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Prison

Maximum Security Prison - The Processing Center

Jerrod was transferred from the court house lock up to the main processing center for those convicted of felonies and Class A misdemeanors. The guards treated him decently considering he was the topic of every newspaper, magazine, television, radio, and cable television news and talk show. His first humiliation came when he was told to stand among the fifteen other incoming inmates and strip naked. Those who had been in the system before started removing their clothes. Jerrod hesitated and the nasty smelling nigger standing next to him said he'd better get a move on it or he'd be the brunt of a good beating by the guards. That was enough to get him to remove his clothing and stand completely naked in front of complete strangers.

Prison guards passed in front of each convict and asked them to open their mouths, stick out their tongues, lift up their tongues, and raise their arms above their head. Each man was required to look left and right so the inside of their ears could be inspected. When this was completed the guards took a couple of steps back and the sergeant-in-charge bellowed, "Ok, you losers, turn around, bend over, and spread 'em. You know the drill. Time to see if you've got any contraband shoved up your asses." Jerrod watched as all of the men did exactly as they were instructed. He hesitated which was the wrong thing to do. One of the guards came over to him and punched him in his stomach causing him to lose his breath and bend over. He then took him by his head and shoulders and spun him around so he was facing in the same direction as the others.

Jerrod could not believe the guard just struck him in his solar plexus causing him to lose his ability to breath for a moment. The smelly nigger next to him just laughed as he watched Jerrod from the corner of his eye trying to catch his breath. "Spread 'em," yelled the sergeant. All them men except for Jerrod reached around and took each cheek of their asses and pulled them open exposing their anuses to the guards. Because Jerrod was slow getting his hands to his cheeks, he felt the pressure of a guards boot on his testicles. He was lifted off the floor from the kick that was just applied to his privates. "Garcia, take that prisoner to the holding cell. We'll deal with him later. We've got prisoners to process." Garcia took Jerrod by the hair and pulled him to a small room located off the room they were in. Another guard picked up his clothing, tossed it in, and slammed the heavy metal door closed. Jerrod could hear the lock slide shut and that is when he began to weep uncontrollably.

Jerrod lay on the cold concrete floor for what seemed to be hours, but it was only forty-five minutes. The sergeant unlocked the door and walked in to see Jerrod lying on the floor shivering. The room was warm and there should be no reason for the prisoner to be shivering. Sergeant Wyatt wasn't the brightest bulb in the world, but his six foot ten inch height coupled with a two hundred ninety-five pound muscular frame gave him a good advantage over the losers who inhabited the prison where he worked. He didn't realize that the young prisoner was shivering out of fear. Sergeant Wyatt just went about his business not caring at all about the emotional state of the prisoner lying on the floor.

"Stand up, prisoner. Now!!!" he bellowed.

Jerrod Saxton looked up at the giant of a man who stood over him, glaring, and expecting a reaction to his command. Jerrod gained enough control to roll himself up into a standing position in front of the Sergeant. He could see his name tag read Wyatt. He tried to control his fear and his shivering. He remembered what Mr. Barbary had told him about not getting himself into something he could not control. Jerrod took a deep breath, let it out, and spoke to Sergeant Wyatt. "Excuse me sir, but, I wasn't ready or, no... I shouldn't be here. I'm innocent!!!"

Sergeant Wyatt smiled and chuckled at the young prisoner that stood in front of him. "They all say that when they know damn well they committed the crime. They just don't want to do the time. Now, turn around, bend over, and spread 'em."

"But..."

That was all Sergeant Wyatt needed to hear. His big paw of a right hand reached out and grabbed Jerrod around his throat and under his chin. He easily lifted Jerrod off the floor. He wasn't choking the prisoner. He spoke as he held Jerrod up, "Never hesitate when answering a direct question. Never ever respond to a command with a question. Never ever disobey a direct command. If you do, you'll end up in solitary confinement for a period not to exceed sixty days. You really don't want to spend your first sixty days in the hole, now do you?" He let go of Jerrod and saw him fall to the floor in a heap. Using his foot, he prodded the prisoner to stand up.

When Jerrod stood up, he turned around, bent over, and spread the cheeks of his ass. He waited for Sergeant Wyatt to say something. He didn't hear a word, but felt a finger being slipped into his anus. Jerrod realized very quickly that if he moved or cried he'd end up in solitary confinement. Sergeant Wyatt used his gloved and lubed finger to check if Jerrod had stuck illegal contraband up his ass. He purposefully kept it in longer and deeper than necessary. Jerrod tried not to move or respond in any way to being probed anally. When Sergeant Wynn removed his finger he heard Jerrod sigh loud enough to be interpreted as one of relief.

"So, you liked having my finger up your ass. By the feel of it, it is going to provide some stud a good hole to fuck. Oh, I know, sex in the pen is illegal and guys like you never get raped. Bullshit!!! If I didn't have to bring you to the Warden's Office, I'd take your anal cherry right now and that would not bode well for you in your cell block or the yard. All of your fellow prisoners and losers would assume you're a snitch and before you know it, you'd have a shank in your gut. Now stand up and get dressed, Jerrod."

Jerrod did as he was told. He stood up, picked up his prison clothes, and dressed himself. He wanted to ask Sergeant Wyatt questions, but thought better of it. All he wanted was to get away from this man. He wondered how he knew his name, but it didn't take long to figure out that the guards would be privy to the list of name of the arriving prisoners. Jerrod looked up at the giant of a man and spoke in a quiet voice, "I'm ready if you are, Sir."

