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Prison

Maximum Security Prison – The First Day in Stir

Jerrod Saxton, prisoner number 452593801, stood against the railing three stories up in front of the nine-by-six cage, he was going to inhabit with his new cellmate. He held in his arms his bedding, three changes of prison uniforms, and his basic entitlement of toiletries. He could see that the cell was empty and figured that his cellmate was in the yard or the common area with the other prisoners. Sergeant Wyatt yelled to have the door open to cell 369. Jerrod watched as the steel bars slid to the right clanging open when they reached the end of the line. The Sergeant turned and waved Jerrod into the cell. Just as he passed into the small area that he would call home, he heard Wyatt signal to shut the cell door. Jerrod turned to see Sergeant Wyatt standing on the other sides of the bars smiling.

“452593801, if I were you, I wouldn’t do anything until you cellmate returns from the yard as he’s very particular about his cell.” The Sergeant turned and walked away before Jerrod could say anything.

Jerrod Saxton took the Sergeant’s advice and just stood in the middle of the cell waiting for his cellmate’s return. He stood for three-and-a-half hours before he heard the men enter the cell block and each of them take a position in front of the door to their cells. Jerrod couldn’t believe the size of the man standing waiting to enter the cell. Marcus ‘The Deacon’ Washington stood seven feet three inches. He weighed in at 325 pounds of which not a single ounce was fat. His arms were as big as Jerrod’s thighs. Jerrod at five feet seven inches was a good eighteen inches shorter than his cellmate. The door slid open and the giant entered the cell. Jerrod remained frozen on the spot he’d been standing on for the last three-and-a-half hours.

The Deacon spoke after the cell door clanged shut, “Take youz shit and puts it on da top bunk.” Jerrod stepped towards the bunk and quickly placed, no tossed his belongings onto the mattress. When he turned around he looked at The Deacon to see that in the few seconds it took him to toss his belongings on the mattress The Deacon has unzipped his zipper and pulled out his cock. Jerrod stood wide eyed at the monster that was hanging from the open zipper of The Deacon’s blue denim pants. He watched as the giant of a man began to masturbate. The Deacon said only one thing to him. “Get on youz knees in front of me so I can mark youz as mine.”

Jerrod Saxton wanted to strike out but knew that with his minimal training he didn’t have a chance with The Deacon. He moved in front of the man, fell to his knees, and began to whimper and cry. He looked up at the seven foot three inch giant and watched as he masturbated his humongous cock. Jerrod dared not estimate the size of the cock that was now just inches from his tear stained face. The Deacon used his right hand to massage his manhood to its full length and girth. He stood there masturbating himself without saying one word to the frightened boy kneeling in front of him. It took about seven minutes for him to reach the point-of-no-return. Just as he began to feel himself begin to cum, The Deacon placed his left hand behind Jerrod’s head and pulled it so his cock was lying on his chin. He

continued stroking himself holding Jerrod's head in the perfect position to receive his load. The Deacon knew that the fear stricken Jerrod would not move a single solitary muscle in his body.

"Ok, boy... I'm going to mark youz... Here it comes!!!"

The Deacon ejaculated on Jerrod's face. The first three ropes of cum covered his right eye and cheek. The next two ropes covered from the tip of his nose across his forehead to his hairline. The final two spurts were directed towards the young boy's lips. The Deacon kept his left hand on the back of Jerrod's head. Jerrod could feel the size of the paw that was directing his head as the recipient of The Deacon's orgasm. As Jerrod knelt in front of his giant cellmate, he became truly sacred of his predicament. Jerrod Saxton had no chance in hell to defend himself against the monster sized man that for some indeterminate time he was going to be living with, in a very tight space. He felt the hot ejaculate settle on his face. He tried to open his right eye only to have the cum sink onto it and cause him to close it quickly to stop the stinging feeling he was experiencing. He waited not knowing what The Deacon wanted of him.

The Deacon smiled down at his new cellmate and knew that this tender teenage boy would become his bitch. He released his head, shook the last of his ejaculate onto Jerrod's face, and put it back in his pants. He didn't move from in front of the kneeling boy. He spoke, "So, what's your name, bitch?"

