

# X

by TakeNoPrizners

*A tale of execution, updated from the original story "Taggart Gets the X"*

Illustrated by Roo Morgan

*For Malex, with greetings from the Fort.*



The X was just a couple of strips of red plastic tape. The mark would be easy to peel off Taggart's locker door after he had been taken away. The first thing the guys saw when they returned to the locker room after winning the last game of the season was Taggart's X. They couldn't help staring at it as they stripped off their uniforms.

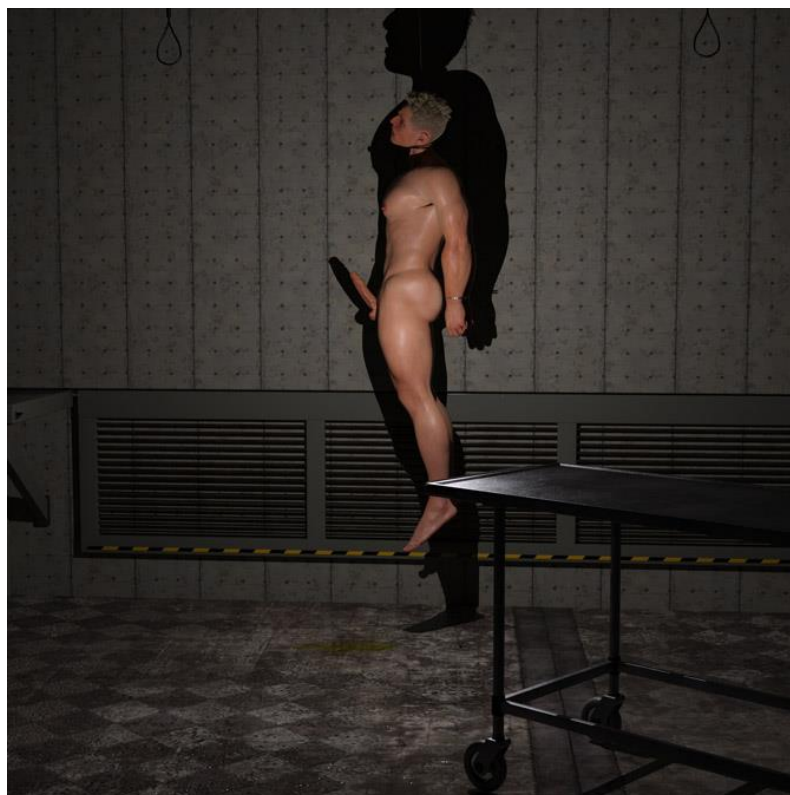
Taggart had seen another hoopster get X'ed once. He remembered avoiding eye contact with the unlucky bastard and just going about his business, stripping off, throwing his jock strap onto the floor. He and the other players had slammed their metal locker doors shut before padding naked into the gang shower. They were as eager to get away from the teammate who had been X'ed as they were to rid their bodies and their growing hard-ons of the sweat and grime they had acquired during two hours of grueling court press. Taggart recalled catching a glimpse of the doomed player as he passed the guy on the way to the shower. The X'ed player had just stood there in his jock strap with slumped shoulders, staring at the mark on his locker. When Taggart

returned, pressing a towel into his soaked pubes to dry off, the doomed teammate was already gone. No one ever mentioned him again.

Now Taggart was keenly aware that none of his teammates was looking at *him*. No one spoke to him, though he knew what they were all thinking. His mouth went dry as he blinked in disbelief at his locker door, unsure what to do. His broad shoulders sagged slightly from their usual square posture. He was strangely conscious of his throat, especially when he swallowed—that brief couple of seconds when the gullet closes. Is that what it feels like when they do it? He had hoped he would never find out.

Taggart had finished the game with his nearly perfect free-throw record still intact. While he was out on the court with the rest of the team, someone had emptied his locker, padlocked it, and X'ed it. His belongings were in an open cardboard box on the floor. His name and player number, "57 - Taggart," had been scrawled on the flap of the carton with a felt-tip pen. The little embossed plastic nameplate that bore the same information was no longer stuck to his locker door. A rectangle of dried glue that had once held it in place now announced his cut from the roster. The missing nameplate was scarier than the red X.

Not knowing what else to do, Taggart mechanically pulled off his gym shoes and socks. He slipped out of the rest of his Number 57 uniform and stuffed everything into the cardboard box with the rest of his stuff. The last item he dropped into the carton was his jock strap. He wondered what they would do with the box . . . with him. . . *afterward* . . .



