

Animals

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: A reeducation center technician tells six new inmates what to expect.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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So, you six punks are my latest batch, huh?

By now you've met the guards. You've felt what their shock-sticks can do. Hurts like hell, right? So line up, listen up, and zip your lips, unless you want to hurt some more. I mean it--not a word outta any of you.

Lemme guess: You wanna know what's gonna happen to you next, right? Well, first off, this here's a reeducation facility, punks. To us you ain't a bunch of sterling young men; you're not even men at all. You're animals. That's why you're here, 'cause you fucked up one time too many and now the law wants you reeducated and reformed, 'cause you're damn animals! So take a good look at these pods, 'cause this is where your reeducation starts.

You wanna know why I like Tuesdays? Tuesdays are always check-in days, the day we get a fresh batch of animals sent to us, and I get to go my civic duty by startin' them off on the road to rehabilitation, being productive members of society, and all that bull-crap. This facility specializes in punks just like you, ages eighteen to twenty-two. Guys who're younger get their asses sent to a different place that's more hand-holdy and social worky. Guys who're older are more hardened cases, and they gotta be sent somewhere for more ...

forceful methods. But for guys your age? Reeducation works great because your minds and personalities are already in flux; who you are is already in the process of becomin' who you'll be, so we just have to adjust some parts, rewrite 'em, and correct 'em the way the law wants. But spare me the damn bleedin'-heart bullshit: Nobody made a mistake, and every damn one of you is here because in the eyes of the law you deserve to be here. Sure, once in a while, we'll get somebody who's been railroaded for a small-time offense, or because his family is tired of dealin' with his gamblin' addiction or drug use or whorin' around town; but, rare exceptions aside, the punks who get their asses hauled through our doors have fucked up with the law, just like the six of you. You name it--robbin', muggin', rape--no one wants to think about some nice college jock or fraternity brother bein' a rapist, right?--Yeah, that's the kind of animals we get. An' that's the way we gotta treat you--like animals!

Oh, shut your yap. If I say you're animals, you're animals. Boo-hoo, the guards confiscated your clothes the moment they brought you through the gates and they've made you haul your asses around stark-naked ever since. That's been--what?--a couple of hours? I heard you all bitchin' like that's some big hardship. I don't wanna hear that crap outta you. If you think bein' hauled into the showers and hosed down with soap and de-lousin' chemicals and what-not is the worst thing that's gonna happen to you here today, you better guess again. In a minute, these orderlies here are gonna drag your asses into the next room and give you all enemas--clean out your bowels real good--because you're gonna be in these pods nonstop for the next six days or so, and we don't want you gettin' shit in the pods if we can help it. Ain't no stops in the processin' for bathroom breaks. The all-liquid diet you been enjoyin' for the last few days while coolin' your heels in jail and waitin' for transport here?--That only goes so far toward makin' you animals shit-free.

Anyway, Tuesday's check-in day--sometimes just the first Tuesday of the month, sometimes more often, dependin' on how many punks like you are due. We get them from all over the place; some come in a busload from the city, and others get a private ride in a sheriff's van. Once the paperwork's outta the way, we strip 'em and hose 'em down, just like we did to you. Then we do a quick physical check--yeah, I know you all had a full physical before gettin' packed up and sent here, but we gotta do a recheck to confirm you're healthy enough to go through the process, just in case--and then we snap a bracer on their arms. That sound like what's happened to you fuck-heads so far? Yeah. Then we haul 'em into the reeducation rooms like this one, and that's when we start breakin' them down and reeducatin' 'em. And by "them," I mean you. There's six pods to a room, so we got you broke out in groups of six. The other guys who came in that bus with you?--I don't care if they're your buddies or brothers or complete strangers. I can tell you, every damn one of them is standin' butt-naked in a room just like this one, listenin' to a technician just like me tell 'em what's about to happen.

So now the six of you are my responsibility, and I'm tellin' you what to expect. We call this part "givin' you the word." I'll be gettin' to know you all real well over the next few days. But you all won't see much of me. Once you get into those pods, you'll be asleep through your reeducation. So givin' you the word is always my favorite part. I get a real kick out of the way you animals get hauled in here naked and shit-scared, and maybe your pricks are half-hard from havin' the medic stick his finger up your asses and peel back your foreskins durin' the exams, and I get a real big kick out of seein' how your dicks shrivel up when I start explainin' what's about to happen. Yeah, I'm the one who tells you the fuckin' truth about how your mind's gonna get the crap kicked out of it in those pods.

