

Reformatory for Boys

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1997

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1 Reformatory 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Welcome

Allow me to describe our facility. We have a 100 acre lot that is five miles from the nearest residential community. Until 1957, it was used by the military for basic training, we now use it as a type of boot camp reform school for young criminal offenders. Kids assigned to the facility are between 14 and 25 years of age. Each of them must request the boot camp assignment instead of prison or juvenile hall and must be selected for the camp by a probation officer.

We currently have 300 kids at the camp and my partner John Smith and myself are responsible for the 17 kids in L wing. Although all of the L wing kids are over 18 and should have been out of grade school a long time ago, most of them are barely literate and most of them think that nobody is going to tell them what to do.

John and I have the job of getting through to these kids and teaching them to obey society's laws. We do that by putting them through something akin to basic training. Along the way, we punish the wayward kids and those who aren't able to learn the necessary discipline after 12 weeks are given a negative report and shipped off to state prison.

For myself, I arrived at the camp fresh out of 5 years in the army and service in Desert Storm. John had worked as a prison guard for 10, but had never been to college. Both of us were barely 30 and were thrown together to muddle through our first round of kids without much training on procedure. Somehow we muddled through with flying colors, the warden passed all of our first batch on to be released and to date, none have re-offended.

After five years and many successful and some not successful boot camps for offenders, John and I left the prison system having found ourselves very much in love. I've started law school and John is working as the maitre'de at a posh restaurant.

John suggested I spend some time sharing our experiences and so I've put pen to paper, or fingers to keyboard as the case is, and here are some of those recollections.

Week One: Day Zero

I reported to the camp on Sunday morning at 0700 hours. The drive up from the city had taken longer than I expected and nobody had told me that the parking lot was a two mile hike from the camp's fence.

"Sorry Sir, there is no excuse for my tardiness," I barked while standing at attention. My military discipline was keen, and I was disappointed with myself for reporting late.

"Son, we run a tight ship here, I have high expectations for these kids and even higher ones for my trainers, don't let it happen again," the warden said. Unspoken were the consequences for failure. "This is John, son, he will be your partner, he is new here, but he has worked for the state prison for years and I'm sure you two will do fine," he said.

I sized John up visually, he was a big guy and when he stood he was 6'7" and all muscle. His blue eyes sparkled against his smooth boyish face and his hair was trim and blonde. John says when our eyes met, it was love at first sight. I'm not so sure, but the air certainly was charged.

"Don't just stand there men, get your IDs, your rosters and get ready, the kids arrive at 0800 tomorrow, get moving," the warden barked.

John and I jumped, and headed out towards the hall of the prison administration building. Electronic ID bands which acted as keys were issued to us and affixed to our wrists by the warden's assistant and we were each handed two thick binders on procedure, a roster of kids, a schedule, and a facility map.

L-Wing

For me, this was par, however, I could already tell that John was feeling disoriented by the information overload. We left the Administration building and headed towards L Wing. Our bracelets released the front door lock and we were in an ante-chamber. To the left was the locked entrance to our shared "private" guard quarters and a few feet ahead was a jail bar gate into the dorm area.

Our bracelets would open just about every door at the camp and just about every door had locks on it. This meant that the movement of the prisoners was fairly strictly controlled.

We unlocked the private quarters and found a cramped room perhaps 12' square with a bunk bed, a single desk, a wooden desk chair, a buearau with four drawers, a phone, a small toilet and sink with no privacy, a stall shower, and a ceiling fan which housed the only light. Not exactly the Ritz Carlton. John called the top bed and I didn't argue.

The main section of L-Wing wasn't glamorous either: 10 bunk beds crammed into a small space with just two small dresser drawers for each prisoner. The latrine for prisoners use was small and had 5 toilets with no privacy, 5 sinks, and a large shower area, with no privacy, with 5 shower heads.

We wandered back to the front section and went into our quarters. With one chair at the desk and the bed as the only places to sit, I lay down on my bed at the bottom of the bunk to start reviewing the roster, schedule and manual.

John called home and it was hard to avoid hearing his conversation, but I did my best to ignore it. What I couldn't ignore was him pissing just feet from my face right into the toilet. I watched piss stream from his massive cock into the bowl and thought idly that this job was going to be a lot of fun.

By noon, I had made it through the procedures manual and suggested we get some lunch. John had seemed restless and as far as I could tell hadn't made it through the manual or anything for that matter. We headed out of our quarters and then out of the Wing towards the mess hall. John and I managed to chat a bit about our pasts, I talked about my station in Saudi Arabia during the war and he told me that this was not his choice assignment, but that he couldn't handle the big house any more. I later learned that during a prison riot, John had been held hostage for five days and seen three of his best friends shot in the head by prisoners on death row. He asked for a transfer and got this.

Mess Hall

The mess hall was a huge facility and we sat down at the guard's table. As the camp starts at different times, the facility was crowded with young people and there was quite a lot of noise. There are 20 Wings of male offenders at the camp and if all Wings are full there can be some 400 young men here. I estimated only 240 in the room and we sat down and ate the same food the prisoners got.

By my standards it wasn't bad, John was clearly annoyed. Unlike other prison programs, the boot camp program our state runs, requires a tremendous commitment from its guards. We work a 12 week camp, get a week break, and repeat that four times a year. While at camp, we get two weekends and one night a week off duty, but there aren't many places to go and so mostly John and found ourselves staying in.

