

# Reeducation

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: At Neumann, male offenders are reeducated to become law-abiding members of society.

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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"Punks," he muttered. Director Broussard, called *Bastard* behind his back by inmates and guards alike, glowered at the youths swarming in the exercise yard below his office. "Nothing but fucking punks!"

"Something wrong, sir?"

"Hell, no." He jabbed his reeducation baton to emphasize his point as he turned from the window. "Nothing goes wrong at Neumann as long as I'm in charge. You ought to know that by now, Mason."

If Neumann were a prison, Broussard would have been called *warden*; instead, he was Director of the Neumann State School for the Reeducation of Young Men, a correctional facility specializing in state-sponsored reform of male offenders between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. His black hair was burr-clipped, and his features were rugged, harsh-cut. His powerful shoulders and barreled chest were outlined beneath his taut khaki uniform shirt, a glimpse of dark silk showing at the open collar, and his trousers hung low on his solid hips, his crotch bulging with undisguised maleness.

"Maybe you should take some time off," Mason suggested. "You know, go down to the city and--"

"Ain't nothing in the city that we ain't got here--and got better. Right, Mason?"

"I guess," the new guard Mason answered quietly. He was in his early twenties, blond and handsome, and his uniform clung to his athletic frame, emphasizing the sharp taper of his torso from wide shoulders to slim waist and hips. Fresh from his training, the state had assigned him to Neumann only two months before. He was still learning the ways of the school, still somewhat uncertain about how to ingratiate himself with his new boss for rapid promotion up the ranks, but he knew how to handle a question like this. He knew the Director was expecting more enthusiasm, so he brightened with a knowing grin. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Broussard looked again down at the inmates in the exercise yard below his window, most in their standard-issue exercise shorts and shirtless in the sun, several in their uniform trousers, a few in T-shirts or their inmate tunics. Most were incarcerated here for the usual minor legal infractions common to young men: disorderly conduct, shoplifting, vandalism. Others were picked up in the sweeps that captured the increasingly small numbers of anti-government protesters. And still others were here for violating the government's "mandatory homosexuality" policy for anyone under twenty-four, since heterosexual activity had been outlawed as a way to curb teen pregnancy, abortion, and overpopulation. Only at age twenty-five and older was heterosexuality allowed, in those who chose to convert to that path, and even then sexual intercourse and childbearing were strictly regulated. Broussard picked out one or two of the hetero-sex violators in the exercise yard. He particularly enjoyed reeducating hetero-punks like those, because they were often such hard cases to discipline, the work so rewarding when they finally did break, especially when they crawled, hoping for mercy, and begged to suck--

Broussard turned from the window. "How 'bout you? Been getting enough action from the punks?" He checked the charge on his reeducation baton, then slung it back into its holster at his belt, his assessing gaze intent on the ambitious blond guard. "Hell, you're not much older'n some of the inmates. A good-lookin' young guy like you shouldn't have no trouble making out around here."

"It seems like the more I get, the more I need." Mason shrugged. "But some of them don't like the idea of messing around with a guard."

"Mmm. Well, let Joe know if any of them give you a hard time. He'll shape 'em up."

"I wouldn't mind messing around with Joe. He's one sexy son of a bitch."

"He's a damn rough one," Broussard warned. "That's why he's a trustee. He keeps the other punks in line." Broussard spoke casually, but he was watching Mason's reactions carefully. "Ever see him discipline one of them?"

"No, but ... I've heard stories."

"He's a real expert when it comes to whipping a wiseass into line."

"He--he whips them?" Mason moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Physically? Like, with a belt? He doesn't use a reeducation baton?"

Broussard noted Mason's eager reaction with a suppressed smile. He remembered the psychological profile in Mason's personnel file. Just about perfect. He had asked specially for Mason to be assigned to Neumann.

Outwardly, Broussard just nodded. "Most of them hardcases don't even flinch from a reeducation shock, 'less you get 'em in the balls. You know that. I gave Joe special permission to use physical stuff. Hell, he's got a

whole collection of belts and paddles and shit like that. Real old-school stuff." Broussard went to the desk. "He'll really work on a guy all over--tits, balls, anywhere that hurts--make him crawl ... Know what I mean?"

"I dunno." Mason, flushing, took an audible breath. "Uh, maybe ... I guess." He paused. "Joe's a real hardcase punk, huh?"