Jerrod stifled his need to cry and replied, "Jerrod Saxton."

"Youz da son-of-bitch dat murdered dat family in Pillar Ville. Youz dat insane psycho dat fucked the little boy with a fireplace poker. God, damn!!! And now youz a goin' to be my bitch." Jerrod didn't say a word. He just knelt in front of The Deacon with his face covered in his cum trying with all his might to keep from pissing his pants. "We're goin' to dinner soon and youz a goin' to be wearin' my cum as proof that youz is mine. Wipe one small bit of my scum off your face before I tell youz to and youz'll be cryin' in your bed tonight because your balls will be so sore because de'll be da size of baseballs. Now, we have to name youz. You gotz any ideas?"

Jerrod didn't know what to say in reply to the man that just told him he was going to be turned into his bitch. He allowed him to ejaculate all over his face, so he knew he'd do whatever this animal wanted. Jerrod wanted to survive because he believed his attorney would get him released from this hell hole. "Wh, Wha, Whatever you'd like to name me," Jerrod replied.

"How about Jesimae? Jesimae is a nice name and I could get used to fuckin' callin' youz Jesimae." The Deacon thought for a moment or two about naming Jerrod, Jesimae. Yep, my dick is jumpin' at the thought of tellin' Jesimae I'm wantin' her. From this moment on boy, your name is Jesimae."

Jerrod started at him not believing that he was going to be called by a girl's name. He felt the cum on his face begin to cool and harden. His right eye would not open because of the amount of cum that The Deacon had deposited there. "I really don't want to be known as Jesimae. My name is Jerrod," begged the boy as he knelt in front of his cellmate.

The hand hit him so hard he left his knees and crashed into the steel commode at the rear of the cell. His shoulder hit the rim of the commode protecting his head from crashing into it and causing major injury. Jerrod recovered and reacted as any minimally trained Marshal Arts fighter would. He jumped up and although he had only one good eye scoped out his response to The Deacon's swatting of his head. Jerrod assumed a fighting position, knees slightly bent, left leg forward, left hand forward, and right hand back. He turned so his good eye could see what, if anything, The Deacon would do in response to his taking a fighting stance.

The Deacon started laughing at the sight of the smallish boy, cum covering his face, standing ready to get into a fist fight. Just as he was about to grab Jesimae by her neck, he could hear the sound of the cell doors being unlocked and the doors beginning to slide and clang open. The Deacon stood tall and said to Jesimae, "Ok, sweet pea, youz a showin' me youz got some grit, but, darlin' youz know that youz got no chance if youz attack me. So, what-it'll-be??? I can kick the shit out of youz now, or youz can accept that I've marked youz and come to dinner proudly wearing my cum."

Jerrod made the mistake of attacking The Deacon. He moved to kick the giant with his right foot. The Deacon timed Jesimae's karate move and countered by catching Jesimae's foot and yanking it across his body using the motion of her leg to cause her to fly into the wall behind the steel bunk beds. The Deacon looked down at Jesimae where she lay against the wall and said, "Wants to stand up and try again? Youz got no chance against me. I'z here because I'z beat to death four black belts after I'z had too much to drink and smoke a few bowls of angel dust. The Marines loved me until I made a Colonel cry because I'z had his balls in my hand and I'z squeezed them until they popped. Jerrod... Youz name is Jesimae and youz better be thinkin' twice before youz do anything else stupid."

Jerrod sat lookin' up at The Deacon and just nodded his acceptance. He stood and followed The Deacon out onto the landing in front of their cell. He didn't even try to hide the fact that his face was covered in cum. Although the prisoners were not supposed to talk while walking from the cell block to the mess hall, word spread quickly that The Deacon had a consecrated new bitch. Upon entering the mess hall, the cons were directed to their assigned tables where they waited for permission to get on line to be served their dinner. When it was The Deacon's turn, he told Jesimae to get him his meal and not to worry about hers. Jerrod looked at him askance and the reaction from The Deacon was swift. He took Jerrod by his balls and squeezed. Jesimae cried in pain and the room fell silent. The Deacon looked around, released Jerrod's balls, and held his hands up as if he wasn't the person responsible for causing him to cry out.

