



Jane/Joe's Prison Ordeal!

by Arthur Kay

WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.

FOREWARD: While the following tale is purely fictional, it is based on real happenings and events uncovered during my research on the forced rapes of many male convicts.

While I abhor the rape of any person, male or female, in any form it may take, I do find the whole subject fascinating. And not just from a lewd perspective, either. Some of the victims, a small percentage to be sure, went from abject humiliation and horror to acceptance and, ultimately, to enjoying the ordeal in what I consider to be a very short time, indeed.

This amazed me, especially so when reading about basically heterosexual men who gave themselves over to the physical pleasures that can come from person to person contact even though their partners were of the same sex. Here they were, these straight guys, sucking cock, taking it up the ass, and much more, and they ended up liking it.

It's easy to say, "Oh, well, they were gay to begin with." but that doesn't fully solve the riddle. At least it didn't for me. I found the more I read the more I came away with a feeling that perhaps, even more than perhaps, there exists a basic gayness in all men and what prevents them from exploring that side of themselves is the societal pressure to conform to the idea of the supremely macho male. To most men, being tagged as a cocksucker is a fate worse than death as it connotes weakness and femininity. To wit, them's fightin' words!

Perhaps, in the "forced" prison setting, where choices are no longer theirs to make, they feel a freedom to let their hair down, so to speak, and put all preconceived ideas of the mythic male out to pasture. Saying, in essence, "I may be enjoying it, but they made me do it." Who knows?

Yeah, the psychology of it all would fill a book, if not a library, and would keep any discussion on the subject going full bore for some time.

As I said, I find it all very fascinating. I also found reading about Donny "The Punk" Stephenson, the founder of Stop Prison Rape (SPR), truly remarkable. Yes, he was bisexual to begin with, but even the world's greatest lover of cocksucking would find doing 60 men in a day and a half more than just an ordeal. It was a mind-fucking, mind-numbing situation that Donny refused to let blow his psyche to smithereens. Or to suicide.

Your gone now, Donny, but where ever you are, I want you to know that this story is dedicated to your unbeatable and unbelievable spirit. Arthur Kay
2002.

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Joe Jacoby stood there, in the courtroom, understandably nervous and waited for the judge to decide his punishment, his fate, and his future. A punishment that would soon be meted out to an innocent man. He had not robbed that liquor store. In spite of what the three witnesses said, just a week ago in this very courtroom. It was a travesty of justice, a case of mistaken identity. But his lawyer, who Joe felt had really tried his best, couldn't prove him innocent. If only he had a better alibi than sitting home alone watching TV. But he didn't know he'd need one.

The judge spoke. "Mr. Jacoby, you know you're facing the possibility of ten years in prison, don't you?" Joe nodded his head. The judge continued. "Good! Now, today is your lucky day, sir. Because you have no prior record and have appeared remorseful for this misdeed, I'm going to go easy on you. You're only nineteen, Mr. Jacoby, and it would be a shame to ruin every chance you have at becoming a decent and productive member of society."

Probation? Joe hoped. It wasn't to be. "Mr. Joseph John Jacoby, having been found guilty of the crime of armed robbery, I hereby sentence you to two years, the place of incarceration to be decided by the Sheriff's Department of Corrections Office. Do you have anything you wish to say, Mr. Jacoby?"

Joe shook his head. "No, sir, and thank you, sir!" There was no use in saying he was innocent. He was resigned to just do the time and get it over with. After all, how bad could it be? He would be out in nine months with time off for good behavior. He most certainly planned on being good and behaving himself. No percentage in being a wise-ass in a place designed to handle wise-asses.

Two days later found Joe, all by himself, in a one man cell in the state prison. He flopped down on the simple cot and looked up toward the ceiling. The simple effort tired him, so he closed his eyes to see if he could catch up on all the sleep he had missed in the past few days. Thinking about being back on the street, he fell asleep.

Joe had no idea how long he had slept, but someone was now prodding his shoulder. "Hey, new friend of mine! Wakey wakey!" Joe opened his eyes and saw the largest black man he had ever seen. He had to be almost 7' tall as his head wasn't but a foot from the ceiling. If he weighed a pound, he weighed three hundred. All solid muscle. The guy looked as hard as concrete. Maybe harder.

"Hello," Joe said lightheartedly. "I'm Joe Jacoby. Who are you?" The man laughed.

"They call me Bruiser, but you can call me Sir Bruiser! Get it, punk?" Joe not only 'got it,' but fear had suddenly coursed through him like a tornado. He was in for a rough time with this guy, he was sure of that, but he didn't yet know why. This man didn't even know him. Joe sat up on the cot and Sir Bruiser wasted no time in establishing their "living" arrangement.

"Listen, punk, and listen good! Here's how it's gonna play out. Me and two other guys, Sir Thor and Sir Cougar, run this fucking cellblock. We control every fucking thing that goes on here. Say, 'Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir.' if you unnerstan' me."

"Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir." Joe didn't want to create any trouble. He had been warned earlier that any trouble would surely add more time to his two years. The path of least resistance would see him through. After all, how bad could it be?

"Good! You learn fast, Jane!" Uh oh! Joe thought. "Now, Jane, here's what's going to happen . . . right now. You're going to get on your knees in front of me, take them two hands of yours, which ain't broken yet, and fish my dick out of my trousers . . . and then suck me off. And you will suck me real good, too, Jane. Unless you want me to arrange for your early death! You got one minute to choose, Jane!" Sir Bruiser looked away from Joe and fixed his eyes on his wristwatch, timing the minute.

With fear gripping him hard, Joe thought about it. Shit, he couldn't fight Sir Bruiser--he'd get killed! And, looking at Sir Bruiser now, he knew there was no amount of logical reasoning the man would listen to. Go to the authorities? What if they didn't believe him and sent him back? He knew what happened to snitches in prison. Ugh! And besides, going to the authorities would take place *after* he had sucked this guy off.

Joe fought back the impulse to cry, to start bawling like a baby. He knew this would only anger the man. Christ, thought Joe, what have I gotten myself into? He was now so nervous he felt like taking a crap and pissing at the same time. What to do? His minute was coming up fast and he had to decide on something. He did.

As Sir Bruiser looked up from his watch, Joe preempted him from saying, "Times Up!" by moving forward and kneeling in front of the big man and looking up at him. Sir Bruiser looked very pleased as Joe reached out and unzipped the big man's fly.

Sir Bruiser reached out and tilted Joe's face up. He smiled down at him. "Good girl, Jane And you'll see. It ain't gonna be too bad. It won't be no worse than sucking on a big, black lollipop! But this particular lollipop wants to be sucked on real good! You got that, girl?"

"Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir!" Joe said as he struggled with the trouper's top button. Joe glanced down and saw a large bulge running down Sir Bruiser's left trouser leg. It looked unrealistically long! Animal like.

The fly undone, Joe nervously hooked his fingers in the big man's trousers and underpants simultaneously and pulled them down to the floor. The large black cock sprang up at him like a striking black snake. To Joe, it looked even bigger in person. And it wasn't even fully hard yet! Limp, it hung down 8"!

Joe had never sucked a black man's cock in his life, but he knew it had to be done now to keep on living. There was no other reasonable choice. He reached out and took the fat black cock by its base and lifted it up, pointing the huge cock head toward his mouth. Sir Bruiser moaned.

Joe sighed, aimed the large, spongy cock head at his lips, moved forward and put his mouth around the big, wide head. It felt awful. Degrading. Humiliating. Not in the least bit enjoyable. But he had no choice, if he wanted to continue breathing. It was suck the man's dick or die. God, he thought, the fucking head is humungous!

As he went up and down on the bulbous cock head and part of the shaft he felt it hardening up. A few seconds later it was fully erect and was easily over 12" in length and 2" wide. A monster of a cock that Joe now had in his mouth. Sir Bruiser moaned again.

"You doing good, Jane, keep doing it good." Joe sucked away, feeling

the large cock head threatening to touch the entrance of his throat. He knew he'd gag something awful if the big head went even slightly down his throat so he moved his mouth back a little. That felt better.

Sir Bruiser now took Joe's blond head firmly in both of his large hands. He then pushed his cock in further and Joe felt as if he would upchuck. It was now just a smidgeon down his throat, but it was touching his gag reflex and making it twitch as it tried to eject the massive intruder. Tears welled up in his eyes and he had the urge to snuffle. He could smell the cloying muskiness emanating from the big black man's crotch area. Sweat could be felt forming on his neck and back.

Sir Bruiser pushed forward another inch or so. It was just too much. Joe started gagging and retching fiercely and was afraid he would vomit at any moment. He knew this would piss Sir Bruiser off, and a beating, or worse, could result from that. But he couldn't help himself. Then he got a small reprieve. A silent prayer was answered. Sir Bruiser backed up some. The relief Joe felt was immediate.

Sir Bruiser, his cock still in Joe's mouth, reached out and tilted Joe's head up. "Since you've been cooperating so far, Janie, I'm gonna go easy on you. This time! But before long, sweetie, my balls are going to be resting on your chin and my pubes are going to tickle your fucking nose." He was looking right into Joe's eyes. "Now! You just go ahead and work my cock's big old black head any old way you want. I won't move a muscle. I won't try to choke you, either, but you gotta put some passion behind your sucking. You unnerstan' me?" Joe nodded, his mouth still on the big man's prick. He was grateful he wouldn't have to attempt to swallow it all. At least for now.

"And," Sir Bruiser continued. "When I bust my load you betta swallow every drop of my love juice. I don't wanna see even one drop hit the fucking deck! Now start sucking, fucker!"

The vehement way Sir Bruiser had spoken told Joe the man was very serious and meant business. He also knew that if he didn't please Sir Bruiser fully, it could, and probably would, get much worse. With this in mind he proceeded to blowjob the big cock with as much passion and ardor as he could muster up. Which wasn't too much and was done halfheartedly. He felt deeply ashamed of himself, but what choice was there? It was suck or die.

He sucked, his lips sliding back and forth on the big cock head, taking only two inches or less of the shaft. Any more brought about gagging. He worked the big prick for about five minutes and then heard Sir Bruiser yell, "Here I come, baby, get ready to take it all! Ohhhfuckingwee! Oh, yeah, here I go! Suck it, you fucker, suck it!" Sir Bruiser had tightened his grip on Joe's head.

Joe felt Sir Bruiser's cock head swell up and immediately unload. It felt horrible! Sir Bruiser was coming and coming. Gobs and gobs of the thick, scummy liquid. It reminded Joe of thick, lumpy yogurt.

His mouth filled up fully and he had to swallow, making a big gulping noise. He heard Sir Bruiser laugh after he heard the sound. Then his mouth filled again. He swallowed again, but less audibly this time. Then, holy shit, Sir Bruiser flooded his mouth once more! He swallowed again, tasting the acrid juice throughout his mouth and especially on his tongue. It tasted foul and nasty. As if it was rancid. In the past, out of curiosity, Joe had tasted his own sperm--once. It had a much sweeter taste to it, that's for sure. And was noticeably smoother.

Sir Bruiser pulled his cock out of Joe's mouth and wiped the sticky cock head back and forth over Joe's lips three times. Joe's lips felt sticky and very yucky. His mouth felt awful.

Sir Bruiser ordered Joe to sit on the cot. Then Sir Bruiser took a seat next to him, just like two old buddies having a heart-to-heart chat. Sir Bruiser put an arm around Joe's shoulders and spoke gently. So gently it scared Joe right down to his shoes.

"Now, Jane, it's obvious to me your mouth was virgin, which I liked. But unless you learn to suck a cock all the way down, right to the balls, and with way more passion, you in for a mess of trouble." He laughed, squeezing the shoulder gently. "But don't you worry none, Jane! I'm gonna see to it that you get lots of practice, starting in a few minutes from now." Uh oh! Then Sir Bruiser tightened his grip on Joe's shoulder.

"You ever hear of Ride-The-Whip?" Joe shook his head from side to side, fighting back tears. Sir Bruiser picked up on this. "You start blubbing, fucker, and I'll make you eat all the shit on this cellblock, every fucking turd. You unnerstan'?"

Joe said, struggling to compose himself, "Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir!" Yeah, he understood, all right. All the way down to his gut. Just the idea of eating shit made him feel like retching.

Sir Bruiser spoke, again very gently, "Ride-The-Whip means you sit on a guy's lap, in your case it will be Sir Cougar, with his cock up your ass. Then, one by one, every guy, all 65 of them, is going to come in here and put his cock in your mouth." He squeezed Joe's shoulder again, but this time even harder.

"And, Jane, you will cock-suck each and every one of them, making sure you don't spill even one drop of their cum balls. You unnerstan'?" Joe, in fear and trembling, told Sir Bruiser he understood. And he did understand, only too well, while he dreaded all that was going to happen.

Sir Bruiser whistled loudly, a short, sharp, high note. Then he spoke even more gently than before, almost in a whisper. "Now, Jane, you be a good girl and go and take all those clothes off before Sir Cougar gets here. I want him to see you all cute and naked. And, you'll see, it won't be so bad." Yeah, right, thought Joe, for you anyway.

Joe stood up on weak and wobbly legs and proceeded to strip. In a short time he stood completely naked before Sir Bruiser's leering gaze. Sir Bruiser told him to turn around and show him his, what he called, ass-pussy. Joe complied, feeling so ashamed and defeated that he hated himself. As he stood there naked, sensing Sir Bruiser's eyes on his back, he felt more helpless and trapped than he ever imagined he could. He fought back the urge to cry.

"Hey, Sir Cougar come on in! This is our new girl on the block! Jane, turn around and say hello to Sir Cougar!" Joe turned and saw another large black man. Not as large as Sir Bruiser, but much larger than himself. Following Sir Bruiser's command, Joe said, "Hell . . . hello, Sir Co . . . Co . . . Cougar, sir!" Kill me someone, he thought, anyone.

Sir Cougar grinned and said to Sir Bruiser. "Why the fuck is she stuttering, Sir Bruiser, you go an fuck out her vocal cords?" Sir Bruiser laughed. "No, man, she's just girlishly nervous. You know. It's her first time doing all this shit. And besides, she's embarrassed that she can't give deep-throat yet. Gags

up a fucking storm, she does!" Sir Cougar laughed.

"Well, well, well," Sir Cougar said, looking directly at Joe. "The Whip will help fix that up, Janie girl!" The two big black men laughed heartily. Joe didn't. He didn't feel very much like laughing. He felt more like dying. He could feel perspiration forming all over him even though the cell was air conditioned.

Sir Cougar said, "Now, Jane, let's get your ass-pussy ready for The Whip!" He ordered Joe to bend over and Joe soon felt a rough, hard hand pushing something wet up his ass. A chair was dragged to the middle of the room. Sir Cougar then ordered Joe to stand in front of the chair with his back to it. Joe meekly complied. He stood there and awaited his fate. Which came real soon, too soon if you asked Joe.

Sir Cougar got behind Joe and commanded him to bend over at the waist. Joe did and dreaded what was about to take place. First, he was told to place both of his hands on the area above his knees. Then he was told to reach behind himself with his right and play with Sir Cougar's dick. He had to lean his right shoulder backwards and to the right in order to reach his objective, but he soon found the man's thickish cock in his hand.

Not really knowing what to do he just stroked the silky-feeling cock back and forth behind his ass. The cock elongated somewhat and Joe trembled at the thought that this cock that he was now giving an awkward hand-job to would soon be shoved into his rectum. On about the fourth or fifth stroke, Joe felt the man's full erection. It seemed long, very long. Then, as if to answer an unasked question about its length, Sir Cougar said gently, "Janie, in case you're wondering girl, my cock gets to ten and one-half inches when it's fully angered. Now, take your sweet hand, dear, and explore the full length and width. Do it! Now!"

Joe explored. As he moved his hand over and around the penis he found out the shaft was super-rigid with a coating of flesh that felt tightly bound to it, with little play. The shaft's cock-head was enormous. Both fat and wide. It was, like the shaft, very hard and unyielding. The idea of having it thrust up his ass made Joe feel like swooning. He felt the ground underneath his feet sway.

Sir Cougar told him to stop. Joe withdrew his hand and placed it back on his knee. Then he felt Sir Cougar's fingers probing the entrance to his anus. The fingers felt wet, slippery even. He guessed it was some form of lubricant, but he knew it wasn't Vaseline for it had no discernible odor. Sir Cougar pushed a finger into his anus and moved it in a small circle. Another finger joined the first. The two fingers then spread themselves out and he felt immense discomfort at their widest point. Then the fingers were removed.

He felt Sir Cougar's hard erection begin to probe the entrance to his ass, in the same way he felt the fingers, but the sensation signalled a much blunter and wider object. The big man used one hand to keep Joe's cheeks spread and the other to guide his cock.

Then Joe felt Sir Cougar push firmly inward and the pain came immediately. "Ow! He called out involuntarily. Man, it hurt! Something awful. Sir Cougar said, "Cry all you want, fucker, it's still gonna go in!"

Sir Cougar made it clear he didn't care about Joe's comfort by ignoring Joe's repeated 'Ows!' as he pushed further and further inward until his cock, all 10-1/2" of it, was buried as far as it would go into Joe's ass canal. Joe was sweating profusely, his knees wobbly, and felt as if he had to take a crap. Sir

Cougar held his cock in place for over a minute before pulling it halfway out. He then gently pushed it back in as far as it would go. He repeated this action a few more times being very gentle throughout. The pain had subsided greatly. Sir Cougar sensed the change in Joe and started slowly backing up, taking Joe with him.

Sir Cougar told Joe to stay on him until he was seated. Joe complied, still bent over, and backed up with the man. Although the initial pain had decreased, it was still there, but it was more bearable now. Sir Cougar wrapped both arms around Joe and plopped the both of them down onto the chair at the same time. The sudden jolt drove Sir Cougar's cock deeply into Joe's ass and he let out a yowl. Sir Cougar laughed, as did Sir Bruiser.

Joe now felt impaled on the long cock's shaft with no hope of ejecting it from himself. He also felt even more defeated than before. Although Joe's feet still touched the floor, the angled position he was in kept the cock fully inside. And any movement, however slight, brought full awareness to his mind that he did, indeed, have a large cock in his rectum.

But, in spite of all this discomfort, Joe could also feel strange and weird sensations running through his bowels and spreading out through his upper legs and ass area. And the sensations weren't horrible, in fact they felt pleasurable, similar to the sensation of relief one gets from crapping. This facet upset Joe and confused him, but he was thankful that the sensations had replaced the earlier pain.

Sir Bruiser whistled again. What now? Thought Joe, the parade of blowjobs? A moment later a nice looking Latino guy entered the cell. He carried what looked like a doctor's black satchel bag. He also seemed quite cheerful, jovial, in fact. He was in definite contrast to the other two men in the cell. Christ, thought Joe, is this guy a weird doctor of some kind? The thought of being castrated crossed his mind and sent barbs of fear throughout his mind and body. He shuddered, feeling Sir Cougar's cock move again.

Sir Bruiser greeted the man. "Hey, Jose, my man, we got a new girl for you to fix up." Sir Bruiser then introduced the man to Joe as Jose. He was to be Joe's mentor and teacher.

"Jane," Sir Bruiser said gruffly. "Jose is my Girly Coordinator. You listen to everything he tells you and your life with us will be much better. Got that?" Joe nodded and said, "Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir!" Sir Bruiser grinned at him and stepped aside. It appeared it was Jose's show now.

"Now, Jane, old girl," Jose said lightly. "Let's get you set up! It'll be fun, you'll see!"

Jose reached into his bag and brought forth a brown leather ring. Joe recognized it as one of those cock rings. Although Joe had never used one, or even seen one, except in catalogues, he knew its basic purpose. It would give a man an erection and that erection wouldn't, and couldn't, die down until the ring was removed. It would also prevent the man from having an easy orgasm, a premature one. To achieve orgasm, with the ring on, required more work and effort than Joe thought it was all worth. And why these guys wanted him to wear one hadn't dawned on him just yet.