"He was, before I shaped him up." Broussard fixed his gaze on Mason once more; he knew from the personnel file that Mason was motivated, was looking to prove himself and move up the ranks quickly. Broussard pressed his lips together for a moment as he assessed whether the blond guard's potential matched his ambitions. Then he seated himself behind his desk. "Joe knows what it's like to crawl and what it's like to make a stud crawl." He paused pointedly. "That's why he knows how to handle the fuck-ups around here. He's good with discipline. Real good."

"Shit, there's nothing to--"

"Knowing who to discipline and when is easy. Knowing which kind of discipline will work best, *and* when to quit--that takes experience. More experience that you've had, I bet. He could probably teach you a thing or two."

Mason snapped his mouth shut, and Broussard noted with satisfaction that Mason seemed unsure whether to be acknowledge his own lack of experience or to be offended at the offhand reminder of it.

"Maybe," Broussard said slowly, "if you're man enough, you could learn a thing or two from Joe."

Mason fidgeted. "Uh ... Maybe."

A long silence followed while Broussard leaned back in his squeaking chair, and then the tension was broken by a sharp rap on the office door. A moment later, a dark-haired youth sauntered in, quick-checked Mason, then nodded to Broussard.

"Well, just barge right on in, Joe," Broussard growled dryly, leaning forward again. "We were just talking about you." He viewed the young inmate coldly. "I ought'a to put you on report for the state of that uniform."

Joe was medium-tall, twenty-two years old, and his features had a mature strength. His black eyes glowed in narrowed slits between heavy brows and high cheek bones, and his full lips were set and unsmiling. His unbuttoned trustee tunic hung open, no T-shirt underneath, and the high, olive-tanned arcs of his exposed chest were spattered with sparse hair. His trousers were slung low on his trim hips. He crossed to the desk quickly.

"We got a discipline problem, sir," Joe announced without emotion. "Smitty's been actin' up. Rumor has it, he's been plannin' an escape, maybe lookin' to take two or three of the other hetero-offender types with him."

"So? Don't come to me with problems. Come to me with solutions."

"Already workin' on it. Soon as I heard about it, I had a couple of the guys jump him in the exercise yard and haul him down to the boiler room. Somehow he got knocked out in the process--you know how accidents can happen when a guy won't come along nice and peaceful-like. I got him stripped bare-ass and hung up by his wrists in the boiler room. He started hollering like crazy when he woke up and realized he'd been busted, denyin' everything, yellin' for help, beggin' me to let him down. I worked on him for nearly two hours before I ..."--Joe paused as if he wanted to say something but couldn't--"before he learned there's no point in yellin'."

Joe grinned. "He's one tough son of a bitch."

"Too tough for you?"

"Fuck, no! There's no punk I can't break. What he's taken so far is only a warm-up."

Broussard looked at Mason. The handsome blond guard's hungry eyes were glued on Joe, and Mason's muscles were tensed beneath his uniform, an unmistakable hardness swelling in his crotch.

Broussard kept his expression carefully neutral. "Hey, Joe," he said easily, watching Mason out of the corner of his eye, "tell me how you warmed Smitty up. I'm curious."

"Hell, I just--" Joe frowned at the burly director, uncertain for a moment, and then his expression returned to that smirk. "Well, you know the state don't like us to use nothing but the reeducation baton, so maybe I went outside of protocol some. I could've whipped him to hamburger, sir, but I just laid my belt on his back. Slow and hard. Tenderized his tits a little. Worked on his nuts and--"

"Shit!" Mason whispered, his voice dry in his throat. "You worked on his nuts?"

"Sure." Joe followed Broussard's steady gaze to Mason and paused. "Smitty can't take much ball-play, but he threw a damn hard-on the moment I hung the chain and padlock on them. Nothing too heavy, but he sure knows it's there around his nut sack."

Mason shifted his stance nervously. "Something like that ... it could wreck a guy. What if Smitty ends up in the infirmary?"

"Shit, I don't need no wussy little reeducation baton to make his nuts zing. The old ways work a lot better. Smitty's a hardcase--he's a 'third strike' hetero-sex offender. Gonna take a lot more than a little reeducation tap or two to get his mind off the pussies and back on the dudes where the law says it belongs. Besides, I can tell when a stud's reached his limits," Joe answered matter-of-factly, without bragging. "That's why I'm givin' him a little rest-break right now, lettin' him catch his breath."

