

Jerrod took them and just looked at them. He looked at the she-male inmate standing in front of him and started to cry. Standing in the cell, naked as a jay bird, he whined, "I'm not a faggot. I don't wear panties. I don't wear dresses. Just because I'm not very muscular doesn't mean I want to be prison faggot."

Mistress Dee-Dee stepped forward and took the crying boy into her arms. She pressed him to her body where Jerrod felt her breasts pressing through the cotton cloth against his body. Mistress took her left hand and rubbed the back of his head as it rested on her right shoulder. With her right hand, she rubbed and caressed his back until he stopped his crying. It took a few minutes but Mistress could feel Jerrod beginning to relax and when she felt he was relaxed enough she took her right hand and wrapped it around his miniscule cock. While pressing his upper torso to hers, Mistress Dee-Dee began to gently stroke Jerrod's cock. Jerrod couldn't believe that he was getting a hand job and responded accordingly.

His little cockette got hard and in just two minutes of stroking Mistress Dee-Dee could feel his muscles beginning to contract in preparation for ejaculation. She timed it perfectly. She released his shoulders, stepped back, and used her left hand to catch the cum literally dripping not shooting from Jerrod's cockette. She looked at the small pool of cum the rested in the palm of her hand and didn't even verbalize anything out loud. She simply placed her hand palm up in front of Jerrod's face right below his mouth. Jerrod looked at the she-male inmate but made no attempt to say or do anything about the hand that was being presented to him.

Mistress Dee-Dee spoke, "Lick up your mess or wear it and have my two guardians forcibly dress you, Jesimae." She stood there, hand not moving, waiting for a response from the frightened boy standing stark naked in front of her. It didn't take Jerrod long after his orgasm to forget about his pleasure and mentally and emotionally return to his fear and loathing of where he was and what he was expected to become. He stared into Mistress Dee-Dee's eyes hoping to see a modicum of softness and care for him, but only saw that stare of a man dressed as a woman who was waiting for the cum to be removed from her hand.

Again Mistress Dee-Dee spoke, "Last time Jesimae. Lick it or else." There was not anger in her voice. She was calm, cool, and collected. She knew that all she had to do was raise her left hand and Flavio and Calixto would take care of what had to be taken care of. Jerrod could see the two Mexicans standing behind the she-male con waiting for the signal.

Jerrod put two and two together, bent his head forward, and licked the small dollop of cum that was in the middle of Mistress Dee-Dee's hand. When he looked up he saw a smile on Mistress Dee-Dee's face and the two Mexican body guards move away from the front of the open cell towards the center of the tier. He looked back at her hand and saw that he hadn't completed his task so he took her hand in his and licked her palm while using his hand to keep it close to his face. He let go of her hand when he was done and remained standing in front of the feminine con that had just jerked him off and made him eat his own cum.

"You're a quick learner Jesimae. Now, you need to get dressed. You'll catch yourself a death of a cold and then you'll never get to marry The Deacon. Your clothes are on the bottom bunk."

Jerrod saw the panties in her hand. The thigh highs, bra, and sundress were on the bed. In front of it was a pair of white strapped three inch heels. He sighed and held out his hand. Mistress Dee-Dee handed him the panties and watched him step into them and pull them up his thin teenaged legs. Except for the smallish bulge from his insignificant cock, the panties fit him perfectly. He turned and picked up one of the stockings and tried to put it on while standing up which was a big mistake. Jerrod tried and failed to get the stocking on and luckily for him he did not put a run in the nylon.

Mistress Dee-Dee knew it was time to help the struggling new she-male bitch. "Jesimae, darling, you have to sit when you put on your stockings. Take one by the top and gather it up so just the toe is open for you to put your foot into and then gently pull them up your leg. Go ahead girl it is easy to do."

