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Prison

Recovering in the Infirmary

The prison infirmary was nothing more than a large room with white tile walls, six hospital beds, and six white bedside tables all situated on the interior wall opposite the barred windows. There was a pair of double doors at one end outside of which the duty nurse and a guard sat even when the so called prison infirmary was empty. Prisoners with complaints could be seen by the duty nurse in the office outside of the white tiled room. The prison did have an on-call doctor for emergencies like what had happened to Jerrod/Jesimae and The Deacon; otherwise, the duty nurse handled the day-to-day complaints and dispensing of medicines to the inmates. Every inmate to a man tried to get some time in the infirmary, some even going as far as removing a toe or stabbing themselves in either their arm or leg.

Jerrod/Jesimae watched The Deacon with a cautious eye making sure the psychotic monster did not get of glimpse of him staring at him. It took the prison four days to get him transferred to the local hospital because Sergeant Wyatt made a point of not letting the doctor examine him. Jerrod/Jesimae would watch and silently cheer when Sergeant Wyatt came in the infirmary and torture The Deacon. He'd whisper shit in his ear and The Deacon would moan and growl, but he couldn't move because he was strapped to the bed as a precaution. The Deacon would try with all his strength not to scream out loud when Sergeant Wyatt would sadistically beat on his all ready swollen and sore testicles. Jerrod/Jesimae wondered, as he lay in his hospital bed, if the Sergeant was getting sexually excited and attaining orgasm from his torture of The Deacon. To Jerrod/Jesimae it was obvious that Sergeant Wyatt hated The Deacon.

Once The Deacon was transferred to the local hospital, Sergeant Wyatt didn't stop coming to the infirmary. He just changed the time. Precisely at 11:00PM he would wander into the room and walk directly over to where Jerrod/Jesimae's lay in his/her bed. He would stand by the side of the bed facing the double doors so his back was to them. Jerrod/Jesimae silently watched as he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. He looked up at the Sergeant and all he saw in the man's eyes was the expectation of Jerrod/Jesimae slipping his cock into his mouth. When Jerrod/Jesimae didn't react fast enough for the Sergeant he spoke, "I'm not going to hurt you the way that sadistic son-of-a-bitch did. I wanted to take you that first day when you finally bent over for me in the room away from the others. I tried to get that idiot of a warden to place you where you wouldn't get fucked over, but that was not going to happen when I stopped him from making you suck his cock. The simple truth Jerrod is you're mine now. I expect you to take your dentures out and very quietly use your sweet toothless mouth to give me the first of what is going to be a lifetime of blow jobs."

Jerrod/Jesimae knew he had no way out of becoming Sergeant Wyatt's bitch. Sighing his resignation and acceptance, he removed his dentures and laid them on the bed next to him. He reached for the Sergeant's cock, leaned forward, and took the thick, uncut cock into his mouth. The first thing his felt as he accepted the Sergeant's cock into his mouth was the Sergeant's hands on the back and side of his head. He could feel the pressure and

Jerrod/Jesimae knew that he had to suck and trying to keep the Sergeant from thrusting to keep the duty nurse and other guard from catching them. He moved his head to take the presented cock as deep as he could considering he was laying on his side and could not move to much because of the pain he feel in his rectum. Sergeant Wyatt just kept enough pressure and allowed the young sissy boy to suck until he knew he was going to explode.

Sergeant Wyatt took control of Jerrod/Jesimae's head. He began to thrust his cock deep into the teenager's mouth. Jerrod/Jesimae tried to stop the face fucking, but Sergeant Wyatt growled, "Fuckin' bitch, don't you dare try to stop me from fucking your sissy face. I save your fuckin' life and you try to make like you don't want to suck my cock?" Wyatt just kept applying the same pressure on Jerrod/Jesimae's head. It didn't take but a split second for Sergeant Wyatt to feel Jerrod/Jesimae relax and let the inevitable happen. The Sergeant relaxed his grip and allowed Jerrod/Jesimae to position his head on the bed in such a way that the Sergeant's cock just slid in and out without much effort. It didn't take much longer before Jerrod/Jesimae felt the telltale signs of the Sergeant's impending orgasm. He relaxed his throat and allowed the Sergeant's cock to slide in its entire length. Wyatt stifled his moan, but thrust his hips so his cock slid down Jerrod/Jesimae's throat as he unloaded in his newly anointed sissy boy's mouth.