Jose put the cock ring on the base of Joe's cock and down and around his balls. He had it adjusted to fit in less than a minute. Joe felt its tightening effect almost immediately. He felt his balls swell up. His cock, its blood now

squeezed off, was hardening up rapidly. In less than 60 seconds he had a full-fledged, stone-hard erection. His cock head felt enormously expanded.

He felt embarrassed by it all, being this way in front of these men, but he made no attempt to conceal his erection. He knew they didn't give a shit and it would only make them laugh at him. Or worse.

"Now, Jane," Jose said lightly. "In case you're wondering why you have to wear this little doodad, I'll tell you. In a few minutes you will be sucking the first cock of many such cocks." Joe looked sickened by the words. "And we want you to enjoy yourself!" As if I would or could, Joe thought. "So, this ring will keep you in a state of sexual agitation. In other words, Jane, you'll be exceptionally horny in spite of yourself!" Jose laughed. The other two guys also laughed. Joe didn't.

Fuck you, Joe thought, no hard-on of mine is ever going to make me enjoy sucking dick. Never! No fucking way! You can call me Jane and keep me horny 24/7, but it ain't gonna change me a bit. The name Jane/Joe popped into his mind. He immediately tossed it out, but deep down he suspected that he was now, as far as it went, Jane/Joe. For nine more months, for crissake! Could he live through it? What choice did he have? Really? None, he thought.

The feelings stirred by the cock ring joined with the pleasant pressure Jane/Joe felt in his rectum. Sir Cougar reached around to the front of Jane/Joe, took his hardon in his hand and started fiddling with it. He started running a wet thumb across the tip of Jane/Joe's cock head, back and forth, side to side, tickling the tip and creating weird sensations in him.

It was pleasurable and at the same time, extremely annoying, irritating. He had teased his own cock this way, many times, to get it agitated and sexually stirred up, but when it became too unbearable, the relief given through masturbation always followed. Jane/Joe knew, in this case, he wasn't going to be allowed to masturbate. They wanted him erect throughout the ordeal. He tried to imagine away the sensations, to wish them away, but it was hopeless. Like trying to wish away a toothache.

Was Sir Cougar gay? Jane/Joe thought. He guessed he wasn't. It was just part of their silly fucking game to keep him stirred up, horny, and hot. Ha ha! So he would enjoy sucking cock instead of being repulsed by it. Well, he thought, I'll suck the dicks, but you'll never make me like it, no matter what you fuckers do or make me wear.

With the cock ring in place, Jose wasn't finished with Jane/Joe, not by a long shot. He reached into his satchel bag and pulled out what Jane/Joe knew was a set of nipple loops. But this particular set didn't look like clamps to Joe. They looked more like loops. Two loops joined together by a silver chain.

From the center of the chain hung a small spray bottle. Jane/Joe had no idea what the bottle was used for. None of the catalogues had shown anything similar to it at all.

Jose wrapped one of the loops around Joe's right nipple and pushed a metal collar up to tighten the loop around the nipple. The more the collar neared the end of the loop, the tighter the loop became. Jose pushed the collar up until he heard Joe say 'Ow!' He then backed the collar up a smidgen. Joe's nipple became hard immediately and he could feel a mild pain throughout the area. Not enough pain now to make him cry out again, but enough to make sure he wouldn't forget it was there. Jose repeated the procedure with the left nipple.

The nipple loops, Jane/Joe guessed, were meant to keep his nipples in a state of hardness and horniness, much like the cock ring's purpose.

And every item was working. He felt sensations now in three areas. His nipples tingled. His cock head tingled. His ass tingled. Shit, he thought, there are lots of weird tingling sensations taking place at the same time. I gotta fight 'em as best as I can! He thought this just as Sir Cougar shifted around a bit, pushing his large cock firmly back into his tingling, burning and stimulated ass.

Then he felt Sir Cougars thumb again. Moving on his cock head in little circles, pressing into the flesh, teasing and tantalizing him. It was almost unbearable. Then Sir Cougar stopped and moved his fat hand down to Jane/Joe's cock shaft. He just held the cock, not moving at all. Jane/Joe felt his erection twitch at Sir Cougar's touch. Then it did it again.

Jose said, "Jane, I know those nipple loops hurt a bit, but you'll get used to the slight pain, and anyway, you won't have to wear them at all times. In fact, tonight, they'll be removed every twenty minutes and left off for twenty more minutes. So, see? it won't be too hard on you."

Jane/Joe felt relieved learning of that fact. Jose then said, "Oh, you won't have to wear the cock ring at all times, either. That will also be removed periodically." He smiled at Jane/Joe.

Jose next took out a large bottle of perfume. He dabbed a bit of it on the backs of Jane/Joe's ears. It smelled cheap, tawdry even, and reminded Jane/Joe of a cathouse. It was the kind of perfume women bought by the quart, not the ounce. You didn't dab this kind of scent on your body, you splashed it on. Had they chose, anyone could easily afford to bathe in the shit. Oooh, Sir Cougar had resumed his thumb pressure. Jane/Joe suspected that Sir Cougar was putting something on his fingers, some lubricating agent, for the thumb was always moist and slippery. He couldn't imagine the man spitting on his thumb. No, he was definitely using some kind of lube.

Jose reached into his bag of tricks again and pulled out a lipstick tube. He showed it to Jane/Joe. Jane/Joe could read the words Suckit Red on the end opposite the lipstick. Oh, shit, Jane/Joe thought, more fucking girlying up! Aaaaah! Sir Cougar had released the cock head. At least for now.

Jose told Jane/Joe to pucker his lips and then proceeded to adroitly paint them. He then had Jane/Joe blot his lips on a paper towel. Jose then stood back to admire his handiwork. He looked pleased with himself. Jane/Joe licked at the lipstick and found it had no taste at all.

Jose then spoke, "This lipstick will stay fresh looking for 24 hours and it's smear proof, but you should reapply it every morning. I'll show you how to do that much later. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded. He understood. Every morning. Christ! What were they turning me into? A girl you dope! They want me to be as girlish as possible. Oh, shit, I hope they don't make me wear a fucking dress! Or a garter belt! Or panty hose! Or a fucking bra! Oh, shit. Fear hit him and made him tremble.

Sir Cougar laughed. "I like when you wiggle, honey! It feels sooooo good!" Jane/Joe stopped his trembling in a heartbeat. Sir Cougar pressed his thumb into Jane/Joe's cock head once more. A few twirls that forced those exquisite sensations and then he quit. Fuck, thought Jane/Joe, he's playing me! Alternating me between relief and torture. He's done this shit before!

Jose had two last tricks up his sleeve. He told Jane/Joe to open his mouth as wide as he could manage. Jane/Joe complied, not knowing whether to be scared or not. Jose then reached down and got the small spray bottle that hung loosely from the nipple loop's chain.

"Now, Jane," Jose said. "I'm gonna give your throat a quick spritzing. It won't hurt and it tastes just ducky. Trust me. What it will do is numb your entire throat, similar to Novocain, and put your gag reflex totally out of commission, too. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded and opened his mouth a little wider to make sure Jose didn't miss his throat.

The spritz soon followed and Jane/Joe felt as if his throat had just suddenly up and disappeared. Vanished! It amazed him. Jane/Joe sensed from all the "professionalism" being shown that these boys had done this sort of thing many, many times before. They had turned it into an art form.

And he knew the object of it all. Girly him up, force him to suck cock until he loved it so much he'd be a fag, and then pimp him out. He'd read about this kind of shit before. Prison punks, if he remembered correctly. Then a silly memory flashed through his mind. He remembered one of those Fletch movies in which Chevy Chase is tossed into a jail cell with a big bruiser of a guy. Fletch asks the guy his name and the guy answers, "Bend over!" Fletch then replies, "Nice to meet you, Ben!" Thinking of it now made Jane/Joe smile in his mind and it made him more resolved not to turn gay.

He thought, fuck you guys! Do what you want to me, dress my ass like Cinderella, make me suck all the cocks you can find, but when I'm outta here in nine months, I'll still be Mr. Joseph John Jacoby, heterosexual straight man, thank you!

While Jose had been making his little speech about throat numbing, Sir Cougar had twiddled his thumb on the sensitive cock head three times. Three excruciating times.

Jose's very last trick was in the form of a cut-off white tee shirt. He had Jane/Joe put it on. It came down to just a few inches below his nipples. And it was one size too small. The cotton fabric stretched across his chest and pressed into both of his nipples at once, sending sensations through each. Man, he thought, they haven't missed a trick!

"You will be supplied with seven of these tees, Jane, and you are to wear a clean one each and every day. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded. It looked as if there would be no dress to wear, no garter belt, no bra, no panty hose. Thank you lord! Oooh! It was Sir Cougar again. One full circle with his thumb on the cock head's dead center, then poof! his thumb was gone.

Jose was saying something more. "Now, Jane, this is a butt-plug." Christ, Jane/Joe thought, how many more fucking gizmos are they gonna put on me!

Jose held it up for Jane/Joe to see. Jane/Joe had seen butt plugs before, but he couldn't imagine why anyone would want to shove one up their ass. Oooh! Sir Cougar's thumb was back. Three short circles with his thumb on the cock head and then it was gone. Bastard!

"Obviously, Jane, you have no need for it now," He pointed at Sir Cougar, "so I'll instruct you on its use later. These . . ." Jose held up a pair of silky-looking light blue short pants and waved them around. ". . . are your short pants. You will wear these short pants at all times, Jane. Without underwear.

Understand?" Jane/Joe nodded. No underwear. OK, big deal. Jose continued.

"Like the tees, you will be given seven pairs. They are to be kept spotlessly clean. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded. He looked at Jose and wondered about him. What was his status in all of this? Why didn't Sir Bruiser refer to him as Josephine? He surmised he'd find out later. Later! Later meant, he thought, after sucking a mile of man cock. Shit! Give me strength lord! Oooh! The human butt-plug's thumb was at it once more. Twice, this time. In rapid succession.

Jose was now finished with Jane/Joe. He stepped aside to allow Sir Bruiser to survey his craftsmanship. Sir Bruiser walked all around Jane/Joe and finally said, "Damn, Jose, you've done it again! She looks great, our sweet little Janie! Primed and ready for cock meat!" Then he turned to Jane/Joe and said, "You ready, Jane, for some cocksucking lessons?" He laughed. Then he scowled at Jane/Joe.

Jane/Joe looked at the big man. "Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir, I'm ready." He certainly wasn't, but what else was there to say? Ooooo! Sir Cougar's thumb was back. It pressed slightly harder into his flesh than before. Jane/Joe spasmed involuntarily, feeling the cock in his ass poke in further as he did so.

Sir Bruiser whistled again and a moment later a young black guy came into the cell. He looked approvingly at Jane/Joe and whistled. One of those wolf whistles that men at construction sites toss out at a pretty girl as she passes by.

The man was introduced to Jane/Joe as Sir Thor. He wasn't as big as either of the other two "sirs," but he looked meaner. And very evil. Jane/Joe noticed that he hadn't felt Sir Cougar's thumb in a while. The relief was appreciated by him even though he knew it was temporary.

After Jane/Joe obediently said hello to Sir Thor, the man wasted no time. He took a place in front of Jane/Joe and barked, "Remove my trousers, push them down to the floor and show me how hot your mouth is!"

Jane/Joe immediately obeyed. As he move forward slightly to undo Sir Thor's trousers he was reminded that he had Sir Cougar's cock still in his rectum. It felt strange. And his moving forward had given the other items new life. His nipples tingled greatly and his cock felt even harder. It's impossible, he thought, to forget you have a boner.

Now, for pure accuracy, and Bruiser's dick aside, it wasn't that he hadn't sucked a cock before. He had. Once. And only the once.

He had been hitchhiking from school to home and was offered a ride by a middle aged man in a pickup truck. The forty-five minute trip started innocently enough, blah, blah, blah, but it soon turned to the sexually interesting ideas of getting a blowjob. The man appeared to be an expert on the whole matter.

He went on about how it was so great to have a hot mouth on your dick. At that point he asked, "Know what I mean?" Joe said, without even thinking about it, "Oh, yeah, ain't nothing like it!" Oh, yeah, what a liar. But a liar whose hardon could now be seen running down his pant's left leg. He was turned on, no two ways about it.

Maybe that's why he mumbled a "Sure." when, a short while later, the man asked him if he'd like to have a good blowing right now. Who knows?

The man pulled the truck off onto a wooded side road and wasted no

time in reaching out for the pant's bulge. The first touchy squeeze sent 50 million volts throughout Joe's body. The cattle prod he had accidentally touched on the business end one time, just to see what it would feel like, was nothing compared to this.

In the dim moonlight, Joe watched in fascination and pleasure as the man fished his boner out and put his mouth on it.

The man's mouth felt fantastic. It was hotter than hell and wetter than water. And it was doing things he'd never even imagined. Squeezing him hard-like, then soft-like, as it went fully up and down his shaft. Unreal and unbelievable.

Joe only lasted a couple of minutes before he felt the cum just get ripped out of him. He'd never cum this intense before, not even that time he jerked off to a polaroid of Becka Worthington's titties as seen through her bedroom window, a picture snapped by her next door neighbor, Will Turner.

The man sat back in his seat, Joe's cock just hanging out in the air like that, surprisingly still hard, and unzipped his fly. Joe just sat there, euphoric and mesmerized as the stranger's cock appeared. It looked fat and long and untouched by the sun. And it was obviously fully aroused. The man, not even looking at him, said, "Your turn. And do it nice and slow, just the way I did it to you. Don't rush none, I don't like rushers." He reached over and put his right hand behind Joe's neck and bent his head over in the right direction.

Why he hadn't refused, then and there, he didn't know. Maybe it was that old saw he'd been raised with and heard a million times. "Fella does a good turn to you, it's only fair you return the favor." Whatever the reason, he soon found himself with a full mouth of strange cock head.

The man, knowing Joe was a pure beginner, directed him step by step with comments such as, "Now, that feels good, but tighten your lips a bit." And "Move your tongue from side to side on the underside, pressing it in as you do." Joe followed every directive immediately as if grateful for the expertise.

The cock had felt good to his mouth as he, without any shame, sucked the man off. When the man finally ejaculated, Joe knew enough to swallow, but the amount of the load surprised him. Not at first, for it had started very slowly with just a mild dribble. A puddling on his tongue. Then the dribble became a bigger dribble as the man's spasms increased. Then more and bigger dribbles flooded in. The man hadn't spurted as he knew he had, but there was way more of the sticky stuff.

He had swallowed early, but found he had to swallow again. And again. And, lordy, even a fourth time. It was here that the taste of the cum made itself known. It tasted like sweet, but slightly salty, onions. And also made itself evident with a slightly burning sensation in the back recesses of his throat.

Joe had liked it, the getting and giving of oral pleasure, but when the man asked for his phone number as he dropped him two blocks from his house, he had turned him down, with no real reason given. The man had seemed truly disappointed, but he soon drove off leaving Joe to ponder on it all.

But that was then and this is now.

Aware of Sir Cougar's cock in his ass, Jane/Joe struggled to get Sir Thor's trouser off and down to the floor. His wiggling made his ass sensations

even more pronounced. He tried to hurry the chore, but it resisted hurrying. As Sir Thor's trousers and boxer shorts finally fell to the man's ankles, Jane/Joe got the full picture of the man's cock and crotch area.

Though it hadn't been obvious when he man had his pants on, Jane/Joe saw the guy had a full hardon. Somewhere between 7" and 8," it had, at its base, zillions of wiry, curly black hairs. For some reason it looked as evil as the man who owned it.

"Suck it! And do a good job!" Sir Thor growled.

A moment later, Jane/Joe had Sir Thor's cock in his mouth, aware of his own full erection that, right now, Sir Cougar was back to fondling and teasing. Sir Cougar fiddled around with the tip, just twice, a few seconds apart, and then stopped. He had used just the right pressure to make Jane/Joe involuntarily moan each time around the hard cock in his mouth.

Jane/Joe didn't want to moan, lord knows, and he knew if he concentrated he could prevent it, but he also sensed that moaning made the sensations seem less. The moans were a relief of sorts. Whereas, he felt, the other path would soon have him climbing the walls and screaming. With whatever cock he had in his mouth at the time.

"Deep-throat me!" Sir Thor barked. Jane/Joe thought of balking, but decided to give the throat spray a chance instead. He found it was easy now to take the man's cock all the way down his throat. His throat felt nothing. His gag reflex had died, too.

Even when Jane/Joe's lips were pressing against Sir Thor's groin and he had his nose pressed against the guy's belly, he didn't feel like gagging. He also felt the man's pubic hairs brush against his nose. It amazed him. Shit, he was deep-throating a large, thick cock and it didn't hurt a lick. With his lips locked around the base, Sir Thor now gave him more instructions.

"Stay way down on it like that to the count of five. Then scoot back up to the head. Work my head a few times and then throat it again for five. And through it all, don't swallow your saliva. Just let it flow out. Remember that, because I want you to do it with every cock you suck from here on in. Now, do the deep-throat routine again and again until I shoot my wad."

Jane/Joe complied. He brought his mouth back up to the cock head, went up and down on it three times, varying just how far past the ridge he would venture, and then deep-throated the pulsing, throbbing member, staying down on it there for five seconds. Then he repeated it. His saliva flowed freely, too. Sir Thor's dick was covered with it, making it slick and slimy feeling. And, for some weird reason, it felt very erotic to Jane/Joe's mouth.

As he sucked, he could feel Sir Cougar's thumb rubbing back and forth over his cock head. It was driving him wild. The sensation was one that made him want to cum, but the damn cock ring prevented that release. It was exquisite and pleasurable torture. And, try as he might, he couldn't extinguish the incessant sensations from his mind. They even seemed to be sending their messages to his mouth as he worked SirThor's sizeable saliva-slick 7+" dick.

As he repeated his deep-throating, Sir Cougar's cock in his ass seemed to get harder, if that was possible. His own cock head had hardened up more, too, if that was possible. It was all having a strange effect on Jane/Joe. He was getting too many pleasant and unpleasant sensations and too many painful

sensations, all at the same time.

He was aware of his mouth and his body in ways he had never dreamed about. His mind was getting fucked up. And damn that Sir Cougar with his rub, rub, rubbing! He knew that Sir Cougar knew what he was doing. He was expertly reading Jane/Joe's head movements, body language, and ass twitches to time the thumb rubs. He knew just when to apply them. Just when it would have the greatest effect. To make him so fucking hot he'd suck a gorilla's cock if the ape promised him he could jerk off afterwards.

There was no doubt that it was all having an effect on Jane/Joe. And he knew the men could see it, the changes happening to him. His ass twitching, his erection jumping around, throbbing and twitching wildly, his legs trembling with nervous excitement, his mouth working Sir Thor's erection more and more passionately, slobbering over it--they all gave the game away. He was sucking a cock and they knew he both liked it and hated it. If anyone had told me this two weeks ago . . . Oooo! His thought died as Sir Cougar's thumb rubbed again.

As his nipples and cock tingled incessantly, adding to the strange and not unpleasant sensation of the hard cock up his ass, the cock in his mouth started to feel very nice. As he worked his mouth, lips, and tongue on the throbbing prick with the very hard cock head, sucking it and deep-throating it, saliva flowing, with Sir Cougar moaning loudly above him, he felt sexually aroused and horny. And he didn't understand why he couldn't control himself. Why his resistance was breaking down from mere sensations. Mere? No, he thought, they're far from being mere!

As the action heated up, Sir Bruiser said, "Jane! When Sir Thor is gonna spurt, put both your hands on his ass cheeks and pull him to you. You unnerstan'?" Jane/Joe nodded as he went up and down on Sir Thor's hot penis. Sir Bruiser added, "And I want you to remember to do that with each guy that comes in. Hands on their ass cheeks when they shoot. Unnerstan'?" Again Jane/Joe nodded on the thick, slobbery-wet dick.

