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Prison

Lockdown Hell and Then Some

The Deacon was true to his word. Jerrod/Jesimae lay underneath him for every waking hour of the day. He suffered the indignity of having his cell mate fuck him relentlessly in between the delivery of their meals. The only respite Jerrod/Jesimae got from being fucked was when he was allowed to sit on the commode, but that only made him have to accept The Deacon's cock in his mouth. Jerrod/Jesimae was not even allowed to eat in peace. The Deacon made him lie on his side to eat while he felt the fourteen inch tube of black manhood slide in and out of his sore asshole. This went on for the first forty-eight hours of the lockdown. The Deacon made it a point to tell Jerrod/Jesimae that murdering the Bonds family did not make him a star within the walls of the prison. Killing a child was just as bad as raping one and although Jerrod/Jesimae was a child to him, he was eighteen - old enough to have his pussy-ass fucked everyday for the rest of his sissy life.

Jerrod/Jesimae grew resigned to his fate as he took The Deacon's cock for the fourth time on the third day of their lockdown. This time he was bent over the lower bunk as his pussy-ass was pummeled by the satyr that was his cellmate. The Deacon made it a point to slide his cock into and out of his bitch with no feelings for how sore or painful the act of anal coitus was for Jerrod/Jesimae. This fucking was going to last a long time and The Deacon was relishing the feeling of the dry mucous membrane of Jerrod/Jesimae's bowel on his blood engorged cock. Jerrod/Jesimae was past moaning, crying, begging, or pleading for his cellmate to stop fucking is stretched and sore anus. He remained bent over counting the ways he could live through the umpteenth fucking since they were locked down because of the murder of John Walton. He felt his cellmate begin to thrust harder into his rectum and knew that The Deacon was about to coat his sore innards with another load of his male seed. Jerrod/Jesimae tried to remain quiet, but The Deacon took s/him by the hips and yanked back as he pushed his expanding cock into the now crying teenager.

"Dats my bitch!!!! I lovez to hear you yellz with pleasure as I give you another loadz of my seed." The Deacon ejaculated into Jerrod/Jesimae laughing rather than groaning in pleasure as his body expelled another load of hot white cum into Jerrod/Jesimae's bowel.

"Please... I can't take it anymore... You win, Deacon!!!" cried Jerrod/Jesimae.

"What'z do I winz, bitch," replied The Deacon as he rubbed Jerrod/Jesimae's back while keeping his cock embedded into his bitch.

"Whatever you want, anytime you want. Just please, let me rest. I can't take having your cock in me all the time. Last time I tried to shit only blood and red stained sperm came out. Please Thaddeus, give me a rest," begged Jerrod/Jesimae.

It didn't take but a moment for The Deacon to realize that his bitch called him by his first name. He never allows anyone, except those who have some authority over him, to call him by his first name. His short fuse blew. He pulled his flaccid cock out of Jerrod/Jesimae's pussy-ass, spun s/him around by his shoulders, and placed both his ham hock hands around the scared and pissing sissy boy's neck. He tightened his fingers as he lifted the urinating teenager off the floor. The Deacon didn't care that the floor of their cell was getting covered in urine. He just wanted to choke the life out of the sissy for using his first name.

The timing of this event could not have been worse for The Deacon, but a savior for Jerrod/Jesimae. Just as he was losing consciousness, Sergeant Wyatt came up to the cell. Seeing what was transpiring, Sergeant Wyatt screamed, "Open cell 348!!!" He watched as The Deacon continued to hold Jerrod/Jesimae off the cell floor as he choked the life out of the young prisoner. "Hurry, come on, get that cell door unlocked!!! Deacon, you prick, let go or I promise it will be the last thing you do."

The cell door slid open and Sergeant Wyatt entered with only one thought – get The Deacon to release his hold on his beet red faced cellmate. Eyeing the best way to solve the problem, Sergeant Wyatt took his collapsed baton, extended it, and began to relentlessly beat The Deacon between his legs. He aimed for the large ball sack that hung between the naked prisoner's legs. Not knowing how many times he'd have to whack The Deacon's testicles, Sergeant Wyatt kept at it until the pain was more than The Deacon could take. After the eleventh stroke of the aluminum baton, The Deacon cried out in pain and released the near dead teenager. Luckily for Sergeant Wyatt reinforcements had arrived and it took four men to get The Deacon on his stomach, into handcuffs, and leg irons. Throughout the entire ordeal of being beaten, manhandled, and handcuffed, The Deacon maintained his erection.