Jerrod/Jesimae lay not moving as he watched Sergeant Wyatt shake the last drops of his cum and Jerrod/Jesimae's saliva on the bed. He dare not move to replace his dentures for fear the Sergeant would physically harm him. He just lay there trying to keep himself from pissing in the bed. Once the Sergeant had his composure, he leaned over, gently rubbed Jerrod/Jesimae's head, and whispered to the obviously frightened teenager, "You'll never have to worry about anything doing your time here. I am going to put out the word that you, my little bitch, are now the property of one Sergeant Wyatt. I can picture you servicing me and whomever else I tell you to for the next thirty or so years." Wyatt could see tears forming in Jerrod/Jesimae's eyes, he continued, "Don't even worry about the assholes that inhabit this garbage dump of humanity. Once they see what I have wrought upon one Thaddeus 'The Deacon' Washington, they'll know who is now in control of their home-away-from-home." Wyatt chuckled at the thought of this place being perceived as a home-away-from-home. He continued, "Sleep tight and know as soon as your healthy enough you'll be taken to a cell next to where your girlfriend Diego lives. You'll be like a goddess up there, sweet pea." He didn't wait for an answer. He just turned, strode from the rear of the infirmary to the double doors, and exited.

Jerrod/Jesimae could taste the acrid remains of Sergeant Wyatt's cum that coated the inside of his mouth. He moved ever so gingerly to retrieve the water pitcher and his cup so he could wash the taste of cum out of his mouth. He also reached for the urine bottle and relieved himself thankful that he did not piss in his bed because he knew the duty nurse would have made him sleep on the wet sheets. He wondered what his life was going to be like now that he was sexually tied to Sergeant Wyatt. Every man incarcerated in this hell hole hated with a deep seated criminal passion the CO's and anyone who worked for or sucked up to them. The only inmates given a pass were those whose jobs gave them the ability to hear or read information that could be used as intelligence for the factions that divided the institution. For the first time since he arrived to begin his incarceration, Jerrod/Jesimae was alone physically, but also alone with his thoughts.

He didn't cry out loud, but silently sobbed and moaned into his pillow as the thoughts and memories of his murderous afternoon and the crushing of his young emotional being by a psychopath cascaded from his subconscious into his conscious mind. His rectum hurt from the rape, but the surgical stitches placed inside his bowel to close the tear and the resulting high protein diet to keep from passing large amounts of fecal matter kept him from moving or trying to sit up. The day duty nurse told him that he would recover and he needed to take care not to rip the stitches. As he lay facing away from the double doors, the afternoon he raped and murdered the Bonds family welled up from the deep recesses of his mind. His cock did not even twitch as he thought about how he fucked the two girls and anally raped the young Bonds boy. He didn't react to the memory of having his cock in Mrs. Bond's mouth when he blew her brains out for trying to bite his cock off. Jerrod/Jesimae shivered when the memory of his taking The Deacon's cock in his ass the first time surfaced to his conscious thoughts. He stifled his need to throw up and began to cry uncontrollably, but silently so the night duty nurse would not have a reason to come to his bed side.'

For the first time in his young life, Jerrod/Jesimae realized the consequences of his actions. His need to have intercourse instead of lying in his bed masturbating and thinking about what it would feel like to between a girls legs drove him into his sexual perversions. For one afternoon, he was the king of the hill, but now he faced a lifetime of servicing cocks with his hands, mouth, and ass dressed as a female and physically being made to look like one. He knew as soon as he was released and on the tier with the other sissy boys he'd be hairless and back on hormones. He only knew what Sergeant Wyatt had told him about Diego and wondered if the others would accept him now that he

was the property of a CO and not another inmate. He could only hope that Diego and her/his two Mexican enforcers would protect him instead of making his life impossible and prematurely ending it. His chest heaved at the thought of dying before his time when the reason he was in this predicament was all his own doing.