Jerrod did as he was told and in a matter of minutes was sitting on the lower bunk wearing his first pair of stockings. He was amazed at how sensual the nylon felt against his newly shaven legs. He looked at Mistress Dee-Dee not knowing whether to put the dress before the shoes. He was too afraid to ask her, so he just sat on the bed shaking. His fear was obvious to the she-male that had him on an emotional roller coaster. Mistress Dee-Dee pointed to the shoes and Jerrod, for the first time in his life, put on a pair of ladies shoes. He had to lean to either his left or right to make sure he could close the straps. When his feet were back on the cement floor of the cell he could feel the tightness in his calf muscles.

Mistress Dee-Dee smiled at him and said, "You forgot to put your bra on sweet pea. Slip it over your shoulders, stand, turn around, and I'll help you close it. Then you'll have to learn to do it yourself." Diego watched as Jesimae did as she was told. Standing before him, Jesimae allowed Mistress Dee-Dee clasp the bra closed in the middle of his back. Jesimae, not needing any cue, bent, picked up the sun dress, and put it on by dropping it over her head. She turned, somewhat unsteadily, to face the she-male prisoner that was in charge of his feminization. It was then she saw that Mistress Dee-Dee had opened the front of her dress and exposed to Jesimae her not so small cock.

Mistress Dee-Dee stepped close to Jesimae and pushed her back against the steel bunk beds. She wasn't gentle as she took Jesimae by her shoulders and forced her to sit on the bed. Holding her hardening cock in front of the scared newbie prisoner, she spoke, "Time for you to thank your Mistress." Without waiting for an answer, she began to slap Jesimae's face with her hardening cock. Jesimae tried to pull back from her onslaught, but was not quick enough as Diego, aka Mistress Dee-Dee, caught the back of Jesimae's head with her left hand stopping her from falling backwards into the lower bunk bed. Jerrod, aka Jesimae, was taken by the strength of the thin she-male that was now vigorously slapping her across the face with what could only be a ten inch cock.

Jesimae cried out, "Please stop!!! What do you want??? I was doing what you asked!!!"

"I know, bitch boy. Every sissy when she is dressed for the first time has to suck my bitch cock. Don't worry about Deacon, he knows the drill. So open your fuckin' mouth bitch and get to work. Failure to comply will result in you having to explain to Deacon why your pussy is bleeding."

"Ok!!! Ok!!!" cried Jesimae, "Just please release my head. I promise I'll do what you asked me to."

Diego released the hold he had on Jerrod's neck and stopped slapping his face with his manly appendage. He stared as Jerrod lifted his hands and took hold of the cock that was inches from his face. Jerrod looked up at Diego, opened his mouth, and slid the tip of Diego's cock into his mouth. I was a lot thinner than the monster his cell mate forced him to take into his throat. The head wasn't as big and the shaft was a whole lot thinner. Jerrod kept his lips just behind the corona and used his tongue caress just the head. As he swiped his tongue around Diego's cockhead, Jerrod could feel the shaft of his Mistress' cock get harder and he felt her put both his hands on the back of his head. It didn't take a rocket scientist to realize that Diego was preparing to force his cock deep into his cock sucking mouth. Rather than make a scene, Jerrod stopped his tongue, placed it on the bottom of his mouth, and forced himself to take as much of Diego's length as he could without gagging.

Mistress Dee-Dee was taken by surprise when Jesimae began to deep throat her hard cock. She eased the pressure on her head and allowed her sissified newbie to fellate her at her own speed. Not wanting to piss her off, Jesimae began to suck her cock in earnest. He reached between the open buttons of her mini dress and found her walnut sized testicles hanging outside the lace panties she was wearing. As he rolled her testicles in his right hand, he could feel the smooth skin of her scrotum. Mistress Dee-Dee was overcome by the sweet feeling of Jesimae's lips as they slid up and down his now fully erect cock. She took the sucking teenager by his head and gently took control of his cock sucking.