Solidarity's a good thing sometimes; other times it's just stupid pack mentality. Stick together; stick to the story; if nobody mans up to admit guilt, everybody walks free. Was that your defense strategy? How'd that work out for you? You thought maybe the court was gonna drop the charges if they couldn't figure out who the guilty ones were? No way. You animals was just darin' the judge to find all of you guilty, and he fuckin' called your bluff, didn't he? Gave the order to have everybody arrested, didn't he? *Innocent 'til proven guilty* went out with the dinosaurs.

Your fancy-pants lawyers made it sound like a sweet-ass plea bargain, right? Cool your heels for a couple of

weeks in jail waitin' for paperwork to go through the system, then get sent off for reeducation, cool your heels some more at a halfway house after, and then, boom, you're done. A couple of months total, and you're back in your old life, and everything's sunshine and rainbows. But they didn't really tell you what reeducation really involves, did they? Made it sound like rehab or a therapy retreat, didn't they? Real cushy option compared to prison, right? No wonder you all went for it. Even the innocent ones could put up with that for two months, right? And then you'd've all made some grand *brothers for life, through thick and thin* statement, right? Well, guess again. Everybody's guilty of somethin', so reeducatin' is an all-purpose fix. Even if you didn't do the rapin', chances are you did something else if we dig hard enough. And trust me, the pods're gonna dig hard into your minds. You had eighteen or twenty years to learn the easy way how to behave like civilized, law-abiding men, but you didn't, so now we gotta take a real big hammer and smash your minds to pieces and rebuild 'em right.

When was it you figured out what the reeducation process really does? Was it when--

You!--Get your ass back in line, or else!

Yeah, there goes the first one. Got nearly halfway to the door before the happy juice dropped him like a sack of potatoes. Anybody else wanna make a run for it? Anybody else want a taste? Heh, I didn't think so.

Somebody get that prick back on his feet, please. Those bracers they put on your left arms after they got you all stripped and showered? They ain't just a fashion accessory. Did you feel a little prick in your wrist after the guards snapped 'em on you? That was the mechanism in the bracer findin' a vein and stickin' a needle in it, just in case. Bracers've got a lot of sensors in them, monitor your heartbeat and tension levels, crap like that; if you try to pull them off, or get too upset, or your adrenaline levels go up like you're tryin' to fight a guard or make an escape, those bracers pump you full of what we call "happy juice"--thorazine, horse tranquilizers, I don't know what-all, and I don't give a damn. In less than ten seconds the juice'll have you too stoned to know what's goin' on. Stuff puts you down hard and fast, just like that feller over there when he tried to make a run for it. You don't believe me?--Try it for yourself. And just where did he think he was gonna run off to, anyway? This facility is in the middle of a damn old-style prison; guards, fences, the whole bit. So you got a choice--you always got a choice--you can cooperate all peaceful-like and we can get on with your reeducation, or you can fight and we'll do it anyway once you're drugged-up to the gills like a zombie. Your choice.

Oh, yeah? Don't smart-talk me, asshole. Guard, if you please ...

Yeah, that sure took you down a peg, didn't it, punk. Hurts like a motherfucker, don't it? Both of these guards got shock-sticks, and they sure as hell like to use 'em. That was the stick set on 2. Sometimes when you wanna get an animal's attention, you gotta make him hurt. Hurts like the devil, but it won't kill you--probably. Not unless the stick is turned way up. Trust me, it turns up a lot higher, and you don't wanna know how high. Now quit your moanin', punk, get your ass off the floor, and get back in line with the rest of the animals. I ain't gonna warn you again.

Bracers and shock-sticks. If one of you misbehaves real bad like your fuck-head friend McCarthy when he tried to make run for it, I'm the one who reaches for the remote and gives him a big dose of happy juice until he don't know his ass from his elbow. And if one of you gets cocky and smart-mouthed like your buddy Merandos here, I'm the one who tells the guard to give you a taste of the shock-sticks. The rest of you animals remember that! You hear me, Merandos?