Then Bruiser had another idea. He bent down and looked at Jane/Joe's face. "Open your eyes, Jane!" Jane/Joe complied. "Closing your eyes is an insult to whomever you're sucking! So, keep your eyes open at all times. Someone will be taking peeks at you from time to time and it's shit eating time if you get caught with them closed. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded up and down on the dick, his eyes wide open.

He was now staring at wiry pubic hairs and he could see the shaft clearly as he sucked away. If he needed a reminder that he was sucking cock, this sure did the trick.

In wasn't too long before Sir Thor started to tense up. Jane/Joe knew he was going to cum soon. Heeding Sir Bruiser's words he reached behind Sir Thor with both hands and grabbed and squeezed the ass cheeks, then drew him toward his mouth. A moment later Sir Thor's cock erupted.

Sir Thor pushed his cock into Jane/Joe's mouth so only the head was inside. At the very same time Sir Cougar tickled his cock head-- fiercely. As Sir Thor's cock twitched, spasmed, and spurted it's hot cum, Jane/Joe moaned deeply. "Mmmmm!" Damn that Cougar! The saliva in his mouth added to the copious amount of cum coming in and Jane/Joe was fearful he would gag and have to spit up.

Remembering Sir Bruiser's admonition, he forced himself not to gag.

Though a very rough struggle ensued, he swallowed every drop, gurgling and sputtering to be sure, but not missing a thing. His eyes threatened to close up on him, but he forced them to stay open.

He could taste the cum and yet he couldn't. Not fully. Too much was happening to him and he had way too much saliva in his mouth.

He was ordered to keep sucking until it was drained and told to stop. A short time later, Sir Thor pulled his moist limpish cock from Jane/Joe's mouth. It flopped out with a shlooshing noise.

Sir Cougar, that bastard, moved his thumb across the tip once more. Then stopped. Oh, God, thought Jane/Joe, how much more of this can I take? The thought of 60 or more guys drove his mind into a tizzy. He swallowed loudly and tasted cum in the back of his throat. It burned slightly. And it burned with each and every swallow, reminding him that cum was there and had just been swallowed by him.

"You know, Sir Bruiser," Sir Thor said, pushing his dick back into his trousers, "This bitch has potential!" He laughed.

As Sir Thor made his exit, the three remaining men in the room also laughed. Joe didn't. He just sat there, impaled on Sir Cougar's stiff prick, with mixed feeling running through him. He now had nothing to do but wait for the ordeal to resume itself with the next man to cross the doorway. He didn't have long to wait. Oooh! You bastard! Stop that! Leave the fucking head of my cock alone, all ready!

One by one, one after another, the men arrived. One after another, Jane/Joe sucked their cocks, deep-throated them and swallowed their salty-tasting, burning cum. The taste of cum was inescapable to Jane/Joe's tongue. The taste was everywhere in his mouth. It coated his teeth. His gums. His tongue. And it burned itself deep in his throat. His mouth felt awash in it. He could have used a little water to help wash it down, but he knew that it would be futile to ask. They wanted him to suffer. There would be no water coming his way. Water? You don't need no stinkin' water, not when you got delicious cum to drink. Yeah, he could hear them now.

The third guy brought a scary realization to Jane/Joe. As much as he hated to admit it, that damned Sir Cougar's cock felt good! Very good. He had the overwhelming urge, and a great desire, to just surrender to the good feelings and start bouncing up and down on the man's big prick. Wildly, as a wanton slut might. But as nice as he knew it would feel, he refused to let it happen. He didn't want them to see him like that.

However, he did make one small concession to the sublime sensations. He went surreptitiously up and down on Sir Cougar's cock with an up and down movement so miniscule he felt sure no one could detect what he was up to. Not even Sir Cougar. He tried to make it appear that it was part of his normal movements. And, oh God, it felt sweet! So much so that he found himself, at times, beginning to increase the length of his up and down moves. Whenever that unwelcome event happened, he would immediately go back to the tiny moves.

He was doing this routine again with the fourth guy, too, but something occurred that scared him a little. On one of his downward pushes, a tiny push to be sure, he felt the truly unmistakable repeat spasms of Sir Cougar's prick. Oh, oh, he thought, I've made him cum!

Would that please him or piss him off? He tried not to move. The spasms were numerous, too. Seven? Eight? More? He didn't know, but when Sir Cougar stayed in him for some minutes after the last one had come and gone, and didn't push him off of his lap, he felt it just might be okay.

Around five minutes later or so, Sir Cougar's spasms started again! Right after a fresh miniscule up and down movement by him. He ain't cumming again! He thought. No, it was obvious to him now. Sir Cougar was sending him Morse code! Of a sort. He was letting him know that he knew about his little miniscule up and down secret. The bastard! Just too fucking clever by far. How long had he known? Probably from the gitgo, he surmised.

Why hadn't he said something about it to the others? They would certainly get a big kick from knowing. Perhaps Sir Cougar was making it their little secret to inspire him to keep doing it.

Well, fuck it, he thought, if that's the way he wants it, fine. He now felt he had slightly more freedom with the man, a silent permission of sorts, and could now increase the distance of his up and down excursions, which he knew would make it feel much better. But he didn't want to make it public knowledge, however, so he merely went from miniscule to an inch each way. Oh, God, he thought, this is fucking heaven--on a man's lap, no less!

Sir Cougar kept up his cock spasms here and there with timed variations. Pulse, pulse, Pause. Pulse. Pause. Pulse, pulse, pulse, Pause, Pulse and so on. Morse tapped out with a penis.

Just for shits and giggles, on one of Sir Cougar's spasm episodes, Jane/Joe used his ass muscles and squeezed back. His ass executed a sequence of squeeze, squeeze, squeeze, pause, squeeze, pause, squeeze, pause, squeeze, pause, squeeze, squeeze, squeeze. Any old salt would easily read this as . . . - - - . . . and translate it to SOS. Save Our Souls or Save Our Ship, take your pick. Jane/Joe almost let out an audible giggle at his cleverness.

Then Sir Cougar surprised him by pulsing right back with pulse, pause, pulse, pause, pulse, pulse, pulse, pause, pulse, pulse, pulse. Unless Jane/Joe was mistaken, the man had telegraphed ASS with his cock! What fun!

Throughout the night, and with each and every blowjob, the pulsing gibberish from both parties involved continued. As did Jane/Joe's up and down movements on the stiff, 10-1/2" cock rammed fully and snugly up his ass. Accompanied by Sir Cougar's sexually arousing thumb foolery and Jane/Joe's audible moanings. If Sir Bruiser and Jose noticed anything different in him, they were keeping it to themselves.

And, as he sucked each cock, his eyes wide open, he had the clear vision of the many different kinds of public hair available. And he could see the cock shafts disappearing somewhere below his eyes as he deep-throated each man. In some cases, he could actually see the man's balls rise up, just seconds before his ass grabbing and cum swallowing act.

How many dicks so far? How many to go? He had no idea. It had to end before he was eligible for Social Security, didn't it? Maybe not.

And, as he sucked, Jane/Joe couldn't help but let out those moans from time to time. They were forced out of him by Sir Cougar's thumb manipulations. And, every now and then, his thumb would leave the cock head's tip to explore

that super-sensitive area on the underside of the head where the two roundish hemispheres come together, the area known as the glans penis.

Whenever Sir Cougar touched the blessed glans penis area, Jane/Joe went wild. His ass, his body, his head, and his legs, all involuntarily twitched and he was forced to moan throughout a shudder. It was involuntary and he had no choice about it, he knew, but he felt embarrassed knowing it appeared he was enjoying sucking each dick. Which he sure wasn't now, was he?

Sir Cougar's thumb work wasn't the only new sensation Jane/Joe was receiving, either. Someone, at times Jose, judging from the voice, was running their fingernails lightly up and down his back on both sides of his spine. The feathery touch added substantially to the other tingly-wingly feelings and caused goose bumps to break out all over his body. It was just one more sensation flooding his brain, one more reason to make him moan out loud.

Many times, Jane/Joe felt as if he was about to cum. To blast his pent up load right into space, not caring where it landed. Or on who! He could feel that wonderful moment start to kick in, the one where you feel no longer capable of holding it back and glad of it. But Sir Cougar sensed it, too. He would withdraw his thumb just before it could happen, leaving Jane/Joe all the more tantalized and supremely frustrated. And just hanging-horny. And seeking relief.

It was at this point that Sir Cougar chose to talk to him.

He leaned over and whispered into Jane/Joe's ear, "Jane, I know what I'm doing is driving you wild. But I ain't gonna stop anytime soon. Not until you've sucked every last cock we tell you to suck. So, if you want to escape my thumb, you better start sucking cock a whole lot better." He paused for a few seconds. "Think about it, Jane. The better you suck them, the faster they'll cum, and the sooner you get out from under my thumb." He had sing-songed that last part. Jane/Joe laughed in his mind at the stupid poetry as Sir Cougar continued his whispering.

"You're not just a cocksucker now, Jane, you're *our* cocksucker. And it is a personal insult to us if you're not the greatest cocksucker you can be. Now, Jane, when the next guy comes through that door, I want you to show me that you can suck a cock with the best of them. Make me proud and I'll make your future a lot rosier. Piss me off and you won't have a future." Then he said, in a normal voice, "Now, Jane, I want you to say to me, and to Sir Bruiser here, that you love sucking cock and want to show us how much you do. Say it, sweetheart." Sir Cougar leaned back, wiggling and pushing his cock firmly into Jane/Joe's ass.

Sir Cougar had whispered the words so gently, so unmenacingly, that they scared the living daylights out of Jane/Joe. Thus, with a dry mouth, he swallowed and said somewhat hoarsely, "Sir Bruiser, sir and Sir Cougar, sir, I love sucking cock and I hope you will let me show you how much I do, sirs." He swallowed again, loudly this time, and the three men in the room heard it.

The room stayed very quiet. No one spoke for a full minute. The air in the room was filled with tension. For the first time, Jane/Joe noticed that the room smelled of sex, of men's musk. It hung in the air. Then Sir Cougar leaned forward once more, his cock pressing inward with his movement, and whispered, "Don't fuck up, angel!"

And, for sure, with each guy he sucked off, he felt Cougar's thumb playing. Rub, rub, rub. Rub a fucking dub! It was driving him out of his fucking

mind! His own cock head felt twice its normal erect size. Swollen and primed. And it spurred him on, too. It was as if the torture of the exquisitely pleasurable sensations were telling him to suck each guy a little better so it will be over sooner and you can go and jerk off for some well-earned relief. An echo of Sir Cougar's little speech. Because you ain't getting any relief, sonny, until it's over and every last fucking guy in the cellblock is satisfied with your blowjobbing skills. Oh, God, he thought, if I could only keep myself from moaning on their dicks! But he knew that was a blatant futility.

Just two blowjobs later found Jane/Joe letting out one of these very same moans, but it was so loud it would have been heard ten cells away if it hadn't been muffled somewhat by the short, but abnormally fat and beefy, cock in his mouth. Then he moaned loudly again, and then once more as Sir Cougar pressed his circling thumb into the glans penis.

And Sir Cougar's timing couldn't have been any better, either. Jane/Joe's three super moans were accompanied by the baritone moans and grunts of the owner of the beefy cock as he unloaded his visibly twitching and pulsating meaty dick into his mouth. Anyone watching would have seen a very hot cocksucker giving an expert blowjob and undoubtedly enjoying his well-earned cum reward. Courtesy of Sir Cougar, the cock head tip manipulation artiste.

During the ordeal, and many hours into it, Jane/Joe was given his only break. He had to pee. Sir Cougar pushed him off his dick and escorted him over to the commode. And pee he sure did! A race horse comes to mind. Jane/Joe pissed and pissed and pissed. Noisily, and straight into the bowl's water reservoir. He was pissing for so long that at one point Sir Bruiser said, "Fuck, girl! You piss any more and you're gonna up and disappear!" He let out a short laugh.

Jose giggled a hee-hee while Sir Cougar merely chuckled. Then Jane/Joe, still pissing, mind you, turned his head in the direction of Sir Bruiser.

"Well, Sir Bruiser, sir, if that did happen right now, sir, you'd sure as hell miss me, Sir Bruiser, wouldn't you, sir?" Sir Bruiser took this in a few seconds and busted out laughing. Sir Cougar roared! Even Jose couldn't help himself as he laughed loudly, joining the two big men's enjoyment.

Then, still pissing, Jane/Joe started to laugh, too. A hearty laugh that no one who heard it could ever say was in the least bit phony. As they all stood there laughing to the tune of piss hitting water, an invisible line had been crossed and they were all now smack-dab in The Boy's land called camaraderie. And Jane/Joe benefited from it, too. For the rest of the program he was treated much, much better. As if he was, ha ha, one of them now. Or, at the very least, one of Sir Bruiser's favorite girls.

Before this event, Jane/Joe had endured the usual verbal putdowns with most of the guys he chewed on. Such as, "I'm gonna shoot, you faggot, so swallow it!" And, "Take all my dick, you fucking queer cunt!" And, "Oooh! This white bitch just loves to moan on my big black cock!" And many more, as anyone can imagine.

After Jane/Joe's stand-up comedy pissing routine, Sir Bruiser put an end to that bullshit. When the very next guy to utter slurs, uttered them, Sir Bruiser grabbed the guy by the collar and yelled loudly and very vehemently into his face, his spittle hitting the man, "Don't you be insulting my favorite girl, you dumb fucker! You're done here! Go jerk off!"

And, as he violently let go of the guy's shirt, Sir Bruiser spat out, with a look on his face that would even scare the crap out of Satan, "Pass the word you dumb fuck! The next fucking clown to insult my Janie here is gonna take her place so he can learn what it's like! You unnerstan' me?" Sir Bruiser's face, from it's 7' high perch, looked so menacing that even the deafest man would have gotten the message.

The visibly shaken guy, struggling to get his now limp dick back into his trousers, meekly nodded his head up and down and said, "Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir, I hear you loud and clear, sir!"

And Sir Bruiser's "word" was passed, in spades. Each guy who entered the cell did so with a humbled, slightly scared look on his face. And all had a newfound sweetness in their hearts that was lavished on Jane/Joe. One dufus actually said, "Thank you, Jane, my dear, that was the finest blowjob I ever had and that's no lie, you lovely creature." Who ever said men are untrainable?

This new friendly atmosphere had a powerful effect on Jane/Joe, too. At some point, he stopped resisting. He just let the wonderful and weird sensations swarm over him. He gave into his horniness because it was futile any other way. He started sucking the men as best he could, moaning at will, many times without Sir Cougar's assistance, and looked forward to the blessed relief that would arrive at the end of his ordeal.

Every man who now came through the door was getting the best, sloppiest, wettest, hottest, blowjob in the world. Complete with unforced moans and groans. And, they loved it. Jane/Joe still liked-hated it, but no longer cared that he did. He simply cock-sucked them all with every bit of passion he could find his soul. And they all, every one of them, knew it. He had been punked out, turned out, and was now one of the prison's cock-suckers extraordinaire. Sir Bruiser's favorite girly man. But deep down he knew that he was still Mr. Joseph John Jacoby, heterosexual, man!

Every now and then Jose would remove the cock ring and replace it some time later. He did this many times during Jane/Joe's ordeal. How much time passed between having it off and having it on, Jane/Joe had no idea. His mind was beyond caring. He also didn't care why it was done. It was the same with the nipple loops. And the throat spray. Joe would, every so often, be told to take a spritz from the little bottle.

After who knows how many men, whites, blacks, Hispanics, Orientals, you name it, had been satisfied by the new girl on the block, the game changed. It got downright ugly. Sir Bruiser started the ugly rolling right after the last of the dozen or so had left and before he whistled the next guy in.

Sir Bruiser stood in front of Jane/Joe. "You're doing real good, Jane, so I've been treating you real good, too, but it's time to break your mouth in real good! To teach you what's what, so to speak. To remind you of your place." Jane/Joe had no idea what he was talking about. That was soon taken care of.

"Open your mouth, cunt! I gotta piss!" Oh, hell! Save me . . . anyone! Jane/Joe thought. But there was no one there to answer that particular little prayer. Even his looking pleadingly at Jose brought forth nothing. All he got from him was a look that said 'I can't help you, man. Would if I could, but I can't.'

And, even in spite of what he knew was going to happen, his mouth filled with piss, that fucking hardon of his still wouldn't die! Fuck, he thought, nothing can kill it! Rub, rub, rub. Sir Cougar, you bastard, bitch fucker! Rub, rub, rub.

Long pause. Rub, rub. Pause. Rub.

With the hairs on his neck standing straight out, Jane/Joe took Sir Bruiser's limp fat cock into his mouth. And waited. Sir Bruiser tilted Jane/Joe's head up and said, "Listen and listen good! You better swallow fast and often, for if one drop of my piss comes out of your mouth, well, I don't have to tell you, do I piss-mouth?" With the limp cock still in his mouth, Jane/Joe shook his head from side to side. Oooo! Rub, rub. Fuck!

Then the big man's deluge of urine began. Warm and very pissy-tasting. Worse than he could ever imagine it would be. His mouth filled so rapidly he almost didn't swallow soon enough. But he did, grateful that none had spilled. And he kept swallowing, rapidly, one swallow after the other, the pissy taste increasing.

It seemed as if it would last all day, but finally Sir Bruiser pulled his cock from Jane/Joe's mouth. Jane/Joe swallowed one last time as Sir Bruiser wiped his pissy cock head across his lips. Ugh! The taste was horrible! And worse, he knew it wouldn't be the last cock he would be doing this despicable act with tonight. And he was right. So very right!

But not with the next guy, for Sir Bruiser planned on being the next guy.

"Now, Jane," Sir Bruiser said. "You little piss-mouth, Jose signals it's time for another one of your spritzes, so you do that and then I want to see how good the shit works. You gagged up a storm on our first little date, but I think you'll have no trouble taking my 12-1/2" now. Show me I'm right!" Jane/Joe did the spritzing thing, tempted to give it two shots, but decided not to. The stuff had worked so far, even with cocks he'd have previously guessed no one in the world could deep-throat.

Jane/Joe leaned forward and took Sir Bruiser's semi-erection in his right hand, holding the beefy schlong by the base. God, how thick, he thought. As he munched back and forth on the wide, wide head, he could feel it come to life. It elongated both in length and in girth. It's 2" plus width now stretched his lips out. He slobbered on the unbelievable head for a few more minutes, putting as much saliva as he could on the monster.

"Enough dillydallying!" Sir Bruiser growled. Jane/Joe didn't debate the man. He just started his mouth going forward on the big human salami. As he felt the big black head push into throat, he was amazed. It went right in and down his throat without any problem at all! Shit, he mused, with this spray a cocksucker could rule the fucking world!

He moved his mouth forward and the inches were just gobbled up. In less than thirty seconds he was down to Sir Bruiser's belly. And he felt full. Full of black cock. None of the guys before this had made him feel *this* full. Then, to make sure he got fully used to it, he stayed down at the base for almost a full minute. He tried to, and found he could, move his tongue from side to side.

Sir Bruiser let out a moan as he did this action. He mused to himself, Christ, to the other guys it must look as if I'm trying to swallow a black oak tree! One with curly pubic hairs! Now, it was time to move back off of the roots.

He worked the head sloppily, deep-throating the man here and there, while listening to his moaning. Then Sir Bruiser grabbed his head with both hands and started fucking in and out. He'd mix it up with a full-depth plunge here and there with half-depth thrusts thrown in. At times, his cock would bend at

the middle but straighten itself quickly as it entered Jane/Joe's mouth. He sawed in and out this way for an interminable amount of time before finally yelling out:

"Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! I'm there!" The long, growl-like moan was accompanied by sperm spewing out of him in tablespoons. One after the other. But Jane/Joe never tasted even one drop of the copious cum because Sir Bruiser's cock head was fully down his throat. It all went straight to his stomach. Jane/Joe's only reward for his tree eating was to feel the throbs, pulses, and twitches of the black man's huge member as he unloaded.

