



"You know what I love about this job? It's how you get to experience the humiliation of men not used to being at the bottom... This total change of power and what it does to people over time. I've worked at bars, restaurants and in service and I've met thousands of these privileged guys. They think they're so much better than you while all you're good for is to get them a coke... Or, if they're lucky, a quick blowjob on the toilet. I'm so glad I applied for this position as warden! Where else can you make these bastards pay – while being paid yourself quite well?"

"I know what you mean! It's just our duty to make them suffer, but it's a hot fantasy to imagine you could just give them a little more than what they're actually here for. But in the end, all of them deserve it, right? I mean, they have done something wrong and have been charged and sentenced to their ordeal here."

"You would think that, wouldn't you? Well, let me tell you a secret: they don't always need to have committed crime to find themselves sent to this institution... In some cases, it's enough if you have powerful enemies with large pockets... or a vengeful ex with good connections. Look at him, for example. You know Chandler Dupont?"

"What? That dude inherited the whole fucking company of his father! Didn't he step down from the position of chairman and leave everything to his... fiancé, or whatever? And you're telling me this is him? But how do you know, we're not supposed to know the identities of the inmates!"

"I know, I know. But I hang around at the area where new inmates come in and had a look at this one before he got fitted with his hood. He's way too much of a celebrity to keep his face free, but it's really him! He was still dizzy from whatever sedative they'd drugged him with. But they staff at reception made sure to wait until his mind had cleared so he was fully aware of what was happening to him. You should have seen the look on his face when he realized he would never walk out of here again, the begging and stuttering before they fitted the gag!"

"Oh wow, I would have loved to see that! I get so wet when they beg!"

"Ans this one was quite a treat. It was me who fitted the chastity device and the ballet boots, the way. It wasn't on his schedule, but I figured it might be the appropriate attire. Just imagine: this guy who could fuck every girl he wanted will never fuck again and instead be teased and tormented... By us! Anyway, next time a new inmate arrives, you should come with me, and we think of a way to make his time here much worse than it already would be. For now, Mr. Dupont's muffled screams must be enough to fuel your dirty mind!"