Sergeant Wyatt knelt down next to Jerrod/Jesimae and placed two fingers on the left side of his neck to feel for the carotid artery pulse. He breathed a small sigh of relief when he felt a weak but slowly strengthening pulse, but was taken aback by the amount of dried blood and cum that coated the interior of Jerrod/Jesimae's inner thighs. Wyatt could plainly see that the teenager had been brutally raped over and over again. Upon hearing his brother Corrections Officers get The Deacon to his feet, he turned towards the giant of a man and clobbered him across his face with aluminum baton. The force of the stroke broke The Deacon's nose and both of his cheek bones. Amazingly, Thaddeus Washington remained standing blood running from his smashed nose trying to smile at what he had done to his cellmate. "Get that fuckin' piece-of-shit out of my sight before I fuckin' do something I probably wouldn't regret," screamed Sergeant Wyatt.

The two of the four Corrections Officers guided the bleeding and obviously weak kneed Thaddeus Washington out of the cell and towards the Infirmary. The third Corrections Officer didn't need to be told to get his ass down to the Infirmary and retrieve the gurney for the just breathing teenager lying on the urine coated floor of the cell. The three men could see dark blue bruises starting to form where The Deacon had his ham hock hands around Jerrod/Jesimae's neck. Sergeant Wyatt saw Jerrod/Jesimae try to stand up, "Kid, don't move. Just stay where you are until the gurney gets here."

Jerrod/Jesimae tried to swallow, but the pain in his neck was too great. He looked up at the Sergeant and croaked, "Thanks, I thought he was going to kill me."

Wyatt laughed, "He was very close." More seriously he asked, "How many times?" Sergeant Wyatt did not need to expound on the meaning of his question.

"From the moment we were locked down and except for when I had to use the bathroom, he never took his cock out of me. He constantly fucked me and made me suck him when I was on the shitter," croaked Jerrod/Jesimae. "I think he hurt me real bad inside."

"What about meal time?" Sergeant Wyatt asked.

"He made me lie on my side. He would continue to fuck me as we ate," croaked Jerrod/Jesimae as tears began to well up and run down his face.

Sergeant Wyatt shook his head in disbelief. He knew Thaddeus Washington was a mean son-of-a-bitch, but he didn't think he'd spend three days with his cock shoved up his cellmate's ass. The gurney arrived and the two CO's

helped Jerrod/Jesimae onto the rolling bed so he could be transported to the Infirmary. Considering there was no elevator from the third floor the three CO's took the time to carry the gurney down the metal steps. They could have forced Jerrod/Jesimae to walk, but took mercy on the teenager. Sergeant Wyatt knew he'd have to report the incident to the Warden and he also knew that he'd have to watch himself when he spoke because he remembered telling the warden that it was a bad decision putting the teenager in with The Deacon.

After they had moved Jerrod/Jesimae from the third floor of the tier to the first, Sergeant Wyatt made a beeline to the Warden's Office. He stopped for a moment to calm down before he opened the door to the two room office and entered the secretary's outer office. He nodded as he walked pass her and without her having her announce his arrival he walked into the Warden's Office. Sergeant Wyatt saw the man who was his direct superior sitting behind his desk eyes wide open in amazement as he watched the Sergeant enter his private office. He didn't get a work out edgewise because Sergeant Wyatt planted himself in front of the warden's desk, hands on the top, and yelled, "Fire me if you want, you stupid son-of-a-bitch!!! I just broke Thaddeus Washington's nose and cheek bones, because that sick fuck spent the every moment of this asinine lockdown with his fat Nigger cock up Jerrod Saxton's ass!!!"

The warden flinched and replied, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"I was on the rounds to deliver the noon meal on C block. When we got to Thaddeus Washington's cell he was choking the living hell out of his cellmate. I had to caress his balls with my baton some eleven times before he let go of the kid. When he was finally shackled and handcuffed I could see how the kid was doing; I found out that from the moment you declared the lockdown, Thaddeus Washington did nothing but rape the kid's ass. His inner thighs and buttocks are covered in blood and scum."

The warden looked scared. "Where are they now?"

Sergeant Wyatt did not mince words, "They're both in the Infirmary. Thaddeus Washington is going to need surgery to repair his nose and cheek bones. Depending upon how bad Washington ripped the kids' bowel, he too may need surgery. I have only one..."