Sir Bruiser was drained, but he kept his cock down Jane/Joe's throat for a full minute more as he savored his ejaculation. Sir Bruiser just stood there, looking glassy-eyed, and rubbed the back of Jane/Joe's neck gently and lovingly like. Finally, he pulled the black oak out.

He looked down at Jane/Joe, a big grin on his mouth. "You win, Janie, baby! You is the world's best cocksucker, for sure. I'm gonna call Guinness and tell them about you! They won't fuckin' believe it. No sir, they just won't fuckin' believe it. No one has ever taken my pole like that, no one!" He paused, pushing his now limp dick through the trouser's fly. "Yeah, Janie, you be doing me often from now on, you betcha! You gonna be my favorite girl from here on out! You like that idea?" He smiled at Jane/Joe.

"Yes, Sir Bruiser, sir, I like that idea, sir!" He didn't. Not really. But what else was he to say? At least he hadn't gagged, or worse, upchucked, and it now looked as if Sir Bruiser just might go easier on him in the future. Depending, of course, on how he treats his favorite. Jane/Joe got a picture of that very idea just a few moments later, just after he had been placed back on Sir Cougar's prick again. A bunch of thumb rubs in a row, six? seven? welcomed him home.

As guy after guy continued to appear in the cell, Sir Bruiser told each that if they had to take a piss, they could use Jane as their human urinal. Almost half the guys took advantage of the offer, with sweetness in their comments, to be sure, that didn't matter to Jane/Joe, Sir Bruiser's favorite girl.

So there Jane/Joe was. Sucking cock and swallowing cum one minute and drowning in piss the next. How many guys had there been? Jane/Joe wondered. Forty. Fifty. Sixty. More? He had no idea, but he knew it was more than thirty. Way more. Ooooh! Rub, rub.

Then, as if someone had heard one of his silent prayers, Jane/Joe heard Lights Out called, signaling fifteen more minutes of artificial lighting. Or, and Jane/Joe couldn't know this, thirty minutes on Ride-The-Whip nights. Please, thought Jane/Joe, don't let them continue all night! I'll fucking die if they do! I can't take it no more. The rub, rubbing had stopped right after the Lights Out call, as if rehearsed.

This newly thought prayer was answered, too. Sir Bruiser leaned over and spoke to Jane/Joe. He spoke so gently it petrified him. "Janie, dear, it's almost beddybye time. You only have one more chore before you drift off to sleepyland." Oh, shit, thought Jane/Joe, what now? Eat some shit? Well, they try *that* and they'll just have to kill me! Right here and right now.

The 'what now' was an order to lie on his back on the cot with his legs as high up on his chest as they could go. Sir Cougar was going to ass fuck him. And they wanted him to masturbate himself at the same time. He was to have an orgasm and he was to tell Sir Cougar just before that was to happen. Sir Cougar, he was told, wanted to feel his Jane/Joe's asshole spasm at the same time he

unloaded his sperm into the ass-pussy. Sir Cougar just loved doing that sort of fun he was told.

The naked-man-on-his-cot scenario was quickly in place and there he was, Sir Cougar's hard cock pistoning in and out of his ass while he jerked himself off. And, as horny as he was with the cock ring still in place, it was hard to be inspired. He was turned off by the taste of cum and piss still way too fresh in his mouth. And the glaring overhead light. And the audience.

But he knew he had to cum. So he concentrated really hard, closed his eyes, and tried to conjure up a vision of a naked woman. But he kept getting crossed up by images of cocks, balls, and pubic hairs. It was hard work, but Sir Cougar didn't seem to mind. "That's it, Janie baby! You beat it real good! And don't you forget to tell me when you gonna bust." This foreplay chatter forced Jane/Joe to concentrate even harder as he whacked away at his swollen member.

Finally, mercifully, Jane/Joe felt it. The beginnings of an orgasm. Thank you, lord, Jane/Joe thought just before he yelled out to Sir Cougar, "Now! Sir Cougar, sir! I'm gonna shoot, sir!" He felt Sir Cougar pick up the pace a bit, banging in and out of his ass with purpose, trying to drive himself to his own orgasm. Sir Cougar was now leaning over him and he could feel drops of the man's sweat hit his chest and belly. They both did their respective parts for a few second more. Then . . .

Then Sir Cougar held stock-still as he felt the first of Jane/Joe's asshole spasms. Sir Cougar moaned. "Ooooooh yeah! Ooooooh yeah! Ooooooh yeah!"

As the spasms continued, Sir Cougar started fucking in and out rather gently. Then he yelled, "Oooooh fuck! Take it, Jane, and love it, 'cuz here I come, ready or not! Oooooh, yeah!"

Sir Cougar spasmed. Jane/Joe spasmed. Simultaneously. Again and again. As Sir Cougar's sperm filled his asshole, Jane/Joe's pent up sperm burst out of him as if fired from a water cannon. It went straight up and then arced, landing in huge blobs, one after the other, like a rain of cum, on Jane/Joe's face, shoulders, neck, chest, and even his hair. He felt awash in his own sperm.

But the long overdue release, the blessed needed relief, felt fantastic. Even Sir Cougar's cock in his ass felt good. He had moaned and moaned and hadn't cared who heard him. And having Sir Cougar's cock in his rectum seemed to make his orgasm more intense, unlike anything he had ever known before. Which both fascinated and scared him at the same time. Then it was over. And there would be no sweet afterglow cuddling. Or even the clichéd cigarette.

Sir Cougar pulled out of his still twitching rectum roughly and quickly left the cell, just like that, without saying a word. Jane/Joe just laid there, his legs still against his chest, breathing hard and covered in his own cum. His overworked hand still holding his still hard cock-ringed dick.

His eyes were closed and he looked, well, completely euphoric. As any woman would whose husband had just expertly fucked the living hell out of her and given her the orgasm of a lifetime. Jane/Joe just laid there, enjoying the mind-blowing aftermath of his own orgasm of a lifetime.

Sir Bruiser came over and said matter-of-factly, bringing back reality, "You did great, Jane, just great! Now, you get your beauty sleep, my girl, because you've got a big day again tomorrow. And every tomorrow after that.

Just like today. Until you either fag up and start loving and enjoying your cocksucking, or you kill yourself and die. Don't matter one shit to me either way, girl!" He bent his tall body down until his head was just above Jane/Joe's head.

"Now, goodnight, sweet lips." He leaned over and planted a sloppy, wet kiss on Jane/Joe's forehead. Then he stood up, took a last glance at the new girl on the block, winked at Jose, and left. His leaving spurred Jane/Joe to sit up on the cot and swipe at the cum with his hands. He wiped them on the blanket, not caring who knew. Let the maid worry about it.

Jane/Joe was now alone with Jose. And his fears and dreads about tomorrow. And all the tomorrows to come *after* tomorrow. He sat there and visibly trembled, staring at Jose, a look of terrible misery on his face.

Jose said quietly, "Hey, Jane, don't worry about tomorrow. Sir Bruiser just said that to throw a scare into you. To fuck up your head. Tomorrow will be a whole lot easier now that you're broken in somewhat. You'll see. Besides I can read Bruiser real well. He was very happy with your performance tonight. He liked it that you had cooperated so nicely and didn't bust out bawling. He just hates a bawler! And, in case you're interested, Bruiser had me keep count of the guys. He likes facts and figures! You, my dear Jane, really impressed old Bruiser! In eleven hours and twelve minutes you sucked off 53 guys and 31 guys pissed in your mouth. And you didn't bitch or complain, not even once. So, Jane, don't you go worrying about tomorrow. You hear?"

"You're not just saying that, Jose, are you?" He looked like a deer in the headlights.

"No, Jane, I swear. I'll come by tomorrow, real early, and fill you in on how to act, what to say, and what is expected of you. From here on in, you're one of the big three's, Bruiser, Cougar, and Thor's, working girls. In case you're curious, we have fifteen such girls right now. You all go out on dates, which I assign and, as you can surmise, with fifteen on rotation and only 65 guys on the cell block right now, you should, on average, have only five or six dates a day. Piece of cake compared to tonight, huh?" Jane/Joe nodded. Jose continued.

"Now, the first three days of your, shall we say, initiation, you'll have to do 12 to 15 such dates. Their way of keeping you in line with the threat of Ride-The-Whip still fresh in your mind. A reminder, so to speak. The fourth day will start your regular rotation. Oh, the good thing is, if there is a good thing in all this bullshit, no one, but *no one* will fuck with you any more. You'll be considered the personal and private property of the top three dogs. Oh, and, another good thing. No one will piss in your mouth. Well, except the big three. But that only happens here and there. Figure on no more than three or four times a month, if even that. They don't want you or your clothes smelling of urine, you see?" Jane/Joe nodded. He didn't see, but what the hell.

"Well," Jose said. "You have any quick question you want to ask?"

"Yeah, four. If I had refused all this Whip shit, would they really have killed me?"

"Kill you? Fuck! They'd kill you and eat pizza off of your dead carcass! Next question, Jane."

"Why do they call you Jose and not Josephine?" Christ, the question sounded as if he was trying to make small talk. Maybe he was. He thought, What's the next question to be? You come here often? Thinking this made him

smile.

Jose laughed. "Because, Jane, my sweet Jane, I got promoted! To girly coordinator. And, in case you're curious, no, I no longer have to do dates!" He grinned at Jane/Joe. "Unless, which happens more times than you can imagine, I want to!" He grinned again, his face lighting up.

"Jane, I've been here five years now. And when I first arrived they made me ride The Whip, too. Back then you had to ride it three days in a fucking row! A fucking mind-bending ordeal, to be sure. And, at the time, there were 80 guys on the block! That Bruiser, the fuck, had me suck off all of them twice, 160 blowjobs in three days! And the fourth day was no picnic, either. For ten hours I was double-clutched, on all fours with a cock in each end. And who knows how many gallons of piss I drank? Lordy, I felt like piss city!

"Well, nearly half the guys who had to do it, committed suicide. They couldn't take it, as you can imagine. So, I went to Bruiser and told him to reduce it to just one day so he'd have more fucking survivors that he could make money off of. I told him it was one thing to bend a man's will to yours, but if you broke it too badly, the guy would freak. Well, Bruiser sat on this thought for over a week. Then a guy named Donny, a petite little fucker, who'd just finished his third day, took a butter knife to Bruiser.

"Bruiser had no problems disarming the guy and putting him in the hospital, but it had scared him. He might be the toughest fuck in the world, but a sneak attack just might find his Achilles' heel. So, he sent for me, ready and willing to listen. He liked my logic so much he immediately promoted me. From just a trick whore to coordinator of his girls and, if you must know, everything else he's into. Which I ain't gonna tell you about."

Then, as if to answer a question he knew was in Jane/Joe's mind, but hadn't been asked, he said, "Jane, before I came here, I was as straight as they come. Wife and three kids, to boot. Well, with me facing a ton of years behind bars, the old lady divorced me and went somewhere with the kids. Which is another story, but anyway, after sucking a mile of dick and swallowing an ocean of cum, not to mention being ass-pussy fucked up the wazoo, I realized I liked it!

"And why not? It's sex. It's human contact. And it's exciting if you just let yourself just relax. And, fuck if it don't feel good, too!" He laughed. Jane/Joe giggled. "Yeah, I'm a cock-hungry, cum-lover, for sure! And, Janie, you'll see. Before you know it, you'll not only like it, you'll fucking love it, too. And you'll look forward to it. Don't seem at all possible now, I know that, but give it time. If it doesn't drive you crazy and make you kill yourself, you'll discover just how much pleasure there is in doing it. And there's another benefit from fagging up. The guys treat you better, way fucking better!" He laughed. Jane/Joe nodded as if he understood the man.

Jane/Joe asked. "Why are you in here, Jose?" Jose grinned.

"Well, to make a long, dull story short, I killed an innocent man! He was my best friend and neighbor." Jane/Joe's eyes widened. Jose went on. "Yeah! Well, anyway, my daughter, Gloria, who was thirteen at the time, told me my friend had raped her. Right in his living room! I believed her. Who wouldn't? So I went to his house and confronted him. Naturally, he denied it, but that pissed me off even more. We started to fight and I pulled a knife and stabbed him.

"Only once, but it did the trick. Later, I found out Gloria had made the whole fucking story up. She was trying to fuck up my friendship with the guy simply

because he had forbidden his son to see her any more. Ain't that a fuck! Now I'm facing thirty years to life. I'll probably die in here. But, Janie, old kumquat, before I go I'm gonna suck cock and get fucked as much as I can and want!" He laughed again. Heartily. This time, Jane/Joe laughed heartily, too.

"And your last question?"

"Well, I've, uh, swallowed a lot of cum tonight and I know I'm in for ass fucking, too. What do I do if I get VD?"

"VD? Impossible! Years ago Sir Bruiser got the warden to set up a quarantine and STD tests for each incoming prisoner, and . . ."

"STD?"

"Sexually transmitted disease. Anyway, if a guy comes in with an STD he serves his time in the prison hospital. Forever, if need be. So, Jane, you can swallow all the cum your little heart desires without the slightest fear of catching anything. This is, and it's no lie, the safest place on the friggin' planet when it comes to STDs. Shit, you should try out Bruiser's women sometime! He's got four of them working the cellblocks. All as clean as Mother Teresa. And they're kept that way, too. They're all as ugly as sin, but they do have nice bodies. And getting your mitts on some pussy and tits can be a big help if and when you start to feel too damned faggy.

"In case you're interested, Bruiser got them off the internet! He advertised for single women who wanted to earn some pocket money and get royally fucked over and over and over. It amazed me when I heard about it, but Bruiser got over a hundred responses! The four he picked were put through a rigid STD testing and were told that if they fool around on the outside and bring a problem back to Bruiser, well, you know. They're paid in chump change, too. Bruiser charges guys \$30 for a fifteen minute session and gives the gal a mere ten bucks. But his ladies love fucking more than money and I've yet to hear one complain.

"The four women are all trucked in once a month and stay four days. They each do about ten men a day. Shit, one gal even brings her husband! He even watches when it's okay with the customer. Nice guy actually, but, wink-wink, a little too kinky for my taste!" Jane/Joe laughed.

Then another question popped into Jane/Joe's head. Looking sheepish he said, "Jose, I'm curious. Sir Cougar was in me almost all the time and he didn't cum. Was he wearing a cock ring the whole time?" He hated asking that kind of question, but he was curious.

Jose chuckled. "Cock ring? Old Cougar? No way, Jose! He can stay like a tomcat in heat for who knows how long? That's why they use him. The fucker has superhuman mind control over his dick! His record is eighteen hours straight without limping up. Amazing, huh?" Jane/Joe just nodded. It was that, for sure.

Jose said goodnight and left the cell. Jane/Joe laid there on his cot just staring into the now darkened room. I may do it, he thought, but no fucking way, just no fucking way, will I ever like it! And love it? Baby pigs will be born with fucking eagle feathers before that ever happens!

With that defiant thought in mind, Jane/Joe drifted off to sleep. And had a strange dream. One he'd never had before in all his nineteen years of living. It woke him in the middle of the night, covered in sweat and with an erection. It had scared him, too, as any nightmare might.

The next day arrived along with Jose. He was there to do as he had promised. School was in session. The first thing he showed Jane/Joe was the Girly Cock-sucker's Code. It was to be committed to memory and recited each and every time one of the big three called for it.

Jose handed him a sheet of paper on which was printed:

The Girly Cock-sucker's Code:

I am your girly cocksucker, sir, because:

1. I love sucking your hard manly cock, sir!
2. I love swallowing your delicious manly sperm, sir!
3. I love deep-throating your big manly cock, sir!
4. I love being ass-pussy fucked by your large manly cock, sir!
5. I will always have an erection, hard nipples, and a stimulated asshole, sir, so you know I am hot for your delicious cock at all times, sir!
6. I am your personal cock-hungry, cum-loving sex slave cocksucker, sir, and will do anything and everything you command me to do, sir!
7. How may I please you now, sir!

What crap, thought Jane/Joe. He knew it wasn't impossible to memorize, but it had some tricky shit to it. It would be easy, under pressure, to leave out an important word or two. Jane/Joe didn't sweat that too much because he knew he could count on his photographic memory. Which, he hoped, wouldn't fail him under the severe pressure he was afraid he might feel standing in front of the likes of Sir Bruiser in his outlandish outfit. He deemed it wise to back up his usually dependable memory with some old-fashioned rote learning.

Then, as if reading his mind, Jose said, "Yeah, it's bullshit, but it's their bullshit. Learn it by memory, Jane, for if you fuck it up, even once, even one word in the wrong place, it's back to Ride-The-Whip time, for a day to a full two weeks, depending on their moods and whims. Got it?" Jane/Joe nodded. Jose continued. "To give you enough time to memorize it, you won't be asked to recite this for four days" Whew! Jane/Joe thought, piece of cake.

Jose then handed Jane/Joe another sheet and said, "You don't need to memorize this. Just follow it carefully."

1. I will ALWAYS wear fresh cut-off tees and shorts. Without underwear!
2. I will ALWAYS wear fresh Suckit Red lipstick and my perfume.
3. I will keep my butt-plug in my ass at ALL times, the only exceptions: crapping and during ass-pussy fucking. (I will also douche my ass after every anal fucking.)
4. I only have to wear my cock ring DURING my date and when GOING TO or COMING FROM a date. (I may remove it at all other times.)
5. I only have to wear my nipple loops DURING my date and when GOING TO or COMING FROM a date. (I may remove them at all other times.)
6. I will keep ALL HAIR, except head hair, completely shaved off.
7. I will only jerk off AFTER Lights Out and NEVER

AFTER MIDNIGHT.

8. I will carry my purse at ALL times.

9. I will NEVER pee standing up. Don't risk it--the punishment is severe!

Sounds easy enough, Jane/Joe thought, almost like boot camp training. But purse? What fucking purse? Shit. He had a few questions, but he felt they could wait. Jose, however, didn't miss the look on Jane/Joe's face that said, How fucking silly this all is.

"Jane, you'd better take this stuff seriously. Bruiser and his cohorts are not people you joke around with."

"Ok, ok, I'm sufficiently chided. I get your point."

"Goody, goody, Jane! Now, before I forget, Sir Bruiser was so taken by your performance yesterday that he wants me to add two more directives. One. You are to, just before the guy cums, grab his ass and pull him toward you. And two. As he cums, and throughout his cumming, you are to moan very convincingly as if showing great appreciation. As if you just loved it. Bruiser wants the guy kept in Happyland. So, Jane, give it your best Academy Award performance." Jane/Joe couldn't help himself from getting frisky.

"Gotcha, Jose. And I can see it now." He stood up and looked down at his hands as if they held something only he could see. "And the winner for best cocksucker in a blowjob scene goes to . . . *riiiiiiiip!* . . . Joe "Hot Mouth" Jacoby, for his brilliant *tour de force* in Sam Peckerpaw's *Prison Punk Pinkies*.

"Then, I make my way to the podium accompanied by thunderous applause and a standing ovation. "Thank you, thank all you voting members of the Academy. And thanks, Mom and Dad, for giving me the puffiest lips in show biz. And thanks, Sam, for teaching me how to moan around the biggest dicks on the planet." Jose just stared at hm, his mouth agape. "And I'd also like to thank Pamela Asspussy, my drama coach. Pammy passed away last year, but I'll never forget her sage advice: 'There are no bad cocksucking roles, only bad cocksuckers!'

"I raise my Oscar as I look skyward and say, quite passionately, 'Thank you, Pammy, baby, for having faith in a beginner and seeing the potential in his lips. Love ya, Pam Pam, love ya!' And the fucking crowd goes wild. Yeaaaaah!"

Jane/Joe stood there, his hand still holding his invisible Oscar high above his head. His overall look one of triumph.