After recovering somewhat from the deluge of memories, Jerrod/Jesimae's thoughts turned to his/her family. Since arriving at the prison he'd not received a letter or phone call. He wondered if his parents had given up on him. He wanted to see his sister so he could try to explain and apologize to her for his stupidity. Thinking of her did make his cock twitch as his first sexual thoughts as a preteen was towards his sister. Now, he'd just love to see her sitting across from him not judging him. The thought of facing his parents behind a glass partition was not comforting as he realized he missed the feel of his mother's body against his as she'd console or congratulate him for something he accomplished. His dick did not get hard when he was forced to suck Sergeant Wyatt's cock or when the memories of what he did to the Bonds' family surfaced into his consciousness, but thinking about his mother and his sister had him rising and feeling like he wanted no needed to be overcome with the physical pleasure of orgasm and ejaculation. He thought about masturbating, but decided against it because it would be his luck the morning nurse would see the results and say something to get him into trouble. He lay in his hospital bed staring off into space until he fell into a fitful sleep.

Six o'clock the next morning Jerrod/Jesimae was awoken by the day nurse, who had arrived earlier than her appointed start time, so she could check his temperature, blood pressure, and his anus. Kathleen O'Connor didn't fit the model of a hardened could care less about the dregs of humanity employee. She began working at the prison to try and bring some semblance of medical care to the men who for whatever reason ended up being incarcerated. Kathleen learned in a very short time that no matter how much she tried to help the men who came to the infirmary they were there for one reason, to see how far they could get over on her and the prison administration. From that point on, Kathleen O'Connor very rarely showed an emotion or caring for the men she treated.

Stepping up to the side of Jerrod/Jesimae's bed, she gently tapped the boy on his shoulder in an attempt to wake him from his troubled sleep. Jerrod/Jesimae jumped when he felt her hand, opened his eyes, and saw the white nurse's uniform which made him sink a back into the mattress calmer than he would have been if Sergeant Wyatt was standing in her place. Kathleen said, "Time for your morning temperature, blood pressure, and medical inspection of your injuries, young man. So, why don't we start with your temperature?"

Jerrod/Jesimae lifted his/her head, opened his mouth, and accepted the thin glass mercury filled tube into his mouth and under his tongue. While waiting the minute or two for the mercury to rise to his internal temperature, Kathleen took his left arm and wrapped it with the blood pressure cuff. She pumped the cuff, placed the stethoscope at the crook of his arm, released the pressure, and listened for his systolic and diastolic readings. She noted his blood pressure on his chart before removing the thermometer from his mouth and noting his normal temperature. Kathleen reached for the box of latex gloves and a tube of KY jelly in preparation to inspect Jerrod/Jesimae's anal area. "Ok, Jerrod, you know what I have to do, so, why don't you just roll onto your stomach and lift the hospital gown. The quicker you comply, the quicker I'll be done."

Jerrod/Jesimae looked up at her with a level of pleading in his eyes hoping she would forego inspecting his healing anus and bowel. Her response was not what he hoped for as she placed a glove on her right hand and began to coat her middle finger with dabs of KY jelly. As was his wont in this place, he rolled over onto his stomach, raised the hospital gown above his waist, and waited for the inevitable.

"Ok Jerrod spread your cheeks. You know I'm not going to open them for you and I'm not here to make things easy for you. Just raise your hips and spread your cheeks."

"OK, ok, Nurse O'Connor," replied Jerrod/Jesimae as he/she took hold of his/her ass cheeks and spread them for her.

The first thing she did was to eye the external stitches to see that the healing process was moving along quite nicely and were ready to be removed. She turned to the table next to the bed and retrieved a pair of scissors and a hemostat. She didn't announce to Jerrod/Jesimae that she was going to remove them. She took one of the loose ends, pulled it so the stitch pulled away from the skin, and cut. Jerrod/Jesimae felt the stitch pull out from his skin and just waited for the remaining stitches to be removed. When she was done, Kathleen moistened her middle finger again

and gently inserted it into Jerrod/Jesimae's anus. She moved it around the interior to feel for the stitches, but was pleasantly surprised to find that they had all ready dissolved. This did not stop her from continuing to finger Jerrod/Jesimae's asshole. After a minute, she pulled her finger from his rectum to notice that the high protein diet was working as no fecal matter covered her finger.