"And when are you going to turn him loose?" Broussard asked coolly.

"Tomorrow night, probably, sir. I'm gonna work on him some more, and then I'm gonna body-shave him so he'll remember what happens to fuck-ups. He's a hairy bastard, and every time he feels how baby-bald he is, he'll remember."

"That's it?"

Joe grinned. "And I might have told Moose he can be the first to fuck Smitty afterward. He's hot for Smitty's ass. He'll be waitin' for me to turn Smitty loose." Joe continued to watch Mason. "You know Moose?"

"The big, dumb punk?" Mason acknowledged. "Yeah, I've seen him in the yard."

"You should see him in the showers. Got a big ol' slab of meat between his legs. Hell, that's why we call him 'Moose.'" He grinned at Mason. "That, and he fucks ass like a bull moose in heat. He likes to take a leak right after he shoots his load, before he pulls out. I figure Smitty'll remember getting a piss-enema from Moose's hose."

Mason swallowed hard and fast, sweating, his chest heaving, neck and cheeks flushed with arousal, the solid

column inside his pants clearly outlined.

"Hey, Mason," Broussard said lazily, "think maybe you ought'a head down to the boiler room and check on Smitty? See how he's doing, huh?"

"Yeah, uh ... Sure, Director. That's a good idea." The blond guard hustled for the door, pawing his crotch self-consciously. "I'll go check on him right now. You bet."

Joe waited until Mason had left, and then he shifted to Broussard. "What's goin' on with Mason?"

Broussard sauntered to the door and snapped the lock. "He's thinking about getting himself a taste of discipline."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I've known guys like him before. He's wondering if he's man enough to take the treatment you've been giving Smitty. He's older, but he's just as much of a punk as you were when you showed up here."

"So?"

"So he needs to understand discipline, just like you did. He could use a little reeducation, and I'm making sure he's eager to learn. You saw how he cut out of here. With a punk like Mason, the key's to make him think he wants it. Like a rite of passage. Make him think he's going to prove himself. He'll step right up, and he won't realize he's been led every inch of the way until it's too late." He crossed to the window and closed the drapes, plunging the room into warm shadows. "Think you can teach him? Think you can make him crawl, punk?"

"Sure," Joe shrugged and answered confidently. "That'll be a real turn-on, breakin' in a damn guard. How far you want me to take it? Just some light pain? Or some heavy stuff? Or ..." He grinned broader. "No way!-- You want me to stick an implant in him, don't you, you bastard?"

"What do you think, punk?"

"Yeah, I think you do. I think you want that big dumb guard implanted and under your control just like half the inmates here."

Broussard eyed the young trustee. "Just like you too."

"Fuck ..." Something flashed across Joe's expression for just a second, then he nodded. "Yeah, me too."

"I like the way you call me 'sir' when Mason's around. I want to hear him call you 'sir' too." Broussard began unbuttoning his shirt. "And I want to see you screw his butt while he sucks my dick."

"I hear he likes to do the fuckin'."

"Don't matter. Once he's implanted, he'll do whatever I say, same as you. First, though, I want you to see how far you can take him with just your whips and toys, before you implant him."

"Okay. I can do that."

"See if you can use break him with your toys, make him beg to get your meat plugged up his ass. If you can't,

then implant him and make him do it." Broussard peeled off his shirt and tossed it on the desk. "I'll let you know when he's ready to be trained."

"Okay."

"You get an implant into Smitty?"

"Oh, hell, yeah! About an hour ago. I stayed with him 'til I was sure it was going okay, before I high-tailed it over here. You should have seen it, Broussard! I was standin' behind him, and when I put the injector at the base of his skull, the stupid bastard started bawlin' and beggin' 'cause he thought it was a pistol. Dumb fuck was too scared to remember guns've been outlawed for a couple of years now. When I pulled the trigger and it went *Pfffft!*--Man, he screamed and pissed himself before he realized he'd just felt a little jab and not a bullet going through his head!"

"You tell him what it was you really did?"