Jose smirked and said, "You're one sick fucker, Jane, but I guess a sense of humor can't hurt." Then his face turned more serious.

"Now, Jane," Jose said. "This being your first working day, I've got you down, pardon the pun, for fifteen dates. I'd make them less, but Sir Bruiser had to approve it. The first is in one hour from now, so we have plenty of time to get you prepped." He handed Jane/Joe another sheet of paper. This one listed the men's names, all fifteen of them, their cell numbers, and what it would take to pleasure them.

The code next to each cell number was obvious: BJ for Blowjob. A for Anal. With BJA signifying that both was wanted. Simple. A quick glance told Jane/Joe that thirteen of the men wanted to be sucked off, leaving just two for anal. There were no BJA's listed. Thus it was mostly going to be a cock and

mouth show. He felt his ass muscles involuntarily twitch.

"Now, Jane, here's your daily schedule." Another fucking sheet of paper! He thought.

1. Shower. Take a crap. Use an enema if needed. Grease up ass and install butt-plug.
2. Apply lipstick and perfume.

Fifteen minutes before each date:

1. Put on nipple loops. Check amount of throat spray remaining.
2. Put on cock ring. Adjust.
3. Put on tee.
4. Put on short pants. No underpants!
5. If anal has been scheduled by the date, remove butt-plug, grease up ass. Replace butt-plug. Butt-plug is to be taken out just prior to penetration by the date and put back in immediately after the date is finished with you. When back in your cell, you will immediately remove the butt-plug and douche your ass out with water. You will wash the butt-plug, grease your ass again and reinsert the butt-plug.
6. Check and verify contents of purse.

Simple, too.

Jose said, "Now, Jane, let's get you going. To start you out, I'll give you one lipstick and one bottle of throat spray. And two bottles of WET. That's an ass lube that is greaseless and odorless and washes away easily with soap and water." Jane/Joe thought of Sir Cougar's thumb.

"When you run out of these items you'll have to pay yourself to get more. Give me advance notice so I'm sure I don't disappoint you. The butt-plug, cock ring, and nipple loops will be supplied to you and they should last for years. I'll also give you seven tees and seven pairs of short. When they start getting the least bit ratty, dump 'em and buy more. Now, let's get you shaved and then you can go and take a shower. Then I'll show you how to apply your lipstick. It's fairly easy, but it takes a little practice to make it look good."

Jose took an electric razor from his kit bag and proceeded to make Jane/Joe mostly hairless. In no time, it was done. His arms, his legs, his chest, his face, his underarms, his pubic area--all as bald as an eagle. The only hair on his body resided on his head, his asshole, and his eyebrows. Jane/Joe felt peculiar. And felt more feminine than he would have imagined he could. With a downcast heart, he headed for the showers.

Jane/Joe was back in less than fifteen minutes. Ready for his lipstick lesson. Totally nude, he learned how to apply it and dry it. It was easier than he thought it would be. Jose then told him to douse the back of his ears with the cheap-smelling cologne. He did with his nose wrinkling up.

It was time for his butt-plug. It was the same one Jose had shown him the day before. It was about 3" long, 2" in width, and red, like Japanese or Chinese red. Take your pick.

With tender fingers, Jose applied the WET to Jane/Joe's anus. And to the butt-plug. It took one hard push, plus an "Ow!" from Jane/Joe, to get it snugly in place. To Jane/Joe, it felt strange, but not unlike the sensations he had felt from Sir Cougar's cock. It also felt weirdly pleasurable, giving him the same pleasant fullness that Sir Cougar's cock had. This, Jane/Joe thought, was probably caused by the plug's continuous inner stimulation. To go all day with it in, however, was something else altogether. But if he had to, he had to. But it didn't hurt to ask the question.

"Jose, why do I have to wear the butt-plug all day, for crissakes?" Jose grinned at him.

"Well, a few reasons. By now you can probably tell that it stimulates your anus constantly and pleasurably. They want you walking around in a state of mild and pleasant sexual arousal. Plus, it will also keep your ass muscles loose and prevent them from tightening up. Believe me, this will help you greatly when being ass-pussy fucked! Some guys, in case you haven't noticed, are quite fucking hung. Because you'll be taking the plug out just before the guy puts it in, your ass will be able to take him without too much pain. The last reason is somewhat psychological. No matter what you're doing and no matter where you go, you'll be reminded that they own your ass!" He laughed and looked at his watch.

"Fifteen minutes, Jane. We have plenty of time." Jane/Joe was then told to put on the nipple loops, which he did. The slight pain pressure he immediately felt made his nipples rock hard and he was now fully aware he had two of them. Like last night, they both tingled.

"Oh, before I forget, use the throat spray just before you put your mouth on the guy's cock." This was Jose's only instruction on that item. Nothing more was needed.

Jane/Joe was then shown how to put on and adjust the cock ring. How to wrap it around the balls and base. The ring was made out of leather and had its sides covered with Velcro. A quick pull would release it. Jose told him to make sure it was tight enough to give him an erection, but not cause great pain. Otherwise, if one of the big three happened to see him on his way to a date and they didn't see an obvious erection leading him, the shit would hit the old fan.

Once the ring was on, it sure worked fast. He had a semi-erection almost immediately. From flaccid to woody in less than a minute. And it didn't feel too tight, either. But it did feel annoying somewhat.

"And, Jane?" Jose said. "As you read, you only have to wear it to the date, on the date, and from the date. Take it off the minute you get back to your cell. Leaving it on for too long can cause some nerve damage. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded.

Jane/Joe was now ready for the finishing touches. He slipped on the cut-off tee shirt. He immediately felt its effect as it stretched across both nipples. He shuddered, remembering last night. Jose then handed him the silky-looking short pants. They looked harmless enough.

"You'll notice, Jane, that there's no belt. Just an elastic waistband. There's a reason for that. If a guy tells you to drop trou all you have to do is push them down just past your hips and gravity will do the rest. They'll fall right to the floor. Now, some guys don't like a girl to bend over in their presence, so this will avoid a confrontation. Yeah, it's crazy, but what the fuck. There are also some

guys, about fifteen at the present moment, who want their blowjobs given to them by a naked man. Why, I never figured out, maybe they like to see you excited, but they just do, so drop trou when asked. OK?" Shit, even the shorts came with instructions!

"And Jane, you'll notice that there is no fly." Jane/Joe looked. For sure, there was no fly. Not a fly that had been sewn shut, either. Just no fly. "That's to remind you that they want you to pee like a woman, sitting on the bowl. Yeah, it's psychological reinforcement, for sure, but don't risk pissing standing up. This is one of Sir Thor's pet peeves. And he's one evil fucker."

Jane/Joe nodded as he donned the shorts. Simple enough. But the shorts were tight-fitting and made out of a lightweight faux silk fabric that caressed and annoyed the very tip of his permanent erection. This would keep him in a state of agitated excitement in case his dick decided to jump ship and head south. Well, it was working. Christ, he couldn't move at all without feeling the fabric's tingling effect on his cock head's tip. Any thoughts he might have of willing it limp would be quickly defeated. He was starting to feel nervous again.

He looked down. Shit, he was just standing still, not moving even, and a blind man wouldn't miss the fact that he had a boner. Christ, how was he going to walk the corridors like this? His hardon sticking out this way? He tried walking a few steps. Damn, walking made the short's silky fabric even more insistent. I'll just have to crawl everywhere I go! He thought

Jose, the mind reader, said, "Jane, you'll get used to the shorts. Everyone does. At first, they'll drive you up the friggin' wall, but in time you'll learn to ignore them." Yeah, right!

"And, remember this, Jane. No date can ask you to recite the Girly Cock-sucker's Code. Only the three top guys can do that nonsense. And no guy can piss in your mouth except those three. Just use the word 'Sir!' often, with your dates, and just do what they want you to do and you'll have no problems whatsoever. Keep in mind that, to the top three, this is more than just sex.

"To them it's a business. They charge for your services. Ten bucks for a fuck and five for a blowjob. Oh, for sure, they sometimes work it out with cigarettes or favors, but that's not your business. They ain't gonna get rich, but they do live a whole better lifestyle than the rest of us schmucks."

He looked at Jane/Joe. "Any more questions?" Jane/Joe had none he could think of.

"Good!" Then Jose said, rather giddily. "Now, Jane, one last item. Your cutesy little pocketbook." He handed Jane/Joe a small red purse, the kind that just might be carried by Little Red Riding Hood. Jane/Joe opened it and looked inside. It contained a Suckit Red lipstick, a small bottle of spray perfume, and a very small bottle labeled WET, that odorless and greaseless lube. The last item was an 8" tall clear plastic squirt bottle. It was filled with what Jane/Joe surmised was water. It was his ass-pussy douche.

Without thinking, he turned the purse around. He immediately saw the 1" high white plastic capital letters that spelled out just one word: JANE. Man, he thought, if I didn't think they had thought of everything before, I sure do now!

"Jose? I'm not sure if I can pay for the items that runout. You know, like the lipstick. I'm not exactly raking in the dough, you know. What happens then?" He looked nervous, as if he feared the answer.

"But, Jane, you *are* working! You will be paid a buck for a blow and a deuce for your ass-pussy. At the end of this day, you'll be seventeen dollars richer than yesterday." Jose smiled.

"Really!"

"Yeah, really. I talked Bruiser into this about three years ago. With some help from Cougar. Back then, the girls were calling in sick more times than were normal, if you get my drift. I told him that paying the girls was good for business. It would spark the girls to work more, ergo, more cash for him. And I told him that it was bad for business to beat up the one's on sick call to send the others a message. But he didn't buy the idea until Cougar jumped in, see? There all doing life without parole, all three of them. So Cougar told him what the fuck we gonna do with more money? Shit, there ain't nothing more to buy. Think about it, Jane. In here there ain't too many luxuries you can own. No need for a new car or that fancy suit, now is there?"

"Well, Bruiser surprised everybody by seeing the logic in it. So I set up the pay scale. The friggin' sick calls went down by 90%! And the girls even wanted *more* work! Shit, it's all I can do sometimes to keep them from wanting to work around the fucking clock! This girl named Brenda worked thirty tricks just yesterday to help buy her mother a birthday present. Shit, Jane, we have a regular little business going on here." He stopped, but held a finger up when it looked as if Jane/Joe was going to speak. Jose wasn't quite finished.

"And guess what? Your birthday is next month and you can look forward to a party! Just ice cream, cake, sodas, and silly games, but a party, nonetheless. And, Jane, they even give you a gift! You get 10% of all the tricks you did in the past month. And we use the warden's conference room, no less!"

"No shit? He allows that?"

"Hell, he lets Bruiser do whatever he wants to do. Ten years ago this place was nothing but, fights, killings, and riots. Bruiser made a deal with the warden to clean it up. Well, it worked because there's only been two fights in the last ten years. So, if Bruiser wants the conference room, it's just a done deal. Now you know why no guards came around during your Whip fun and games.

"Bruiser told them all to go play cards. The only thing they said to him was, for how long? Bruiser runs not only this cellblock, but all six of them. Not so much by brute force as by the threat of it." Jose glanced at his watch. "But, anyway, Jane, it's time for you to get on your merry way and give Barker a reason to live up to his name. Bark! Bark!" He laughed.

With trembling fingers Jane/Joe picked up his date sheet. His first date was at 7:00 a.m. with someone named Barker who lived in cell 15. Next to his cell number were the letters BJ. It don't get simpler than this, thought Jane/Joe, does it?

He noticed that Sir Cougar was down for 3:00 p.m. for a BJ. What? he thought, no ass this time, Coug? Sir Bruiser was there, too. On the 5:00 p.m. line. He only wanted a BJ, too, but alongside the BJ letters was a handwritten scribbly note: We'll get to A after you had more practice! The A was circled. Oh, God, he thought, a fucking tree up my ass!

He thought some more and decided to share this thought with Jose.

"Let me see if I understand the program, Jose. I'm to just sashay on over to Barker's cozy little place, my perpetual boner proudly leading the way, dressed like a French whore and smelling worse, with my cock, ass, and nipples tingling like crazy, with as much hair on me as a grape, swinging my dainty little red purse, with my red slutty lips just puckered up and eager to say, "Hey, Barker, you order a blowjob? How'd I do, Jose?" He bust out laughing.

"See, Jane," Jose said mirthfully. "You're having great fun all ready! Except don't forget to use the word Sir after Hey, Barker, and blowjob. OK?" They both now had a good laugh which removed any tension either of them had previously felt.

Jose then filled him in on the proper way to introduce oneself to the dates. He told him what to say. It was to be said from their cell doorway. He was not to enter the cell without permission and an invite. Then it was time for Jane/Joe to go to his first date of the day, a blowjob for a convict called Barker. He said goodbye to Jose and sallied forth to meet the world.

Jane/Joe knew that cell 15 wasn't a long trip, but every step he took seemed to magnify the strong feelings, the vivid sensations, in the tip of his erect cock. The silky-like short's magic was working very well he knew, for he felt as horny as fucking hell as the delicate fabric went rub, rub, rub against his sensitive cock head. It reminded him of that fucker Sir Cougar with his expert thumb and finger manipulations. He moaned. Softly. He tried pushing his erection to one side, but that only made it much worse by giving the fabric a tighter play across the head.

Oh, lord, he thought, if I could only cum! Man, I'd fuck Godzilla right now if he asked me! He was going sexually crazy, what with the other annoying, but pleasurable sensations caused by the butt-plug and the nipple loops. They were now chiming in with the cock ring's delicious torture, making him twitch and shudder as he walked, making him desire relief, and making him hornier and more aroused than he'd ever been in his entire life. Including last night, for he now had the silky shorts to contend with. Who designed these, he thought, the marque De Sade?

The overall sensual effect also made him more than eager to get back to his cell as fast as he humanly could so he could remove the two most pleasurable annoying items, the cock ring and the nipple loops. He fully realized now, as he tried to walk faster, which only made the sensation more vivid, that there was only one thing standing between him and the relief, and release, he would get by shedding them: Sucking off Barker's prick and getting him to cum! He made up his mind, right then and there, that Mr. Barker was in for the blowjob of his life! And hopefully, the fastest one, too.

And the fucking little red purse! He didn't know how to carry the damned thing. It felt awkward in his hand when carried it like a football. And it felt just too fucking feminine to let it swing and sway by holding its little red handles. How the fuck did women do it? As feminine as it felt, he decided it was easier if he held the handles and just let the purse rock and roll.

On the short trip he encountered only two other guys. He couldn't tell if they noticed his erection or not, but neither made any comment. Shit, how could they have missed it? He looked as if he was hiding the fact that he had been born with a short third leg. He looked down and saw that the entire outline of his cock head was clearly visible to anyone with eyes.

A short while later found Jane/Joe standing outside cell 15. His legs

trembled as he stood there, his erection unhideable and rubbing against the thin fabric. He felt himself twitch all over, making him shudder. Christ, I can't stand it!

He looked in and saw a chubby, paunchy white guy, in his late 50's or early 60's, with shocking white hair. The man was writing at a desk. He sensed Jane/Joe's presence and looked up toward him, glanced down at Jane/Joe's boner tilt, and said, very politely, "Yes? May I help you?"

From the doorway, Jane/Joe recalled what Jose and told him, and said, "Hell . . . hello, sir. My name is Jane, sir. If you are Mr. Barker, sir, then I am your cock-sucking slave for the next half hour, sir." All this struck Jane/Joe as more than ludicrous, but he had no choice but to play their silly game. And he wanted to get home lickety-split.

Barker invited him in and they engaged in some preliminary conversation, which drove Jane/Joe crazy as he stood there twitching and shuddering. Christ, he couldn't help himself, he had no control over his body.

Barker bullshitted about flowers, of all things! How the rose was his favorite, blah, blah, blah. Hurry it up, you dumb fuck! Cum in my fucking mouth so I can go home all ready!

Then Barker told him how nice it was that a young man like Jane could be so accommodating with his pretty young mouth. To Jane/Joe, the man looked lecherous, almost to the point of drooling, but otherwise he found the guy pleasant enough. Nice even. He didn't appear to look down on him. Jane/Joe appreciated that small fact.

They chatted some more, to Jane/Joe's chagrin, and then Barker, finally, thank you God, told Jane/Joe to 'drop his trou'. Ah, so! He was one of those that wanted his blowjob delivered by a naked man. A naked man with an obvious hard-on who looked as if he was enjoying himself.

Jane/Joe complied, knelt before the man, his erection pointing straight up and throbbing. He glanced at it and saw that a large gooey blob of precum had formed at the tip. He swiped at it with his thumb, hoping Barker hadn't seen it. But he had.

"Oooh, I like that, Jane!" He licked his lips. "You being so hot to suck my old dick! Well, girl, get to it! Put those sexy lips on it and drive me crazy, girl!" Now Barker was drooling!

Jane/Joe started sucking Barker's 6" + cock by lavishing it with licks and kisses. Up and down the rigid shaft and all around the head area. Drop after drop of precum popped out and made his lips and the cock head sticky feeling. Then he remembered something. Something that just might make it all go faster.

"Would you like me to suck on your balls, sir?" He said it seductively hoping hoping his tone would rock Barker's sex cage.

"Oh, yes, Jane dear, I'd love *that!*" Jane/Joe gave his nuts a good, if quick, wetting down. Barker moaned and moaned. "Oooo! Heaven!"

Then Barker surprised him by somehow by touching the head of Jane/Joe's cock, without even bending over! He shuddered and twitched and let out a low moan. Jane/Joe looked down at his own cock area. Christ! Barker had a long round piece of dowel with a lubed up sponge glued to its tip. Why hadn't Jane/Joe noticed the smell.

Vaseline! He was using the sponge to fiddle with the cock head's tip. "Moan, baby, I know how good that feels to you. You just ignore me and work on my prick." Ignore him? For crissakes, how? The soft abrasiveness of the sponge was doing as good a job as Sir Cougar's thumb. Maybe even better.

Barker's cock was rather average in width, with a normal looking cock head, but it had an acute upward tilt to it that Jane/Joe didn't find unpleasant. It felt good in his mouth. Weird, but good. Even the drool from Barker that dribbled onto his shoulders seemed erotic somehow.

As he sucked the man, he felt his own ringed cock grow even harder. That surprised him. Barker must have noticed it, too, for he said, "Sucking my cock makes you very excited! I like that, Jane!" Then Barker gave the cock head a feel with the sponge. Ohhh! moaned Jane/Joe, his mouth fully down on Barker's erection. Barker moaned, too, and he seemed almost to the edge.

He kept sucking on Barker, up and down, slow and fast, and had him spewing his load in less than five more minutes. Barker moaned and groaned the whole time. And Sir Bruiser would be proud. When he sensed Barker's climax about to arrive, he reached around the man, clamped both hands on his old ass cheeks and pulled him forward. At the same time, Barker grabbed Jane/Joe's head and as he did, Barker yelled, "Oh, honey, oh yes! Here it comes! Ohhhhhh! Take me, take me, take me!" Jane/Joe thought the man might faint.

As he swallowed Barker's slightly more than average load, Jane/Joe realized that he had made the guy really happy and by doing so had also pleased himself. Immensely! As he pulled the faux silk shorts back on, the fabric rubbed his cock head once again, he found it felt good this time, even with its tantalizing teasing ways.

He left Barker and felt a spring in his step that he hadn't felt in quite some time. One down, fourteen to go! He said cheerfully to himself as he briskly walked toward his cell, his boner displayed proudly, his ass enjoying the butt-plug.

Maybe, Jane/Joe thought, there's something to this giving pleasure business after all. Could Jose be right? Would he eventually enjoy it? Shit, if you had asked him last week to suck a guy's cock, telling him he would enjoy it, he would have had you committed.

Well, he thought, I know I can give a guy pleasure without really enjoying it myself. It'll make them cum faster and get it over with. It won't hurt my reputation with the big three, either. Now, if I can only make it back to my cell without this fucking cock ring driving me totally whacko, I'll be mighty grateful.