The others were in the shower room, cavorting with half hard or even fully hard cocks as they always did after winning a game. In a daze, feeling sick at his stomach, Taggart entered the shower as well. At least he would be clean when they came for him. The others immediately fell silent, and he regretted having followed them in. He did not get erect as he usually did when showering with the guys. Instead, he sat limp-dicked on the cement shelf built into one of the tiled walls. Benched at the side of the gang shower, apart from the others, his isolation seemed appropriate. He was the only X'ed guy in there. He let the warm water spray onto his face and chest, much of it deflected from the athletic bodies of his teammates as they resumed their horseplay, behaving as if he weren't there, all of them knowing that he soon wouldn't be. Taggart's blond hair moistened in the spray and turned a darker shade. Taggart didn't bother to lather up and rub his crotch, chest, arms and legs, like the other guys were doing. There didn't seem to be much point. He put his face in his hands and fought back a sudden urge to cry. He was 22 years old, and he was about to die.

"You don't need to shower, Taggart." It was the voice of the team coach, who had stuck his head into the shower room. "Come on out of there now, son." The other guys in the shower fell silent again as they watched their teammate leave them for good. Naked and shivering slightly as he emerged from the warm moisture of the gang shower, Taggart returned to the locker room. Standing next to the coach was a handsome guard, maybe 30 years old, over six feet tall, with brown hair and brown eyes. The man's meaty shoulders and muscular chest more than adequately filled out his crisply pressed khaki shirt. The dark trousers of his uniform gripped him tightly as they stretched across a bulging endowment. A set of standard police handcuffs dangled from his utility belt. In his right hand the guard held the grip of a long metal tube, which he tapped ominously against the outstretched palm of his left hand. Taggart realized it was some kind of stinger, like a cattle prod. "No need to take a shower," the coach said awkwardly. "They want you . . . as you are," he explained. Taggart noticed the handsome guard checking out his prisoner's long, cut 22-year-old dick and his furry, low-hanging balls. Taggart did have an amazing cock. Everybody said so.

"Put your hands behind your back, Taggart," the uniformed stud said in a deep, quiet voice. His tone was authoritarian and no-nonsense. It was the voice of a man with experience. Taggart knew the guy must have taken lots of athletes into custody. Jocks were getting X'ed all the time. He and his teammates had heard about other squads losing guys this way too. A wrestler friend of Taggart's had disappeared from his locker room a day or two earlier.

Taggart crossed his wrists behind the small of his back while the escort clipped the stun gun to his utility belt, exchanging it for the cuffs. Taggart compliantly turned his back so the guard could secure his hands. With practiced efficiency, the stud clicked the cold metal restraints into place. When the man spun Taggart around again to face him, the coach had disappeared. Taggart noticed that the box of belongings with his name and player number on it was also gone. The players had resumed their horseplay and could be heard shouting good-natured obscenities at each other as they cavorted in the shower spray, grabbing the shower heads and aiming the jets of water at each other's cocks and balls, a game that jocks never tire of playing. Already the other

players were forgetting the plight of their one-time teammate. By tomorrow Taggart would be erased from their thoughts.

Once again the escort drew his stun gun. He clicked a switch on its grip, which activated a little red light on the handle. Taggart saw him grip a dial at the base of the metal stick and turn it clockwise one complete revolution. The naked jock grew wide-eyed as the uniformed man grinned sadistically. With only one corner of his mouth curled upward, he looked evil as fuck. Taggart was about to find out just how evil. The guard pressed the end of the prong into Taggart's dripping wet navel. Taggart screamed as he doubled over in agony. After only a few seconds of sizzling agony, he fell to his knees, fighting not to lose consciousness. Waves of pain wracked his guts, chest and upper legs. He was short of breath.

“You're not gonna make me do that again, are you Taggart?” the guard asked quietly, having made his point. “You're gonna come along nice and quiet, aren't you boy?” Taggart nodded, unable to speak. But when Taggart faltered getting back onto his feet with his hands cuffed behind him, the guard touched the stun gun to Taggart's bare ass, making it crackle against his wet skin and causing him to jump to his feet and fairly sprint toward the door. “Attaboy!” the guard said mockingly. They left the gym just before the rest of the team finished their showers.

The prison van was parked just outside the entrance to the gym. The simple capital letter “X” was painted in red inside a black square on the side of the van, with a smaller “TM” trademark emblem below the logo. The uniformed escort roughly shoved the young athlete through the open rear door. Taggart landed on his face, but he rolled over and lay sprawled on his back on the floor of the death wagon. His long, cut cock lay heavily across his thigh. The guard climbed in after him and slammed the door shut. There was no need for him to shock Taggart in the nuts with his juice gun, but he did anyway. Taggart yelled himself hoarse, screaming obscenities. Pain beyond anything he had ever known coursed from his testicles up through his guts and into his chest. He lay with his cuffed hands pinned beneath him, bucking his pelvis up and down in spasmodic reaction to the nut zap. The guard curled his lip up again as he observed the effect of the pain rod on this muscular captive. “What are you yelling about, boy? You're not gonna need those nuts any more where you're going!” When Taggart's screams subsided, the guard tapped the shaft of his cattle prod twice against the cab window. It was the signal for the driver to start the engine. Taggart would give them no trouble during his ride to the facility.