Belongings

John and I walked out to our cars and fetched our belongings and then hiked them back to the camp. We spent another few hours reading the procedures and I managed to memorize the names and offenses and other information about the first group we would have in L-Wing.

At 1500, I suggested we go to the supply building and get our uniforms and other equipment. The older man at the supply building was friendly and issued us two weeks worth of uniforms, plenty of handcuffs, batons, mace, paddles, straps, canes, and some other assorted sundries. The corporal punishment equipment didn't surprise me, having read the manual, and John certainly took it in stride despite not having read the manual.

We walked back to the Wing talking about stuff, but one thing I noticed early on is that

John never mentioned girls. We put our stuff down and got things organized in the small space.

Before dinner we agreed I would take some of the lead in the morning since I had been through basic training and new about giving orders in the military. John agreed to handle some of the discipline as he had more experience with prisoners and the prison setting.

We hit the mess hall again for dinner and then returned to the dorm to get some sleep.

Sleep

For a bunk bed, I slept rather well in it. John snored softly and I found the sound relaxing. In the middle of the night, I got up and took a pee, by the light through the window, I looked my hunky co-worked over very lustfully and then returned to the bed till 0500. I rose with the alarm and quickly jumped in the shower. Three minutes later, I was back out and starting to shave over the sink. John hadn't even gotten up to take a morning piss. I shook him gently and suggested he get going as I got into the uniform and then made my bed.

John rose out of bed slowly and hit the floor and got moving slowly. I watched him change and shower out of the corner of my eye as I reviewed the roster one final time. By 0600, John was finally ready and we headed to the mess hall for early morning grub. I watched, some of the other groups doing laps down on the field and saw one prisoner being taken in handcuffs over to the solitary confinement building.

Day One

John and I headed to the mess hall and ate a leisurely meal. We met the prison bus at the gate at 0800. The guards at the gate checked the bus and then the prisoners were marched off the bus in their orange prison jump suits.

"Line up, single file," I barked loudly.

John swooped behind two who were talking and pushed them to the ground and ordered them to do five pushups. When they finished he pushed them into line.

"Ok, men, you are here for the next twelve weeks, John and I are in charge, what we say is the law. If you break the law you will be disciplined and if discipline isn't sufficient you'll get a ticket directly to prison. There are four answers you can give to anything we say: 'Yes, Sir,' 'I don't understand Sir,' 'No, Sir', and 'Sorry, Sir'," I stated matter of factly. Then asked, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," they responded half-heartedly.

"Some of you didn't answer, Brown, Johnson, pushups now," I ordered pointing to the young men and John swooped behind them and grabbed them by their necks and pushed them onto the ground. When they finished, I asked again, "Do you understand the rules?"

“Yes, SIR,” they all responded more forcefully.

“Good, let’s move out, RIGHT FACE,” I ordered.

The three who didn’t turn quickly got a thwack from John’s baton.

“MARCH,” I ordered.

They followed me apace with several thwacks from John directed at laggards and they arrived at the supply building. Marched through one at a time, each received a complete shave, of their head, a set of sheets, a blanket, some toiletries, and two jump suits. The shaved prisoners were then marched to L-Wing.

“Welcome to your new home,” I announced as I assigned the prisoners to beds. I had them then stand at attention before their beds. I showed each prisoner how to make their bed and how to store their possessions. I explained that each morning would start at 0600 with wake-up, followed by a variety of tasks.

John walked the prisoners through the morning routine and then ordered them onto their beds till lunch.

We headed out to our quarters to assess the batch.

John spoke first, “Trouble, with a capital ‘T’, they gave us the toughest group. At breakfast, I asked the other guards about their groups, all had much less hardened criminals then we got.”

“We can handle it,” I said confidently. “Besides,” I continued, “once we break that Brown boy, the rest will tow the line.”

“I’m missing something,” John said.

“Look over the roster, Brown is a gang leader and he is from the same neighborhood as three of our guys, those three are likely to be disposed to following him for fear of what happens when they hit the streets, if we keep Brown in check, we keep the rest in check,” I said confidently.

“Ok, so what do you propose,” John asked.

“Well, we find faults with him at inspection, assign him tougher chores, punish him a bit more severely and make sure we hound his sorry ass,” I suggested.

We heard some scuffling in the Wing and we got up and went in with our batons drawn. Brown and Jenkins were hollering at each other. I had assigned them to the same bunk, Jenkins was a younger black male who had been caught shoplifting, the judge had recommended the camp rather than prison for him since it was a first offense. Brown was 23 and had been in and out of juvie all his life. Someone must have been bribed for him to have gotten this rather than prison if you ask me. As far as I could tell there was no reason this white boy should be so troubled. We broke up the fight and pulled them both out of the Wing and locked them to the rail in the antechamber.

After getting the rest of the group to do push-ups for failing to alert us to the fight we had

them stay in their beds as we went to deal with Brown and Jenkins.

John took Jenkins in first, it seemed that Brown had wanted all four drawers for his stuff including some smokes he had smuggled in. We thanked Jenkins and took him back to the Wing and cuffed him to the bed and then searched the dresser and found the cigarettes. The prisoners would be getting body cavity searches courtesy of Brown later than evening.