At one point, halfway home, he was tempted to remove the insistent cock ring. He had just placed a hand down the front of the shorts for this very purpose when Sir Thor popped out of a cell and looked right at him. As Jane/Joe tensed up, the man said, "Don't play with yourself, Jane, it's not Lights Out yet!" He laughed. Then he approached Jane/Joe.

"When is your next date?"

"In an hour and a half, Sir Thor, sir!"

"Good! Come with me!" He led Jane/Joe to a nearby empty cell. When

inside, Sir Thor said matter-of-factly, "Drop trou!" Jane/Joe complied and stood there almost totally naked before the man's gaze. Sir Thor looked him over and said, "Does that hard-on you have mean you're hot for Sir Thor's black cock?"

"Yes, sir!" The evil looking Sir Thor grinned. Then he unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly and pushed his trousers and underpants to the floor. They were both now naked from the waist down and about a foot apart. The nineteen year old white guy and the black man who was now his total master. Jane/Joe glanced down at the man's crotch and saw that he was not even hardening up. But, to Jane/Joe, it appeared this was going to be a simple sucking job. He was wrong!

Sir Thor reached out with both hands and placed one on each of Jane/Joe's shoulders. He looked Jane/Joe straight in the eyes and said menacingly, "Play close attention, cunt! Here's how it's gonna play out. I'm gonna piss in your mouth and you are gonna swish it all around so the taste is everywhere. Then I'm gonna turn my back to you and you're gonna kneel down and lick and suck my asshole while I jerk off. While you're doing that I'll tell you just how I like it. When my load is ready I'll turn around and I better find you with an eager and opened mouth. Any questions?"

"No, Sir Thor, sir!" Christ, he was now going to do a rim job on a black guy's funky asshole. Before he could think any further, the commands came out, with Jane/Joe obediently complying to each and every one.

"Kneel!" He kelt.

"Open up!" He opened his mouth. Sir Thor put his cock into it and pissed. Then he stopped. Jane/Joe swished and swallowed. This was repeated three times. Then Sir Thor turned around.

"Spread my ass cheeks!" Sir Thor was fondling himself.

"Now lick my asshole all over, all around!" Jane/Joe was surprised that the taste wasn't too unpleasant. It was bearable almost.

"Stick your tongue in and wiggle it all around!" He stuck his tongue in the hole and wiggled it, up, down, and in small circles. Sir Thor moaned throughout.

"Now suck on it with your whole mouth!" Sir Thor was beating his meat fiercely now. The ass licking and mouth-to-ass sucking went on for a few more minutes and then Sir Thor turned around. An open and eager mouth was there for his use. In less than a few seconds, Sir Thor burst his cum dam into the hot, wet mouth. Sir Thor moaned and moaned. And, shit, if Jane/Joe didn't moan, too!

Sir Thor emptied his full cum load into him and, when he was done, he said, somewhat gently, "Jane, from now on I'm gonna be on Jose's list every day. I like the way you are so respectfully obedient. It turns me on! Tomorrow I will fuck your ass while you sit on me and jerk off. You will tell me when you're cumming so I can feel your spasms with my dick. You are to cum on my chest and then lick it off, every drop. OK?" It was going to be a repeat of Sir Cougar's ass spasm enjoyment with the twist of licking his own cum off Sir Thor's hairless chest.

"Yes, Sir Thor, sir!" Jane/Joe said. Sir Thor said, "Good!" and quickly left the cell.

If Jane/Joe had been horny and eager for relief after Barker, his session with Sir Thor left him absolutely insane to masturbate. He made it back to his cell in record time and gave his cock a quick workout. He wasn't displeased, either, that the butt-plug made his orgasm more intense and pleasurable.

After his climax he felt much better. At least he did until it dawned on him that there, across the room, sat a little piece of paper with his second date of the day on it. Christ, he thought, the fucking day is just starting! He crossed the room and looked down at the sheet.

8:30 a.m. Carter Cell 18 BJ

Oh, shit, he thought as he looked at the cock ring lying on his cot, right next to the nipple loops, I can't jerk off after every session! I just can't. My cock will rupture or something. I guess I've just got to get used to it all. Somehow. If I can't I'll just have to kill myself. He thought that, but he knew he could never take that step, no matter what happened.

Any life is better than no life was his philosophy. Then his mind tossed him what he felt was a saving grace, his only hope, that anyone can get used to anything . . . if they try hard enough. Besides, he now remembered, Jose told me that in a few days I'll only have to do it five or six times a day. Somehow that thought was very comforting and made it all seem more humanly manageable to Jane/Joe. And it was, at least, a light at the end of the long and dark, cock-filled tunnel.

Then a silly thought smacked him. He had sucked off and swallowed the sperm and piss of many black men. Even licked one's asshole. So no one, but no one, could call him prejudiced, now could they? Oh, no, he mused, I'm an equal opportunity cock-sucker! An EOC! That, he thought, will look just great in my classified ad for black men wanting to find a new position.

He giggled and thought, trouble is, the only position open to them is standing in front of me with an erection! And with that easy requirement, his EOC enterprise should haul them in by the hundreds. If not by the thousands! Maybe, he further mused to himself, if my cock-sucking business picks up, I should get incorporated! For incum tax purposes! This tickled him so much he laughed out loud.

Thus, his spirit buoyed somewhat, he prepared himself for Mr. Carter. And steeled his mind to accept the sexual sensations he knew he would be feeling before, during, and after the date.

Thus started Jane/Joe's first day as one of the powerful triumvirate's working girls.

One fear that Jane/Joe had concerned the mess hall. How would he be able to handle going there, with all the guys gawking at him in his *Jane Does Jersey* getup that reeked of a cat in heat smell, with his unhideable boner that just screams out to the world, See? I'm so hot for cock I stay up all day and night just waiting for one? And the red painted lips that looked as if they were born to encircle any engorged organ. I'll diet, he thought. I just won't eat for nine months.

His fears were unfounded, however. No one said a word. Or even hinted at a desire to embarrass him. They were, Jane/Joe now sensed, too afraid of Sir Bruiser and his charming cohorts to insult one of their girls. He felt a newfound power in the fact that these rough men deferred to him and treated him with

some respect. A sham respect to be sure, but it felt nice, anyway.

Early in the meal, as he put his mouth on the banana he had just half peeled, he heard someone snigger at his table. But, as he looked around at the men, not one of them was seen to be the culprit. They all looked as if they were in church, all innocent looking, and quite properly behaved. There were a few more sniggers and giggles from the nearby tables.

He looked around, grinned and quipped out loud, "Gotta practice!" The laughter from many nearby tables was immediate and uproarious. Then, as a finale, he took a big bite of the banana's "head." He immediately heard moans, groans, and one large groan followed by, "Whoa, man, that fuckin ' hurts!"

Then someone to his left, he couldn't see who, yelled out toward him, "Fucking A, baby, you sure need the practice!" More laughter. Jane/Joe then threw them an encore by taking another big bite of his banana cock, but this time he did it in an exaggerated, tooth-showing manner. He smiled to the many groans, giggles, and guffaws that followed. Then, flushed with himself and his small success, he stood and bowed from the waist. This was quickly followed by every man at his table standing up and applauding. Loudly. Other nearby tables soon followed suit.

Not even knowing what was going on exactly, a few other tables stood up and clapped. As two strong men hoisted him up onto the table, other tables joined in. The applause was now spreading out and becoming thunderous. Even the two mess hall guards were clapping away.

As he stood there, as garish looking as garish can get, he gave the now stubby banana cock a sham blowjob, complete with loud, exaggerated moanings. Then every table in the room got involved. Everyone knew what was going on, even if they didn't know the exact reason why.

As he sucked up and down sensually on the yellow member, the mess hall went wild. Shouts. Guffaws. Lurid comments and catcalls were heard. And the clapping grew louder and louder, now accompanied by intermittent short, sharp whistles. It was a sight to behold! No actor has ever had a better standing ovation than the one received by this new girl on the block. The new girl who was now feeling, strangely enough, more like one of the boys.

That night, Jane/Joe was surprised to discover that sucking off thirteen men, and spreading your ass cheeks for two more, was absolutely exhausting. The muscles in his jaw area felt achy and his legs hurt from all his kneeling. How the fuck did hookers manage it? He now had greater respect for the ladies of the evening.

He was so wiped out he nearly forgot to remove the cock ring, which he knew, because Jose had told him, could lead to permanent nerve damage. As he removed it he felt just like a woman who couldn't wait to get out of her tight-fitting shoes after a day of shopping. What relief, what blessed relief it was to shed the damned thing. His cock wasted no time in shriveling up as if it was trying to hide in his pubic hairs. Aaaaah! He thought, that feels good!

But as tired as he was, he knew he had to try to memorize the stupid Code. Since he had fifteen minutes until Lights Out, he took out the Girly Cock-sucker's Code sheet and read and reread it a dozen times or more. Then, Jane/Joe plopped back onto the cot and quickly nodded off to sleep. And along came the dream. It was the same dream he'd had the night before.

His second day was to be a mix of eleven men for oral and three for anal. Fourteen cocks to service. Fourteen cocks! It amazed Jane/Joe just how many different types of cocks existed in the world. And he knew it was just the tip, pun intended, of the iceberg.

Long ones and short ones. Skinny and fat. Cocks that pointed straight out. Or bent down or up. Some even going out sideways. And cock heads were varied, too. They ran the gamut from full, fat, and plump, to mushroom shaped, to hardly there at all--you name it.

And cum varied, too. From sugar sweet to bitter to downright fucking nasty, and to everything in between. It was amazing to him. Nature sure hated monotony.

Sir Cougar was there on the list again. This time for a BJA, again at 3:00 p.m. Sir Bruiser was there again, too. At 5:00 again. And again with only BJ next to his cell number. Whew! he thought, dodged another bullet!

His second day had only one surprise in it. His fourth date. When he arrived at the cell he was greeted by two men in their thirties, one white, one black. He was to be double-clutched, or as one of the men informed him, spit roasted. He had missed that fact because the information on Jose's date sheet had only read: 3:00 p.m. Baker Doozy, cell 48, BJA. One guy was Baker, the other Doozy.

Jane/Joe spent the next half hour, on all fours, sucking Baker's almost 8" cock while Doozy shoved his fully 7" cock up his ass. They had done this before. It was easy to know that because their timing together was perfect. As Baker throatied him, Doozy put it all the way in his rectum. One of them even said the expected, "Let's meet in the middle!" The other laughed. Oh, yeah, they'd done it before all right.

That fact was also reinforced when both men orgasmed in unison. As one large load filled Jane/Joe's mouth, another load filled his rectum. And both men moaned loudly when they came. In deep baritones that, together, almost sounded musical. As Jane/Joe swallowed the first of Baker's emission he heard himself humming along, making it a trio.

With his slightly higher moans adding a counterpoint to their deeper ones, it did sound as if they were harmonizing. If we practice enough, he thought giddily, we can put on shows! We'll call ourselves The Spit Roasters, featuring the hot, hot lips of Janie Jacoby, the girl with the golden tongue! We'll make millions!

A weird thing happened, too. As both men were spurting and twitching, moaning and groaning, Jane/Joe could feel them move forward across his back. He then heard them kissing and moaning into each other's mouths. They did this without any attempt to conceal it from him. Jane/Joe kind of suspected they were lovers. And had been for some time.

Jane/Joe was thanked by the two of them and was told he could count on a rematch real soon. He inserted the butt-plug, with an assist from Baker, got dressed, and left the cell feeling strange inside for he knew that he had enjoyed the double entry. It was not only different, this being spit-roasted, it was immensely pleasurable, too. He had, at some point in the doings, lost himself in it and he knew he had surrendered somewhat to the sexual sensations.

Baker's slurpy-slick, burgeoning erection had felt wonderfully magical as

it plunged in and out of his wet, hot mouth as it added its magic to the sublime feelings that Doozy's stiff prick was rendering to his full-feeling rectum as it sawed in and out. Must admit it, he thought, it felt good, but so what? So it felt good. So sue me.

As he walked back to his cell to prepare for his next date, his erection talked to him. Because the rest of the day was scheduled for nothing but blowjobs, he decided to give himself a treat by jerking off. He needed that release as he was quite worked up.

As he turned into the last corridor that led to his cell, he felt as if he was following his erection home. It stood way, way out and, by walking rapidly and swaying his hips slightly, he made sure that the tantalizing and exquisite torture was at its fiercest. He twitched and shuddered here and there as he walked. And enjoyed it knowing he would soon be home.

Once in his cell, he quickly snapped off the cock ring, took his still hard cock into his right hand and, with his eyes closed, stroked it back and forth slowly. It felt fantastic. But he knew he could make it even better. He put the cock ring back on. In seconds, the head was hard and bloated and very sensitive to his touch. He wet a thumb with his mouth and pressed the digit into his cock head, right on the very tip. He made small circles with the fat digit. Ooooooh! He moaned softly. Oh, yes, that is fantastic! Even better than Sir Cougar's finger fiddling.

At first, while he stroked his over-tantalized cock, he had thought about nothing at all. Then, as he knew it would, a scene of the two recent men entered his mind. Because the reality was so fresh, he had no trouble picturing Baker's long, hard cock in his mouth. Christ, he could actually taste it now!

As he lovingly stroked away, he relived the spit-roasting scene and imagined he could actually feel Doozy's plump prick in his ass. Oh, man, I was sucking cock and getting fucked at the same time! And they had cum in me at the same time! Baker in my mouth and Doozy in my ass. What a feeling! Just like the one the butt-plug was making now that made his asshole tingle and twitch. Oh, God, I'm so fucking hot! He relived the scenario, jumping from one point in it to another and then back again. Cock in mouth, cock in ass. He reached down with his left hand and massaged his balls knowing he was getting close.

Then he was ready. He held out his left hand and made a cup out of it. With his eyes still closed he filled the palm with his sperm. When his cock was drained, he looked down at his hand/cup. It held at least more than two tablespoons of his hot, gummy, juice.

He raised the hand to his mouth and started lapping, knowing he was adding his cum to the sperm that Baker had put in his mouth just a while ago. It tasted strong and sharp and smelled slightly like detergent. In five licks his palm was empty. He gave it two more licks anyway. Then, feeling drained but, amazingly, still horny, he went to take a piss.

As he was about to piss, he noticed a paper cup sitting on the toilet tank's cover. For a reason known to anyone, including himself, he grabbed the cup and pissed into it. When the cup was two-thirds full he finished his pissing into the toilet bowl. He then raised the cup of pee up to his lips, took a small sip, made a face, then swallowed and said out loud, "Waiter, I like it! It's a saucy little vintage, delightfully pissy-fruity, with a nice nose and an impertinent aftertaste. Cheers!"

He then brought the cup of pee to his lips and drained it in one long chug-a-lugging swig. His mouth was now full of piss. He swished it around as he had done with Sir Thor and then swallowed it entirely with a loud gulp. Man, he thought as he tasted the piss, I'm fulla surprises now, aint' I? Guess I better brush my teeth before the next date just in case the dumb fuck wants to kiss me.

He completed his second day as he had the first. Totally exhausted. And when he slept, he had that same vivid dream. And, just as it had last night, he awoke in a sweat. With an extra-hard erection that was not brought on by any old cock ring.

Ah! The dream! That fucking weird dream. Beautifully strange, but scary, too.

Jane/Joe had had it two days in a row now and it was exactly the same each time. In the dream his name was Jane. And he was both the performer and the watcher. In the dream, Jane was sitting in a gay bar talking to a young man whose face he couldn't quite make out. However, the overall impression he had was of a muscular guy in his late teens to early twenties. With curly blond hair. And with a very large and obvious bulge in his pants. The Jane of the dream, the performer, couldn't take her leering eyes off the bulge. It scared him, in the dream, that he, the watcher, couldn't either. The bulge looked as if it was hiding a cock that was huge, fat and long. It seemed inviting. Very tantalizing.

And, wouldn't you just know it, Jane was actively trying to talk the young man into going home with him and it was rough going. The watcher was surprised by the young man's reticence. He was also surprised that Jane was totally naked except for a red garter belt, fishnet stockings, and red shoes. With lips created by Suckit Red. And twirling a small red purse.

Then the dream shifted to an apartment that had, as its only piece of furniture, a king-sized bed. The young blond man was on the bed, on his back, fully clothed, with his humungous bulge still quite evident. Jane was sitting on the edge of the bed hovering over the young man. She looked like lasciviousness incarnate.

The young man was still playing hard to get even though Jane was pleading with him, telling him how great a blowjob he'd get if he would only relax a bit. Jane wanted to suck this young man's cock something fierce. Couldn't he see that? Was he retarded?

Jane reached out and started to massage the large lump. This seemed to have a positive effect on the young man, so Jane continued the fingered assault. The watcher heard, quite clearly, the words Jane spoke, "A young cock like yours needs to be aired out at times. You don't want it to atrophy, do you?" The young man mumbled something indistinct, but it must have been in a positive vein for Jane proceeded to slowly unzip the young man's trousers.

It was at this point in the dream that the watcher, who was seeing Jane getting ready to put her bright red mouth on the swollen cock head, got a real life erection. He could sense it trying to intrude on the dream, annoyingly, and it made him angry. Especially when now, in the dream, the young man's resolve was weakening and Jane had succeeded in getting his cock out and was now massaging the large, plum-like head in preparation for a hot lip attack.

The watcher heard Jane speak again. "Please let me suck your magnificent cock and I'll show you how the world's greatest cocksucker does it. Please! You won't regret it. I can deep-throat you and drive you wild, young man.

You'll feel excitement you can't even dream about. Please let me prove it to you! Please, please, please! Let me show you, Jose!"

The watcher twitched and shuddered in his sleep as he saw Jane greedily devour the large cock head with her ruby red lips. As she did so, the watcher could feel his real-life erection getting more insistent. Not now, he sleepily and dreamily told the pecker, can't you see he's finally going to let me, er, Jane suck him off? Go away! You're ruining everything! The watcher massaged it a bit as if that might pacify it and make it shut up all ready.

As the watcher watched Jane suck the young man, the young man called Jose, he could actually feel the guy's cock himself, with his own lips, tongue, and mouth. And it was delicious!

It was now fully erect and topping out at over 7+" of hard, cock head and shaft. He could feel the cock invade his throat and take possession of it as he went for the deep-throat maneuver. When his lips--or was it Jane's lips?--were finally pressing tightly around the cock's base, with the blond Jose's pubic hairs tickling his--or was it Jane's?--nose, the man called Jose suddenly jumped up and yelled, "You ain't sucking my prick, you fucking faggot!"

Then the young man rushed out of the room and left Jane lying on the bed and moaning. Loudly. Then her moans seemed closer to him. They soon engulfed him. And they were so loud. And all around him. Then he realized that they belonged to the watcher.

It was here in the dream that the moans were so loud they woke him up. He was sweaty, with a cement-hard erection, and a vivid vision of the young man's magnificent prick hung there in the darkness that was right before his open eyes.

Oh, God, Jane/Joe thought, now fully wide-awake, I've been fully fagged, I have. Shit, I can't dream about tits, ass, and pussy anymore! I've forgotten what they look like. It was true in more ways than one. Right now, if Jane/Joe went to jerk off his cock, the only pictures he could muster up were ones of his hot mouth on a hot, oversized, and fully erect prick. Or someone's hard dick up his rectum. It had happened twice now, with him cumming his real-life load at the same time an imagined prick unloaded into his mouth. Or his ass. Take your pick.

Fuck, thought Jane/Joe, I've become cock happy and cum crazy! In less than a few days, for crissakes. He looked at his watch: 6:15 a. m. Time to put on his lipstick, get girlied up, and wait for Jose and his list of the day's cocksucking and ass-pussy fucking events. But he still had time to do one thing.