Yeah, punks, I know all your names. I've seen your files and I know why you're here, and I don't give give a rat's ass about it. Yeah, yeah, I've heard it all before, how you're all honest-and-for-true innocent and this is all some big mistake, your arrest, the court trial, a real miscarriage of justice. Everyone who ends up here says that. *I'm innocent, it wasn't me*, blah-blah-blah. Funny how our criminal justice system never seems to

capture an actual guilty person, ain't it? Fuckin' animals!

I read your files, and you're all eighteen, nineteen, or twenty--legally adults--but the crap you pulled makes you animal enough to get sent here for reeducation. All of you came from the same fraternity, right? Just some innocent college hijinks, right? Party got out of hand, alcohol was involved, maybe some date-rape drugs, a few accusations of sexual coercion from some sorority girls? Sound familiar? College parties and fraternity shenanigans, that's is one thing. Breakin' the damn law is another. Laws gotta be respected. They're there for a reason. Abidin' by the law is the only thing that keeps us civilized. It's the only thing that separates real men from the animals.

What's that? Don't waste my time with that bullshit. Uh-huh, sure, you're all innocent, and someone else did it, right? Sure, it was. But rape's a real serious charge, and when they can't prove exactly who did it because the fuck-heads was at least smart enough to wear condoms and the girls was too drunk or stoned to remember faces and details, all you animals gotta share the punishment. Zero strikes; no second chances. That's the law, and we take it seriously. Can't have you runnin' wild. Your fancy-pants lawyers probably tried to explain that part, about how it was too late, right? You got a problem with the law, take it up with the courts that sent you here, if that's still important to you once you get out of those pods. But I'm bettin' you'll have other priorities once you're reeducated. Yeah, you animals ain't gonna be so damn cocky when you're done bein' processed. That's for damn sure!

One way or the other, all of you gotta understand three things. First, this is all for your own good. Second, we don't take no shit from you, believe me. Third, this is gonna happen, no matter what. So why not just make it easy on all of us? Some of you wanna be just too cocky and wise-ass for your own good, well, there's nothin' I hate more than a wise-ass animal. Oh, boo-hoo, you're all in here because the courts decided you're guilty; well, there ain't no appeals system anymore to drag things out for years like in the old days. That means we get right down to business with you. I know some of you're scared shitless, and some of you may be too fuckin' dumb maybe to know what's good for you--but it don't make no difference because you all get the same treatment once you get sent here. Understand me?

Don't get the wrong idea. Givin' you the word is part of showin' you who's boss, that's all. You don't fuck with me and don't give me and the guards no trouble about gettin' in a pod when it's time, then you're in and out of here in just a few days. Like I told you before, you're animals, and you've gotta be shown what's what.

Shit, it's better once you're lyin' all quiet and peaceful in your pods, snoozin' like babies. I don't give a crap about how we get you there. It's my job to keep an eye on you durin' the process and keep this place runnin' smoothly, and I don't give a shit whether you get in your pods willingly or have to be put there by the orderlies because you're too hopped up on the juice like your buddy McCarthy there to do it yourself. One way or the other, it's gonna happen. I know some technicians just reach for the remote and dose all the punks the minute they come through the door, but like I said, with me you always got a choice.

You there--Merandos--if you're through bein' a fuckin' wise-ass, how about you lift the lid on that pod. Don't worry; it ain't gonna bite you, not yet anyway. The rest of you, gather 'round so you can all get a look at it.

The lid's just decorative. It keeps you covered, gives you some privacy, but it doesn't do much else, and we can lift it to check on you from time to time without disturbin' the process. Sure, the pod's loaded with sensors out the yin-yang, but sometimes I like to give things a personal look-see, just to make sure. The real stuff's in the bottom part of the pod. See?--It's like a real comfy bed inside, all black vinyl and soft, which is good because you'll be asleep in there for most of the next five or six days. This thing here slides down and fits over your head like a helmet. As you can see, it's got ear-buds that poke into your ears, and this part goes over your eyes. This black piece covers most of the rest of your head, and it's loaded with sensors and gear that helps with the rewritin' and reeducatin'. This part here will plug into your arm-bracer and feed you through your wrist--fluids and liquid nourishment and whatever else you need--to keep you hydrated and

strong, so you don't even have to wake up to eat. That means you stay asleep for maximum efficiency and maximum deep-diggin' into your noggin. These parts here, here, and here are restraints that will go around your arms and legs and chest to keep you from movin' around while you're nappin' through the process. Oh, and this part here we call the codpiece; it goes over your cock and balls, so if you piss or have a wet dream, it siphons all the fluids away so we don't have to worry as much about things gettin' messy in the pod.