"Fuck, no! Figure I'll let you do that, like always, right about the time you introduce him to that fuckin' remote controller and show him how the implant makes him do every fuckin' thing you say. He musta heard all the rumors about how some guys got something put in their heads, but he probably thinks that's just crazy talk. You get to be the one to tell him what's what."

"Good."

"He was kind of in and out of consciousness when I left. I figure the implant's crawled halfway up his brain stem by now. It's really fuckin' with his head as it works itself into place and makes itself at home. Mason'll probably think Smitty's out of it from the whippings."

A noncommittal sound from Broussard--"Hmm"--as he thought about other matters. An implant only did two things. First, when it was activated, it induced a perfectly obedient state, where the punk would obey any order, endure any experience, because he simply could not work up the will to disobey. Second, in its standby monitoring state, it used the mind's own knowledge of right and wrong to oversee the subject's behavior. Certain biophysical changes in the brain preceded rule-breaking: the certain thrill and anticipation the person experienced when he thought about doing something he knew was against the rules. The implant was programmed to watch for those physical and bio-cognitive reactions--the little thrill in the subject's thoughts, the release of adrenaline--that accompanied a subject thinking *I'm about to break a rule*, and the implant took action by generating a tiny electrical charge to block those reactions in the higher brain centers themselves. Neumann had a low recidivism rate before, but now among the implanted the return rate was zero. The subject could no longer go through with any rule-breaking behavior simply because he could not finish a thought related to such infractions. Once an implanted subject knew something was against the rules, he simply could not deviate from what his own sense of right and wrong told him was the proper path, so he was transformed into a model citizen and never ended up back in the reeducation system.

The subject could no longer go through with any rule-breaking behavior. And talking about the implants to anyone except Broussard was definitely against the rules. That was the first thing Broussard drilled into the new plantees.

Joe chattered on, as if hoping to say the right thing to recapture Broussard's attention. "Smitty's been a fuckin' asshole and a troublemaker since day one. The implant'll change all that, that's for sure. We should'a stuck one in him the moment he arrived--would'a saved us all a heap of problems. Poppin' it into Smitty's head--man, that was sure a kick! Almost as big a kick as breakin' in that damn guard is gonna be. I can't hardly

wait."

Another noncommittal response: "Hmm." Broussard frowned as he thought, ignoring the hard-cocked trustee.

"I left the cameras runnin', down in the boiler room, when I left," Joe said, as if begging for attention.

"Good, good," Broussard said noncommittally. His favor would not be that easy to earn, because he *expected* Joe to keep the cameras running, damn it. The professor liked watching the footage of a stripped-down stud like Joe whipping and breaking another stripped-down stud.

Broussard remembered the day the professor had visited him on the sly and pitched the idea of using the implants he had invented. The university refused to approve human testing, so why not turn to a reeducation school? No one cared much about what happened to inmates. Broussard had thought the idea far-fetched; how could a device the size of a grain of rice exert control over a human brain? Microcircuits and microfilaments? Self-powering? Nonferrous construction that made it virtually undetectable to medical scans? Broussard was a career law enforcement man, not a science nerd, so the professor's explanation zoomed past Broussard's ability to comprehend half of it. He was instead almost convinced the professor was crazy.

But then Broussard had turned away for a moment, and when he turned back he caught the professor in the process of aiming the pneumatic injector near Broussard's neck. Broussard's instincts kicked in: with a fast swipe, he knocked the injector out of the professor's hand, used a grab-and-pull defense maneuver to carry the professor's body quickly to the floor, face-down, and then straddled him, immobilizing the man's hands behind his back with one meaty paw. Then the injector was in Broussard's other hand. "Base of the neck, huh?" he snarled as he pressed it to the professor and pulled the trigger.

The professor had kicked and cursed, understandably angry that his implants were being tested on him instead of inmates from Neumann. But soon, as the implant started migrating into place and the professor fell into that semi-conscious state he had described earlier, Broussard got interested. When the professor woke up later and the Director tested the remote control on him, Broussard got very interested, because the implant worked exactly as the professor had described.