The warden stood up and walked around to the front of his desk. Sergeant Wyatt could for the first time see fear in the warden's eyes. He stood across from the Sergeant and spoke, "We have a problem. A fuckin' big problem!!! Jerrod's lawyer is due here sometime soon. I don't give a fuck about Thaddeus Washington. He'll get what's coming to him, but if that millionaire lawyer gets wind of what happened to his client, we're cooked."

Sergeant Wyatt growled, "What do you mean, we? I fuckin' told you not to put the kid in with that psychopath, but no, you didn't listen because the kid wouldn't suck your cock the first day he was incarcerated. I'm about the distance between us from beating the living shit out of you, asshole!!! If you had listened to me, you wouldn't be in this predicament!!!"

The warden didn't know whether to shit or go blind. He did not make any effort to dress down the Sergeant for his verbal outburst against his superior, but the warden knew he needed him on his side when it came to explaining the physical and mental state of Jerrod Saxton. If his superiors in Harrisburg find out that he has been lackadaisical in his management style, he knows he'll be terminated, not transferred, terminated. All they need to find out that he is getting blow jobs from the homosexual inmates and he might as well put a gun to his temple and pull the trigger. His mind was racing about how he could solve this problem. Maybe he should have listened to Sergeant Wyatt, but he didn't and now he needed his help.

"William, please listen to me!!!" the warden for the first time used just the Sergeant's first name when they were in a discussion about the prison or any of its inmates. "I don't know how to ask you. All I can do is beg your indulgence and back me up. I promise you that I will do anything that you ask. Just get me through this fiasco. I promise you," stated the warden while using his eyes to help plead his case. He stood stock still waiting for Sergeant Wyatt's answer.

"So, you address me by my first name thinking I'll calm down and see your side of this mess. You expect me to bend over backwards help you so later on you can fuck me anyway you can. You don't think I'm stupid now don't you."

"What are you talking about? I never did anything to hurt you or your career..." was all the warden got out of his mouth.

Sergeant Wyatt grabbed the warden by his upper arms just below his shoulders and growled, "You stupid son-of-a-bitch. You don't think I don't know about how you sandbagged me when I passed the Lieutenant's test. You don't think I don't know about how you covered your ass by getting me suspended without pay for four weeks two years ago." He looked at the warden and knew he had him. "I should make you fuckin' suck my cock now, you pussy assed bitch. Don't think I don't know about your sweet little secretary bending you over your desk and fucking you with a strap-on, now do you."

The color left the warden's face and luckily for him Sergeant Wyatt still held him by the arms or he would be on the office floor flat on his back having fainted from learning that Sergeant Wyatt knew that he liked getting fucked by his secretary. He couldn't control himself as he began to tear up and beg, "Please William!!! I'm so sorry I didn't..." again the warden stopped speaking. He looked into the Sergeant's eyes trying to find a small modicum of sympathy. As he stood there, he felt the telltale push. "No-o-o-o-o..."

"Do it or you're going down not to suck my cock, but to be incarcerated with the men you so like to fuck over," stated Sergeant William Wyatt to his boss.

The warden took the hint and dropped to his knees. His hands shaking overtly, he reached for the Sergeant's belt, when his hand was pushed away. He realized that all he was supposed to do was lower the zipper, reach in, and take the Sergeant's cock out. The warden did exactly that and was faced with a nice sized eight incher. He looked up at the man who was his underling and pleaded with him, but to no avail. He leaned forward and took the Sergeant's cock into his mouth. He slipped his lips over the helmet head and with the experience of a well trained cocksucker began to swab his tongue around its circumference. Sergeant Wyatt didn't even moan as he felt the warden's tongue begin to do its dance around the head of his cock. He didn't wait for the warden to take his hand and begin to stroke the hardening shaft. Wyatt removed his right hand from the warden's shoulder, placed it on the back of his head, and pushed. It surprised the man on his knees, but he readily opened his mouth letting the thickening cock slide deep into his throat.

"Now's who's my bitch?" cried Sergeant Wyatt. "You are warden. I own your ass and I intend to make good use of it. No bullshit, blow jobs and ass fucking when and where I want. Now, prove to me that you're serious about me helping you and if you drop one millimeter of my cum I'll fuck you over and make your life miserable every which way from Sunday."