Who asked what's it like? You're Ainsworth, right? Well, Ainsworth, that's a real good question and I was just gettin' to that part. After the orderlies here are through cleanin' out your insides with the enemas, you'll each go to your assigned pod and you'll climb in and lie down. That's pretty much all you need to do. Easy-peasy, right? The helmet will slide down, and the restraints will fasten, and I'll come around to check on you, and then I'll close the lid. Once I give the okay, the pods will start up.

Once that happens, you'll feel real drowsy, just like you're fallin' asleep. You'll be out cold in just a minute or two, sometimes less. Next thing you know, it's six days later, and you're wakin' up. The restraints unlock, the pod opens up, and your reeducation is done. Easy-peasy, just like I said. So to answer your question, it's like fallin' asleep. And the less you fight it, the faster it'll go for you. Make no mistake: it's gonna happen. You can tell yourself you're too smart, or too strong-willed, or whatever, but these pods have handled people smarter and stronger-willed than you could ever be. Hell, these pods are loaded with tricks that can use your smarts and your will against you and speed up the process, take you down and reeducate you even faster. So tell yourself it won't work all you want; but I'm tellin' you it will, and you know deep down I'm right, right? Hell, you're all smarty-pants college boys; you'll probably *all* finish faster than the average joe.

I had this one punk--let's call him Joe--who was standin' right where you are, about a month ago, all muscle and tough as nails, a real hard-ass little animal, cussin' me and callin' me *shitface* and *asshole*, bein' a real pain in my neck. I could have dosed him with the happy juice, but I didn't--in fact I even switched off his bracer so it wouldn't auto-dose him either. I wanted him to see for himself. He swore up and down that he'd read up on how pods worked and knew how to fight their tricks. He swore he'd make it through and still be himself. Took three orderlies to get him in his pod, because he was kickin' and punchin' like mad, but we finally got him in there. And you wanna know how he did? He was out like a light less than twenty seconds after the pod fired up, and his reeducation was done in just over five days, which was pretty close to a record for speed. When I opened his pod afterward, the first thing he did was thank me and call me *sir* and apologize for bein' so rude before. *Sir!* I never expected that, but I gotta admit I felt pretty damn good knowin' I'd helped tame another animal and set him on the path of civilized behavior. And that's what's gonna happen to each and every one of you.

Okay, enough standin' around with your jaws hangin' open. Orderlies, take 'em into the next room and get them all cleaned out and ready. And behave, you animals, because if you give the orderlies any trouble, the guards will be right there to give you a nice, painful stick-tap, or your bracers will pump you full of happy juice. So just cooperate and save us the trouble, okay?

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Welcome back, animals. Is that all of you? Four, five, six. Okay.

That wasn't so bad, was it? Yeah, I get it; havin' the orderlies give you two or three enemas to get you all cleaned out was embarrassin' as fuck, wasn't it?--Especially since you're all naked and all gettin' enema'd together in one open place where everybody got to see everything that happened to everybody else and all the water squirtin' outta your assholes. But aside from a little embarrassment, it wasn't so bad, right? You got through it. Let me tell you, doin' you all at one time is faster than goin' one by one. Better to let you all see what's happenin' to each other so there's no bullshittin' later. And, hey, maybe you won't even remember it after your reeducation. Sometimes the process makes guys forget everything going back a little while before. They remember gettin' off the bus, and then it's all a big blank until they're wakin' up later to start their new

lives. If you ask me, them's the lucky ones.