Jerrod recovered, stood, and moved to the line to retrieve The Deacon's supper. He moved slowly as his testicles ached from the short but hard squeeze his cellmate had given them. As he passed through the food line, he could hear the servers making snide comments about his status as The Deacon's new bitch. He returned to the table and put the tray in front of his cellmate and turned to go get his own food. The Deacon grabbed him by the belt and said, "Sit down Jesimae. Yo' dinner is on yo' face."

Everyone at the table broke out in laughter. The Deacon was going to make his new bitch eat his cum for dinner. They watched as he took his spoon and ran it over the now frightened Jerrod's forehead. When he was done the spoon was about three-quarters full. He presented it to Jesimae and told her to open her mouth her dinner was waiting for her. Jerrod looked around the table and could see all of the cons staring at him. He had no choice, so he opened his mouth and let The Deacon place the cum covered spoon into his mouth. The Deacon released the spoon and told Jesimae, "Youz can scoop the rest off youzself sweet pea. I'm hungry and we'z don'ts gots a lot of time to eat. So, eat up Jesimae."

Jerrod sat collecting cum from his face with the spoon that The Deacon had given him and ate it. At first he gagged at the taste of the congealed ejaculate. Every time he'd make like he was going to regurgitate, the others cons at the table would break out in laughter. He continued to clean The Deacon's cum off his face throughout the meal. By the time all of the cons were done eating, Jesimae had completely cleaned her face and consumed it. He sat there frightened, but smiling to himself that he got through the humiliation without having anymore pain inflicted on his body. Jerrod Saxton was learning how to cope.

Their return to the cell was uneventful except for the guards who were openly laughing at him because word had spread from the guards in the mess hall who had witnessed the whole humiliating scene. The Deacon sat at the bars with a mirror so he could talk to the cons on either side of his cell. They would also pass information up down to the tier so information could be given to or gotten from The Deacon. Jerrod sat in the corner behind the bunk beds quietly listening to his cellmate give orders and commands to others on the cell block. Jerrod Saxton realized that he was housed with the number one con in the cell block and for all he knew in the prison. He hadn't taken the time to put his clothes away or make his bed. Upon his entering the cell, he immediately went to the corner and sat down. Not one word has been said by The Deacon to him since they returned from supper. Jerrod was too frightened to do anything.

Jerrod did not know what time the lights went out or what time he'd be awakened in the morning. He sat in the corner waiting for his cellmate to go to sleep so he could take a piss. As he tried to control his urge to piss, he heard The Deacon stand and walk to where he was sitting. The Deacon looked down at Jerrod, "So, youz goin' to sit there all night? Get youz wimpy ass up. Make youz bed and put youz clothes away in youz cubby holez. When youz done, come to me, kneel, and sucks my cock." Jerrod just looked up at him and nodded.

The Deacon watched as Jerrod put his clothes away and then made up the top bunk as his bed. He noticed that Jesimae was dancin' a bit as if he had to take a piss. He thought to himself that the murderin' bastard was shy about pissin' in front of him. He knew there was only one way to solve the issue. The Deacon walked over to the stainless steel commode, turned around, dropped his pants, and sat down. He looked at Jerrod and proceeded to take a shit. He pissed into the commode and verbalized his relief so Jerrod could hear as well as see him. When he was done, he took some toilet paper and wiped his ass. Satisfied that his cellmate had seen him do his business without a second thought he stood, pulled up his pants, and said, "Listen bitch, if youz got to go – go. The only thing I'll tell ya is youz better not ever stand to take a leak. From this moment on and for the rest of youz fuckin' life in this prison, youz'll sit to pee just like any bitch does. Now, do it before youz bust a gut."

Jerrod couldn't believe he just watched The Deacon take a shit. He moved over to the commode, turned around, dropped his pants, and that is when The Deacon began laughing his head off. "Youz son-of-a-bitch. Youz got nothing between youz legs. Youz balls are the size of baby peas and that thing youz calls a cock is more like a clitty. Fuck, I can see why youz did what youz did to that family. Youz a fuckin' loser all right. Now, do youz thing so I don't have to look at youz useless fuckin' package."