The warden knew. He reached up and laid his hands on Sergeant Wyatt's thighs. He began to slide his lips back over the shaft of the cock that was embedded in his throat. Sergeant Wyatt eased the pressure on the man's head and allowed him to begin to fellate him without having to make him. He could tell that the warden was a practiced cocksucker. He felt the man's tongue flutter all around the head and the underneath of his shaft as the warden slid his lips over the length of his cock. Wyatt wished his balls were free so he could feel either of the warden's hands bouncing and caressing them as he sucked, but that wasn't to be. This blow job was just a power trip. What he really wanted was to blow his load all over the warden's face and make him wear it the rest of the day. He also wanted to make him suck him for a long time, but he knew that wouldn't be in the cards, so he took the warden by his head so he could fuck his mouth at will. The warden didn't flinch when he was stopped from moving his head up and down the hard cock as the Sergeant took control of his sucking.

William Wyatt made no effort to be gentle as he began to forcibly slide his eight inch cock into and out of the warden's throat. Occasionally, he'd press the warden's face into the cotton twill pants of his uniform to show him who was in control. He saw the warden had tears running from his eyes from the pressure of his cock being forced into the soft pallet of the cocksucker's throat. Seven minutes into the blow job he felt the signs of his impending orgasm. He continued to fuck the warden's mouth with more vigor. Then it happened. He felt his cock expand and cried, "You're my bitch, now!!! Miss one drop and I... Fuck, you are one hell of a cocksucker!!!"

The warden didn't miss a drop. He actually let the Sergeant keep his cock deep in his throat when he exploded. He counted six strong pulses before the cock slid into his oral cavity to expend three more less powerful pulses. The warden made it a point to take his right hand and squeeze the Sergeant's cock from its base to the tip so any remaining cum would be deposited into his mouth. He took his mouth off the softening cock, but did not release it. Instead he held it as he said, "Let me clean it before you put it away and then we need to discuss what we're going to do about Jerrod Saxton." The warden took Sergeant Wyatt's cock back into his mouth, gently licked it clean, returned it to whence it came, and stood up.

Sergeant Wyatt stood toe-to-toe with his superior and won. All sorts of different opportunities began to run through his mind, but for now he'd be content just knowing the warden had sealed his fate but sucking his cock to get him to help with whatever bullshit the attorney for Jarrod Saxton might bring to light. As if nothing had happened, the warden took to his old attitude and authority when he motioned to Sergeant Wyatt to sit as he returned to the leather chair behind his desk. Wyatt smiled, pointed at the warden, and said, "Listen asshole, you either show me a new respect or the world will know what you did today."

"And, my dear boy, how will that happen?" replied the now cocky cocksucker.

Sergeant Wyatt smiled and pointed to the door where his secretary had just entered the office. "Marge, tell the warden what you witnessed when you opened the door without announcing yourself."

Marge stepped into the office, closed the door, and stated quite matter-of-factly, "I saw a sexual act, specifically fellatio, being performed by the warden. He was on his knees sucking your cock, Sergeant Wyatt. I didn't say anything, but discreetly stepped out of the office until you just called me to enter the warden's office."

The warden sank back into his desk chair, moaned, and covered his face with his hands as his mind and body began to accept what an asinine mistake he had just made. His administrative position and executive power with the two people standing in his office was totally broken. He had no standing in their eyes. He uncovered his face and quietly said, "Please, just know that I'm totally in accordance with your demand Sergeant Wyatt. I apologize for not respecting your newly place of dominance in our relationship. As for you Marge, I expect continued discretion about your using me anally with a strap on. Now that Sergeant Wyatt knows, I'm hoping we can keep it among the three of us."

Marge looked over to Sergeant Wyatt and shrugged her shoulders. He took the hint and replied to the warden, "When we are together in front of the men, whether it be CO's or inmates, I will expect some previous forms of your superior attitude toned down with me, but I will understand when you have to be the overbearing asshole you were before my cock erupted down your throat. Your relationship with Marge is now totally different. The first time I hear you have been nothing but nice to her on all levels, I promise you, you will leave this facility without your cock and balls. Understand, warden?"

The warden exchanged glances with both of them, sighed, and replied, "Yes, I'm in total agreement. Marge, would you please leave us alone." Marge nodded to the warden and left the office, but without first taking Sergeant Wyatt's bicep in her right hand and giving it a squeeze. This little bit of interplay was not missed by the warden. He started planning the demise of both of them, but knew if he has any chance of pulling it off his revenge would have to wait for the opportune time to execute his plan. As Marge left the office, Sergeant Wyatt could see the wheels turning in the warden's head and knew that the asshole was all ready planning his revenge. Wyatt knew he'd never get the chance.