About a year back, I had this asshole named Smitty come through here. He was a real performer, showin' off what a bad-ass he was for the other punks in his group, struttin' around and makin' threats. Smitty was an eighteen-year-old kid who had a real problem with authority figures, I guess, because he kept cussin' a blue streak at me and givin' the guards and orderlies one hell of a time. He was callin' the guards names and spittin' on them, and tryin' to punch and bite them. But I didn't happy-juice him either. Not until the very end, where he tried to strangle an orderly with the enema hose and I knew we'd have a bitch of a time gettin' him in his pod without him causin' some kind of damage. Six days later, the process was done, and you know what the first thing he said to me was when he woke up? He thanked me and said he really respected what I do--said he wanted to become a technician just like me. Can you believe that shit? That was a hundred and eighty degree turnaround from before. Kind of funny, I guess. Smitty told me later he figures he was an animal when he got sent here, just like I said, and he understood the only way to treat animals was the way we treated him. So I put in a good word when I submitted his report, and last I heard he was bein' a damn poster-boy for the program, testifyin' in front of the government about how reeducation helped turn his life around, and he was bein' enrolled into the technician trainin' program, and he's doin' damn good. He tracked me down and showed up at my place one weekend a few months ago, and he stayed with me a while, and we really hit it off and ... Yeah--kind of funny.

See, that's another thing. Every now and then, some asshole comes down from the government to check up on us and how we're treatin' the "inmates." Well, *inmates* is just a fancy-pants name for *animals* if you ask me. Sure, the incomin' punks bitch to high heaven, but what do they know? They've just arrived and we ain't done a damn thing to them yet. But the post-process guys? You think any of them gripe about bein' mistreated or any of that crap? Shit, no! They've been reeducated, and they're ready to be reintegrated into society, and they know the rules--and they know they can't ever break the law again, won't even want to, because the reeducation process makes damn certain sure they won't. They sing our praises like they're a damn choir. They tell the government people they've seen the light. They tell 'em they realize they'd done some crimes and truly needed to be reeducated. The way they were before, who would want them prowlin' around in public? Shit, they tell the investigators how glad they are to have been sent here to be reformed and get their acts together because they realize they were damn animals before! That's what they learn here, believe me--like the animals in zoo cages, right? Yeah, if they wasn't animals, they wouldn't be here, right?

Once in a while we get some government wise-ass who's gonna change everythin'--a bright-eyed psychologist or somethin'. Yeah, he's part of the intake process doin' pre-screenings, and he's gonna treat all these punks like buddies, make sure any of 'em shipped here for only light offenses get sent back with a recommendation for some lighter sentence, all that shit. Want to know what happens? We play it cool and don't say nothin', but the word gets around real quick that we've got a "goody-two-shoes." Think the Powers That Be want things changed? Think the police, the judges, or the courts want things changed? Hell, no! They like passin' their problem on to someone else and havin' them deal with it. That someone is us. With reeducation, the Powers That Be know damn well where they stand, but if that do-gooder has his way, it'll be back to the jungle for all of them animals, back to overcrowded jails and criminals runnin' loose in the streets.

So pretty quick, the Powers That Be turn the other way and let us take care of gettin' the goody-two-shoes squared away, *our* way. So maybe the next Tuesday rolls around, and our goody-two-shoes shows up for work like usual. But instead of goin' to his office, he finds himself pressed in between a couple of guards, gettin' hustled into one of the intake rooms like the incomin' punks. He's ordered to strip, and gets his arm locked in a bracer, and he knows good and well what that bracer'll do to him if he struggles too much. He's shit-scared of what's about to happen to him, but he still tries to talk friendly to the guards, tries to wheedle his way out of that situation and convince them to let him go. Hell, maybe he even thinks it's a joke, like a *welcome to the facility* initiation or something, a prank to scare the new guy. Surely we won't carry the joke too far, will we? So maybe he's still half-convinced it's a joke when he gets hauled into a pod room with a group of punks and some technician like me starts givin' him the word. When he's hauled in for an enema, he

starts to realize he's deep in real shit and we're really gonna do this. By the time he's dragged to a pod, he's beggin' and cryin' and pleadin' with us: *Please, no, please, anything but this*, blah-blah-blah.

Then we push him in the pod, and the machine gets its hooks in him. And six days later when we open the lid, you know what the first thing he says is? *Thanks*. That's the first thing they all tell us after. More importantly, the goody-two-shoes stops disruptin' the way things run around here, follows the rules, and does his job just like he's supposed to. Things run a lot smoother that way.