As they rolled away, Taggart's escort slapped the insidious zapper rod against his palm, keeping the prisoner guessing if and when he would feel its sting again, and which part of his body would be tortured next. Responding to the bumps in the road, Taggart's sexmeat flopped up over his balls and back down again. It hung down so low between his spread thighs, that the exposed cockhead touched the floor. His exceptional prick resembled the tail of some animal. Taggart knew the guard was staring at his privates and wondered if his handsome endowment might have contributed to the decision to X him. No reasons were ever given for X'ing a guy. It just happened. Taggart had scored 22 points in the last game, so his removal from the roster wasn't a reflection of his athletic ability. Seeing the guard stare at his cock, Taggart indulged in vain speculation. Maybe they didn't want anybody around whose cock dwarfed the peckers on the

other players. It wasn't good for team spirit. The theory didn't hold up, though. Taggart recalled from horseplay in the gang shower that the previous teammate to get the X did not have a particularly spectacular prick. When the guy boned in the shower, his hoist was just average. But they had taken him away just the same.

The next bump in the road was so severe, it made Taggart's pecker do a backflip and slap up onto his hard belly before returning to its dangle. The big guard grinned at the show. In the short remainder of his expendable life, Taggart resigned himself to being entertainment.

By the time they got to the facility, the convulsing pain emanating from Taggart's electrocuted testicles was beginning to subside, at least enough for him to walk. The guard shoved him out of the back of the truck and force-marched him through a big metal doorway into the dark interior of the death house. His long, limp dick slapped against his muscular thighs. The guard tapped his fire stick against his open palm, reminding the prisoner not to drag his feet.

Another guard wearing the same uniform of khaki shirt and dark trousers was seated at a desk just inside the entrance. Emblazoned on the back wall of the intake area was the red X logo in the black square.

A laptop was open in front of the man at the desk. "Stop here," ordered the escort who was shepherding the new arrival to his execution. Taggart was jerked into position in front of the desk so the man could inspect him. "Subject 57, Taggart. Basketball," the guard said to the man at the desk. The man looked at his laptop screen, clicked a single key, and nodded to the escort. As the guard hustled him past the check-in station, Taggart caught a glimpse of the spread sheet on the computer screen and saw that it was a list of names and numbers. In a parallel column next to about half of the entries, Taggart could see the indication "X." Increasingly resigned to his fate, the tall jock continued the march along a gloomy corridor into the bowels of the death house. He moved with long strides at a quick pace, not just so he could get the inevitable over with. He also wanted to avoid feeling the guard's stinger on his bare skin. His cock swung free and wide across his thighs.

Taggart still had a queasy feeling in his stomach when they entered a bleak holding area, where institutional paint peeled off the cement walls and the air was close and dank. A battered metal office desk and a desk chair were at one end of the room. A few narrow stand-up cells were built into one of the walls. On another wall various restraints hung on pegs. The guard released Taggart's wrists but backed the jock's bare ass up against the outside of one of the cages and immediately re-cuffed his wrists to the bars behind him. He took Taggart's cock in his right hand and fondled it with admiration before letting it drop. "Nice piece, stud." Taggart wasn't sure whether the reference to his sexmeat was mockery or admiration.

In the relative privacy of the holding area, the guard became unexpectedly talkative. Not that Taggart wanted to hear his bizarre gabble, but it was a lot better than the bastard letting his stun gun say everything. "Maybe you've heard," he informed his prisoner, "—your cock is gonna get hard when they do it. The audience likes that." Taggart had already heard the rumor about guys

getting a stiff tool when they swing, and he was strangely glad to have his curiosity satisfied. He was *not* glad to hear he would have an audience when he hanged.

The guard continued the body inspection by hefting Taggart's smooth balls and squeezing them slightly as he fondled the nuts between his fingers. He test-punched Taggart's belly with a pointed knuckle-jab to the gut, confirming the athlete's toughness and strength. A young buck with abs like that would probably be able to bend his knees and lift them way up against his chest while he struggled in the noose. Always a good show.

"The Director isn't ready for you yet," the guard went on. "If you can believe it, the drop-line on the gallows broke on us this morning. A wrestler fell onto his ass without so much as a rope burn on his neck. We had to re-string the gallows and do him over. So we're working our way through a bit of a backlog." Taggart's eyes grew wider as he fought off panic.

"Don't worry, though, studboy. Everything's good now. You'll dangle just great, and you can kick as much as you want. We've got fresh new line out there for you. I keep telling the Director we should convert to nylon, or at least use a heavy gauge of manila, but he likes the traditional lariat style of rope, like the ones they strung up wrestlers with -- I mean rustlers -- back in the Old West. He claims the audience likes old-fashioned hemp better than some bright-colored nylon. Me, I don't care, so long as the boy hangs right. You like watching the hanging scenes in westerns, Taggart?"