Thus, in need of understandable relief, and with a vision in his head of a large, bulbous cock head approaching his eager lips, Jane/Joe started to whack off his complaining erection. He was just starting to get seriously into it when a bright light hit his face, blinding him. He was busted! And, because he slept in the nude, and was now not even covered by a blanket--really busted!

"You wanna go blind?" It was Jose. What was he doing here so late? Jane/Joe sat up on the cot, trying to see past the blinding light. Jose lowered the flashlight torch and entered the cell.

"I just came by to see how you're doing. How you're handling it all. Now I see! You handle that big cock of yours pretty well!" He sat on the cot alongside Jane/Joe and set the torch on the floor, its beam hitting the ceiling and creating

weird shadows here and there. It was eerie.

"I'm sorry," Jose began, "for interrupting your, uh, sleep!" He giggled. "But I wanted to make sure you weren't freaking out, you know?" Jane/Joe nodded. He knew. And he appreciated Jose's concern. It seemed very genuine.

He told Jose all about the dream, every detail. Jose listened, fascinated by it all. Then he said, "Well, Jane, it looks as if you're on your way to liking cock. Happened to me, too, the weird dreams. As I told you, Jane, you can't keep giving pleasure without it echoing back on you. You're human after all. Think about this. We are born sucking! Right? It's a natural thing a baby does to calm itself or get fed. Christ, a baby would suck the scales off an alligator if it thought it was hiding some milk!" He and Jane/Joe both laughed. Christ, Jane/Joe thought, I'm getting hard again! Oh, man, what's happening to me? The mere mention of the word suck turns me on and puts images of cocks in my head.

Jose saw the change in Jane/Joe's rising cock and, without asking, put a hand on it. Jane/Joe didn't draw back or pull away. Jose stroked it and then used his other hand to caress Jane/Joe's balls area. Jane/Joe moaned.

"Feel good?" asked Jose. "Yeah, it does." Jane/Joe answered. And it did. He instinctively searched for Jose's cock. He found it and felt it through the fabric of Jose's trousers. It seemed to be similar to his own 7+ fat inches. He couldn't wait to see it. Jose moaned and then stood up.

As Jose unzipped and fished out his growing cock he whispered, "Let's suck each other off. You do me first and then I'll do you. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded, his erection keenly felt.

Jose undid his own belt and pushed his trousers and underpants to the floor. He was now standing in front of Jane/Joe naked from the waist down and eerily lit by the torch's wide beam. His fat headed cock had shadows along one side and was pointed straight at Jane/Joe's face. A big blob of precum had formed and was also lit from the side. It was so big it looked as if gravity would soon make it fall.

Jane/Joe beat gravity to the punch. He leaned forward and licked at the big blob, drawing it into his mouth. It tasted like salty onions, but sweet somehow. Jose moaned above his head.

For some unknown reason, Jane/Joe felt the need to take his time, to examine Jose's cock. He looked it over. It was very similar to his own. A largish spongy head that was nicely ridged, the shaft thick and slightly veiny. Jose's crotch hairs were wiry and seemed to come halfway up the shaft in an unruly way. Funny, Jane/Joe thought, Jose doesn't have to shave. Rank has its privilege, I guess.

"Wait!" Jose said. "Let's put cock rings on!" In no time they had them in place. Their cock heads looked hard and enormous, their balls swollen.

Jose moved in a bit, guiding his plump, rock-hard cock head toward Jane/Joe's lips. The lips opened and took the head in. Jose said, "Mmm, hot and wet, baby, just the way I love it!" The lips took more of the cock in. They were tightly wrapped around a place a few inches past the ridge. Man, Jane/Joe thought, his fucking cock head is hard as hell! It felt fantastic.

Then his mouth started its forward and backward motions. Jane/Joe heard himself moan. He took in even more of the cock, feeling the rock-hard

head enter his throat. Half inch by half inch, he worked his lips toward the bottom of the base. Jose moaned throughout the entire slow-paced trip.

When he felt his lips touch Jose's belly and the pubic hairs touch his nose, with Jose's entire cock head now fully down his throat, Jane/Joe realized something. He had deep-throated a 7" + hard-headed cock without using the throat spray! At first he thought that some of the spray must still be active, but Jose had told him it wears off in an hour. It had been three hours since his last spray. Why hadn't he gagged? Was he unconsciously controlling his gag reflex? He wanted to do it again, but this time paying more attention to his throat.

The cock head was in his mouth, but not near the throat area. He pressed slowly forward until it not only hit the opening to his throat, but also started in. He took more of the cock. He felt it going down his throat, an inch down, then two inches. Then even more. He concentrated on his throat area and tried to bring the gag reflex into play. It worked. He felt like retching.

He concentrated again and found he could will the gag reflex away. He played with the gag reflex a few times this way until he was sure he could control it at will. He made a mental note to tell Jose about this later. Or maybe he already knew.

With his mind now fully back to the task at hand, he proceeded to give Jose a very fine blowjob. As he expertly worked, he moaned. Jose moaned, too. Then Jose started to mouth fuck him, slowly and very deliberately. Gently in and out. Some strokes going fully down his throat, some not.

Jose pulled back until only the cock head plus a bit was in Jane/Joe's mouth. Jose held the sucking man's head in place very gently, lovingly almost. Jose stood very still, not moving forward or backward, just letting Jane/Joe suck the big, bloated, blood-gorged cock head. They were both breathing heavily. Jose's breathing got even heavier as his moment neared. Jane/Joe felt Jose's balls rise up. Jose was ready. He was ready, too.

Jose moaned, then whispered, "Here it is, Jane!" That was all he said as he felt Jane/Joe's hands squeezing his ass cheeks, pulling him forward.

Jane/Joe's mouth and lips felt Jose's cock head swell up just before the first warm, sticky liquid poured forth from it. The cum tasted sweet as it spewed forth into his mouth. He swallowed and a tablespoon or slightly more followed. It was sweet, too. He swallowed, and other than a few last second dribbles, Jose was drained. He pulled his cock from the mouth, bent over and whispered in Jane/Joe's ear. "Now, Jane, I want you to whisper, loud enough for me to hear, that you loved sucking my cock. Now, say it!" Jane/Joe didn't want to say it, not really, but then again, he did.

Jane/Joe whispered to the face so close to his, "Jose, I loved sucking your cock!" The bitch is, he had. And he knew Jose knew he had. But it still fucked with his mind somehow.

His face still near Jane/Joe's, Jose whispered, "Say Jose, I loved swallowing all your cum! Say it!" Jane/Joe turned to the eerily lit face again. "Jose, I . . . I loved swallowing all your cum!" That was true, too. Why deny it? Jose whispered again, "Yes, Jane, you're either a full-fledged cocksucker right now or you soon will be!" He stood up. It was Jane/Joe's turn to get sucked off. And Jane/Joe was looking forward to it, too. Eagerly.

Jose got right to it. He went on his knees and took Jane/Joe's hard-

headed prick into his mouth. Jane/Joe thought he would die from the pleasure. He felt the butt-plug in his ass and he moaned and twitched, his cock getting even harder.

Jose then sucked him off in a way very similar to the way Jane/Joe had done to him, but his throat seemed to have muscles in it that caressed the dick while he sucked. Jane/Joe made a mental note to practice that maneuver. If he could manage it, that is.

Under Jose's expert cocksucking, Jane/Joe soon busted his nut. Jose swallowed it greedily, but didn't stop sucking on Jane/Joe's prick until it had gone completely soft. Then he stood up.

"Now, Jane," he said, not whispering but still below a normal voice level. "I want you to answer me very truthfully. Did you or did you not enjoy sucking my cock and swallowing my cum?"

Without flinching, Jane/Joe answered. "Yes, I did. To both."

"And do you want us to do this again . . . and again?"

"Yes!"

"And how about ass-pussy fucking each other?"

"Yes!"

"And if I want to piss in your mouth and have you piss in mine?"

Jane/Joe was quiet, thinking. Then:

"Yes, even that. Especially now, 'cause I have to piss!"

"I do, too! You want to go first or second?"

Jane/Joe thought. "First!" He stood up, his limp cock in his hand, and pinched the base off. He had to piss really bad now and it was somewhat painful, but in seconds Jose's hot mouth was on him. He released the base and his piss flooded out.

Jose took his piss. It was, naturally, the first time Jane/Joe had ever pissed in anyone's mouth. It felt good. It was nice pissing into a warm, wet mouth. Jose swallowed rapidly enough to take every drop. Then it was Jane/Joe's turn to kneel. He wasted no time for he could see Jose pinching the base of his cock off.

He put his mouth on the limp dick and it started to flow immediately. Copiously. He tasted its bitterness and swallowed. Each time he swallowed, the bitter taste was renewed, rejuvenated. Then it hit him. The taste, he thought, wasn't that horrible now. Oh, yeah, it was pissy-bitter, but he could see someone getting used to the taste. The thing he liked, he felt, was the volume. It was as if Jose was coming the world's biggest load, but it was a cum with a sharper edge to it. Then Jose was finished. Jane/Joe stood up.

As Jose prepared to leave, he said, "Hey! Let's do each other's balls next time. I like that. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded. "OK, I kind of like that, too. It was a lie. He didn't like it. Yet.

After Jose had gone home, Jane/Joe lay on the cot thinking. It had been nice with Jose, different from the other men. Like two real close buddies who just happened to suck each other off. It didn't seem as guilt-ridden as his encounters with the others had been. He had even enjoyed Jose's piss. And he sure as hell enjoyed pissing into Jose's mouth.

Was he, he wondered, turning? Becoming gay? Queering up? A cock-hungry, cum-loving faggot? He didn't think so. It hadn't turned Jose. Or had it? He was confused. Gay was something you're born with. Christ, he'd read that much somewhere. You don't go from heterosexual to homosexual in on fell swoop. Maybe he was bisexual. That would explain it better.

He had only one ace in the hole, if you could call it that. In less than nine months from now he would be back in his own world. All this would be behind him and would eventually be a dim memory. So what if I had enjoyed nine months of being a cocksucker? Who was to know, anyhow? But, could someone slip in and out of gayness? Just as one could put on a new outfit and feel different? Why not? He thought. Made sense. It was logical, wasn't it? With a myriad of confusing thought flowing through his mind he drifted into sleep, with a last thought that made him fret. What if gay is something that becomes permanent?

And the same dream happened. And again, the young man named Jose refused to play ball. Refused to let the dream girl Jane suck him to completion. The dream man Jose had jumped up and cursed her again. As he did every time. What was wrong with the guy? Didn't he like having his dick sucked? Unhuman. But in this dream, the watcher got a better view of the young man's face. He looked familiar somehow. He'd seen the face before, but he couldn't figure out just when or where. Jane/Joe then heard a voice. It was friendly and loud.

"Hello, Jane!" the voice said cheerfully. It was Jose, his precious date list in one hand, his little black doctor's satchel in the other.

"I hope you slept well, honey, because you have a full plate today. I hope you're hungry! Ha ha! For your last heavy day, you have fifteen guys, Jane, with four of them wanting your sweet ass-pussy. So, out of bed, sleepyhead! Chop-chop, there's cocks' awaiting!" Jane/Joe liked Jose, but he now discovered he could be annoying at times.

Jose looked into Jane/Joe's sleepy eyes. "Just look at you! No lipstick, no nothing. You're just lying there like a wanton slut who thinks the world is going to wait on her. C'mon, Jane! Grab your socks so you can grab those cocks, girl. Time's a-wasting!" He giggled.

Jane/Joe held out a hand. Jose read it as a request for the date list. He handed it to Joe and said, "You're getting popular, sweet lips! There are six requests on there for rematches. Guess I taught you too well, eh?"

Joe didn't answer. He read a bit and said, "Sir Cougar again! Shit, he can't seem to get enough of me." Jane/Joe noticed that Sir Cougar wanted a BJA. The last two times he had only requested a BJ.

Jose said, "That's 'cause he just loves your beautiful cock-sucking lips, Janie, baby! Which, right now, need some lipsticking up if their going to please Sir Cougar--and the rest of the boys." He made no mention of the previous night's action. As if he didn't want to discuss it in the daylight. Oh, well, thought Jane/Joe, suits me.

Jane/Joe sat up on the edge of the cot, rubbed his eyes and yawned. Another day was about to begin, he thought, another day of a mere eleven blowjobs and four ass-pussy fucks. He thought of the Ride-The-Whip. Oh, well, I guess it could be worse! At least no one's pissing in my mouth on a regular basis. Yet! He stood up and went looking for his Suckit Red lipstick tube. Now where had he left the damned thing? There you are!

"Good girl, Jane," Jose said lightheartedly. "Carpe diem, Jane baby! Grab the day! And whatever else you can grab! Ha ha ha!" Then Jose disappeared leaving Jane/Joe to himself and his daily girlying-up routine. And the vision of Sir Cougar's oak wood hard, 10" prick swirling through his mind.

He checked his watch. He had time. His first "date" wasn't until seven. He wrapped a towel around him and headed for the showers, glad for the fact that no one fucked with him anymore now that he was one of Sir Bruiser's girls. Before showering, he removed the butt-plug. He took a crap, glad for the temporary relief from the insistent plug.

Back in his cell, his butt-plug fully reinstalled, Jane/Joe applied the lipstick, dabbed perfume behind each ear, put on a freshly-washed cut-off tee, and laid out the cock ring and nipple ring/chain on his cot. He checked the level of the small spray bottle affixed to the chain. Damn, he thought, I'm running low. He wrote a note as a reminder to tell Jose about getting him a fresh refill. He checked his watch again. 6:48. Better hurry.

It was time to put on the light pain-giving nipple loops with the chain that held the magical throat spray. And it was time to put on the cock-choking ring, too. And damn, it wasn't but thirty seconds after he had the cock ring in place that he had a full erection! The ring had gotten speedier! He slipped into the elastic waistband shorts and immediately felt the lightweight fabric caress and tingle his erection. He wiggled in place and shuddered. Oh, fuck, he thought.

Jane/Joe took out the small mirror and looked at the face, his face, her face, Jane's face, Jane/Joe's face, looking back at him. Shit, he thought, Jose's right! My lips are the pouty lips of a cock-sucking slut! The ruby red lips were inviting, that was for sure. The bottom lip was plumped up and puffy, and jutted out seductively, as if inviting cocks to come right on in. He formed an 'O' with his lips, showing no teeth. He looked in amazement. Any man, he thought, would want those lips around his dick. Shit, he thought, even I would!

Jane/Joe left the cell and headed for cell number 28. Waiting there, Jane/Joe knew, was a guy named Ransom who was probably even now looking forward to his first blowjob from a guy named Jane.

He checked his watch. 6:56. He picked up the pace, feeling the nipple loop's chain start to sway from side to side as it bounced its spray bottle gently against his hairless chest. Walking faster also made the lightweight fabric of his short pants send more constant tingly sensations through the tip of his erect dick. Keep me horny! I just love it.

As he walked, he psyched himself up for what was about to happen. He recited the Girly Code. Just in case. He repeated Jose's oft-said instructions to himself: Suck the guy's balls first. Get them nice and wet. Get the cock's shaft and cock head nice and wet, too. Show the guy you love sucking his cock. Suck with passion and vary the routine. Deep-throat him and moan appreciatively as you do. While you suck him, caress his balls, and fondle his ass cheeks. Stick a finger up his ass unless he offers resistance to it. When he cums his load, grab

his ass and moan. And don't forget to thank him, sir, for cumming in your mouth. Christ, thought Jane/Joe, it should be easier than this! Whoops! Cell 28 was here.

"Hello, sir! If your name is Mr. Ransom, sir, I'm Jane, your cock-sucking slave for the next half hour! sir!" Ransom waved him to enter. Jane/Joe pursed his lips seductively, running his tongue across them, as Jose had taught him, and entered the cell, making damn sure to sway his hips provocatively. The effect wasn't lost on Ransom, who whistled softly in appreciation.

Ransom stood there in the middle of the cell, a large, powerfully built white guy in his thirties, and sized Jane up. "Sir Cougar was right, Jane," he said. "You do have pretty lips, girl. Come over here and drop your trou, I've got something I've been saving up for over a week just for your cute red mouth!" Jane/Joe realized Ransom enjoyed being blown by a naked man, like Barker. Or, to put it more accurately, a naked girl named Jane.

"Yes, sir!" Jane/Joe said as he approached Ransom. As he dropped the shorts to the floor and knelt, naked from the bottom of his cut-off tee down to his ankle, in front of the big man, Jane/Joe reached down and brought up the throat-numbing spray and gave his throat a good spritz. Jane/Joe then looked up at Ransom.

"Sir, would you like me to take your cock out or would you prefer doing that yourself, sir?" Ransom told him that that would be a nice touch. But not just yet.

"Let me look at you first, Jane. I see you have a hard-on. Does that mean you're hot to suck me off?"

"Yes, sir!" He couldn't believe how quickly he had said the words. But he was hot.

"You gonna give me the best blowjob I ever had?"

"Yes, sir!" Shit, he again answered very quickly. Way too quickly.

"And when I cum are you going to swallow every single drop?"

"Yes, sir!" Again, a tad too quick on the trigger.

"Now, Jane, I don't just want my cock sucked off. I want you to make love to it. To show me that you love what you're doing. And, since I don't believe in masturbation, I've got a load that will be enormous. Can you handle it all without spilling?"

"Yes, sir!" Oh shit. Who am I?

Ransom then told Jane/Joe to fish his dick out. Jane/Joe said, "Yes, sir!" and was soon looking at a very hairy, thick cock with a large, bulbous head. It looked, in a word, extremely meaty. Thick and fleshy.

It hung down, thick and semi-hard, for a good six inches. The shaft was whiter than the head, which was a pinkish purple. The head also looked longer than any one he'd seen so far. He guessed its length to be at least 2" or more."

Jane/Joe reached out and caressed the big man's ball sack. "Sir, would you like your balls sucked on, sir?" Ransom said, "Not yet. First play with my dick

some. Not with your mouth yet, with your hands." Jane/Joe complied, massaging the limp sausage gently. He played with the cock head a bit and then applied long strokes to the shaft. He watched, fascinated, as it elongated and hardened up. At full erection, it topped 8" and the cock head was very wide. It's flanged ridge stood way out from the shaft, giving the head a very pronounced look. The cock head's length seemed to occupy one fourth of the total overall length. He felt the spongy head and was amazed at its hardness. It was unyielding.

"OK, Jane," Ransom said. "You may suck on my balls now!"

With no hesitation, Jane/Joe went to work on them. In no time at all they were sloppy wet from his saliva, the pubic hairs matted up. "Now go for it, suck my cock, Jane . . . With passion."

Jane/Joe then proceeded to give Ransom the complete, and uncut, girlie cocksucking routine, complete with appreciative moans throughout. As Jane/Joe sucked on the fat, hot and large-headed throbbing cock, his hot saliva flowing freely, the big man's moans coming from above his head had an electrifying effect on him. The more the man moaned, the harder and more passionately Jane/Joe sucked. And the more he was turned on by it all.

The two of them were getting a nice rhythm going that was unbelievably timed. The mouth/cock connection was almost on a Zen level. Surreal. His mouth was Ransom's cock and Ransom's cock was his mouth. A yin and yang of cocksucking. Ransom was moaning above and Jane/Joe was moaning below, his mouth glued to Ransom's saliva slicked prick as he went up and down. It felt supreme.

On one deep-throat plunge, he grabbed Ransom's balls and squeezed them gently. It hit Ransom as if it was a cattle prod. He jumped and twitched, both legs shaking, and let out a moan so deep and real it echoed through Jane/Joe's brain like a drum beat.

Shit, Jane/Joe thought, I I'm liking it, too! And it was true. Jane/Joe was no longer faking the passionate moans for Ransom's benefit. They were now popping out for real. The man's plump and sizeable cock head was feeling undeniably wonderful to his mouth, his lips, and his tongue. The taste of the cock was also driving him wild.