"Ok, sweetie, time to let your Mistress fuck your sweet pussy mouth. Just relax and let your teacher have her way with your mouth." Diego held Jesimae's head still and he began to rhythmically thrust his hips forcing his cock into and out of her mouth. Jerrod aka Jesimae did everything possible to keep from gagging on the cock that was fucking his mouth, but didn't remember that his dentures were not glued onto his gums. As Diego aka Mistress Dee-Dee fucked his mouth, Jesimae lost control and Mistress Dee-Dee pulled her hard cock out of the now sputtering cock sucker's mouth.

"Holy fuckin' shit, girl!!!" exclaimed Diego. He watched as Jesimae coughed, spit, and tried not to let her dentures fall out of her mouth. Naturally, she failed. "Shit, girl!!! Take those fake teeth out and suck me. I've never felt a toothless sissy mouth suckin' my sissy cock. Now, I promise you to keep this between us girls."

Jesimae slipped her dentures out of her mouth and placed them on the bunk next to her. She reached for Diego's cock and began to fellate him. She took Diego's entire length down his throat, proving to the startled prisoner that she knew how to deep throat. Jesimae didn't want to spend a lot of time sucking Diego's cock, so she made a concerted effort to get him to cum as fast as humanly possible. She retook his walnut sized testicles into his left hand and began to roll them and gently squeeze them. Jesimae felt the reaction she wanted to as Diego responded by moaning audibly. She held her mouth just below the head of Diego's cock and used his right hand to masturbate the now stunned prisoner. It didn't take long for Jesimae to masturbate Diego to an orgasm.

"Fuckin' bitch!!! I'm gonna fill your cunt mouth!!!" and that is exactly what the moaning Diego did. Four hard ropes of cum filled Jesimae's mouth which she easily swallowed because Diego's cock was not deep into her mouth. She had strategically kept the head just behind her gums and used her hand to jerk him off into her mouth.

When Diego was finished, Jesimae released his cock and without asking or thinking about any consequences used the front of Mistress Dee-Dee's dress to wipe her saliva dripping mouth on the front of her short mini dress. Diego didn't react to Jesimae's use of her denim dress as a towel; she just took a couple of steps back trying to keep herself from falling from the effect of her orgasm. Jesimae took her dentures and placed them back into her mouth before the two strong-armed Mexicans could see and demand blow jobs also. She stood up and for the first time actually felt good in her new clothing.

She looked at Mistress Dee-Dee, smiled, and said, "I'm going to keep you to your word, Diego. And, I'm not going to address you as Mistress Dee-Dee when we're alone. And I'm Jerrod to you. If you want to feel my soft, smooth gums sliding on your rather long but thin cock, you will help me and never hinder me." Jesimae moved face-to-face to Diego took his right hand and grabbed his balls and squeezed. "I know you like a little pain. I sensed it when I did to you what I am doing now as I was jerking your cock off into my mouth. Do we have a deal, Diego?"

"Oh, my God!!! You bitch!!! Please squeeze them harder. Yes, we have a deal..." moaned Diego as he felt Jerrod give his balls a squeeze the sent pain and pleasure throughout his feminized body.

Not letting go of Diego's balls, Jerrod said, "One more thing, bitch. You may be training me for The Deacon, but from this moment on we're more than equals. When necessary I will submit to you, but when we're alone, you Diego will be my bitch and I will control anyone and anything around you. I'm in here until I die, so another life sentence without parole isn't going to do me any harm. I'm a quick learner when it comes to making people understand that murdering someone is of no consequence to someone all ready serving multiple life terms. I'll have no problem killing your skinny Mexican ass." Jerrod squeezed Diego's balls so hard he could see tears cascading over the lower lid of each eye. He also saw that the once powerful man was his to do with as he pleased. He kept up the pressure as he growled, "Do you understand bitch?"

Diego screamed, "Yes, I accept. Please release my balls!!! You're fuckin' hurting me!!!"

