

## JOURNEY INTO NIGHT – CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

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Previously...

“Get back to your sty, pig! You know the way...!” i heard him and the other guards sniggering as i walked back towards the cell block. My balls were still throbbing, my mouth still tasted of shit and my asshole was leaking shit and spunk as i made my way back to the cell block in the evening twilight, to await god only knew how much more abuse at the hands of these men, guards and prisoners alike...

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I walked slowly through the so-called “exercise” yard, naked and handcuffed with my tits ringed and chained, my cock ringed and locked to the ring in my navel, trying to stop my battered balls banging on my legs as I walked... i shuddered as i passed the whipping-post, remembering all the men, my fellow prisoners, who had been tied to it naked with their hands above their heads and flogged without mercy till they screamed through the leather gag that had been shoved in their mouths and secured with rope behind their necks...

I approached the jail block entrance door: it was closed and i could not knock, with my hands cuffed behind me, so i just stood at the side of the door with my face dutifully facing the wall, at attention, waiting for a guard to come out and throw me back in my cell. After a while, the door opened and several guards came out: I did not look at them, but kept facing the wall, as I knew I should. They paid no attention to me, but just kept on walking, chatting and joking between themselves. Of course, they knew why I had been let out of the cell and taken to the guardroom (to do toilet duty), but there was no escape from this place, and they knew that eventually one of the other guards would throw me back in the cell...

By now my bladder was bursting and I couldn't hold it any longer... since my cock was locked to the ring in my navel, I could only piss over my belly and chest as it spurted upwards, only to run down again over my crotch and bollocks, dribbling down the inside of my legs. Some more of the guard's spunk leaked out of my hole again, in spite of my attempts to hold it back. But I no longer had control of my hole any more: I was nothing more than a prison pig...

My thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the new guards coming on night duty. As they came near me, one of them hit my abused ass with his stick, laughing and ordering me inside. He stood aside, ushering me in with mock politeness... then he kicked my backside so hard I stumbled forward, only brought to a halt by the sergeant's desk, over which I ended up bent over. As I attempted to stand up again, i felt the guard's hand push down on my neck, so that i was bent over again. He kicked my legs apart as i heard him unfasten his belt and pull down his uniform trousers over his fat ass. i heard him spit on his no doubt filthy cock and then i felt him shove it up my hole hard. Luckily, there was a bit of spunk left from my previous fucking to lube my shit chute a bit... But this guy's cock was much bigger than the previous guard's, and i could only groan as my hole was stretched to breaking point. My groaning seemed to excite him further, and his

thrusting grew more urgent and violent, plunging into me deeper and deeper and stretching my hole impossibly wide. Finally, he squirted his man-juice deep into my guts, shuddering on top of me briefly. Then he roughly pulled his huge weapon out of me, threw me to my knees and made me suck and lick the filthy thing clean. I could feel his spunk leaking out of my hole and tried to squeeze it shut, but his weapon had stretched me so far it was impossible. Fortunately, the solution was simple: after he was satisfied i had done a good job, he pulled me to my feet by the chain through my tits, bent me over the table again and produced a but plug - it wasn't my usual one, but a bigger one - which, when i saw out of the corner of my eye, i didn't believe would ever go in... but his determined pushing (totally ignoring my groans) and the slime and shit already in there did their work. Once it was in, he simply padlocked a chain through the ring in the end of the plug, up my crack up to and around the chain round my waist (which went through my navel ring), pulling it back down again so that the two ends of the chain hung between my legs. It was a matter of seconds before he turned me over, pulled up the two loose ends of the chain either side of my imprisoned cock and locked them to my waist chain.

One of the other guards starting whispering to my fucker, causing them both to snigger and laugh... I was feeling scared, not knowing what other degradation they had in store for me, but I soon found out...

They went and hauled out one of the prisoners from the cell: he was a smallish guy and had been plugged the same way as i was. They dragged him over to the desk, bent him over it, unlocked the chain securing his plug in place, and pulled it out roughly, causing the man to yelp (which only made them laugh more).

I was once more forced to my knees and my face was shoved into the prisoner's backside, now streaked with shit because the plug had been pulled out so roughly.

“You! Pig! Clean him up!”

The stink of his shitty ass was foul, as were the farts he let go when my tongue probed his hole for cleaning duty. Then the guard pulled my face away from the prisoner's ass and shoved the plug that had been up inside that shitter into my mouth, pushing as far in as he could. Fortunately, it was smaller than mine (since the prisoner was a short guy), but still, it nearly choked me. The prisoner's shit was all over it - God only knows how long it had been up there - and now it was dissolving in my spit and trickling down my throat (with my tongue pressed down by the plug I could barely swallow). The guard then wound a leather belt round my head twice, fastening it and holding the shitty plug securely in place...

I was bristling with metal, my mouth was gagged with a shitty plug and my shithole was now well and truly plugged with an impossibly big plug. It felt very heavy in my ass as he pushed me towards the outside door again, but the chains meant it would only come out when the guards bothered to unlock it – certainly not for my comfort, but just because they wanted to fuck me, or watch me being fucked by the other prisoners.

I wondered why i was being shoved outside again, but since my mouth was gagged with “shorty's” butt plug i was not in a position to ask (not that I had any right to, anyway). The guard stood me once more at the side of the door, facing the wall, ordering me to stand to attention. Then he went inside, leaving me alone – naked, fucked, plugged and gagged, with my hands still cuffed behind me.