"Are you done?" asked Jerrod/Jesimae.

Kathleen could have given him the good news about how nice the interior injuries healed, but instead she decided to see how much fun she could have finger-fucking or fisting Jerrod. Kathleen O'Connor was quite aware of all the facts surrounding teenager's reason for being incarcerated. The one thing she could not and would not tolerate was the rape and murder of a child. "No, Jerrod, I'm not done. I have to check to make sure all of the internal sutures have dissolved and the skin has closed properly."

"You're kidding, aren't you?"

"No, Jerrod, I'm not. Just relax and let me do what needs to be done," replied Kathleen. She didn't wait for a response from Jerrod. Her finger found its target and she slid its entire length into his rectum. She rotated it purposely running it over his prostate gland and smiling as he reacted to her touch. She slipped her finger ninety percent out of his rectum and deftly placed two more, for a total of three, fingers at his opening and pushed. She started something she wasn't going to stop.

Jerrod/Jesimae reacted to feeling Nurse O'Connor insert three fingers into his anus. "Please Nurse O'Connor, why are you doing this to me? What did I do to you to deserve this treatment?"

Nurse O'Connor laughed long and hard as she continued to finger-fuck Jerrod's ass. "What did you do? You little piece-of-shit, you know what you did. You murdered a family. You fuckin' dick wad. What happened to you is nothing compared to what you did to those two girls and the boy. If you expect me to be merciful because some Nigger psychopath used you for his sexual play thing, you're out of your mind. If I could, I'd slice and dice you right where you lay. So, just be a good little bitch boy and let me have my fun."

"Please..." was all Jerrod could say as he felt Nurse O'Connor remove the three fingers that were inserted to be replaced by all five of them. Jerrod/Jesimae groaned as she pushed her hand into his bowel up to her wrist. He could feel her opening and closing her fingers stretching his lower bowel. She slid her arm deeper into the boy's butt not caring that her forearm was not covered with any sort of latex protection. Nurse O'Connor was not getting sexually charged but she did wonder if Jerrod's cock was erect from her fisting him. It didn't take long for her to find out as Jerrod/Jesimae's asshole began to pulse around her wrist.

"Good boy," she cried as his orgasm subsided and his breathing started to return to normal. "I'm going to let Sergeant Wyatt know that you're ready to return to the sissy boy population. Nurse Wilson told me that he has been coming here every night at 11 PM to get a nice toothless blow job from you."

"Jesus, I..." gasped Jerrod/Jesimae as he felt Nurse O'Connor remove her arm from his backside.

"If I had the time or the inclination, I'd love to sit on your face and grind my hot pussy all over your pussy boy mouth. I'd love to feel your tongue and lips make love to my clit so I can squirt my female juices all over your face. It would be a lot more fun if my lover had just deposited one of his major cum loads into my cunt. Maybe sometime in the future I'll get Sergeant Wyatt to let me have some sadistic fun with you. Now, get your ass up and out of the bed because you need to shower before you return to the population. I'm going to the station and call Sergeant Wyatt."

Jerrod/Jesimae rolled over onto his back for the first time since The Deacon had so ruthlessly used him as a fuck toy. He didn't feel any pain. He felt empty from just having had Nurse O'Connor's arm inserted into his ass and forcing him to orgasm from being arm fucked. What he wanted more than ever was to see his parents and his sister. Hopefully he could convince Sergeant Wyatt to call them and tell them how much he missed them. He knew to accomplish what he wanted he'd have to provide sexual pleasures that would make Sergeant Wyatt happier than he's ever been. Jerrod/Jesimae made an on the spot decision to be the best sissy boy he could be for Sergeant Wyatt.

With his new found energy he pulled himself out of bed, walked, albeit somewhat tenderly to the shower, and prepared himself for his return to the population.

Nurse O'Connor smiled to herself as she picked up the phone on her desk to call Sergeant Wyatt watching Jerrod/Jesimae walk to the shower to prepare him/her self for his/her return to the prison population.