Now the professor oversaw a small group of inmates--all implanted too, of course--who worked on assembling, programming, and testing more of the devices. The process was involved and required expensive materials that had to be purchased incrementally as Neumann's limited budget allowed, so work progressed slowly. Still, the Director had enough implants at his disposal to inject a good percentage of the new arrivals and some of the existing troublemaker inmates, like Smitty. In return, the Director had each stud's breaking and injection filmed, for the professor's "research" purposes--though the Director suspected that research involved quite a bit of lubricant and a towel afterward. He expected the professor would enjoy watching the new blond guard Mason show his stuff with Smitty--and the professor would really get off on seeing the footage, maybe soon, of that same guard Mason hanging, stripped naked, right where Smitty was hanging now, being whipped and paddled and broken, made to crawl and beg and call Joe *sir*, then being implanted and really put through his paces.

Joe was watching intently as Broussard turned and faced him. The older director knew what Joe was staring at: Broussard's deeply tanned shoulders and arms were lined with thick, work-hard muscles, and a lush matting of black hair blanketed his broad, barreled chest. His stomach was taut and solid, and his belted trousers rode low on his hips.

"Mason thinks you're a sexy stud," Broussard said with a grin, moving up in front of the youth. "He's right." He gripped Joe's unbuttoned tunic and roughly pushed it back off his shoulders, exposing more of the youth's trim, athletic physique. "Remember when you were just an innate? Remember when I brought you in for training?"

"Yeah, I remember," Joe muttered, shrugging his tunic the rest of the way off before Broussard decided to use it to manacle his wrists. "Hell, I'd had plenty of baton zaps and plenty of beatings too, before you ever laid your belt on me."

"You took a hell of a lot beltings, that's for damn sure. I thought you were gonna be a hopeless case, until the professor suggested we test his new implants on you. We had you down there in that boiler room--remember?--trussed up so you couldn't move, but you still kept struggling and yelling and telling us to go to hell. Couple of hours later, and that thing sure as fuck changed your attitude, and you started learning." Broussard ran his hands over the curved plates of the trustee's chest, smoothing the wisps of dark silk and stroking the oblong amber nipples repeatedly. "Right?"

"Damn it, yeah," Joe murmured. He stayed motionless, watching the man's fingers slide over his torso. He moaned as the Director twisted one of his nipples gently. "Fuck! Don't mess around, Bastard. My dick's so hot I'm about to pop a load in my pants!"

"That's why you came running up here after working on Smitty, huh? You get horny from doing playing top man to a punk, but when it comes to getting your rocks off, you haul your ass to me because I'm the only one who can give you some relief."

"Shit! You know the implant makes me ... I can't ... Not 'less it's with you ..." Joe dropped his head and watched the man's palms roam over his bared chest; and when the thick-knuckled thumbs and forefingers gripped both of his sensitive tits forcefully, Joe hissed, "Bastard!"

"Damn right, punk. Now stand still." Broussard rolled the sharp-tipped cones and pinched slowly.

"Take it easy," Joe whispered without looking up. "I'm awful hot." He held his hands at his sides, muscles tensing and making fists as the pressure increased. He took a deep breath, and the fingers tightened, squeezed, twisted harder and harder. He clenched his eyes shut, fighting the rising pain until: "Bastard!" The word hissed from the youth's throat, reflecting his torment.

Broussard twisted fiercely, knowing the pain would be excruciating.

"Fuck!" Joe spat. "You're wrecking me, you son of a--!"

Broussard twisted harder still, and Joe jerked an involuntary step back, pulling his crimson nipples out of Broussard's grip. Immediately Joe realized his error and the repercussions, and his eyes went wide. "Damn it, Broussard--I didn't mean to--Don't--Please don't--"

Broussard said nothing. He reached for the small nondescript black box, barely two inches by three inches and a quarter-inch thick, on his desk.

"No, Broussard! Please don't! You know it gives me a killer headache afterward. Please, no--!"

"I know what you need, punk," Broussard assured him. The black box had a single small button on the top. Broussard pressed it, and it glowed a soft green.



The effect on Joe happened quickly. His protests stopped: "I ..." His expression went slack. His arms hung limply at his sides, and he stood swaying slightly.

"Yeah, you've learned real well, punk. You can take it. Your implant's gonna see to that. Right?"

The remote control only had one button. Press it, and the remote activated every implant that came within twenty feet of it. Press it again, and it deactivated the implants, returning them to their usual monitoring state.

"Yeah," Joe murmured softly, his gaze nearly blank. The punks Broussard questioned described the effect as being perfectly aware of what was happening but unable to initiate an action--they simply could not do anything on their own, not until they were told to do it. They floated in a state of heightened receptivity, waiting to be told.