The last one who made problems here--this was about six months ago--he found himself standin' right where you are now, naked and shiverin' in fear and embarrassed as hell after those enemas, maybe embarrassed too because a smart guy like him took so long to figure out we was serious. He should've known the minute the guards grabbed him. Not that it would have made much difference. Maybe he was too scared to fight back because he didn't want to get shocked or happy-juiced. Maybe he thought he was smart enough to psychologize his way out at the last second. But six days later he looked me right in the eye and said *Thank you* for helpin' him understand. He never made any problems after that. Yeah, he knew about the animals we get here, and he learned first-hand how good the reeducation process is for them. And you all met him, because he was the psychologist you talked to durin' your final intake screenings--and you never even realized he'd been reeducated himself! Ain't that a kicker?

Okay, Merandos, go stand there by pod number one. That's gonna be yours. Go on--hurry it up. Or do you want me to have the guards assist you? Good--I knew you'd change your mind. Is McCarthy still high on happy juice? Okay. Orderly, get him over to pod two, please. Carson, you're number three. Phillips, number four. Ainsworth, five. And Bedford, you're the last one in pod six there. Good man.

The lids are openin'. You animals ready to get started? Oh, and, guards, if they need some "encouragement," you're authorized to set your shock-sticks on 3.

Okay, animals, climb in.

###

Hello, Ainsworth. How you doin'?

No, it's only been about a day and a half. You ain't finished yet. You're in what we call "intermission."

No, you're still you, for now anyway. Phase One's done, but the real reeducation process is Phase Two. That ain't started yet. Phase One, the pod gets in your head. It makes you think about stuff, shows you a lot of images. It keeps track of the ones you like, what turns you on. Tracks what you don't like, too, and what scares the livin' shit out of you. Everything's analytical, just findin' out stuff. Durin' the intermission, the pod is busy finishing up processin' all that data, 'til it decides on the best way to go in Phase Two. Intermission lasts ten or twenty minutes, and sometimes the guy wakes up. I don't know why, and it only happens now and then, but I can tell from the sensor readouts when a guy is wakin' up.

So here you are and here I am. I'm not really a hard-ass; that was just me givin' you animals the word. Makin' you punks respect me is part of my job. I'm not really an asshole. When a guy wakes up, I like lift the lid and sit with him a while, let him know he's not all alone. I even let him bitch and cuss at me, if that's what he needs to do. I don't want no one to panic when he wakes up locked in his pod in the dark for twenty minutes. Twenty minutes can feel like a real long time.

Lemme push that helmet up some, so we can talk a bit. You remember anything from Phase One? No, I didn't think you would.

Yeah, I know--Phase One leaves you feeling weak and tremble-y. A lot of guys in intermission say that. Here.

No, don't bite the straw--just take a sip. It's just water. It'll help. There. Feel better?

No, you know I can't let you out of the pod. It's against the rules. If I even tried to open the restraints, an alarm would go off and this place would be crawlin' with guards in no time. Outside it's guards and walls and locked doors--so if you're thinkin' maybe you could sneak out of the facility somehow, the police would treat you like an escaped prisoner, hunt you down like an animal, and send you someplace that uses harsher methods and won't treat you nearly as nice as--

Wow. Whatever the pod was makin' you think about at the end, you must've really liked it, huh? Because you still got a big ol' hard-on, that's why. Must be awful painful havin' your woody bent up in that cramped thing. Here, let me pull back the codpiece. Feel better?

Don't worry about it. Guys get hard-ons on and off all through Phase One, 'specially when it ends--it's natural--but their rods usually fit better in the codpiece. That's one thing that ain't in the files--your dick sizes. I guess no one bothers to record it. When I check on guys in their pods in Phase One, about half the time they got a ragin' hard-on. Don't be embarrassed; I've seen a shit-ton of stiff johnsons, more'n I can remember. You got a big one. I'll have to get one of the large-size codpieces for you.

That sound? Oh, that's Merandos screamin'. He's in Phase Two--started about an hour ago for him and he's been hollerin' ever since. Don't worry--he's not aware of what's happenin', not consciously, anyway. He's asleep, or unconscious, or whatever. Most guys deep-sleep right through it, but some make noises, and some start screamin' like durin' a nightmare, I guess. The helmet and the lid to his pod bein' closed keeps the sounds muffled, so you can barely hear him. Yeah, I know he's your friend, but just try to ignore him, if you can. Ain't nothin' you or I can do for him.