I took the butts out to the prisoner and showed him them and he cursed at me. John was about to strike Brown with his baton and I stopped him and suggested that the strap or cane might be more effective.

Pain

I unchained Brown from the wall and stripped him naked and then marched him into our quarters. The prisoners just heard Brown screaming and pleading for the pain to stop, using a cane they probably didn't hear the blows. I took the first cracks at the white gang leader landing 30 violent blows across his buttocks and lower legs. John followed up with 50 or 60 blows across his back and buttocks. The boy's body was welted with deep crimson lines and some blood was dripping down his back.

I dragged him still bleeding and still naked back into the Wing and cuffed him, standing at the foot of his bed, to the rail of the bed.

Anyone who thought Brown would be leading this Wing had learned that he was going to be punished for disobedience.

"Men, you can thank prisoner Brown for the full body cavity searches you are about to receive, everyone at the foot of their bed naked now," I ordered.

The prisoners did not react quickly and most seemed ashamed to be so naked in front of the others. John and I liberally slapped and swatted prisoners who were slow to get to attention and John made a point of spanking Powell bare butt with a paddle for not getting out of bed.

We searched each prisoner's possessions first and located some other cigarettes with Johnson and Bryant.

Search

I could feel Powell's fear as I put on the gloves and ran my hands over his nubile body. In for assault and robbery, he was no saint. As my fingers probed his anus he begged me to stop. John slapped him across the face and reminded him that he would be spanked if he would not comply.

In Greenberg's anus, I located a balloon of drugs, that would be a week in solitary for the thug. The other boys were all clean, but clearly much more subdued after realizing that John and I would beat them, touch them, probe them, and control them.

The prisoners had missed the early shift of lunch by the time the searches were done and Johnson, Bryant and Greenberg still had to be dealt with.

I called some guards to take Greenberg to solitary, he was marched naked across the camp to the confinement cell.

Bryant and Johnson were dealt with severely in our quarters. John and I took turns as we had with Brown, leaving both boys with severe cane marks and some bleeding. Both were crying when we cuffed them to the beds naked.

The remaining 13 prisoners got dressed on command and marched single file behind me to the mess hall.

Run

Twenty minutes after lunch, the prisoners were taking a five-mile run behind me. John followed on a bike to ensure that if any dropped or tried to run they could easily be caught. Nobody was stupid enough to try it and the run was exhausting for the prisoners especially because I followed it up with 100 pushups, 100 situps and a couple of squat thrusts for good measure. Exhausted, we took the boys back to the wing and ordered them to shower and prepare for dinner.

I unchained Brown, Bryant and Johnson from their beds and told them they could shower as well. John and I carefully supervised the shower ensuring, at least for now, that there was no rape or other bawdy conduct. Sometimes, after a group punishment like a run for someone's disobedience, we left the Wing during the showers and heard the others rape or beat the prisoner who caused the problem.

Night

After dinner, the prisoners were each given a book from the library at random and then we took them back to the Wing for two hours of silent reading and study before lights out. John and I took turns patrolling the floor during study hours and I managed to help Bryant out with some difficult passages from a Bobsey Twin book he seemed unable to read.

At 1900 promptly, we ordered the boys to get ready for bed and they quickly put the books away, made to the bathroom and were ready for lights out by 1915. I checked each bed and then John took the first hour of watch and I the second, standing just outside the Wing door till around 2100 hours when we both sat in our quarters with the door open just listening.

It stayed silent till around 2300 and John and I were feeling on top of each other. John asked if I minded if he took a walk, I shook my head and laid down in my bed and began reading "Twelfth Night" out of the complete works of Shakespeare book I had been winding my way through since joining the military.

He must have been outside a while since next thing I knew he was taking the book out of

my hand and I woke up. He smiled and said to go back to sleep. His cock was bulging in his tight white briefs and I wanted so much to suck that cock and hold him against me.

As if reading my thoughts he sat down on the edge of the bed and started to talk. "Tough day, eh," he asked.

"Yeah, but we made it," I said still somewhat groggy. I finally looked and noticed the time was 0100.

"I made a point to go speak to Greenberg in solitary, they really worked him over good, he has lash marks all over his body," John said matter of factly.

He was so close to me, I felt certain my cock would just reach out and poke him I was so turned on. "Well, carrying drugs is terrible," I said.

"Yeah, but to whip a guy," John asked.

"When I was in Saudi Arabia, they would execute people for drinking," I said.

Taken aback, John stood and then stared off into the distance out the window.

"Not to change the subject John, but are you married or anything," I asked.

"Nah," he responded sheepishly.

I asked, "so what you do for fun?"

He started to chuckle and said, "oh, lots of things." He pulled his underwear off and then took a piss in front of me and then as if noticing my attention said, "hey, a little privacy man!"

"Sorry, cramped quarters here, didn't mean to offend," I answered.

He came over to me, his cock still moist with urine and pulled himself up onto his bunk his cock so close to my face, and yet so far.

"Hey man, tomorrow, mind if I ride during the run, that nearly winded me," he said.

"Nah, but you owe me," I said glibly.

"Sure man," he said and then fell into a deep sleep.