Jerrod sat and tried to do his business, but couldn't. He looked up at The Deacon and begged, "Please, please would you turn around. I can't do anything with you watching me."

"Either youz do youz business, girl, or youz go to bed wanting to and if youz piss youz bed it'll be the last time youz do anything at all."

That was all it took for Jerrod to begin to relieve his bladder and very shortly after he felt himself open up and take his first shit in front of another human being. As Jerrod relieved himself, The Deacon returned to his bunk, removed his pants and underwear, and sat down waiting for his bitch to give him his evening blow job. Jerrod finished his business, wiped himself, stood, and pulled up his pants. What he did next was not what The Deacon expected of him. Jerrod walked to the corner behind the bunk bed and sat down. He did not kneel in front of The Deacon and provide oral pleasure to him. The Deacon was pissed beyond belief. He stood walked over the where his bitch was sitting and picked her up by her neck and head. He began to beat her face against the lower bar of the steel bunk bed. He beat Jerrod for a good fifteen minutes breaking his nose, the orbit of his right eye, and breaking or knocking out all but three of his teeth. He unceremoniously dropped the beaten boy where he wanted to be, behind the bunk bed on the floor. The Deacon went to bed and slept like a baby. The next morning as he was leaving for breakfast he notified the guard that Jerrod was not feeling well that morning. The Deacon could care less about the consequences he knew he would suffer for beating the kid that was his new cellmate and bitch.

Jerrod Saxton spent the next sixty days in the infirmary. He was taken to a local hospital where a maxillofacial surgeon repaired his nose and the orbit of his right eye. The dental surgeon in concert with the maxillofacial surgeon could do nothing to replace his lost teeth. In fact, they had to remove the three remaining teeth so they could fit him with dentures. The state was not going to pay for implants. He returned to the prison infirmary where he would recover from his beating. He was told by the nurse that as soon as it was possible he would be returned to his cell. Jerrod cried for days thinking about having to stay in the same cell with The Deacon.

The Deacon spent the forty-five of Jerrod's sixty days in solitary confinement. When he was brought back to his cell he stood on the landing in front of it and made like he was Rocky at the top the stairs in front of the Philadelphia Art Museum. Forty-five days in solitary was nothing to The Deacon. It gave him time to think about how he was going to make Jesimae into the sweet little bitch he needed. He also used the time in solitary to do push ups, crunches, and deep knee bends to keep himself in shape. He could but wouldn't masturbate because he was naked in solitary and he wanted to save himself for Jesimae.

The Deacon returned to his cell a two weeks before Jerrod did. It turned out that Jerrod needed the extra days to get used to his new dental appliances. His gums were not reacting well to the dentures that had been fitted for him. When he arrived at the cell Jerrod saw The Deacon sitting on his bunk reading a contraband girlie magazine. The guard who escorted Jerrod to his cell didn't make any moves to confiscate it or make an issue of The Deacon's possession of it. The cell door slid open, Jerrod walked in, and the cell door slid shut. He stood looking at The Deacon very quietly shaking in his boots.

"So, sweet pea, everything ok? Did the docs fix ya up like new?" The Deacon asked.

"You fuck. You broke my nose. You broke my eye socket and because of you I have no natural teeth. What the fuck do you think?" growled Jerrod.

"Oh, my fuckin' God. Youz got to be the dumbest asshole on the face of dis earth. Don't youz know that I'z got nothin' to lose? I'z doin' eight consecutive life terms without parole. I ain't never gonna see the outside of deese walls while I'z alive. Try to thinks about survivin', Jesimae."

Jerrod looked at him astounded that he called him by his female name. He stood in the cell opening and closing his fists. He was getting madder and madder as he listened to The Deacon.

"I's got no problem standin' up, takin' youz by youz scrawny neck, and snapping it. What'll it get me? Another life term? I knows dat all dose straight laced peoples outside deese walls will cheer that youz young murderin' ass is dead. So, sweet pea, why don't youz come over here, kneel, takes out my cock, and give me my first blow job since gettin' out of stir? Oh, and don't forget to take out youz teeth. I can't wait to feel youz gums caress youz new Nigga love toy."