"Screw around with the punks all you want. You know what's gonna happen. That implant's got you programmed to follow the rules, and one of the biggest rules is no one can get you off but me. That's why you come running to me every time you get too horny to take it anymore." Broussard's hands reached Joe's uniform trousers and stroked his lower belly for a moment, and then he tugged open the buttoned waist and zipper and jammed Joe's pants and boxers downward. The youth's hips were marked with the slick, untanned outline of the regulation shorts he wore in the exercise yard, and his full-hard cock sprang forward, thick and granite-smooth, mature and potent, from the tangle of crisp pubic curls at his groin.

Without a word, Broussard cupped the large, tight-sacked testicles that hung beneath Joe's rod. He tightened his grip, fingers clamping around the sensitive organs securely. "That's what you get for working on Smitty without my authorization, punk!"

"Hrr ...," Joe breathed, a slight pain-narrowing of his eyes. He could not move to free himself from Broussard's grip.

"Tell me how well I taught you, punk." Broussard stared down at his fingers around Joe's aching nuts, and he saw the bubble of pre-cum oozing from the tip of Joe's steel-stiff cock. "Tell me."

"You ..." Joe's voice was slow and quiet, thanks to the zone-out influence of the implant. "... taught ... m'well ... Bastard ..."

"Damn right!" Broussard chuckled, not sure whether Joe was using his nickname or calling him a bastard, and not much minding either way. He released Joe's testicles. "Shit, I like seeing you horny and blank-faced, totally under my control. Maybe I ought'a leave you that way a while. Yeah. Hard-up horny and unable to do anything about it unless I say. Leave you horned up and completely obedient for a good long while."

He ran his palms over the young trustee's slim, naked hips, and he dropped to his knees abruptly. He grasped the base of Joe's inflamed iron and guided it toward his face, and his lips caressed the sticky cock-head, then took it into his mouth.

Joe sighed as Broussard inhaled the lush, masculine scent of the youth's crotch, and then he tongue-lapped the trustee's flesh-column, wetting it tauntingly and drawing it deeper and deeper into his throat. Broussard felt Joe shiver with excitement, and he suctioned crown-to-base with sureness as he ran his hands over the young stud's thighs. And he gripped Joe's balls again.

"Arrr ...," the trustee groaned, trapped between the tantalizing lips and the clenching fingers, between activated implant's effect on his mind and the animal need to pump and cum.

Broussard increased the pressure, and he slipped his free arm about the teenager's waist, palm-cupping the slick, muscle-hard cheeks of his ass. Joe's breath hissed between his teeth, and his body swayed.

Joe gasped as the need to cum won. Feeling the youth's cock convulse, Broussard drove his mouth down, burying the cock hilt-deep into his clenching throat. He swallowed the first explosion of thick, hot cum, and then he was squeezing Joe's testicles firmly with each new blast. The youth twitched in a combination of pleasure and agony, finally weakening and groaning as his wrenching climax slowed and ended.

Broussard felt Joe tremble with the aftershocks, and he slowly eased his grip on the slippery balls, tongue washing the still-quivering prick. At last, he released the exhausted trustee and got to his feet. Broussard reached to his desk and tapped the button on the remote control. The green glow faded. With his implant returning to its standby state, Joe slumped. Broussard caught him, embracing him. Joe clung to him, gulping for breath, and for a long time, neither man moved.

"Okay, punk?" Broussard asked finally.

"Yeah." He laid the side of his face against the Director's hair-slicked chest, "My head hurts like a motherfucker, but it was worth it. I needed to cum something fierce, buddy."

"I told you I know what you need." Broussard rubbed his palms over the youth's sweat-damp shoulders and back lazily. "You've learned how to take punishment."

"Yeah ... I guess ..."

"I want you to teach Mason the same thing. Once you teach him how to crawl, I want to see your cock down his throat and his nuts in your fist."

"Damn right!" Joe pulled back and looked up at Broussard, expressionless except for the glint in his eyes. "Has he got good balls?"

"Big ones--like goose eggs. The kind you like. I seen 'em lots of times in the showers." Broussard stepped away and unfastened his trousers, skinning them off without concern and tossing them on the desk next to his shirt. "Plenty of cock, too, and a real nice little ass. Got a great build on him. You're gonna enjoy breaking him."