I envy the ease with which John falls asleep, unless I collapse like I did that night, it can take me hours to get to sleep, plus I was all aroused from seeing John naked. I put Shakespeare away in the dresser and then jerked off in bed and then finally fell back to sleep probably around 0130.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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2 Reformatory 2

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

These are the recollections of my time working with my boyfriend John at a state reform boot camp for prisoners.

Day Two

The phone rang at 0448, an escapee, the camp was at lockdown, prisoners were to be kept on their beds and one guard from each wing was to assist with the search.

I shook John gently and he woke up. After I explained the situation to him, he offered to search if I would stay. I shook my head and pointed out that I would be dressed and out the door faster than him. He staggered awake and slammed his head on the ceiling and then laid back down.

I showered and shaved quickly and then got into my uniform, and headed out into the cold morning air to find Watkins from A-Wing. The search was less than orderly and I bumped into Michael who was one of the guards from A-Wing. I decided to go with him down towards the south end of camp and the obstacle course. As we headed that way at a moderate pace, he explained that even if they caught Watkins he and Brian were sure to get a few lashes from the warden in private. I asked how Watkins escaped and he explained that the kid managed to get out through a hole he had cut in the wooden floor and then just crawled out from under the wings which were built on cement stilts.

As we reached the obstacle course I noticed a small figure in the distance trying to scale the fence. "WATKINS," I shouted.

The figure turned and then tried to scale the fence faster. The top was electrified and had barbed wire, I didn't see how the kid was going to make it.

We ran towards the fence and with my baton I was able to grab his leg. "Don't make this worse for yourself Watkins," Michael exclaimed.

"FUCK man," Watkins cursed as he kept struggling towards the top of the fence. With

some more effort we managed to pull him down without knocking him flat onto his back and cracking his skull open. The kid kept cursing at us and Michael went to start beating him with a baton, but I stopped him and pointed out that Watkins would be getting plenty of Tender Loving Care in solitary for two weeks. Michael kicked Watkins and said, "Don't think this is over, you've caused me a lot of trouble." Michael then wandered off to announce our find, and I took Watkins in cuffs to the solitary building.

While there, I stopped in on Greenberg. On his body, a second set of lash marks was visible that were fresher and somewhat more severe than the others. "You ok man," I asked.

"What do you think fucker," he said.

I slapped him violently across the face and said, "you have four answers prisoner, use one of them."

"Sorry, sir," he answered followed by, "No, Sir."

"They treating you too rough," I asked.

"Yes sir," he said.

"I'll talk to them, but you know for drugs you could end up back in prison for 10 to 20 years given the quantity you had, so I suggest you not complain too much about the discipline you are getting here," I said.

He didn't respond but just curled up in a fetal position on the small mat. I left and mentioned to the guards that Watkins needed more attention than Greenberg, they smiled and nodded at me. Then I headed back to L-Wing.

It was already 0700 and John had bent the rules slightly because the prisoners beds were made and all were in uniform and doing exercises inside the Wing. I suppose it was better that way since it kept them occupied.

John came over and explained that inspection was finished and told me how Brown and Powell had earned themselves bare assed paddlings in front of their fellow prisoners for not making their beds properly. I smiled at him and then explained how we found Watkins.

The prisoners lined up and we headed to the mess hall for morning breakfast. John stood over them today slapping them liberally for reaching across the table and other things. I went and sat down at the guard's table, Brian was there and said that Michael and he had already been strapped 50 times by the warden. The other guards seemed unsympathetic having all been roused before dawn to search for someone he should have been guarding. I mostly agreed with that sentiment, but I still felt sorry for them. Both Brian and Michael were midway through their first round here at camp and I could imagine John and myself in the same situation.

Classes

The prisoners in L-Wing were marched to the classroom building for 3 hours of instruction in reading and basic math. John and I left them in the capable hands and even more painful tawses of the instructors.

John and I headed back to our quarters to catch a bit more sleep. Once in a while John or I would stay and observe the classes. Typically the kids were barely able to read or do math. The instructors worked with each prisoner for about 30 minutes, 15 on reading and 15 on math. The rest of the time the prisoners were expected to do assignments and study. Prisoners who talked back got violent slaps of the tawse on their arms. Prisoners who didn't do an assignment were punished similarly.

Most kids left the camp at least functionally literate if not close to the eighth grade level. The strict discipline clearly had some effect on their willingness to sit still and learn.

I remember that particular classroom instruction period rather clearly because John caught me masturbating. What happened was that I headed back to our quarters and shut the door while he went to familiarize himself with the camp layout. After laying on my back for a few minutes, I realized how horny I felt and pulled my cock out of my uniform pants and began stroking my man tool as I lay on the bed thinking about my commander in the Army.

As I thought of all the hot desert nights when we pressed our bodies against one another and fucked and sucked, I got more and more aroused. Suddenly, John came into the room without warning and caught me with my hand wrapped firmly around my manhood.

"Horny aren't you," he said matter of factly.

I blushed somewhat and said, "yes." I then started to put my cock away, but John stopped me.

"Don't bother putting it away on my account, you seemed to be enjoying yourself, besides, I was a prick last night about the privacy thing, we are on top of each other in here, if you need to masturbate, go to it," he said.