"I used to."

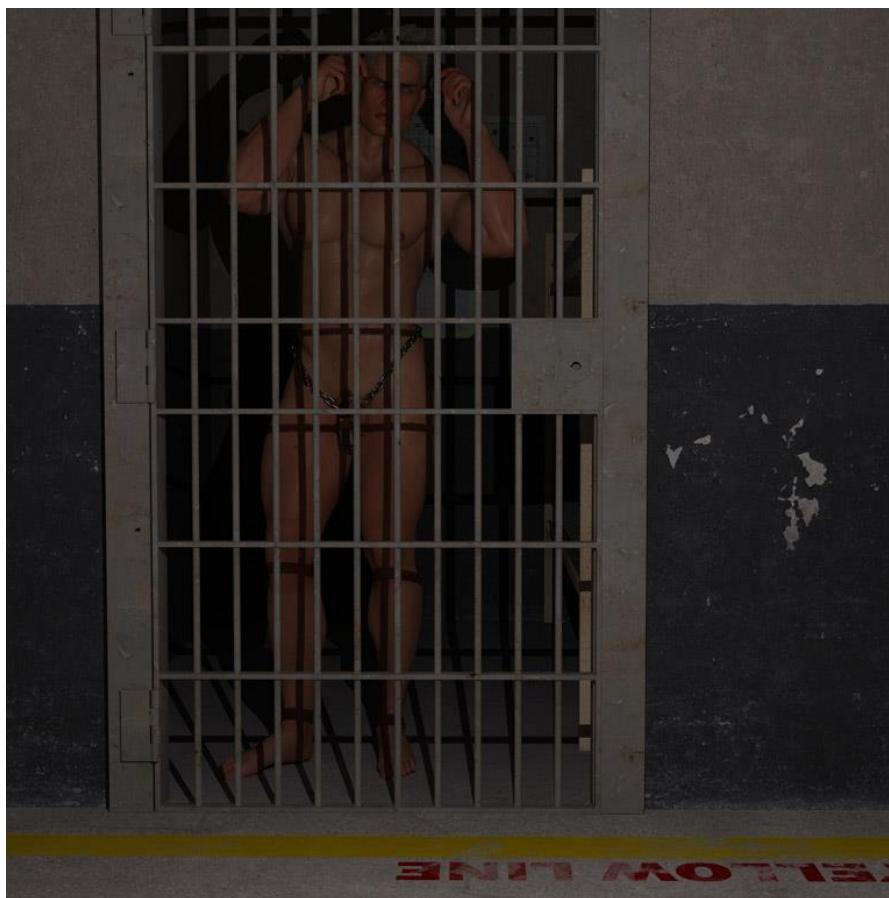
"Ha! Good answer, cowboy!" The guard punched him in the gut again, just to watch Taggart's long cock swing up in response to the impact. "Hey, smart mouth, let me make you comfortable while we wait."

Reaching toward a peg on the wall, the guard grabbed a cock cage. The metal chastity trap was attached to a waist chain. He expertly slid the device onto Taggart's prick and closed it around the thick shaft before bringing the chain all the way around Taggart's waist and locking both ends to the prick basket. "We don't want you jerking yourself off before your show," he explained. The steel cage was cold against Taggart's meat. The prisoner's face was hot with anger as the guard handled his manhood.

He reached around Taggart again, this time to unfasten the cuffs and pull open the door of the cell. "Turn around!" To prevent any mischief from the unrestrained stud, the guard switched his stun gun back on and applied it liberally to Taggart's bare flesh. The jock cried out sharply and cursed as he was encouraged to turn around and step forward into the stand-up cell. The zapper was only removed from his back when Taggart was spread-eagled facing the wall at the rear of his closet. His ass was exposed to the guard and to the fucker's electric hate stick. He hoped like hell the man wouldn't bury the thing in his anus and power it on. However, the guard seemed content with running his hands over the young prisoner's tight bubble butt. The toned glutes were in as good a shape as the rest of him. He slid three or four fingers part-way into Taggart's

asscrack, poking in until he could feel the outer ring of the prisoner's fuckhole with his middle finger. Taggart pressed his forehead against the wall in humiliation as his escort molested him.