I looked down at my ringed and chained nipples, cock and navel and thought: if any of the guards was really pissed off with me, he could yank on the chains and rip the rings out of my tits, cock and navel if he wanted to. I was so completely vulnerable and helpless, all I could do was obey and please every single one of the men in this hideous place, prisoner or guard.

As I contemplated my miserable situation, I heard the sounds of several vehicles drawing up to the prison gates, which opened to allow them in. Facing the wall, I could not see who had arrived, but I soon found out...

From the conversations going on behind my back I could tell it was someone important, together with the sounds of a woman's voice and some teenagers. I shivered in embarrassment that I was standing there, naked and cuffed with my shithole plugged, totally exposed... I learned later that it was the mayor of some local village, his wife and two teenage sons on an official visit to the prison.

At a certain point, I was ordered to turn round, which embarrassed me even more, since they would all see my chained tits and cock... but I had of course no choice, and instantly obeyed, to avoid further punishment. I turned to see that indeed the party consisted of the mayor, his wife and two teenage boys, aged about fifteen I guessed. They stared a bit uncomfortably at me, the boys especially intensely. I quickly looked down to avoid eye contact, as a prison pig should. The guard casually explained that this prisoner had been selected for "special" treatment, to which the mayor replied that he was glad to see that discipline was being rigorously enforced here, with no nonsense about leniency. The mayor's wife was more specific: she wanted to *see* discipline being meted out, if possible. The guard replied that of course this could be easily arranged. The mayor's sons sniggered at the prospect...

As I stood listening to their chatting, I could feel spunk leaking out of my hole round the plug and starting to dribble down between my legs to the underside of my ball sack. I hoped they would not come too close to me, because my face surely stank of shit and my body of sweat and piss. I amazed myself that I could care about these people's feelings, while they were talking so casually about wanting to see a prisoner being punished, but I continued to stand to attention as instructed, with my ringed nipples thrust out proudly and my cock pulled up vertically and locked to my navel, totally exposed to the gaze of the official party...

Finally, they went inside. After they had all gone in, the final guard ordered me to turn round and face the wall again, smiling and telling me in a low voice that I was "going to get it..."

I would have asked why, but of course, with "Shorty's" butt plug jammed into my mouth I was in no position to speak, even if I dared to ask (which in itself would have resulted in a beating). The guard smacked my ass with his big hand and entered the prison, closing the door behind him. As I stood there, I shivered in anticipation of what they would do to me to "entertain" the mayor, his wife and teenage sons - it would at the very least be a caning on my already battered buttocks, but it might even be a full flogging here in the yard, at the whipping post which stood so menacingly in the middle of it. Being punished in front of the guards and the other prisoners was one thing, but being so degraded in front of "respectable" people like this was something else - I had never known such humiliation... I had reached new depths of degradation... the last vestiges of my pride and self-respect would now be taken away from me...

I heard another car enter the prison gates, though of course i dared not look round. I heard a door opening... footsteps in the dusty gravel... then a hand on my shoulder... it was the Inspector. Again, I did not turn round, but remained at attention facing the wall, with my mouth and asshole still plugged...

“The Mayor and his family are here on an official visit...” he said softly behind me, stroking my buttocks...

“They want to see... everything...” this last word he almost whispered.

“... and that includes punishment...”

I half knew what he was going to say, but I dreaded it nevertheless...

“... I want you flogged, as a demonstration of how I run things here!”

My heart sank – how could I take even more punishment than I had already endured? ‘My’ Inspector could degrade me, fuck me, make me his toilet... this I would gladly take, but to be flogged in front of the Mayor, his wife and two sons till I screamed like a stuck pig through my gag... I began to cry softly though only soft groans came out of my mouth, gagged as it was with the butt plug that had been up “Shorty’s” shithole.

“I want this,” the Inspector said softly...

“... because you gave yourself to me, to this life... and I want *you*,” he said. This last statement pierced me like a bullet: it was the first time he had ever expressed any feeling about me! My heart was pounding...

“We have been very cruel to you, and the more they do to you, the more I want you... The more the other prisoners and guards degrade you and do unspeakable things to you, the more I want them to... and the more I want you ... Do you understand?”

I nodded, still facing the wall dutifully. This ‘tenderness’ on his part just brought more tears to my eyes... and it was then that i knew i loved him.

“So, I will have you flogged severely in front of the official party... and when they have gone, I will fuck you harder than ever before, because seeing you suffer makes me want to fill you with my seed. I hate you because you make me want you! I fuck the other prisoners, but they are just dogs... *you* are different: there is something about you that I desire more than anything, and yet I hate you for it. That is why I want to have you punished so much. When they crucified you, I wished you would die... and if you had died, no-one would care. Yet I let you live, because I *need* you... for the rest of your life, I will be your worst nightmare, but I know you *love* me for this. I *know* ...” he said softly.

Of course, it was true, how could I deny it? My own cock betrayed me (I could not hide it, since I was permanently naked). The devil in the Inspector’s heart had claimed me for his own. If the Inspector had been Satan himself, i would still have surrendered to him...

“So,” he continued, “are you ready to suffer for me?”

In tears, I nodded slowly, knowing how viciously the whip would cut into my back, buttocks and legs... knowing that the Mayor, his wife and two sons would be watching as i screamed and struggled at the whipping-post... but i had yielded up my soul to this man... and my sufferings would please him and make him want me more. i would be *proud* to suffer for him... The Inspector abruptly opened the door and went in, leaving me alone, facing the wall once more.