

JOURNEY INTO NIGHT – CHAPTER THIRTY

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Previously...

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...

I don't know how many hours I spent there: it was already getting dark when I was put on toilet duty after I was flogged. Occasionally, the single naked light bulb would be flicked on when a guard came in to piss or dump on my face. Once I had cleaned his hole, he would pull up his uniform trousers (often spitting on my shitty face at the same time) and go out, turning off the light and leaving me in darkness.

I would occasionally doze off, only to be awakened when the guards on night duty came in to piss or shit on me... Finally, dawn broke, and several guards came in (they were replacing the night watch) laughing and joking. They paid no attention to me as they pissed into the toilet box together – one of them inevitably needing a dump, of course. So he just pulled down his trousers in front of the other two guards and unceremoniously sat down, pressing his big ass into my trapped face and farting several times, to the evident amusement of the other two. He pushed out several turds, which just plopped on to my mouth, nose and neck. I made sure I cleaned his dirty hole as best I could, although the guards didn't care much how clean they were, since they knew there was always a prisoner there to do the job for them.

Eventually, the three of them left, two of them ribbing the one who had dumped on me, complaining about the stink he had left behind.

Finally, one of the guards came in to take me for my morning caning with all the other prisoners. He released my head from the box, yanked me to my feet by my nipple chain, and screwed up his face looking at my own shitty face: "You, English pig! You stink! I wash you now!" he sneered.

What *he* meant by washing was just to push me to my knees and piss all over my head, but it did wash away some of the dried-on shit, even though I stank of his morning urine.

Pulling me again to my feet by my nipple chain, he roughly shoved me forward into the yard towards the prison block. I had been so cruelly whipped the evening before, I did not think I could take any more, but I knew there was no use protesting – the Inspector would make no exceptions, especially for me. As I approached the door to the block, I could hear the sound of the cane whistling down on some prisoner's buttocks... The guard threw open the door, revealing one of the prisoners held face down over the desk, his ass criss-crossed with livid red stripes. He groaned with each new stroke, but his head was held fast between the meaty thighs of one of the guards, who held his arms up and back, to ensure there would be no unnecessary struggling. I knew my turn would soon be next, and I shuddered at the thought that my poor ass would soon be getting its

punishment again. I stood at attention till the prisoner had received his statutory twenty strokes. He was allowed to stand up, rubbing his backside, and shoved back in the cell. Now it was my turn...

As usual, I was thrown face down over the Inspector's desk, my legs kicked apart, my head down and gripped by the same meaty thighs that held the previous prisoner, and my handcuffed arms pulled up and back in the usual way. My buttocks were still sore from the previous day's punishment, so I knew I was in for a rough ride. I tensed, waiting for the cane to whistle down, but I heard the door open and then the Inspector's voice...

I was astonished when I heard him tell the guards not to beat me, but put me back in the cell with the other prisoners. Maybe he was taking pity on me, after his thrashing the previous evening – whatever the reason, I could not have been more relieved. I was pulled up from the desk, and shoved, still cuffed, back into the cell with the other prisoners, who had all been caned as usual. I kept my eyes dutifully looking down at the floor, but I could see that the Inspector had arrived with the Mayor's son, as planned, and another man...

Once I was back in the cell, and the door had been banged shut and locked, I could see through the bars that the other uniformed man was enormous – he must have been at least six-foot-seven. He was built like a tank, with broad shoulders, thickly muscled arms and legs and a big, powerful-looking ass. His legs and ass were so built that the seams of his trousers were almost splitting. His face was unshaven, he had a shaved head and jet black eyes.

The Inspector introduced him as the new warden: the Inspector had been promoted and was leaving the prison service. My heart sank: this was the only man who would save me from almost certain death – yes, he had beaten me, degraded and fucked me, but I had yielded myself up to him, knowing that somehow this was my place in life, helpless and at his mercy. But he had always taken care of me in his own cruel way. To be abandoned now, and under the authority of a new warden who clearly had no scruples about the treatment of prisoners – this was a terrifying prospect, and I shuddered with terror. The Inspector introduced the new Warden to the various "facilities" of the building, with a cursory nod in the direction of our overcrowded cell, mentioning that all the prisoners were lifers, including the English one...