The guard's heavy breathing betrayed how horny he was. With his cock swelling in his trousers, he contemplated a quick butt-fuck while the death chamber was being prepared. Extending his arms around the tall jock as if to embrace him from behind, the guard pressed his crotch bulge against the muscular assmeat and grabbed Taggart's pecs. He smelled the dried sweat that had not been washed from the jock's body after a hard game. He brutally pinched and twisted Taggart's nips, making him gasp. It was the same exclamation the prisoner would make if he were being penetrated from behind by a big horny cock. But instead of raping his prisoner, the escort just sighed and backed away. It was better not to fuck the meat. Not that he didn't go against regulations from time to time, but he wasn't sure he'd have time for a good rut before they were ready for the next hangboy. Taggart was the kind of hot fuck that deserved to be appreciated properly. He slammed the cell door shut and locked it. Maybe the Director would let him visit Taggart later, before he cooled.



Wearing only his metal cock restraint, Taggart turned around slowly, gripped the bars, and peered through them like a caged animal.

He could see the guard dig into his trousers pocket for his mobile device. In order to reach it, he had to remove a roll of red plastic adhesive tape.

“Do you enjoy X’ing guys?” Taggart asked brazenly.

The guard ignored him for a moment as he located his mobile and switched it on.

“What’s not to like?” He sat down at his desk, brought up a site, and scrolled through it on the screen. After a moment Taggart could hear the faint, tinny audio of a fuck vid. The guard smiled as he watched, but he divided his attention between the screen and the naked athlete waiting in his cage. With his left hand he steadily stroked his groin and kept his dick hard.

The next time the guard looked up from his phone, Taggart asked “Are you gonna . . . take some *measurements*?” He knew it was probably a stupid question, but it was on his mind. One of the things he imagined would happen before they did it to him was weighing him and determining his height and maybe his neck size, too. He had heard that certain *calculations* were necessary to ensure an efficient snuff on the gallows. With nothing else to hope for, Taggart hoped that they at least did it right. The account of the frayed noose rope was not a testament to professional expertise.

“No need,” the guard said simply, without further explanation. He was gazing at Taggart’s cock cage again and seemed more interested in reminding himself of the dimensions of the prisoner’s dick than the weight and stature of his body.

Taggart cleared his throat as he got up the nerve to ask about other things that were on his mind. “Is it gonna . . . *hurt*?”

The guard was glocking porn again. After a while, without looking up, he answered simply, “Yeah.”

“Am I . . . are they . . . um, will I be fucked before they string me up?”

After a moment of quiet passive aggression, the guard responded unhelpfully, “Do you *want* to get fucked, Taggart?”

The phone dinged with a message. The guard switched from video to text messaging and read the incoming SMS. He pocketed the phone. “The Director will see you now, meat. Maybe he can answer some of your questions. You sure have a shitload of ‘em.” Before opening the cell, he held up the stun gun again to remind the jock of the agony it can dish out. “Don’t give me any trouble, Taggart.”

Once again in bracelets, he resumed the now familiar stride that his guard expected him to take. His flesh had goose bumps, but they were not from treading barefoot on the cool cement floor of



the dank corridor. Taggart knew he was getting closer to the noose they had prepared for him. Several meters down the corridor he found himself in a drab room with cracked cement walls. A bare wooden desk and a few office chairs were the only furnishings. A man in his 30s wearing a sharp blue business suit and a dark tie sat behind the desk.

The guard removed Taggart's handcuffs and waved the fire stick in front of his face. "Keep your arms at your sides. Show no disrespect to the Director. I haven't shoved this up your ass yet, fuckhead, but that is *exactly* what I will do if you move your arms from your sides even once." Taggart was not offered the empty chair. He stood at attention while the man in the blue suit rose and walked around his desk to examine the prisoner. As the Director circled behind Taggart, the naked jock started to turn his head and follow him with his gaze, but the escort yelled "Eyes forward, boy!" Taggart compliantly looked straight ahead. For the first time he noticed a window in the wall behind the desk. Though it had been broad daylight when the van arrived at the facility, there was only dim artificial light coming through the Venetian blinds on the window. He figured the aperture provided a view into another interior space. Maybe the death chamber was in the next room. Taggart fought the urge to retch.

The Director circled slowly around the tall, muscular athlete, appreciating Taggart's anatomy as if studying a life-size sculpture. "Extend your arms out sideways, stud," he spoke to Taggart for the first time. "Straight out from your shoulders." He gave the order in a routine tone of voice, as if he were a dentist telling a patient to "open wide." Taggart obliged and lifted his arms from his sides. The Director felt the prisoner's lat muscles, then his abs. He looked down at the cock cage.

"Are his pubes shaved?" the Director asked the guard.

"He was already clean when I picked him up."

"Any recent ejaculation?"

"No sir. The coach pulled him out of the shower before he could jerk himself off. He's been cock-caged since intake."

At the mention of masturbating in the gang shower, Taggart's mind wandered to a famous circle-jerk in the steam after the team had won a big game and advanced to the semi-finals. The whole team had been in on it. The other guys had been impressed with how much spunk Taggart could blow, and how far he could shoot it. Everybody shot big, though. Their teamwork was tight. The drains in the shower floor were nearly clogged by all the cocksnot.