"Nah," I said, "I can save it till my evening out."

John snorted and then laughed heartily. Finally he spoke, "where do you think you will go on your nights out?"

"City man, the bars, just like leave in the service," I said.

"You are naive, we are two hours from everything not counting the trudge to your car, ask the other guards, on the nights out maybe they hit the small pub 10 miles down the road," John said.

"Ok, so let's deal with this privacy thing now," I said.

"What's to deal with, we live together, we go to the bathroom when we need to, we masturbate when we need to, and so on, no big deal," he said.

My eyes rolled up into my head. I then pointed out, "yeah, but I mean we have no privacy,

and I mean, its not that I mind men around me naked, I served for five years, but I feel very on top of you.”

John just smiled and said, “we’ll manage, why don’t you get back to masturbating, I need to call some union reps about getting disability, I hate being this far from the city.” John proceeded to do just that, but I just lay their, my cock flaccid and exposed. Listening to his voice, I finally closed my eyes and caught some nap time. John woke me up around 1200 hours and my cock was still hanging out.

I felt kind of certain he had been watching me as I slept, but I didn’t mention it. I took a piss then drank some water and we headed out to pick up L-Wing for lunch followed by a 5 mile run and the obstacle course.

Lunch

After classes, the prisoners had lunch at around 1200 hours. I made a habit of making them do two or so laps around the main grounds before lunch to get any pent up energy out of them. Then we would head to the mess hall for lunch. I would monitor lunch and following John’s example, slapped prisoners who didn’t follow proper table manners and all in all just kept them in check with fear, exhaustion, and liberal doses of pain and humiliation.

Bryant tried to smuggle a knife out of the mess hall, I let him get it out of the hall and then as soon as we were on the green, I pushed him to the ground and had John perform a full body cavity search until the knife was located. Searching his rectum was in this case superfluous to finding the knife, but watching his utter humiliation as John’s large hand probed inside his rectum and the fear response in the other prisoner’s was quite satisfying.

I informed the squad that everyone would do an extra mile for Bryant’s little stunt and decided not to punish him further.

Run

Powell had difficulty completing the run even at the slow pace of the group and collapsed twice. Both times, I caught John spanking the young man violently to encourage him to keep up. I was surprised that John seemed to be devoting so much attention to Powell. When I thought on it further as we trotted, run really isn’t a fair word to describe the pitifully slow pace we had, I realized that he was singling Powell out and I resolved to find out why.

After the end of the 6-miles, all of the prisoners were near exhaustion. I let them drink some water and then we did push ups, sit ups and squat thrusts till I was convinced they were all at the brink of collapse.

Shower

John and I left the prisoners unsupervised during the shower that afternoon. Bryant's black eye was immediately noticeable when we lined them up for dinner. When asked about it, he said he slipped and banged his face. Neither John nor I pursued it.

Later that night, I overheard Brown bragging about having forced a bar of soap up Bryant's ass and I wondered if that was the only thing that went there.

During inspection, I made Powell respect the floor for unsatisfactory cleaning of his nails and allowed John to administer the punishment. Jenkins, Johnson and Brown also got similar treatment for unsatisfactory grooming. I punished Brown with a riding crop and had him crying after just five lashes on his already sore buttocks. He then quickly went back to the showers and cleaned himself up.

Getting Jenkins to cry took longer, the crop marks did not become visible as quickly on his dark black skin, but when I finished two bright red spots were visible and he was pleading for the punishment to stop.

John handled Powell and Johnson, but I noticed Powell was paddled more gently and was treated in a much more sexual manner.

Dinner

John took the prisoners to dinner while I detoured past the solitary facility to check on Greenberg. I watched in amazement as Watkins was lashed by one of the larger guards about 50 times with a thick bull whip. His skin did not break though and the prisoner screamed and cried with all his might.

Greenberg had been left unperturbed for most of the afternoon and asked if he might get out early. I shook my head and then thinking on it further, asked him to lick my boots clean. He complied eagerly and as he did I swatted his body firmly with my riding crop. After he finished, I shoved him back in the cell and said, "if you behave on my visits, we might get you out early." He smiled eagerly and lay back down on the mat.

I headed over to the mess hall and grabbed some grub while chatting with the other guards. Out of my eye, I noticed John giving Powell another paddling bent over the table. Most of the dining room noticed the display and Powell was crying when it finished, mostly I think from embarrassment.

Night

Back in the Wing, things were quiet after dinner, each of us took a one hour shift during the reading time and I once again helped Bryant with his reading. After about 10 minutes he fell into my chest crying and sobbing about how he was a good boy and wouldn't get into trouble again. I held him for a bit and then reminded him that he was here because he

had assaulted an old woman outside a bank. He shrugged as if unashamed of his conduct and pleaded with me to let him go home promising he would be good. The others obviously overheard this, but none dared to say a word, all pretended to keep reading.

When my shift ended, I left him still crying and still pleading softly. During John's shift I heard the sound of a paddle and peering in I saw him working Powell's butt a dark shade of crimson. As he finished he loudly barked, "this is quiet time unless any of you like a paddle beating your ass instead."

After light's out, we decided to watch the room from the mirror in the ante-chamber and sat talking. Both of us sat on my bed. I was leaning against the wall and watching through the mirror as John faced me.