Broussard's brawny nakedness gleamed in the dulled light, deeply tanned, and his substantial erection bobbed at his crotch, a vein-etched tree trunk. He watched Joe stare at his dick, and then Joe looked down at himself, watching as his own cock throbbed and began to stiffen again in response.

"Damn it, Bastard ...," Joe began.

"Bend over the desk. I'm going to fuck your butt."

Joe smirked. "You're a horny son of a bitch today! Thinkin' 'bout Mason's got you hotter'n usual?"

"You know it!"

Grinning, Joe turned, bent forward, braced his outstretched arms on the desktop. Broussard fished in his desk drawer for the bottle of lubricant, as Joe looked down at the Director's khaki uniform shirt and trousers on the desk. "Son of a bitch!" Joe repeated in a whisper, letting his fingers caress the body-warm clothing.

"Damn!" Broussard chuckled. "I sure like seeing you in that position, Joe."

"Fuck you, Bastard!" Joe fake-swore, grinning.

"Yeah, you've got an even neater tail than Mason has." Broussard moved in behind the youth and gripped his ass cheeks, spreading them, easing his grease-covered fingers into the narrow cleft between them. "I don't know what I like most: laying my belt on your butt, or seeing you standing all obedient and ready to do whatever I say, or fucking you."

"Get on with it, Bastard," Joe grouched, the way he had since he was a rebellious punk, the way he always did when he was horny.

Broussard's fingertips inched toward the sensitive lips of Joe's asshole, and he noted with satisfaction that Joe planted his feet wider apart, offering himself to Broussard completely. But Joe tensed involuntarily as the fingers grazed over his puckered opening, again and again, teasing. Not entering, just teasing back and forth across the opening.

"What the fuck!" Joe exploded at last. "What the hell're you doing back there?"

"Getting you lubed up," Broussard replied, mock-innocently, smothering an amused snicker. "I'm not one of them punks; I don't just ram my dick into a guy without getting him warmed up first. Remember the first time? You said you couldn't take a chunk of meat as big as mine, and then I proved you wrong. I got you warmed up and shoved it up inside you good and hard." He pressured one fingertip at the center of the throbbing nexus, pressed harder, and it slithered inside. "Remember, pal?"

"Yeah," Joe admitted softly, swaying slightly as the finger probed deeper--one thick knuckle--another--all the way to the base. "Hell, I was no virgin."

"You sure acted like one. Bitching and complaining about how big it was and how you couldn't take it." Broussard twisted and pumped his finger slowly, knowing the sensations were magnified a hundred times by the sensitivity of the tender muscle-ring. "I told you to crawl, and you crawled, remember?"

"Shit, you're hung like--" The youth wrenched forward as he felt a second finger thrust into his asshole. "Easy! Take it easy! Awww--you bastard!"

"Maybe I ought'a get your buddy Moose in here to loosen you up with that fence post of his." Broussard continued to work inward without haste. He thought about Moose--the big punk had not been implanted yet, but Broussard liked the idea of watching Moose fuck Joe's ass like an animal in heat. And knowing the big-dicked stud would be under his control when he did it?--Knowing both Moose and Joe would be under his control when they fucked?--That thought aroused Broussard more than he expected, and his thick cock pulsed eagerly. Broussard snapped back to the present and Joe's ass in front of him. Still, the thought of that big, dumb punk and his big bull-dick plugging that ass persisted. "His meat's bigger than mine, huh?"

"About as long. Not as thick. Shit, you know none of those dick-head inmates plug me. You got me trained--you and that damn implant. No one fucks me but you."

*We'll see about that*, Broussard thought, grinning. Yes, he decided, Moose would need to be implanted, and soon, very soon.

Joe squirmed as the taunting finger-massage in his sensitive hole continued, then sucked in a deep breath.

"C'mon, quit messin' around! You're drivin' me nuts. Just stick it in and get it over with."

"Okay, punk." Grinning because he knew Joe was joking, knew Joe was balls-hot to get his ass fucked, Broussard withdrew his fingers, gripped his rigid shaft, and nudged the broad, fist-like head against Joe's pulsing opening. "Ready to get screwed?"

"I don't give a damn, you cock-sucker."