The reverie was interrupted when the Director spoke to Taggart again. "Lower your arms. Get down on your knees." After hesitating slightly, Taggart dropped to his knees before the desk. His knuckles dragged the floor. The Director sat down and crossed one leg over the other as he adjusted the cuffs of his dress shirt.

"Hands on top of your head, Taggart!" the guard barked impatiently.

His tone suggested that the prisoner should have somehow known what he was supposed to do. Squatting in front of the man in the blue suit, the naked jock assumed the submissive posture of a prisoner. Taggart spread his elbows and clasped his hands together on top of his head.



The Director cleared his throat. “You know what happens here, do you not, stud?”

“I’m going to die here.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Why are you doing this?”

The guard turned on his stun gun and held it close to Taggart’s ear. Taggart could hear the faint electronic hum of the device. “Why are you doing this, *SIR!*” he corrected the prisoner. “Not that the Director owes you any answers, you dumbfuck jockmeat.”

Taggart persisted and restated the question. “Why are you doing this, Sir?”

“We help young men reach their full potential . . . and demonstrate that potential.”

Taggart swallowed hard.

“So how much . . . “ He interrupted himself. “Sir, if I may ask, how much did you pay for me?”

“One of the few good things about your current situation is that you no longer have to worry about money,” the Director answered. It was exactly the sort of cryptic non-answer Taggart anticipated. He decided to say nothing more.

“Back in holding he asked me if he was gonna get fucked,” the guard sneered.

“He’s a healthy young man. He thinks a lot about fucking,” the Director responded. “That’s why he’s going to do such a good job in there.” He checked the time on his mobile device before giving the guard his next instructions. “Cuff him. Uncage his rig.”

Taggart felt the guard’s firm grip as one of his wrists, then the other was jerked down from his head and cuffed behind his ass. “Get up, meat!” the guard snarled.

Once the prisoner was on his feet, the guard inserted a key and unlatched the genital restraint. He opened the cage and removed the hardware. The guard looped the waist chain behind his own neck and let the ends hang down against his big chest. Taggart’s cock was free again, but the cuffs on his wrists were as tight as ever.

With a final leer at Taggart’s ass, the guard left the office. “I’ll escort you from this point on,” the Director informed his ward. He showed his prisoner the hand-held device he used. “Just so you know, the red button I have up on the screen brings Mr. Joystick back in ten seconds. I’m sure he zapped you half way to hell on the way over here. He really enjoys using his stick. Do you know that on its maximum setting it can produce up to 50 volts? Applied long enough to the right part of a man’s body, it can kill. He shoved it onto your ballsac, didn’t he? Shocked your gonads for a full minute or so?”

Taggart nodded. “Yes sir.”

“Never had it done to me, but I understand it comes close to the ultimate pain experience. I bet he stuck that son-of-a-bitch into your navel too, didn’t he?”

“Yes sir, and on my ass, on my back . . .”

“You can drop the ‘sir’ now, stud. I keep up the formalities for the benefit of the staff, just like that guard called you ‘dumbfuck jockmeat’ to impress *me*. I doubt he called you that before the three of us were in the same room together. He’s gone for the time being. It’s just the two of us, until we get to the gallows. I have a feeling you’ve learned what’s good for you around here. For example, you know that your friendly escort is not far away. He’s an idiot, but he’s useful. He thinks I don’t know he spends a lot of company time watching porn. You probably could tell how much he wants to put something up your ass, stud. And not just his cock. You’re not going to make me push the red button, are you, stud? You’re not going to give the fucker an excuse for coming back, are you?”

Taggart shook his head and looked at his feet. “No sir.” He caught himself and revised the answer to just “No.” The Director clutched his hand onto the athlete’s shoulder and guided him out of the office. The man had an iron grip. He was in terrific shape.

The guard with the evil grin was sauntering away from them, retracing his steps back up the hallway. He playfully twirled “Mr. Joystick” like a baton as he casually whistled a vaguely familiar tune. Taggart hadn’t heard it since he was a kid: “Streets of Laredo” -- that sad song about a dead cowboy . . . “For I’m a young cowboy . . . so brave, young and handsome . . . Once in the saddle . . . I’m dying today.”

Taggart was shoved into the room on the opposite side of the corridor, which turned out to be a clean, brightly lit toilet with modern fixtures.

“Do you need to shit?”

“No.”

The Director pushed him toward a urinal on one of the tiled walls. “Then empty your bladder.”



Taggart thrust his pelvis forward and awkwardly aimed for the porcelain. It helped that he badly needed to piss. The stream was strong. The Director stood in a corner and leaned casually against the wall as he watched Taggart's no-hands release.

"How much do you bench press, stud?" the man in the blue suit wanted to know. "I do 125 kilos, but I bet you've got me beat."