"Hey, I wanted to thank you for flunking Powell on inspection," he said.

I responded, "he was unsatisfactory, I didn't do it for you."

"Yeah, but you could have let it slide," John responded.

"What is it with him anyhow," I asked.

John smiled and said, "he's a punk and he is hot, I was thinking of dragging him in here in a bit for some fun and to teach him his place."

I shrugged and asked, "What sort of fun?"

"Look, sometimes you've got a prisoner you find to be fun to play with like this Powell kid he was such a goodie too shoes before he got here, now I want him to know he is mine," John said.

"So, what are you going to do," I asked.

"Fuck him of course," John said.

"Why," I asked.

"Because I like smooth virgin butt and once they're fucked like that they never are quite as cocky again and if you fuck them night after night like I did with some of them you can really put them in their place," John said.

Somewhat shocked but also curious of how this handsome hunk would be with a man, I suggested that he fetch Powell and show me how one puts the prisoners in their place. Greenberg I thought might need just such a lesson.

A minute later and John and a screaming 23 year old was in our quarters, the latter chained to the rail. After a few more minutes on patrol in the Wing and a couple of loud thwacks with the baton to push prisoners back into their beds, all was quiet in the Wing again.

John had Powell kneel on all fours and then cuffed him to a leg of the desk. Sniveling like a dog, Powell begged us not to punish him and pleaded that he was in bed sleeping not making noise. John smiled and stuffed a sock in his mouth. Tears streamed down the prisoner's face and lubricant was smeared around his fuckhole and then John, my gorgeous co-worker stripped naked and kneeled. Spitting on his hand and lubing his cock slightly

he then rammed it unceremoniously into Powell's tight virgin fuckhole. Even through the gagged mouth you could hear muffled screams. I watched John in amazement marveling at his talented cock ramming the small young man violently. When his head leaned back in ecstasy and he achieved orgasm, I felt certain he was gay also. I mean, I know plenty of guys in the army who had sex with me but who weren't gay. I could generally tell because they used dirty language to refer to me or treated me like a woman, but John never spoke negatively to Powell and I noticed him stroking the younger man's cock as he fucked the boy to help him derive some pleasure from the rape.

After he finished he uncuffed the crying boy and whispered something that seemed threatening into the boy's ear and sent him back to the Wing to get some shut eye.

Rape

John came back in and asked me why I didn't partake. I just stammered for a bit and he started, "look the kids will do it to each other, I mean you think they didn't rape Bryant for fucking up?"

I shrugged.

"Get with it man, this is a prison, things happen and you might as well make sure you are in charge of it," John told me as if lecturing to a young child. He continued, "Powell may be feeling awfully humiliated and embarrassed but he paid me all the money he had for the privilege of being my fuck toy."

My shock must have shown on my face.

"He knew that as a soft white boy with smooth features he'd be getting gang banged in the shower by everyone, if he's mine though nobody will touch him," John explained.

"So this is common," I asked.

"Yeah man, at least among the softer less hardened criminals who plan on getting out without being bruised up," John said.

I asked, "but why have you been paddling him and why did you treat him so rough?"

John answered laughing, "I'm entitled to my fun."

The answer disgusted me and I lay down to go to sleep and ignore him.

In the morning before breakfast, I stopped by solitary to visit Greenberg. The guards were flogging Watkins again and he was hoarse and all that could be heard was the sound of lash after lash against his body.

I cuffed Greenberg's hands behind his back and then tied his jump suit around his legs binding him tightly. To the sound of Watkins being punished, I proceeded to fuck the young prisoner as he cried and begged me to stop. I waited until my hard cock delivered a thick juicy load of cum inside him to stop and then left him bound and naked with cum trickling out to contemplate the next few weeks. As I slammed the door to solitary, I saw him collapse

crying on the mat.

One of the solitary guards stopped me and asked how his ass was, I suggested that everyone check it out. They dropped their whips and left Watkins alone and I heard Greenberg calling my name for me to take him back to L-Wing and how we would be good.

Guess I learned a lot from John about how to treat prisoners.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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3 Reformatory 2

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

These are the recollections of my time working with my boyfriend John at a state reform boot camp for prisoners.

Brown Yellow

The caption I use for this entry describes rather simply the turning point in Prisoner Brown's cocky attitude. The incidents I'm about to recount occurred on the fifth day of that first boot camp session and once we finished with Brown that afternoon and evening, he was quite the model prisoner for the rest of the camp.

Brown's mistake was to leave the path during the run to try to take a piss. John caught him and dragged him, orange prison jumpsuit still open in front back in front of the halted company. John came over and conferred with me briefly and we agreed on a rather satisfying and humiliating punishment from our macho gang leader.

John ripped the jump suit off the prisoner's body and ordered Brown to lay flat on the dirt trail. "Roll over prisoner," he then ordered. Brown's face came into view, his cock shriveled in fear, his body shaking slightly.

John cuffed the prisoner's hands over his head and then tied the prisoner's feet together with the tattered remains of the jump suit.

"Listen up good, when we are on a run, nobody leaves the trail, nobody stops, and nobody gets to lay around taking a leisurely piss," John announced while positioning his shoe squarely on Brown's testicles. The prisoner began to gasp in pain, but was unable to do much other than plea for help. The other prisoners did not move.