Because that's what Phase Two does, that's why. The pod learned pretty much everything there was to know about your mind in Phase One, and in Phase Two it's gonna use all that data to hammer at you. It'll use the things you hate and fear to push you right to the breakin' point; then it'll turn around and use the things you like, things that turn you on, to make sure you know the pod is your only friend in the world, your only salvation. It'll do that push-pull, fear-friend routine on your mind 'til you're on the verge of a breakdown. Then it finally plunges you into all your worst nightmares rolled into one. Panic, terror, so complete and all-consuming it mashes your mind into tapioca and leaves you in pieces. Then the pod offers what's left of you some relief. By then, any comfort--no matter how small--seems like a lifeline. What's left of you grabs for it in desperation. The pod uses that to reel the wreckage of your mind into a fugue state so complete you won't even know how to wake up, and that's when the real work of rewritin' and reeducatin' starts. The pod rips all the animal parts out of your psyche and replaces 'em with a need to be civilized, obey the authorities, stay law-abidin' no matter what. Your mind'll accept whatever instructions it's given, rebuild in any way it's told to; it'll do anythin' to avoid havin' to experience that terror again.

Yeah, I'm serious. That's gonna happen to you too, startin' in a few minutes. I know it sounds terrible, and it will be. That's why your buddy Merandos is screamin' himself fuckin' hoarse. Maybe you won't be a screamer. But either way, it'll all be over soon, just a few more days. Merandos won't remember none of it when it's over. Neither will you. No one ever does. That's a bit of mercy, ain't it? And once you're reeducated, you'll never have to see this place or go through this process ever again, because you just won't be able to break laws no more. No more animal shit left in you.

I'm strokin' your cock, that's what. You got a nice cock, and it's still fuckin' hard. Ain't no rule against givin' you a hand-job, unless you say *no* or *stop*. I know you're scared, but I thought a horny buck like you might like a little relief before the pod puts you through--you know. Want me to stop? Yeah, didn't think so.

No, I didn't know you were gay, not for sure, but I thought maybe--Well, I read your psychological profile. It's in your file. It's real thorough. Some head-shrinker who interviewed you before the trial flagged you as

probably bein' a closet-case homosexual. Said he thought you probably weren't involved in the sorority girl rapes because you don't ...

Oh. I see. So, why'd you think bein' part of rapin' them girls would make your fraternity brothers think you're straight?

No, I ain't judgin' you. I'm sure you had your reasons. But your files say you and everyone in your fraternity pleaded innocent. If you and the guilty ones had confessed ...

No, *you* would've still ended up here, because rape's a serious fuckin' crime. But if you'd confessed and named the brothers that was involved, you could have saved all the others that weren't in on it. Yeah, sure, like Merandos, if he wasn't part of it.

So here you are, and the other not-guilty ones too. If you'd been a man instead of an animal, and 'fessed up and named who else was really guilty, maybe all the rest of your fraternity buddies wouldn't've been arrested too and sent here.

No, too late to let Merandos go. Even if I told the authorities what you just said, he can't be released. He's in Phase Two, remember? Once it starts, the process has to run all the way to the finish. If I stop things now, his mind will still be broken, and only the pod can put the pieces back together. But when he wakes up, I'll tell him you tried to do the right thing at the end, since you won't remember this talk or anything that happens in this intermission. He won't hate you for gettin' him dragged into this--he'll be too repentant for whatever bad shit he really *did* do in his life to hate you, and he'll be real thankful that he got reeducated to see the error of his ways and make amends. They're always thankful. Maybe knowin' you tried to make things right will mean somethin' to him, and he can be thankful for that too. If it's any comfort to you, a wise-ass animal like him would've probably ended up here anyway, sooner or later.

No, don't cum yet. Let's slow down, make it last. We've still got a few minutes accordin' to the screen. See this green indicator here? It'll start flashin' red about a minute before Phase Two starts. When it turns solid red, that's the start of Phase Two; the helmet will slide back down, and you'll be unconscious again in a couple of seconds. The pod knows just how to hit you; it'll push you back into deep sleep real fast and keep you there. You won't even realize it's happenin'.