Jerrod watched as The Deacon sat back into his bunk and parted his legs. Jerrod had a choice to make. He knew that he was responsible for the death of two adults and three children, but he knew he didn't want to join them. He knew that he had to survive and for him to survive he'd have to become The Deacon's bitch. Jerrod Saxton stepped forward and got down on his knees. He reached for the belt and zipper of his cellmate's pants. He opened both and pulled them down with The Deacon's help. Jerrod noticed that The Deacon wasn't wearing his shoes so the pants and underwear slid easily off his legs. He didn't want to remove his dentures, but knew that the slightest refusal of The Deacon's commands would result in his being beaten to death, Jerrod turned and removed his dentures. Kneeling between the legs of his cellmate he saw his cock resting between his legs. Jerrod leaned in, picked up the dark brown flaccid man meat, and placed his lips on the fat purple head. He opened his mouth and took the head of The Deacon's cock into his mouth.

"Dat's it Jesimae. Take youz man's cock into youz cunt mouth and show him how youz suck."

Jesimae didn't really know how to suck cock, but The Deacon didn't care. The Deacon would help his young bitch learn the ropes of cock sucking. Jerrod took his right hand and began to stroke the thick shaft of the hardening cock. As The Deacon's cock began to grow Jerrod noticed he had to shift position to keep the head in his mouth. He didn't know what else to do so he just stroked the cock with his right hand while he kept his lips securely around the head just below the coronal ridge.

"Come on sweet pea, don't youz know how to suck a Nigga cock? Or was dat little boys cock so small it didn't matter? Now Jesimae, youz have to open youz mouth, slide it down, and take more of me into youz cunt mouth. If youz don't do it, I'll help youz, and I don't think youz want me to push youz head down on my man cock. Now, do youz?" The Deacon took both his hands and placed them on the back of Jesimae's head and gently, but firmly pushed down.

Jesimae got the message and began to take as much of The Deacon's cock into her mouth as she could. She began to slide her gums up and down the shaft of her cellmate's huge cock. The Deacon responded by relaxing his grip on her head and watched her give him her first toothless blow job. Jesimae continued sucking and stroking the monster cock. The taste wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. She was amazed at how hard the shaft felt and yet the head was as soft as a baby's behind. Jerrod was getting used to having The Deacon's cock in his mouth and being called Jesimae. He pulled his mouth of the now fully erect cock and looked at it covered with his saliva. He looked up at The Deacon, smiled, and returned to giving his first blow job. He opened his mouth wide and tried to take as much of his cellmate's cock as he could, but failed when the head pushed against the back of his throat and he gagged. Jerrod pulled off the cock and coughed for a good minute. When he recovered enough he took the head back into his mouth and slid his gums down the shaft. He could tell that The Deacon loved the fell of his warm lips and gums sliding up and down his manhood.

"Oh, my, fuckin', God!!! There ain't nothin' like a mouth without any teeth suckin' on your meat. Come on, sweet pea, takes me deep. Jesimae youz a goin' to be one fuckin' great cock sucker. Gets on it, bitch. Sucks me youz fuckin' loser. I've waited forty-five fuckin' days in stir and two weeks here for dis bitch!!!"

Jesimae didn't think that she'd have to take anymore than she all ready could, when The Deacon grabbed her by the ears and forced her head down onto his cock. He pushed until his cock slid into his throat. Jesimae fought him with all her might, but breathing was more important. The Deacon kept the pressure against the back of her head. Jesimae couldn't fight anymore and she just swallowed and allowed his cock to sink down her throat. She knew he wouldn't stop until her nose was pressing against his pubic bone and that is just what he accomplished. The Deacon's humongous cock was balls deep into her mouth. His pubic hair tickled his nose. He took her by the sides of her head and began controlling her up and down movement. He moaned and thrust his hips as he moved her head over his cock shaft. He kept at it for a good ten minutes. Jesimae could do nothing but let his cock use her mouth as a pussy.