"I'll give each of you prisoners a choice," I started as John continued to torture the prisoner's testicles by grinding his shoe firmly into Brown's groin.

"Either piss directly into prisoner Brown's mouth or get a double length run plus 30 strokes with my strap," I finished.

The prisoners looked aghast at the choice. They all knew Brown could hurt them, he had done enough bragging about being a gang leader over the past days that the other prisoners were scared, the three who lived in his territory looked even more terrified. I started with Johnson who on the first day had joined Brown in a little protest.

“Johnson, step forward,” I ordered.

“SIR,” he responded.

“Well,” I said while slapping my razor strap in my hand, “which is it going to be?”

“STRAP sir,” he responded meekly.

Before he could even draw in a breath or reconsider I grabbed him and pulled him out of the uniform and shoved his naked body on top of Brown’s and then began to land violent blows of my razor strap all over his defenseless body. I purposefully exceeded my stated threat of 30 straps by a good 40 or so and as deep red welt marks appeared on his back, buttocks and thighs, I could sense the mood among the group change, piss in mouth would become the choice.

When I finished, I lifted Johnson’s sore body off Brown and repeated my question, “Piss or run prisoner?”

“Piss, SIR,” he quietly whispered.

I made him kneel so his cock was inches from Brown’s mouth and held him there till a torrent of piss was unleashed from his shaking and bruised body onto Brown’s face. As prisoner brown tried to move his head to avoid piss getting into his mouth, John reapplied pressure to the prisoner’s testicles violently and I stepped on his arms to prevent them from being used to block the torrent of urine. I watched him howl in pain from the pressure of my boots and his horror as Johnson’s piss entered his mouth.

As Johnson finished, Michael and Brian approached with their prisoners and I invited them to stay and provide Johnson adequate liquid sustenance. Michael quickly agreed and we lined up L-Wing and A-Wing to provide a constant stream of piss for Brown’s mouth. No prisoner other than Johnson had to be strapped to perform his duty.

When Brian took his turn, he inserted a plastic gag that held the prisoner’s mouth open and then inserted his cock directly into the prisoner’s mouth to deliver a warm stream of piss. John, Michael and I all followed suit depositing huge loads of urine into Brown’s mouth. Since he was flat on his back, the urine either went down his throat or flowed out of his mouth and trickled down his face.

The sum total of some 30 people urinating in him had taken its toll though. His face was soaking wet and you could see much of the will to fight had gone out of him.

John and Brian then rolled prisoner Brown over covering him in the brown dirt that made up the path, the dirt stuck to his face and chest which were all wet. Brown and the rest of the boys were then forced to finish the run.

Gang Rape

Brian and I took Brown back to L-Wing and cuffed him to the floor in the shower area. Brian tied a blindfold around the prisoner's eyes and we left the area for a few minutes. Brian stepped out of his uniform in front of me and I could see lash marks, still fresh, from his encounter with the warden over the Watkins escape.

I felt Brian's back curiously, the homoeroticism was evident, and Brian turned and faced me looking up towards me tenderly. The moment passed quickly and he headed back into the shower area and forced his cock into Brown's mouth violently. Grabbing Brown's head violently by the hair, Brian raped Brown's mouth viciously and then once his cock stiffened, Brian proceeded to rape Brown viciously, ramming his cock into the prisoner's exposed ass ignoring the chained prisoner's pleas to let him be.

When Brian finished, ejaculating into the chained prisoner's ass, he turned to me and smiled. "Leave him here for the boys," Brian said and walked out past me, still naked.

"Please SIR, I'm begging you," Brown pleaded.

I walked out, Brown still begging.

"Please, anything, you can treat me like Powell... anything...," Brown kept begging.

I went to the front of L-Wing and sat with Brian till the prisoners came back. He took his time getting dressed, but neither of us did anything with the other.

As the guys arrived, I sent Brian out to head back to A-Wing, John and I sent the boys into the showers en masse. Brown's screams for mercy were quite distinct through L-Wing, but neither John nor I did anything to stop it. We did however watch it once things had gotten intense. Seven of the prisoners were on the chained gang leader, his attempts to struggle free were fruitless and barely a second passed after one cock left his mouth and another replaced it. Same went for the boy's fuckhole.

Only once the other prisoners' anger at being taken on a double length run and being forced to urinate in Brown's mouth at our command had passed, did the violent rape of the gang leader stop. His fuckhole was loose and sore. John and I hauled him to our quarters in the Wing. He was sobbing and his voice was all but inaudible. I stood him in the shower, cleaned him up and then sent him back to the Wing to get some sleep.

Evaluation

As we were finishing up with Brown, the phone rang, it was the warden's assistant, John and I were due for our first evaluations. We were to come over, me before dinner, John, immediately after. I had heard about the evaluations from the other guards, mostly they involved the warden spanking your butt for this or that thing he felt you hadn't done well with the prisoners.

I was first. In the outer office I could hear the sound of a paddle striking another guard's

butt through the wooden door. The assistant had me remove all my clothes and then put latex gloves on and lubed my fuckhole up. I was surprised how cold the KY was and he clearly pleased himself a bit at my expense, thrusting his gloved fingers in and out till an entire tube of KY was lubing me up. I said nothing despite my humiliation and in fact, my cock got rather aroused at the assistant's mostly tender treatment.