"Who is the English one?" the Warden asked. The Inspector snapped his fingers at me to move forward to the bars. I stood before the new Warden, whose black eyes glittered as he looked my naked, handcuffed body up and down. Of course, I immediately looked down after my quick glance at the Warden's face... I stood there dutifully as the Inspector and the Warden conversed... Obviously, the Inspector had told him something of my history, because he seemed to know quite a lot about me...

"I see he has been ringed," the Warden said, with no trace of surprise.

"He is a special case," the Inspector replied. "He is a foreigner with no respect for our country. So we teach him to be VERY respectful. He is a lifer, so he has no rights... Make sure you teach him well..."

"Don't worry," the Warden answered, "I will make sure he is completely respectful!"

I did not know what he meant by that, but obviously it was not going to be pleasant. It seemed so unfair - I had yielded myself voluntarily to the Inspector, I had done everything I could to show my respect for him and his countrymen. I had been

degraded lower than a dog; I had been punished certainly more severely than the other prisoners; I had been used as a toilet by the guards and the prisoners; my asshole had been used and abused by prisoners and guards alike, not forgetting the Inspector; I had been branded and ringed - what more could the new Warden do to me to teach me to be 'respectful'?

The Inspector came to the bars of our cell, took my chin in his hand, lifting my face up to look at him and spoke:

"I am going now – you will not see me again. Whether you live or die depends on how well you behave with the new Warden, understand?" I nodded, tears coming to my eyes and rolling down my cheeks.

"Why do you cry?" he suddenly asked in a quiet voice.

"Because... because i... i do not want you to go. i have done everything to please you, even though you have beaten and humiliated me..."

"But it was what you needed, it was your *destiny*, no?" As he said this, he held my chin firmly up, so that I would have to look into his eyes. I closed my eyes to avoid his piercing gaze...

"LOOK AT ME AND ANSWER ME!" he barked. I opened my eyes and looked straight into his...

"Yes..." I whispered. "But... why are you abandoning me...? I ... i need you..."

"For what? Your life is now totally out of your control, you are what you were always meant to be... an object under the control of *men*. The other prisoners are violent criminals – the guards are criminals too, but they wear uniforms... You gave yourself to me, to dispose of as I wished, so now I give you to *them*. Yes, I wanted you, but you were dragging me down to a level where I did not wish to go to. But the new warden is much worse than me, and he *hates* people like you. He is a psycho. Under him, you will sink to new depths, where you truly *belong*... Goodbye, Englishman..." This was the first time I had been called a *man*, but it would be the last. The Inspector abruptly turned, collected his papers from the desk, shook hands with the new Warden and left.

The new Warden walked slowly towards us, behind our imprisoning bars, glaring menacingly. He stood, his beefy legs apart, and folded his arms. He spoke in the voice that I later came to fear – it was deep, his words slow and menacing:

"Your lives are now in my hands. The State has given me total authority here – the State wishes you were all dead, so if any of you should be so unfortunate as to meet that fate, no-one will care, least of all the State. You are all pigs, you are nothing. But we have to feed you and house you for the rest of your worthless lives... you are nothing but a burden to the State, which is why the State wishes you dead...". The huge man paused to look round us poor, pathetic, naked prisoners, waiting for his words to sink in...

"I have been told that discipline here has become very easy – I intend to change all that..." I thought to myself: easy? The vicious punishments were easy? The disgusting things I had been made to do were easy? How much more severe could things get?

"I have decided to make an example... you..." he nodded in my direction. My heart was thumping... "Yes, you – English pig! The good Inspector let you go this morning from your daily punishment... but I will not: bring him here!" he said to the guards, without turning his head, looking me straight in the eye. Now I was scared: I had been beaten only the previous evening, and I was sure I could not stand any more of it. But there was no-one to protect me, now that the Inspector had abandoned me to this

monster. I started to blubber like a small kid: "No, no, please no – I'll do anything you want, but please...."