"Dats it, sweet pea, youz a learnin'." The Deacon moved his right foot accidentally brushing on Jesimae crotch. "What da hell, girl. Youz clitty is hard from a suckin' my cock, ain't it girl. Now, youz just keeps up the good work and I'll help you. That's it.. Shows me how much youz a goin' to love bein' my bitch."

Jerrod continued sucking the big cock and was amazed that he had an erection in his pants. He allowed The Deacon to control the movement of his head. He kept sucking him for another seven minutes when he felt The Deacon begin to thrust harder into his mouth. He rested his hands on the giant man's thighs to maintain his balance as the erect cock slid into and out of his throat. Jerrod began to feel the cock swell in his mouth. The Deacon pushed his head down to the base and cried, "Takes it Jesimae!!! Heres it comes!!"

Jerrod felt the bottom of The Deacon's cock pulse against his tongue and the first rope of cum passed directly into his stomach. The Deacon pressed his head against his pubic bone as he thrust his cock into his mouth as far as it would go. After the first three ropes, The Deacon relaxed his grip and allowed Jesimae to pull his cock out of her throat and into the cavity of her mouth. As Jerrod gently sucked on the head of The Deacon's cock, he spewed forth four more heavy ropes of cum filling the young boy's mouth. Jerrod began to flounder with his mouth full of salty ejaculate. It was then he realized that the only thing he could do was to swallow and swallow he did. Much to The Deacon's surprise, Jesimae swallowed all but the last few drops of his cum. She kept her mouth on him until he began to soften. She released his cock and let it fall back between his legs.

"Jesimae, sweetie, whats a wonderful cocksucker youz a goin' to be," stated The Deacon. "I'z enjoyed it. Did youz?"

"As long as you did," replied Jesimae. She tried to hide the fact she was erect.

"Oh, I know youz did, bitch. Now, stand up and drop youz pants. Show me youz hard clitty."

Jesimae hesitated, but knew better and did as she was told. She stood, dropped her pants to reveal her erect clitty.

"Go over to the commode and jerk it. I don't wants to watch. Just dos it."

Again, Jerrod knew better than to argue and say he wouldn't. He waddled over to the commode and began rubbing his small cock with his thumb and index finger. It didn't take long for him to shoot his load. He aimed his cock into the commode and shot two small ropes of cum and dribbled the rest. Jerrod was taken aback by the forcefulness of his orgasm and the fact he swayed because his knees got weak when he orgasmed. He thought he'd never feel what he felt when he fucked Julia, Rachel, and Jonathan. Sucking The Deacon's cock scared out of his wits that at any moment the guy could kill him made him aroused as much as he was when he inserted the fireplace poker into Jonathan or the knife into Rachel. When he was finished, he bent over to lift his pants, and that was his first mistake since returning to The Deacon's cell.

The Deacon had quietly gotten behind the young boy and taken him by the hips. "I was hoping youz'd be stupid enough to bends over and shows me youz pussy." Jerrod could feel the head of The Deacon's cock sliding

between the cheeks of his backside and over his virgin anus. Jerrod was frightened and not ready to have The Deacon's cock shoved up his ass. The Deacon continued to slide his hardening cock through the cleft in Jerrod's backside. He kept a firm grip on the boy's hip as he did so. Every so often the head would rest against his opening and Jerrod would plead with The Deacon not to fuck him. When he felt the cock slide across his asshole, Jerrod could not stifle a moan of pleasure now and then even though he was scared shitless The Deacon would fuck him after he jerked off into the stainless steel commode. That was enough for The Deacon. He stepped back and spun Jerrod around to face him. He took Jerrod by the shoulders and pushed down. Jerrod fell to his knees thankful that he'd accept another blow job rather than fucking him.

"Jesimae, suck me. Yo pussy got me all hot and bothered again. I can't wait to see youz in your wedding dress and lingerie on our wedding night. I'm goin' to fuck you like no other man will ever fuck youz. Now, opens youz pussy mouth and sucks me off."