Jerrod did exactly that just as the two strong-arm Mexicans ran into the cell where Diego and he stood. He looked at the Calixto and Flavio and motioned to them that Diego was fine. He stepped back to allow the two access the openly weeping Diego. Flavio made a move towards Jerrod, when Diego caught his breath and said, "Leave her alone. Get the fuck out and don't return unless I call you." Diego looked at the twins and made a motion that they understood meant they were to leave and not return. They eyed each other knowing that something strange had just occurred, but were prisoner savvy enough to keep their mouths shut.

"Catch your breath, Diego and when you're feeling up to it we can continue with my training. I'm not stupid enough to get myself killed by the maniac that I have to share a cell with." Jerrod stepped close to Diego and placed a kiss on his cheek. "I can be the best thing that happened to you since you arrived in this shit hole. Just play the game when you need to and realize that all it took was my toothless mouth to make you into my bitch."

Diego looked into Jerrod's eyes and could see that smoldering anger that was held inside him. He believed that this small teenage boy had whatever it would take within him to terminate Diego's life. He could feel his psychotic energy and knew it would be better for him to accept his new position as Jerrod's bitch. "I promise to help you, but you have to understand that I'm a sissy bitch just like you. Believe me, The Deacon and his crew will break you. You'll be begging them to let you suck their cocks and to let them fuck you over and over again. There was this black guy that came here several years ago to do a seven to twenty-five stint. He fucked with The Deacon. The result was not pretty."

Jerrod looked at Diego and could see the fear in his eyes. "What did this guy do and what happened to him?" asked Jerrod.

"One of The Deacon's henchmen, a guy we call Shorty, was fucking this guy in his mouth when this asshole bit down - real hard. He actually bit the guys cock off. He stood and spit it into Shorty's face." Diego could see the disbelief on Jerrod's face. "The Deacon waited and when Shorty returned from the hospital with nothing more than a stump for a cock, he took his vengeance. He had an associate manufacture a knife that had six eighteen inch blades around a central core. The blades tapered from their points to six inches wide at their base. The Deacon and three of his buddies cornered this guy. They bent him over a bunch of cartons in the kitchen, pulled off his pants, and The Deacon slid the six sided knife up this guy's ass. You'd figure one insertion would be enough, but not The Deacon..."

Diego believed he saw an erection forming under Jerrod's dress. Jerrod asked, "What did that monster do?"

"He pulled the knife out of this guy's ass, rotated it, and shoved it back in. He fucked this guy with the knife so many times his intestines fell out of his ruined asshole. Then Deacon fucked him. From what I've been told he and

the area it happened in was a bloody mess. When the guards found him he only thing they could see of his ass was his blood and The Deacon's scum."

"Wh, Wha, What happened to Deacon?" the now frightened Jerrod asked.

Diego smiled, chuckled, and replied, "Absolutely nothing. The guy was dead when they found him and there was no way to tell who murdered him. Everyone knew who did it, but nothing could be proved. So, Jerrod, I'd be real careful when I'm around The Deacon and his boys. Just remember, you're going to be his wife and I'm going to help you. But don't think for a moment, I won't do what is necessary to protect my turf. And that goes for Calixto, Flavio, and all my girly boys."

"Diego, I think we're going to get along just fine. I know when to be what someone wants me to be. All I want is someone like you to watch my back, because sweet pea we're in the same pod and I have something you desire."

"I know and from what you're tellin' me, I'll be on the receiving end again. Hopefully, real soon. Now, why don't we continue to teach you how to be a sexy sissy-boy."

Diego spent the rest of the morning teaching Jerrod how to walk, sash-shay, swing his hips, keep his wrist limp, and bat his eyes to get a man interested in him. Jerrod took to his training because losing his teeth was nothing compared to what The Deacon did to that other prisoner. Thirty minutes before Jerrod had to leave for his cell and the pre-lunch head count he realized that the clothing he was wearing was the only clothes he had. His prison denims were piss soaked and he was in no mood to put the back on. Diego knew he couldn't return to his cell dressed in full drag, so he found a pair of women's denims and a blouse type shirt that fit Jerrod. He helped him change and they kissed passionately just before Jerrod left to return to his own tier and The Deacon.