

JOURNEY INTO NIGHT – CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

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Previously...

“So,” he continued, “are you ready to suffer for me?”

In tears, I nodded slowly, knowing how viciously the whip would cut into my back, buttocks and legs... knowing that the Mayor, his wife and two sons would be watching as i screamed and struggled at the whipping-post... but i had yielded up my soul to this man... and my sufferings would please him and make him want me more. i would be *proud* to suffer for him... The Inspector abruptly opened the door and went in, leaving me alone, facing the wall once more.

After what seemed like hours, but was only about twenty minutes, I heard voices and movement just inside the door, which was eventually flung open, and the Mayor, his wife and sons emerged, the boys chattering excitedly and sniggering as they passed me, still facing the wall.

A couple of the guards brought out chairs for the official party and the Inspector, who also came out with a riding-crop in his right hand... He reached for the chain between my ringed nipples and dragged me over to the whipping post... My heart was pounding as he unlocked the cuffs behind my back, which gave me some relief at last – but it was short-lived: he locked the cuffs in front of me this time, inserting a chain, which was bolted to the whipping-post at one end, between my extended arms, and pulling the loose end of the chain up and hooking one of the links of the loose end on to a steel L-shaped pin driven into the wooden whipping-post. My arms were stretched above my head now, and the Inspector clasped a thick leather belt around my waist and buckled it on the other side of the whipping-post, pulling it tight, so that my buttocks were thrust out, obscenely revealing the plug in my hole. My cock, ringed and chained to my navel was pressed against the rough, splintery wooden post. The Inspector spoke:

“This prisoner is a foreigner. He has no respect for the people of our country. He is listed for special punishment. All rights have been denied him. His own embassy has renounced him. He is therefore here for the rest of his life. He is in the lowest category of prisoner here. I will punish him in the manner suited for low-lives of this kind. The beating will be severe, so if any members of the official party wish to leave, please do so now...”

His words were met with silence, so I presume they wished to watch me being whipped... The Inspector checked the butt plug in my mouth, to make sure it was tight enough as a gag, then stood back, raised his arm (which I could see out of the corner of my eye) and brought the whip down on my shoulders and back in rapid succession, causing me to scream through my shitty gag, but I knew it would mean nothing to him. In fact he had already told me that the more I screamed and jerked, the more he wanted to punish me. The belt around my waist that secured me to the whipping-post, combined with the fact that my arms were secured by a chain and the handcuffs to the post above my head, meant that there would not be much movement on my part... As I looked down,

I noticed that my nipples had with time grown bigger, thanks to the big rings inserted through them: they stuck out obscenely, attracting the attention of anyone who happened to see my permanently naked body...

I was soon roused from these thoughts when he began to thrash my buttocks, and I involuntarily thrust my pelvis forward, grinding my ringed tits and poor, imprisoned cock and balls into the splintery wood. I lost count of the number of times the riding-crop slashed my helpless, thrust-out buttocks, but then he moved downwards, thrashing the backs of my thighs and calves. Of course, I was screaming and crying through my filthy butt-plug gag, and did not hear one of the youths throwing up at the sight his parents had invited him to witness, although I could see him out of the corner of my tear-filled eye.

The Inspector then proceeded upwards again, thrashing my buttocks, then my back and shoulders once more. Then I passed out, mercifully, although I was still secured firmly to the post. I came round, still bound to the whipping-post, to the sound of conversation between the Mayor and the Inspector:

"... yes, I can see you are doing an excellent job here, Inspector. My wife and sons now begin to understand that the Law is not to be trifled with in our country. My elder son is nearly sixteen now, and is thinking of going into the police force, so it has been a useful exercise visiting the prison and seeing discipline being given out. My younger son is not quite fifteen yet, and he is not sure what career he wants to pursue. But, Inspector, if you can give them a helping hand, I would be most grateful..."

"My pleasure, Mr. Mayor. I will see what I can do for them... Maybe one or both of them would like to spend a few days with us, observing how we work..."

"Well, boys, what do you think? Would you like to take up the Inspector's kind offer?"

The elder boy was very enthusiastic, I could hear behind my beaten back as I hung there, naked, helpless and beaten while they chatted. He wanted to spend his summer school vacation working at the prison. The younger boy was not so sure...

"C'mon boy, the Inspector is being very kind and helpful... He could help you get a job here later – you know how difficult it is to get work nowadays... I think, Inspector, that he will be glad to come along too."

"That's all right, Mr. Mayor, maybe this is all a bit too much for him right now, but his brother seems ready for it – am I right?" he asked the older youth.

"Sure – when can I start?" he replied excitedly.

"Come along tomorrow morning – you can see the prisoners' morning routine..." (and of course I knew that meant the ritual canings of all prisoners every morning)...

"Thanks, Inspector – I'll be there!"

"Well, thank you again, Inspector. I will put in a very favourable report to the local council about how you handle things here... We'll be in touch about my sons' careers..."