As the paddling ended in the other room, a guard's sobbing became distinct. The assistant stopped fingering my ass and told me I should be happy, I was about to get the first favorable review of any guard in the history of the camp. The door opened and Brian stepped out naked, tears were still streaming down his face and he was sobbing. The warden was still holding a paddle in his hand and he administered a final slap on Brian's buttocks violently right in front of me, Brian sobbed louder and then turned to face the warden. As he completed his turn, his buttocks which were now a deep dark shade of crimson were visible to me. Facing the warden Brian said, "I promise to do better Sir."

The warden said nothing in return and the assistant led Brian away from the door to get his clothing. The warden just wandered back into his office and when the assistant brought me in, the warden was looking out the window casually. The assistant positioned me over the desk, as if for discipline. My feet were placed at the center and I was bent over the desk and the assistant told me to keep my hands on the desk at all times and then left.

A while passed before anything happened then he said, "Well done soldier, the army taught you well." As he finished speaking the warden thrust his cock inside me and began fucking me like a raging bull. His cock penetrated me fully and he fucked me like a jack hammer withdrawing only once he had shot a warm load of cum into the condom which sheathed his swordlike cock. He finished as quickly as he started and stood me up and walked me out like he had Brian. Nobody was waiting though and I just had to get dressed again in front of the assistant.

Before I left the warden's office, the assistant confided in me that he knew John was going to get caned 30 strokes for what the warden perceived as an unwillingness to use corporal punishment methods as opposed to plain brutality. I nodded politely and left.

Dinner

At dinner, John took the floor and embarrassed Powell again with another bare ass spanking in front of all the prisoners for a minor infraction. I stared out and admired the shaved heads and the orange jumpsuit uniforms worn by the prisoners, to my left Brian was still in pain from the paddling and not sitting comfortably. He didn't ask me about my evaluation and I didn't raise the subject of his. Most of the guards I noticed were all sitting somewhat uneasily and I looked at John's beautiful body and wondered how his ass would look after thirty violent strokes of the cane.

As dinner ended, Brian asked if I wanted to go to town with him tomorrow during my off period and I agreed. We parted and I took L-Wing back to the barracks for bedtime study period.

Studies

As I sat with Bryant helping him read my mind raced thinking about John's hot body and I'm pretty certain that my cock was fairly hard through the uniform. Despite the fact that John had the first evaluation after dinner, he didn't come back during the study period and I put the wing to sleep and headed to our shared private area to wait.

Marked

He returned at eleven, hours after the caning must have ended and tears were still somewhat visible on his face. I stood up as he came in and he tried to avoid my eyes. I shut the door to the Wing so we could have privacy and I walked closer to him.

He turned away in shame.

I pushed myself behind him let my hardened cock rest against his sore buttocks. If he was offended, he didn't move, and slowly I turned him to face me and with a finger wiped the last tears off his face. My lips reached up towards his and surprisingly I felt his mouth open as we kissed passionately.

My hands probed his muscular chest through his shirt at first and then I lifted his shirt and felt his hairless body thoroughly while our mouths remained locked and our tongues probed one another's mouths. He took his shirt off while continuing to kiss me and then proceeded to strip me naked all the while we kept kissing. Then his pants came down and the soreness of his ass would soon be visible. I slide his briefs to the floor and felt the deep marks left by the warden's thorough job with the cane. John felt my hairy, but unblemished ass and stopped kissing me and asked, "He fucked you didn't he?"

"Yeah, thoroughly," I responded.

John laughed and smiled at me. I pulled him closer to me and then shoved him onto the bed face down. What happened next may surprise you, but it is the god's honest truth. I raised my hand high up in the air and brought it down firmly on his already sore buttocks, he yelped softly. "John if you had been following my lead your ass wouldn't look like this," I said as I slapped his ass a second time harder yet. Tears returned to his eyes and he began sobbing.

I took a paddle normally reserved for use on the prisoners of L-Wing and began applying it firmly without remorse to John's already blistered ass. "From now on John, I'm in charge," I exclaimed and I punctuated the remark with an incredibly violent blow to his buttocks. Through his sobbing, I could make out a faint, "Yes, sir." I slapped his ass again and ordered him to speak up. "Yes, sir," he said clearly. I continued to strike his buttocks with the paddle till each cheek was ash gray and I was certain that it would hurt him to sit down for well more than the day of pain the warden had supplied.

I pulled John up to face me and while he was still sobbing he kissed me and then took my rock hard cock in his mouth and began sucking it. That night John explained to me

that his partner had been his lover. Over time, I've surmised that their relationship was one of sexual submission by John to the older man's needs and desires and that although corporal punishment was not a part of that relationship, John needed and continues to need a dominant male figure to serve sexually.

His play with Powell pretty much stopped after that night too, I noticed. It was as if his desire for sexual dominance over another was merely a reflection of his own need to be dominated. Most nights after the Wing was asleep, an astute listener might have discerned the noise from the door to our quarters shutting and the sound of a paddle or cane striking John's tender buttocks repeatedly accompanied by his soft sobs and followed later by his orgasms after my huge man tool fucked him long and deep.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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