Sergeant Wyatt smiled at the smallish boy that stood in front of him. He stepped to the door of the room, opened it, and motioned for Jerrod Saxton, prisoner number 452593801, to leave the room. Outside the room Jerrod could see that the other prisoners had been moved to their cell blocks. The only people there were two other guards and they were holding the same chains that were placed on him when he exited the court room. He wondered why they were needed when he was all ready in the system. Not wanting to be kicked, he stepped up to them and allowed them to chain and cuff his hands and ankles. Jerrod Saxton, prisoner number 452593801 was a becoming a quick learner.

The walk to the Warden's Office took about ten minutes. Jerrod learned to become adept at the '*chained prisoner shuffle*'. There was a guard on either side of him and Sergeant Wyatt behind him. He was told to stand next to the wall that was opposite to the door of the Warden's Office. Sergeant Wyatt entered the office closing the door behind him. The two other guards waited on either side of him. They did not say a word to each other or to him. Ten minutes passed before Sergeant Wyatt opened the door and told them it was ok for them to enter. Jerrod shuffled in to find that he was actually in the room that was used by the Warden's Administrative Assistant. He stood where the Sergeant told him to and again waited. The Administrative Assistant sat behind her desk staring at him before she realized and returned to her work. After another ten minutes, the warden emerged from his office.

"Well, well... What do we have here?" rhetorically asked the warden. He looked at the boy standing in front of him and smiled at everyone in the room. "I think he's going to have a tough time in my prison." Again rhetorically, he asked, "Don't you think boys? Oh, Ms. Parker, I apologize for including you." The warden walked over and stood in front of Jerrod. He stared at him with cold eyes. Jerrod tried to look down and that was the wrong thing for him to do. The warden cuffed him across his face causing him to take two steps backward. This only pissed the warden off more. "Take that useless piece-of-shit into my office. Unchain him and leave him there. It's time for me to talk to this animal."

Jerrod Saxton stood in the warden's office not knowing what this maniac was going to say or do to him. He tried with all his might not to shake from the fear that was coursing through his body. He had an urge to piss, but knew if he did that on the Warden's office floor he'd be toast. He tried to calm himself by looking at the pictures that were on every wall of the office including the wall that had the three large windows on it. Jerrod closed his eyes and silently prayed. Praying was something he hadn't done in years. He hoped that it would help him now. The warden entered the office and strode to a standing position behind his desk. Again, he stared down at Jerrod.

"So, young man, how is it going to go?" asked the warden.

Jerrod didn't know if he was supposed to answer and he didn't want to get hit again. He turned to see if anyone else had entered with the warden and noticed the two of them were alone. Jerrod realized that the warden was expecting a response, "Sir, I don't belong here. I'm innocent. I didn't murder that family. Please..."

The warden yelled, "Enough!!!" He continued, "You're eighteen and you have a lifetime to spend behind these walls. The quicker you learn that no one gives a shit about your cries of innocence, the quicker you'll become acclimated to your situation. You are from this moment forward prisoner 452593801. You have no name to the administration of this facility. You will adhere to the rules and regulations. If you don't, you'll end up in solitary confinement."

The warden walked from behind his desk and stood in front of Jerrod. He leaned against his desk and unzipped his pants. He pulled out his cock and just let it hang there for a moment before he spoke, "Get on your knees boy, and suck my cock. Show me that you're not going to make your time here difficult."

Jerrod stared at the warden in disbelief. The head administrator of the facility was standing in front of him telling him to suck his cock. He never really sucked a man's cock and didn't want to start now. The warden saw his hesitation, responded by taking his right hand and slapping Jerrod across his face. Jerrod had both hands free so he reacted without thinking. He used his minimal training and punched the warden in the solar plexus driving all the air out of his lungs. The warden hit the floor with a thud knocking several items off his desk. This was enough to alert the guards in the outer office and they entered to see Jerrod standing and the warden on the floor gasping for breath.

Sergeant Wyatt pulled a baton from his belt and struck Jerrod on the back of his head knocking him out. He walked to where the warden was on the floor, his cock hanging out of his pants, and him gasping for breath. "What in God's name were you doing? And, how the fuck did you let him punch you? Damn, man, put your fuckin' cock away before you get us all in trouble." He continued to stare at the prone man.

It a few minutes for the warden to gain control of his breathing and recover from the punch to his solar plexus before he had enough sense to put his cock back in his pants. He looked at the Sergeant and calmly said, "Take that boy and put him with The Deacon. Fuck solitary confinement and fuck the instructions from the judge. If you say one word about this, I'll have your job. Understand?"

Sergeant Wyatt knew better than respond to the warden's useless demand. This was actually the first time he'd seen the warden in action with a prisoner, but it was well known that he did like a blow job from some of the sissy bitches on occasion. Wyatt just couldn't believe he would do anything with the new prisoner considering he was a total virgin to prison life and the written and unwritten rules and regulations of the institution he would be spending the rest of his life in. The Sergeant replied, "Sir, are you crazy? You really don't want to do that. I'd recommend against it Sir."

"Just do as I say. Wake that piece-of-shit up and take him to his new home." The warden turned and faced the window so he didn't have to look at the men. His embarrassment was deep enough to keep him from watching

them remove Jerrod from his office. He knew that housing prisoner 452593801 with The Deacon was going to be an interesting proposition and only time would tell how it would work itself out if it did at all.