Sure, I can play with your balls too. You got a pretty cock. I don't say that about a lot of cocks, but yours is real nice. Length, girth, just the right size, if you ask me. I'm not tryin' to embarrass you. I think you're a good-lookin' guy. Is it okay if I play with your nipples too? Some guys ... Okay, cool. I wish we'd met under different circumstances, like at a bar or at that fraternity party where--you know. You probably wouldn't've come home with me if you were wantin' your fraternity bros to think you're straight but--

No, I don't know for sure. I don't think the process can change you from gay to straight, or straight to gay, but I don't know. I never have much time with the men when they come out of the pods, so *hey, are you gay or straight now* isn't a question that ever comes up. They're always sent to someone else right after for the post-process assessments. But if I had to guess, I think the pod will rebuild you to be whoever the core you is most comfortable bein'.

The rebuild? The you that comes out of the process will be put back together from pieces of the original you. Mostly the same memories and personality. But some pieces will be left out, and the machine will add some new ones. What it's supposed to do is take out the parts that like to disobey, or rebel against authority, or put your self-interest over others, and it's supposed to put in the need to be a good person, obey all the laws, and put others before yourself--the greater good, right?--so civilized. No more behavin' like a damn animal. Well, doin' that means the pod has to de-educate out parts of your old personality and educate in some whole new pieces. The pod lays the framework, then your mind fills in the gaps as it rebuilds around the frame. You'll

probably come out similar to who you are now, but there's always a chance you might be someone completely different. No way to know.

Heh. Yeah, you're right--Merandos bein' completely different might be a good thing. Hey, maybe the new him will be gay. Wouldn't that be--

Uh, there's no way to tell, not at first, I don't think. When the reeducation is complete and we let the guys out of their pods, they always seem a little addled-headed, like their minds are still gettin' used to the new pathways. They're real docile and go along easy with anything we tell 'em to do. I could push any guy who's fresh out down to his knees, even Merandos, and tell him to suck me, and he'd do it, straight or gay, just because he hasn't rebuilt any boundaries yet and an authority figure like me told him to do it.

But now you got me curious. I could probably get in big trouble for this, but would you mind if--I mean, maybe I could try to check in on you after you're released. Just to see how you're doin' and how you turned out? You'll be spendin' the next few weeks in a halfway facility while they confirm that the process was a success and left no problems. I mean, you probably won't remember me, except as one of the faces that was there when you woke up and got hustled off to post-processin', but I might be able to get your location and--

Yeah, I'd like that too. Who knows, maybe we'll hit it off. Maybe we'll hook up, and we could even--

Hah? Yeah, I like to get sucked, and I like to suck cock, especially a nice cock like yours, and I like to use my tongue to--

Oh, fuck, yeah. Cum for me, Ainsworth! That's so hot. Shoot your load. Give me your cum! Shoot it! Shoot it! Yeah!

Feel better? Man, you look really hot when you're cummin'. A lot of guys don't have a very attractive O-face, the way their expressions scrunch up and they get all flushed, but you ... You're damn hot.

But ... I won't be able to look you up after. Yeah, yeah, I know what I just said. But, see, it's against the rules. Just a nice fantasy, somethin' to talk about to pass the time, right? That story I told you about that guy Smitty who looked me up after? That part of the story never happened, though I sure wanted it to. But Smitty would never break the rules, and neither can I. See this little scar on my left wrist? That's from where the guards snapped a bracer on me, right before they ran me through the process. Most all the guards and technicians have been through it. Keeps us all loyal and rule-abidin'. Keeps these reeducation places runnin' smoothly and separates us from the animals. See, once I was a goody-two-shoes type, always raisin' hell about gettin' rid of the shock-sticks and makin' things easier on the inmates. I didn't see them for the animals they are. But I changed, and now I don't--can't--break the rules no more. You'll understand soon, once the pod is done with you. You'll be a lot happier that way too, just like me. Just wait and see.

So. I think we got minute or two left before--you know. I'll grab a towel and clean you up--and one of the next-size-up codpieces for you too. It's okay; give me a second. Tell me when the light starts flashin'.

Don't worry. I'm right over here. I'm not leavin' you all alone. I just need to look in this cabinet right quick. Medium, medium. Dammit, where did they put all the large-sized? Don't tell me we're out of 'em. Ah!--Here we go--last one.

Hey, Ainsworth, I'm glad we got to ...

Ainsworth?

Oh. I thought we had more time. Well ... Sleep good, Ainsworth, and goodbye.