"Warden, put your thoughts together and when I return, we'll discuss how to handle Jerrod's attorney. I'm headed to the infirmary to make sure everything is under control. That should give you about an hour to put your thoughts together. Oh, I wouldn't think about doing anything stupid, like trying to figure out how you're going to fuck me out of this place. Marge may have witnessed the blowjob, but she put the four pencil cameras into your office to protect herself. So, dear warden, every blowjob and anal fucking you received, plus today's act of fellatio is all stored digitally." Sergeant Wyatt laughed at the warden's predicament as he exited the office for the infirmary hearing him beginning to weep in the background.

The Deacon was strapped to the bed his face covered in ice bags as the lone nurse waited for the ambulance to arrive to take the psychotic asshole to the hospital. Jerrod/Jesimae lay on her side with a warm compress pressed between the cheeks of s/his ass to try and comfort his abused anus. Sergeant Wyatt walked in just as the nurse was preparing to give him a shot to relieve the pain s/he was suffering.

"Deena, don't yet. I know he's in pain but I need to talk to him," said Sergeant Wyatt.

"Ok, Sergeant, but be quick about it. I'm trying not to have to send him out to the hospital. I think I can better serve him here," she replied.

Sergeant Wyatt didn't make it easy on Thaddeus Washington when he leaned in to have a word with him. Not caring that Deena was still watching him Wyatt reached with his right hand underneath the sheet and without thinking or caring took The Deacon's swelling balls into his hands and squeezed. The cry from Thaddeus Washington's lips was loud and high enough to figuratively break glass. Wyatt could see his forehead break out in a sweat and knew that he was accomplishing his goal. Deena started towards him and stopped when she saw the daggers being sent her way from the Sergeant's eyes. She knew better than to fuck with him.

"Can you hear me Thaddeus?" Sergeant Wyatt eased the pressure on the big man's balls.

The Deacon did not try any shenanigans. He just nodded his head as best he could, considering it was packed in ice bags. He tried for a split second to move his arms so he could try to relieve the pressure on his testicles but even in his semiconscious state he knew by the sound of the voice who had him by the balls. He moaned, "Yes, I can hear you."

Sergeant Wyatt released his balls, but did not take his hand away. He spoke with authority, "You are going to the hospital to get fixed up. The entire time you are there you will be strapped to your bed. Four armed policemen will be with you 24/7. Make any stupid moves and you'll leave the hospital in a body bag." He squeezed again to make his point. Thaddeus' hips rose up to try and ease the pain. "I hope I killed your balls, Thaddeus. When you return from the hospital, you're headed to solitary for as long as I want to keep you there."

Thaddeus eyes rolled to the side where Sergeant Wyatt stood next to the bed. He mumbled, "The warden won't let you..."

Sergeant Wyatt laughed as he squeezed, "He no longer controls this institution, Thaddeus. I do and I'm making a promise, you're done fucking with anyone and everyone in this place. I own you now." For the last time today, Sergeant Wyatt squeezed Thaddeus Washington's balls so hard the scream lasted for several minutes after Sergeant Wyatt released his balls. The Deacon did not have the physical strength to do anything but lie on the bed and hope the pain in his crotch would go away.

From his encounter with The Deacon, Sergeant Wyatt went to the other end of the ward to the bed where Jerrod Saxton rested on his side facing away from The Deacon. He could see the boy trying to cope with the mental, physical, and emotional pain of being raped for close to thirty-eight hours. Wyatt wanted to take his hand and just stroke the face of the teenager even though he knew he was nothing more than a murdering bastard. He felt a stirring in his groin and remembered how he could have bent the lad over and fucked him the first day he arrived. He silently wished that Jarrod would survive this hell and gladly give to him what The Deacon took. As much as he wanted to fuck Jarrod, he took pity on him considering what he'd been through.

"Jarrod, look at me," he quietly said to the prone teenager.

It took a moment, but Jarrod broke the comatose like stare that was frozen onto his face. He didn't respond verbally, he just looked up at Sergeant Wyatt.

"Good son. The Deacon won't hurt you ever again. I've made sure of that. When you get yourself together, I'll move you over to the tier with the sissies and t-girls. You can try to survive in the main population, but after today's incident with Thaddeus, I suggest you listen to me and move in with the sissy bois."

Jarrood nodded his head in agreement. He also knew that he just went from the frying pan into the fire, because, the front of Sergeant's Wyatt's pants were bulging right in front of his face.