I was hauled out in front of him and he slapped my face with his huge hand, and would have fallen to the ground, if it were not for the guards holding me fast by my handcuffed arms. The Warden held my face in the same hand that had smashed into my defenceless face and spoke in that deep, menacing voice of his:

"You talk too much, pig... you see, pigs do not speak – they are animals. So why do you speak? Do you imagine that *anything* you say will make the slightest difference? You may scream when you are punished, but..." he paused to take my helpless balls in his other hand and squeeze them viciously... "if you *speak* without permission again, I will have your balls cut off. I will not cut out your tongue – we need that for other duties..." I cried and struggled as he tortured my poor balls, but handcuffed and held by the guards, I was defenceless.

"Take him – and *double* the punishment! Forty strokes!" I could not believe it: in spite of the fact that my poor ass was already well striped, he was going to give me double the usual morning punishment. I was frogmarched over to the table and the guards were about to bend me over it, when the Warden interrupted:

"No, not that way – on his back..." The Warden walked over as they laid me on my back, with my head hanging just over the edge. He came behind me and straddled my face, squeezing his big thighs and trapping my face in his huge uniformed ass. He grabbed my legs and pulled them up, so that my rump was poking up into the stratosphere...

"Begin!" he said softly... The guard raised the cane and brought it whistling down on to my upturned buttocks. The pain shot through me and I screamed into the Warden's ass – uselessly of course, as the Warden had certainly let it be known that mercy was not part of his vocabulary. In a way, I was glad my screams were muffled, as it must have been shocking for the Mayor's son to witness this cruelty on his first day as an 'apprentice' jailer.

After the tenth stroke, I heard the Warden tell the guard to get the thick leather paddle. It gave me a few moments of respite, during which the Warden farted a couple of times, filling my mouth and nose with his stink.

Again those terrifying words: "Begin..." and again my upturned ass was battered over and over, the blows now extending to my thighs as well. My wails and screams were lost in the tightly stretched uniform covering the Warden's farting ass.

After the thirtieth stroke, the Warden told the guard to stop and fuck my hole, since he obviously had a hard-on from beating me and needed to relieve himself. I heard the guard unbuckle his uniform trousers, pull out his cock and spit on it. Of course, there was no other preparation: he just pushed the thing into my open, defenceless hole, burying it all the way. I groaned into the Warden's big ass as I was invaded. The guard fucked me fast and brutally - he had obviously been very turned on by thrashing my helpless rump. Finally, he erupted, banging his cock into me very hard. He pulled out roughly, and I could feel his jism and probably some of my shit dribbling out of my hole. The Warden farted again and ordered another guard to take over my thrashing, since the first one was no longer excited. He obviously knew that if the guard's cock was aroused, he would punish the victim harder...

"Use the cane again... no, the thicker one... Begin!" the Ward said quietly.

Once more, pain shot through me as my poor defenceless ass was assaulted, until all forty strokes had been delivered.

Finally, the Warden released my legs and moved back off my tear-streaked face. One of the guards pulled me off the table into a standing position by my nipple chain. The Warden came and stood in front of me - i of course looked down at his boots, shaking and sobbing, but he lifted my chin up and spoke:

“So you see, English pig, you can expect things only to get worse while I’m here...” I had been ordered not to speak, so all i could do was try and nod, though his huge hand held my face fast. Then he pulled down my jaw and spat a huge gob of spit into my mouth, closing it afterwards...

“You are *my* prisoner now, and as you swallow my spit...” (which I was doing, though with difficulty) “you will realise that from now on you will swallow *everything* that comes out of me, your guards and your fellow prisoners... there are only a few of you left anyway, so that shouldn’t be too difficult, should it?” He shook my head from side to side in mock agreement. He leaned forwards and downwards (he was much taller than me) and belched in my face.

“You are a pig: I will treat you like one... Now take the pig back to its cell!” – and with that, the guards once more frogmarched me back behind bars. Clearly, unlocking my handcuffs was not on the cards for today, though my shoulders ached from being in the same position all the time.

The Warden then withdrew into another room with all the guards except the duty guard – no doubt to give them a pep talk on what the new regime was going to be like. My first ‘taste’ of it told me that life was going to be more hellish than ever before, if that were possible.