Jerrod did as he was told. This time he had a better idea of what was expected of him. The Deacon's cock was all ready hard. He took it into his mouth and swirled his tongue around the head. He tasted the bulbous drop of precum that had formed at the slit. He moaned so The Deacon would understand that he enjoyed sucking him as much as he enjoyed tasting the fluids he produced. For the next fifteen minutes, Jerrod, also known as, Jesimae, sucked her man's cock. She learned to take his man sized balls into her hands and caress them. He instructed her to lick and suck on them and she did. She allowed him to swipe his cock across her face as she tried to lick it or return it to her eager mouth. Jesimae also learned the telltale signs that her man was close to ejaculating. She felt the head of his cock expand and the shaft get thicker and harder. What amazed her the most was the rising of his balls into or close to his body. Then when she expected it, it happened. The cock in her mouth spewed forth it's gift to her for sucking it so well.

The Deacon filled her cock sucking mouth a second time. Jesimae had difficulty like the first time when he came, but she did everything she could to swallow the maximum amount of his cum shot into her mouth. A small amount ended up dribbling down her chin, but she allowed him to use his finger to gather it up and feed it to her. Jerrod Saxton was his bitch and all it took to for him to become one was a broken nose, a fractured right eye socket, and the loss of all his teeth. The Deacon, unbeknownst to Jerrod, had all ready put into motion the feminization of Jerrod so he'd be all the woman his new name, Jesimae, would let him to be. Jerrod allowed The Deacon to take him into his bed as their relationship was now one of husband and wife, master and slave, and Alpha Male and Beta Male. The Deacon forced him to lay with his back to him so Jesimae to feel his manhood against her virgin ass-pussy. It didn't take long for both of them to fall into a deep, content sleep.

The morning sunlight or wake up klaxon was not the primary light or sound that woke Jerrod. The Deacon's morning wood pressing against his backside jolted him awake because he thought his cellmate was trying to fuck him. Jesimae's sudden movement cause The Deacon to awaken and it didn't take him long to realize why his bitch was moving like a rocket ship to get away from him. The Deacon let her get up from the bed and laughed when he saw Jesimae's hard clitty sticking through his boxer shorts. He rolled onto his back and slid down so his legs were off the side of the lower bunk bed. His cock was prominently displayed as he pointed from his bitch to his cock signaling her to take care of his morning wood.

Jesimae really wanted to brush her teeth as that is was Jerrod did every morning, but seeing The Deacon pointing she knew she'd better get on her knees and relieve his morning wood. Jesimae knelt in front of The Deacon and proceeded to suck his morning wood. The act of fellatio was becoming something she was getting used to. The feeling of his huge cock in her mouth was becoming more comfortable with each blow job and she didn't have to worry about taking out her dentures because they were in a glass by the sink. The Deacon took her by her head and guided her in her morning cock sucking activity.

"Listen sweet pea, youz is going to suck my morning wood every day youz my bitch. So, youz better gets used to havin' my big black cock givin' youz youz mornin' supplements. Yes, jus' takes it nice and soon I'll be pumpin' my jizz into youz sweet pussy mouth."

Jesimae continued to suck The Deacon's massive cock until he felt the telltale signs of the man's orgasm. The Deacon decided to push his bitch's head down until he could feel her nose against his body. Jesimae not ready to have him ejaculate directly down his throat began to fight having The Deacon's cock forced down his throat.

Responding to Jesimae's resistance, The Deacon pulled her head off his cock and bitch slapped her so hard she flew across the cell and hit her head on the bars of the cell. The force of the blow knocked her unconscious. The Deacon arose from the bed, walked over to where Jesimae lay, and woke her up by urinating on her face. He didn't care that he was making a mess because he knew his bitch wouldn't hesitate to clean it up for fear of getting the shit beat of him.

The Deacon's hot piss was enough to get Jesimae to stand up which gave The Deacon enough time to turn around and finish pissing in the commode. Looking at the urine soaked bitch made The Deacon break out laughing and he related to Jesimae her predicament. "Yo, bitch, looks like youz is a goin' to breakfast covered in piss. See baby cakes, youz ain't got no time to change and youz ain't gettin' a shower till Wednesday. Wash youz face and git ready. Damn bitch youz better git used to suckin' me off in the momin!!!"

Jerrold couldn't believe he was covered in The Deacon's urine. Other than having to accept his big black cock in his ass sooner or later, what else could befall him?