"Yeah?" He rubbed the bulging flesh against Joe's sensitive ass-lips without trying to penetrate them. "Beg for it."

"Go to hell!"

"Beg, punk!"

"No way!"

Broussard reached over the desk.

Joe gasped and his ass clenched. "No, Bastard! Don't--"

Broussard tapped the button to reactivate the implant.

"Awww--" Joe moaned as that obedient state took him, and his head sank forward.

"I said, beg. Now beg me to fuck you."

Joe's voice softened with honesty and need. "Please ... I need ... Please ... Fuck me ..."

"Damn right! That got you nice and cooperative, just the way I like you!" He thrust his erection collar-deep into Joe's hole and held it there as the hole clenched by instinct and the youth gasped at the shock. "Like that, punk? Tell me how it feels."

"Like ... rippin' me open ..."

"Bullshit. You've taken it plenty of times before. Now just relax and get ready to be ridden." Broussard ran his palms over the trustee's muscle-etched shoulders and back, and he felt the flesh-ring relax about his potent meat-stick. "That's more like it."

"Rrrrrhh ..."

"I'm going to screw the hell out of you," Broussard murmured, pressing his iron deeper. "Just like you're going to screw Mason one of these days."

Joe quivered as Broussard pushed his unyielding column into the youth's ass inch by inch, slowly, with a casual sureness, into his guts, all the way.

"There--you got it all, punk? You like that? You like riding my horny dick? Tell me how much you like it. Tell me you can take it. Tell me to fuck you hard!"

The youth's voice became a muffled mumble against the desktop. "Take it ... all ... Yeah, fuck me ..."

Broussard pulled back until Joe's ass-lips were tight about the flange of his stiff cock, and then he drove it inward again. And again. And again. A slow and steady rhythm. He pulled the young inmate's trim hips to help move that rounded ass to meet his thrusts. "That's more like it, buddy," he muttered, and he wrapped his arms about the hunched trustee, dragging him back on Broussard's the plunging dick. "Take it!"

"Aaah ..."

"Take it, punk!"

"Urrh ..."

Broussard hip-pumped with brutal slowness, and he heard Joe's hisses and gasps. He drew back and corkscrewed his dick into the writhing body, and he finger-clawed the youth's wide chest, finding the hot-tipped nipples and twisted them firmly. "Take it, punk!" He reached down and switched off the remove. "Talk to me, punk! Tell me much you love gettin' screwed by my cock!"

Joe seemed to come alive against as he snapped out of the implant's effect. "Son of a fuckin' bitch, Broussard! You cock-sucker! You lousy, damn--" Joe straightened and jammed his butt down on its invader. "Fuck me, Bastard! Fuck me harder! Fuck me! Fuck!"

Broussard grinned. "You got it, punk!" His hands drove into the youth's crotch. One hand bypassed Joe's aroused dick and gripping his pulsing testicles, and Broussard clamped the sensitive organs, hearing Joe's pain-filled cry. His other hand found Joe's cock-shaft, made a fist around it, and pumped. He felt Joe's body shudder against his, and he knew the trustee was close, too close. "Cum, punk! *Cum!*" He felt the clench of Joe's asshole on Broussard's cock, then felt Joe's cum spurt through his pumping fingers. He was squeezing a second load out of the horny trustee's nuts, and just a few cock-strokes later Broussard began shooting his own into Joe's clenching butthole, his orgasm soaring as Joe's continued. "Damn good!" Broussard swore, because sharing their orgasms did feel good, so fucking good, as they skyrocketed together, reaching that incredible special peak ... then ... floating back ... coasting down ... The Director of Neumann and the young inmate impaled on his softening iron, locked together ...

"Broussard?" Joe whispered.

"Yeah?" Semi-dozing as he lay across Joe's back, trapping him face-down against the desk, Broussard drifted slowly back to reality. "Too much for you, punk?"

"Hell, no! I ... I popped all over your uniform, sir."

"Lick it up!" Broussard ordered, in control again. "Don't make me use the remote. I wanna see you lick it up the way you're gonna make Mason lick up his cum when you've whipped him into shape and stuck an implant into his head! And if there's a trace of a cum-stain on my uniform when I inspect it, I'm gonna make you lick it clean all over again."

Joe grinned. "Yes, sir!"

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