He felt that Ransom's entire cock was the perfect fit for his mouth and throat. He continued sucking, passionately, lovingly, even enjoying the sweaty, musk-filled aroma coming from Ransom's crotch area. As he breathed the heady smell into his nostrils, he felt a euphoria come over him. Oooooooo, wonderful, so wonderful. Oh, god, he thought, I just love doing this.

Jane/Joe found himself voluntarily moaning every time his lips crossed the pronounced flanged ridge, his lips forced to change shape. God, Jane/Joe thought, his fat cock head feels so sublime! It's hard and yet soft. And so long! And it fits my mouth so perfectly. And when I hit his base with my lips I feel absolutely full of cock. God, it feels good! No wonder fags and women love it so much! It's fucking mouth magic!

He thought, his mind in heaven: Oh, yes, let me suck you off, Ransom. Let me suck you off really good. Let me drive your cock crazy until it rewards me with your hot juicy sperm. Oh, fuck, Jane/Joe thought, this is good! So fucking good! That long, sponge head. The way the ridge bump changed the shape of his lips as they crossed it. Oh, mother!

He worked the big man's cock feverishly now, his spittle coating the entire cock and some dribbling out on his chin and then to the floor. He was wild now, totally lost in his passion, deaf to the entire world, and in love with the cock he was sucking. He wanted to suck this tasty cock forever, even though he knew a climax, which had to arrive sometime soon, would end the love affair. Fine, he thought, there's always tomorrow. Many tomorrows.

He varied the pressure with tight-lips, squeezing the cock, and then with relaxed, caressing lips making love to it. And his tongue got into it, too. He swirled it back and forth across the cock head's underside, feeling the two small and hard round hemispheres, that glans penis area, with their pronounced split, press against his tongue. His tongue pressed back. God, the head was so spongy, so mouth filling, so tasty. He was in heaven squared. And his moans were more frequent now. He had the strong urge to jump up and kiss Ransom wetly on the lips and then yelling for the whole world to hear, "I love you, Ransom, I love you!" He didn't.

It also felt good when Ransom finally came his humungous longer than week load, yelling out loud, "Ooooh, Jane girl, here it comes! Get ready to take me, baby! Ooooooooooooo, yeah! Oh, fuck, that feels good, girl! Swallow it all and show old Ransom how much you love his nasty jizm going down your sweet little throat!" Jane/Joe moaned very loudly.

As he felt the first of the big man's thick, hot, sticky, gooey, and juicy sperm spurt into his mouth, Jane/Joe let out a moan that not only surprised himself, it scared him, too. For, as the big man unloaded, with his cock head expanding and contracting violently, his balls rising up, his dick twitching and pulsating madly, his cum flooding his mouth and going down his throat, he knew he had, for the first time in his life, developed a love for cocks. And a love for cum, too. It was inescapable. It just felt too fucking good to be anything else. Too fucking good.

He had forgotten to grab Ransom's ass cheeks when he came, but he didn't think it mattered. Ransom, if Jane/Joe knew anything at all, was completely satisfied and very happy. He, himself, felt very happy, but not in the least satisfied. That would come later. Just try and stop me!

Jane/Joe had crossed an invisible line and he knew there was no going back now. He actually found himself, as the big man's fully spent cock deflated in his mouth, looking forward to the day's blowjobs, to the next guy on Jose's list who needed his erection sucked off and his pipes cleaned out. Jane/Joe would not only suck them off now, he would make passionate love to their pricks. For he now knew that the more pleasure he gave, the more he'd get. It was so simple, really. Why hadn't he seen that earlier? Why had he deprived himself of it all?

Jane/Joe now felt insatiable and obsessed with cock. And he no longer wanted to fight the feelings. Thus, instead of being turned off by the idea of having to suck off ten more men, as he had just yesterday, he was now fully turned on by the idea and looked forward to the many encounters. He was hell-bent on recreating that unbelievable feeling he had just gotten from sucking off Ransom. The exquisite feeling of giving pleasure and of receiving it. And he didn't give a fuck who knew it!

Christ, Jane/Joe thought, even the ass-pussy fucking to come now turns me on! He also loved the constant erection brought on by the cock ring. He felt the overall constant insistence of the big butt-plug in his asshole as it forced his inner ass muscles to twitch and react. He felt the electrifying pleasure-pain of the

nipple loop chain. He smelled his perfume. He smelled the musk emanating from the big man's balls and crotch area. He breathed it in deeply, almost swooning from its effect. And he felt no shame, either. As he stood up, he felt absolutely giddy. And very, very girlish. Faggy even. And he didn't care a fig.

"Thank you, Mr. Ransom, sir, for cumming in my mouth. I loved it and it was delicious, sir. I hope I pleased you, sir." Ransom grinned at Jane/Joe and simply nodded his head.

"You sure did, sweet lips, that's for sure! So much so I'm gonna tell Jose to put me down for four times each week from here on out. That OK with you, sugar?"

It was, it really, really was. Jane/Joe said with a large grin, "Yes, sir, Mr. Ransom, sir! I look forward to it, sir!" And he did, he really, really did.

Ransom said, "I've never fucked an ass before, but in your case I think I'll try it the next time. Would you like that?"

He would, he really, really would. "Oh, yes, sir, Mr. Ransom, sir! My ass-pussy is yours, sir, whenever you want it, sir." And it was, it really, really was.

Then, just as he was about to leave the cell, he turned to Ransom and said, "I don't know why, Mr. Ransom, sir, but it is important to me that you know that I meant every word I said. I really loved what we just did, sir."

Ransom smiled at him, a gentle look on his face. "I know you did, Jane. It was easy to see. And I loved it, too." He walked over and took Jane/Joe by the arm and led him to an area off to the side of the cell's entrance. "Jane, I also have something to tell you that I want you to know. I'm not gay, but in here. what else is there? There is something in you, about you, that really gets to me. I don't know what it is, but we seem to have connected on a strange level. I won't call it love, but I know it will make our future times together fantastic. And, you should know, whatever I do to you in the future sexwise, I want you to do to me. All of it!" With that said, Ransom squeezed the tilt bursting out of the silky pants. Jane/Joe shuddered at the touch.

Then Ransom said, in a whisper, "Of course, no one is to know. OK?" Jane/Joe nodded. Then Ransom shocked him completely by leaning in and kissing him. It was a simple, quick kiss with just a touch of tongue to it, but it made Jane/Joe weak in the knees and made him swoon. Ransom put his lips very close to Jane/Joe's ear and whispered, "Let's just love each other, Jane." Jane/Joe nodded and said, "Yes!"

Jane/Joe left cell 28 still feeling very giddy, his legs weak and wobbly. His session with Ransom had him walking on cloud nine. He wasn't even aware of the two men coming toward him. They could have been dressed like Emmett Kelly, the clown for all Jane/Joe knew. As they neared him, Jane/Joe paid attention when heard them laughing.

One of the two guys said, "What you smiling at, sweetcheeks?"

"Wouldn't you just like to know, darling!" Jane/Joe said, winking, sounding girlish and swaying and swishing his hips for their benefit as he walked by them.

Then, to shock them even further, he turned his head back in their direction and lisped, in a whisper, "I just sucked a big, beautiful cock, honey, and

I'm on my way to suck another lovely one!" Jane/Joe giggled at their surprised expressions. He tossed his head back haughtily and continued on his merry way.

Jane/Joe swished his hips provocatively all the way down the long corridor. The corridor that would take him back to his cell, where he would get ready for the next hot man on Jose's long date list. And as he swished, he discovered that the faux silk of the shorts really attacked his cock head! As the material flew from side to side it made longer than usual contact with his cock head, amplifying the sensations. It felt so good it was driving him crazy. His cock had never been harder! He couldn't wait for Lights Out!

Shit, Jane/Joe thought, if they wouldn't piss in my mouth, I'd break one of their precious rules just to be put on the Ride-The-Whip! All those cocks! And a fucking smorgasbord of cum!

He felt absolutely out of control when he mused to himself, Shit, let 'em piss in my mouth! I'll love that, too! It was for sure he'd come a long way in just a few short days. A long way, indeed. He said to himself, I want to learn to love ass-pussy fucking, too, even more than I do now!

For the first time since it had all started he now admitted some things to himself. Sir Cougar's cock had felt wonderful up his ass that first day. And the butt-plug feels sexy, too. If this much fantastic pleasure makes me gay, then fuck it, I'm queer and I'm here! Use me! Use me!

Jane/Joe was now, to say the least, totally obsessed with cock-sucking to such a degree that his transformation was now complete. Fourteen more men didn't know it, couldn't know it, but they were now in for one Helluva sexual trip! Jose didn't know it, couldn't know it, how his creation had now morphed into a cock-hungry, cum-loving slut. Who, from now on, wanted to be called Jane. Just Jane. And there was nothing plain about her! Not anymore, anyway.

But when Jose did learn of Jane's metamorphosis, which he soon would, he would be proud. And rightfully so, one might say.

To say that Jane made the rest of the day's dates happy is to put it very mildly. He made them ecstatic! His repeat customers noticed the change and even remarked about it. One said, to sum up, "Wow! Jane, you gave me the best fucking blowjob I have ever had in my entire life! Baby, I'm gonna make sure Jose puts me down for six times a week!"

During the day, Jose had dropped by Jane's cell to see how things were going. When he saw, and was told about, the transformation that had taken place in Jane he said, "Wait here! I'll be right back." Five minutes later he returned and handed Jane a book. Jane took it and read the cover: *A Gay Man's Guide To Pleasing Your Lover* by Peter Long.

"Peter Long?" Jane said. "Why not Peter Pecker?" Jose laughed.

"Well, Jane, now that you're on the girl's team, I think you'll like this book. It has all kinds of beautiful tips and tricks in it on sucking cock and giving anal. It will absolutely add to the pleasure you get from giving and getting. Read it, you'll like it. Now, I'll catch you later. Enjoy it!" He headed for the door. At the doorway he turned and said, "You up for some late night action with me?" Jane nodded, smiling broadly.

That night, after an intense alternating ass-pussy fucking session with Jose, Jane was in bed looking at the darkness. Weird thoughts invaded his mind.

He almost regretted that he had only nine months more of his sentence to serve. What would the outside world hold that he couldn't get in here? Did he really want to play the fucking boring dating game again? With all the attendant bullshit?

With women who mostly wanted security and not true love. And, should he decide to go faggy on the outside and frequent some gay bars, what would that hold for him? More fucking games, he surmised.

In here he had a truly captive audience. Horny convicts without too many sexual choices who had lovely, hard pricks and hot cum loads and eagerly desired his services. Christ, he all ready had repeat customers set up, which guaranteed him a steady supply of sex. Try getting that on the outside, buddy.

Perhaps, just perhaps, he thought, I could ask Jose what it would take, what infraction I would have to perform to add, say, five more years to my sentence. And, if Jose didn't know, I could go to Sir Cougar. The way he loves doing me I'm sure he would just love to know I'd be around for some time to come. Thus, a plan emerged. A weird and wacky plan, but one that Jane now wanted desperately to carry out. And would.

Jane closed his eyes and immediately pictured his session with Ransom. He pictured Ransom's beautiful penis, hard and ready to be sucked on. He imagined what it would be like to be fucked by that magnificent cock. To feel his ass chock full of Ransom. He also imagined a scenario in which he had a threesome with Ransom and Jose. It was too much! Could it happen? He hoped so. And, delight of delights, Ransom was going to blow him, just like Jose, and let him fuck him, just like Jose. Oh, God, he thought, if Ransom lets me piss in his mouth, I'll marry him!

Jane felt his cock stirring up too much so he changed his thoughts to other things, such as his wacky plan. He didn't feel like jerking off just now. Sleep was more important.

With pleasant thoughts of the future, Jane drifted off into a deep, dream-filled sleep. The same dream as before, but this time he didn't awake in a sweat. Oh, no. This time he not only succeeded in getting his hot mouth on the young blond man's super-large, blood-filled penis, he brought him to an orgasm that was so fierce, so violent, so powerful, the king-sized bed broke!

And, there was no longer a watcher in the dream!

Jane could feel himself waking up, slowly, a mere second at a time. Man, the dream had been vivid, very vivid, even more so than before. And now, right now, his bone-hard cock head was being teased by a delicate fabric. He shifted his legs to escape it's familiar torture.

He opened one eye, looked to his left and saw the digital display of the clock, as he had many times before. It was a friend, now. A reliable friend. The clock-friend said: 1:00 A.M. FRI.

With only the one eye opened, he used it to scan his cell. Something was strange. Odd. The room was different. It looked more furnished! He saw two dressers that he knew didn't belong in his cell. They wouldn't allow . . . the thought vanished.

Then reality fully hit him. Christ, he wasn't a prisoner! Or in a cell, either, for that matter! He was home, in his own bed, in his own apartment. And he now

saw that the delicate cock head tingling fabric was his own satin sheets. A gift from his mother. I've dreamed the whole fucking thing! He thought, The whole fucking thing! I didn't suck cock. Or drink pee. Or . . . his thoughts trailed away again.

He sat up on the edge of the bed and just let it all sink in. He was once again Joseph John Jacoby, 28, not 19, a lawyer by profession, not a convict. And very heterosexual, thank you.

There was never a prison sentence. Not even a courtroom judge handing him a two year sentence. Never a 7' black guy named Sir Bruiser. Or a guy named . . . his thoughts fled again. He had to pee. Badly. He switched on the bedside table lamp and headed for the john. His john.

Not bothering to turn on the bathroom light, he started to pee. Standing up, Sir Cougar, he thought, if you don't mind, that is, Sir! As he emptied his full bladder, he noticed a paper cup standing up on the toilet's tank.

"No thanks, waiter, not this time," he said out loud. "I'm on the wagon!" He giggled in the semi-darkness, feeling quite silly, but happier than a clam.

As he gave his penis a few last minute wiggle-waggles, he was inundated with thoughts. They came rushing in and flooded his mind, haphazardly, all at once, and as disjointed and wildly confusing as a rally of morons. And as vivid as reality can get.

Ride the Whip! "Suck it, fucker, you know you love it!" Jose's hard-headed cock. "Keep that butt-plug in!" The taste of cum. "Don't you dare pee standing up!" The taste of piss. "Swallow it, girl! All of it!" Suckit Red. "You've got a full plate today, Jane!" He could feel his nipples twinge. Ouch! Sir Bruiser's humungous cock tree filling his mouth! Sir Thor's funky asshole taste on his tongue! The Ransom kiss. Cathouse perfume. He could smell it as if it was in the room with him right now. "Open up! I gotta piss, cunt!" Sir Cougar's expert thumb! "Oooh!" He shuddered just thinking about it. "Let's meet in the middle!"

Then Barker's sponge dowel wiggled. "Oooh!" He shuddered again. Shit, he had moaned out loud as the spongy-headed stick popped into his brain. Too vivid! Too fucking vivid. He looked down and half expected to see his cock head fully outlined and poking out of the too-tight silky short pants. Being rubbed to insanity. He shuddered even though he could see he was naked without pants of any kind on him. He shuddered once more. "Oooh!"

"I need a fucking drink!" He said out loud. "And a change of scenery!" He quickly dressed. Simple slacks and shirt with loafers. No socks. No need. He was in a hurry. The Halcyon Bar across the street closed at 2 a.m. A short while later found him seated at the bar and ordering a Chivas Regal on the rocks with a twist of lemon. Eager to feel a cold glass on his lips.

He looked around. Thirty or more night owls were evident, chatting away like only night owls know how to do. He'd only been in the Halcyon a few times, but he liked the atmosphere. It was cozy and friendly. And friendly people frequented the place. It didn't seem in the least bit phony, like some of the bars near the courthouse were, with their cadre of smiling wannabes bellying up to the bar. No, this place had a better class of people.

It had an eclectic mix of people, too. With a relaxed dress code that meant you could just as easy see a guy in a three piece suit as you would a construction worker in his overalls. The people mix was straight and gay, with the

straights running at maybe two to one. This gave the place an aura of equality that was rare in most watering holes. Yeah, Joe liked the joint. Even though he'd been hit on twice by gay men. A simple 'no' from him, with a "Not my bag," tossed in, had ended any further pursuit. Class, real class.

As he was ordering his second Chivas, a young man came over and sat on the stool just to his right. A young muscular man in his mid-twenties. With curly blond hair. Familiar looking. The dream man? Joe thought. Sorta. Kinda. The man spoke, gently and unthreateningly.

"Hi. Guess you couldn't sleep, either, huh?" Joe nodded slightly and sized the man up. He looked straight, but it didn't take a real stretch to place him as gay. The man's next comment cleared up any doubts Joe might have had about sexual orientation.

"I've, uh, noticed you a couple times before, but I just didn't have the nerve to approach you. But tonight I thought, you scaredy cat, you, it's now or never!" He smiled, revealing perfect teeth. Joe smiled back, his not my bag line almost on his lips and lowered his eyes. Oops! There's that bulge! Just like in the dream. Christ, it came down to just above his knee! This was way too fucking much. The man had said something else, but Joe hadn't heard it.

"Huh?" he said, looking back up at the man's face. The man had his hand out as if offering to shake with it.

"I said, you cute sleepyhead, my name's Jose. Jose Cougar. What's yours?" Hearing the name, Joe grinned. A strange feeling washed over him. A new feeling that he had only dreamt about. He reached for Jose's hand.

As he pressed Jose's warm flesh into his, Joe looked directly into pool-blue eyes.

"Jose, do you believe in déjà vu?"

End. Jane/Joe's Prison Ordeal!

That, dear reader, was one ending to my tale. Here is the other . . .

And, there was no longer a watcher in the dream!

Good night, Jane. Sleep tight for tomorrow's another busy day.

EPILOGUE: Did Jane find a way to extend her prison term? Yes, and it was a piece of cake to pull off! Jose had a friend who knew how to hack into the prison and court records. It was simple as shit to add as much time to Jane's sentence as desired. Jane chose seven years as a tack-on and it was done.

Sir Bruiser added a new item to Jane's little red purse. A remote control device that could, with a range of 25' or so, make the new butt-plugs that came with it vibrate. In three speeds, low, medium, and Mamma mia! It was to be handed to the date immediately upon meeting him.

Thus, the date could have his cocksucker slave really revved up, and wildly aroused, throughout the encounter merely by pressing a button. Each date was initially given an instruction sheet that detailed the best button-pressing sequences for getting the cocksucker slave "Over the Moon," as Sir Bruiser had called it. Barker called it the greatest sex toy of the new millennium. He was so taken with the device he threw away his dowel stick with the lubed up sponge.

In one particularly hot blowjob and anal encounter with Jane, Barker fucked up the remote by drooling on it! It's putting it mildly to say that he was the happiest man alive when he heard that Jane had a replacement.

No one doubted, neither dates nor cocksuckers, that the new item brought cocksucking to a new level of passion. Especially for the cocksuckers whose dates had taken the time to master the simple device.

Each butt-plug also had its own "unique" three digit code that could be entered on the keypad of a "special" remote control that only Sir Bruiser, Sir Cougar, and Sir Thor possessed. Thus, none of the girls ever knew when their asses would just up and vibrate, making them twitch, shudder, and moan, whether in the mess hall or in a corridor. Or any place else, for that matter. The only escape was to get outside of the remote's 25' range. The three top dogs had loads of fun watching the girls squirm and squeal as they headed for the zone of safety. Great fun, indeed!

After a while, however, most of the girls just refused to run, preferring to just smile, close their eyes, and enjoy it. As the novelty wore thin, the top three dogs rarely carried the remotes with them. To the relief of some girls and the chagrin of others. But anyone who missed it always knew their next date would take up the slack.

Did Jane have a threesome with Jose and Ransom? That, dear reader, is another story!

I'm tempted to write a third ending. And a fourth! And maybe tag endings on it forever or until I run totally dry, whichever comes first! Then again . . .

End. Jane/Joe's Prison Ordeal!