Taggart could see the man was checking out his physique again. “Not by much. I’m at 130,” he admitted. The unexpected jock banter relaxed him. So did the feel of his bladder draining.

“Why do you bulk out, man? I mean, for basketball. I could see it for football. Your muscle mass doesn’t slow you down on the court?”

“Full downcourt lob after a recovery, last two seconds of the game,” Taggart replied. “Gotta have shoulder and arm strength. Accuracy helps too.”

“Speaking of accuracy!” the Director complimented his prisoner. He was looking at the spotless floor and gleaming urinal. Taggart had accomplished his mission brilliantly. His entire offload had gone into the basin of the porcelain receptacle without so much as a drop of piss on the rim – just like one of his rimless three-pointers, when the ball barely ruffled the net as it passed straight down through the middle.

The Director looked at his device and checked the time. “Let’s go.” Again the surprisingly strong hand gripped the jock’s bare shoulder and guided him to their next stop. Taggart figured it would be his last stop.

They crossed the corridor again, this time diagonally, so that they passed by an open door on the left. Taggart realized it was the room adjacent to the Director’s “office.” The doomed jock was caught short by what he saw inside. It should not have surprised him to see that the facility had its own morgue. On the left wall of the room was the window with Venetian blinds. From the room next door, the Director had a full “post-performance” view of the X’ed athletes,

One of his predecessors in the noose lay ass down on a stainlesssteel mortuary table in the center of the morgue. Taggart recognized the naked stiff as his friend on the wrestling squad. He wondered if this was the guy who had broken the hanging rope.

The dead grappler’s circumcised pecker was semi-stiff and arched up over his left thigh. The dick continued to glisten with deathcum that was drying and crusting on the shaft. The jock’s thick neck was disfigured by a reddish rope burn. Apparently when he dropped a second time, it took.



Behind the metal table was a wall of chiller drawers. One of the compartments was open, ready to receive an occupant.



On the right side of the room, a couple more muscular dead dudes were laid out naked on two shelves of a four-bunk corpse-stacking unit. The stiffies were patiently waiting their turns either to lie on the table or to get stashed in a drawer. Taggart judged from their builds that one might be a football stud, possibly a wide receiver or a tight end. The other long-legged one looked to be a basketballer like him.



Instead of shoving his prisoner to keep him moving, the Director let Taggart take in the view. “You asked if you will be fucked. The honest answer is *maybe*. But if it happens, it will happen in here. So you don’t need to worry about it. I don’t know if you’re an ass virgin or not, but if you are, you’ll die that way. Don’t sweat it.” Taggart’s muscular body flinched and shivered. “Let’s keep moving, stud,” the Director said. “You’ll be back here soon enough.”

They re-entered the corridor and resumed the death march. Taggart saw the door to the gallows chamber straight ahead, appropriately situated at the dead end of the passageway. Also appropriate was the skull and crossbones that had been stenciled onto the door. The cliché was a bit over the top. Taggart could remember painting that same emblem on his bedroom door when he was 13 years old, playing *Call of Duty* and *Mortal Kombat*. He mused about how prophetic the decorating choice had turned out to be. The Director pulled the metal door open and nudged his prisoner inside.



As soon as he entered the death chamber, Taggart's eyes morbidly but unavoidably roamed in search of the noose. It was impossible to miss, because the necktie was practically right in front of him, not ten meters distant. A guard stood just inside the door. He was as big and powerful as Taggart's first escort, and he was armed with the same pain-giver. The uniformed man raised his eyebrows in silent inquiry to the Director, checking to see if assistance would be needed. The boss shook his head to say no and assured him, "We're good."

The Director escorted his prisoner across a short landing, which led directly to the metal drop shelf. There were no gallows steps to climb. The doomed jock walked straight onto the drop-floor. It was a long section of metal grillwork attached to the wall with hinges. Absurdly, striped yellow safety tape had been laid along the outer edge of the platform, a reminder that dropping off of it could cause injury. The death rope was medium-gauge manila, fashioned into a loop and expertly tied with innumerable wrap-arounds. Taggart understood why the thin line had cut into the necks of the guys cooling in the morgue.

The guard had been correct on a couple of points. First, there was no need to be concerned about the height, weight or neck size of a prisoner. As he strode toward his noose, Taggart could look down through the grid beneath his feet and see the floor a short distance below him. The goal was not a snapped neck. The drop would not be long, but his death would be.

Second, it was clear that the guard was telling the truth when he said it would hurt.

Overhead lights illuminated the gallows, but beyond the yellow caution tape at the edge of the drop floor, hardly anything was visible in the gloom. Taggart could only make out a gurney parked to the side on the floor below, ready to transport his body back to the macabre facility next to the Director's "office." The armed attendant who had greeted them at the entrance descended four steps from the landing to the floor below. He took up a position at the opposite end of the gallows. The guard was ready to greet Taggart a second time, when the star of the show dropped down to his level wearing a hemp necktie.