"Goodbye Mr. Mayor, Madam... boys..." the Inspector bade them farewell as they got into their car. As it left the prison gates, the Inspector returned to me, sliding his hand up and down my back and buttocks, on fire with pain... I felt him unlocking the butt-plug in my hole, which he then pulled out roughly, forcing my guts to disgorge their contents down between my legs. I felt strangely ashamed and embarrassed, but the guards just laughed... I heard the Inspector fiddle with his belt and trousers, then play with his cock till it was stiff and start shoving it up my shitty hole. With my waist firmly secured

to the whipping post, I could not move, but mercifully the shit acted as a lubricant as he pushed his long, fat member into me. He was taller than me, so it was no problem for him to do this. The pain in my buttocks was intense as his pelvis banged into me, grinding my poor cock and balls even harder into the splintery wood. I groaned through my gag as his thrusting got harder and faster, burbling incoherently through my gagged mouth that I wanted him to stop, give me a rest... and then, finally, just that I *wanted* him...

The guards watched in silence as the Inspector buggered me brutally till he finally shot his spunk up my shit-chute with a great roar... He stood there a few moments, waiting for his erection to subside – but it did not go down so fast, so he just pulled out of me brutally, had the guards release me from the post, cuff my hands behind as before, push me to my knees, remove the butt-plug gag from my mouth and open my mouth to receive his shitty cock for cleaning. I did my duty, my tongue cleaning his shit and spunk-streaked cock and balls, trying to show my respect for him as best I could...

When he was satisfied, the Inspector told the guards to throw salt water over my blood-spotted back and buttocks put me back in my cell - *when they had finished with me...* What did that mean? Would they beat me again? Would they fuck my battered, spunk-filled hole again (which was leaking now because my hole had been stretched so much that I had little control over it...)?

I was brought back to reality as I felt the bucket of cold salty water being thrown over me. I groaned as the salt washed my already fiery back, ass and legs, watched by the Inspector. He looked down at me, on my knees with my faced creased in agony... but he just smiled and spat in my open mouth. I swallowed his spit gratefully... *gratefully*: a strange word to use about a man who had degraded and punished me so cruelly, and who would no doubt continue to do so for years to come – and yet I *did* feel grateful to him. After all, he had taught me my true place in the world of men. He was a man that all the guards and prisoners feared and respected, as I did. I *respected* his punishment of me, I *respected* his cock, balls, his big, ripe, manly ass, his smelly feet, his sweat, spit and spunk. He hated me, yet *wanted* me. I could never escape from this place... He *owned* me. The night into which I had journeyed would be endless...

The Inspector abruptly turned, went to his car and drove out of the gates of the compound, leaving me alone with the guards. One of them pulled me to my feet by my nipple chain and growled at me with his face so close to mine I had to smell his sweat and beery breath as he spoke:

“The Inspector’s gone now, so it's shithouse duty for you,” he sneered, spitting in my face. The other two guards laughed as they dragged me by my helplessly chained tits to the guards’ toilet block. As we entered the small, tiled room I could smell the stench of stale urine - the only urinal was blocked and filled with frothy guards’ piss. Needless to say, I was pushed to my knees in front of it and my head pushed down into the stinking yellow liquid.

“DRINK! English pig!” the guard barked, holding my head down. The foul liquid was still warm from the last guard’s piss. My mouth was parched from being so long in the sun and after suffering my punishment, so I opened my mouth and lapped at the piss, then gulping it all down, cleaning the urinal with my tongue as I was expected to do. When the guard was satisfied, he once again pulled me to my feet by my nipple chain and dragged me to the toilet box in which I had been imprisoned once before... I lay down

with my face under the toilet seat, and the board with the space for my neck was put in place, imprisoning my head in the stinking toilet box (there were some recent pieces of guard shit still left in it).

One of the other guards stood over my lower body, in front of the box, took out his cock and unceremoniously unleashed a hot stream of piss into the box over my face. After shaking out the last few drops, he shoved his unwashed cock back in his pants and left with the second guard. The remaining guard, who had dragged me here, calmly lit up a cigarette, dropped his pants, turned round and sat down on the toilet, his ripe butt just an inch from my face. He was obviously going to take a dump - and, sure enough, he farted two or three times and then pushed out a big turd into my open mouth (he made sure my mouth was open by bashing my helpless balls with the heel of his boot - he timed his "drop" perfectly to coincide with the moment when i yelled in pain).

His first turd was followed by two smaller ones, the rich stench of his excrement filling the space inside the box in which my face was trapped under his big ass... With a last fart he ordered me to clean his hole, which I did as best I could, though my shit-coated tongue could not do the job properly. When he was satisfied, he calmly got up and pulled his trousers up over his big ass and left, slamming the lid of the toilet down. He went out, whistling nonchalantly.

I was once more left alone in the stinking toilet block, handcuffed, my head trapped in the toilet box with the remains of the guard's shit drying on my face and mouth, my body extended beyond it, with my tits, cock and balls helplessly exposed to any guard who wanted to hurt me. My shithole had mercifully not been plugged again, but it was leaking with the Inspector's spunk mixed with my shit...