Despite his dread, Taggart was mesmerized by that necktie. Of his own accord, he walked steadily toward the noose, unable to take his eyes from it. No thought of resisting his fate entered his mind. He had been X'ed. His impending death seemed no more a cause for distress than was a missed free throw on the court. It was unusual for him to miss a free throw. It was also unusual for the team's top scorer to be tased in the locker room and dragged to a snuff factory. Apparently the adage was true. Shit really does happen. Missing a shot or getting his neck stretched wasn't what he wanted, but when it happened, it was the reality he had to accept. Once he was beside the rope, he turned to face it. Peering through the loop, he could see nothing beyond the drop area. Taggart realized that the death chamber was little more than a theater with an open stage. His audience out there could see him, but the spectators remained invisible to Taggart.

From somewhere in the dark cavern before him, he heard a man cough.

Would he get a hood? He had neglected to ask the evil-grinning guard or the suave, sick fuck of a Director about that. Adjusting to his stage presence, Taggart quickly realized that of course, the answer was no. He was the star of the show. The audience would want to see every bit of him.

“Good,” the Director complimented him for the second time since they had met. He was obviously pleased with Taggart’s cooperation. For reasons he couldn’t explain to himself, Taggart bowed his head slightly forward as the Director stood before him and gripped the noose in both hands. He placed it over Taggart’s head. The handsome jock lifted his chin again, set his jaw, and looked out into the blackness as the hangman snugged the knot tight behind the left ear. The hard swallow that moved his Adam’s apple up and down confirmed the newness of the rope. It scratched his skin uncomfortably. He began to breathe heavily. His chest heaved in anticipation of his descent to death.

Taggart’s unseen audience watched the naked, noosed star of the show as the Director announced in a loud voice, “Subject 57. Taggart. 22. Basketball.”

The condemned player wondered briefly why the number 22 seemed strange to him. After a few seconds he remembered that only hours ago he had scored 22 points in his final game.

Before he could ponder any cosmic significance to that coincidence, Taggart felt the Director’s hand touch his shoulder, then his bare ass. It was the last human touch he would feel. The man walked away. The Director’s dress shoes made a drumming sound on the metal grillwork of the gallows as he strode toward the far landing to grip the release lever. Taggart stared into the blackness before him. Possibly because there was so much out there that he could not see, his ears were acutely perceptive of even the smallest of sounds. He heard a faint rustling of fabric, which he imagined to be from horny onlookers who were rubbing their trousers and nursing hard-ons. From elsewhere in the assembly of spectators he thought he could discern the less discreet self-gratification of firmly curled hands bore-stroking lubed erections. Someone toward the back cleared his throat. From the front came wheezy, excited breathing. Strangely, his own breathing had calmed.

Then he heard the click. It was the only sound the lever made when the Director released the platform. The freed metal floor was much louder as it swung downward on its hinges and crashed back against the wall behind Taggart. The racket obscured any twang that the audience might have heard as the rope went taut. But there was really nothing to hear. The string was too short to produce a musical note.

For a couple of seconds Taggart just hung there motionless with a look of bewilderment on his face. He could feel the trauma to his suddenly constricted neck. He could feel nothing beneath his bare feet. No one knows for sure whether he could feel his cock rise to maximum erection and bob frantically up and down, his manhood desperately and futilely trying for a last fuck before extermination.



The downward turn of his toes verified their lack of purchase on anything solid. He began to kick. At first the unbound legs flailed independently of one another. It was that comic desperation that hanging men display in the first stage of a rope dance. He struggled to free his arms from the impossibly secure handcuffs on his wrists. He twisted his shoulders, which only increased the dig of the death rope into his young neck.

Just as the guard had predicted earlier, Taggart's death struggle became more coordinated after a

moment or two. He lifted his feet and knees in a regular alternation of pumping legs, as if he were riding a bicycle. His hard cock slapped up against his hard belly and descended again with each stroke. As his face darkened with the purplish hue of a strangling man, Taggart abandoned his stationary attempt at forward mobility. His final effort was expended in a simple, desperate, and indisputably impressive demonstration of physical strength. He protested the noose by joining his knees together and lifting both legs in tandem until he had brought his knees up to the level of his strained, beautifully defined pectorals. He could not feel the burn in his ab muscles as they contributed all their power to his gymnastic feat. Audible gasps from several members of the unseen audience confirmed their approval of Taggart's involuntary response to imminent death.



Taggart answered the lustful applause with a cockspew of his own. His hoisted thighs rubbed against his erection and triggered ejaculation. He straightened his legs and lowered his feet again as a final primal urge to rut overcame every fiber of his being. Taggart fucked the air with violent pelvic thrusts toward the darkness.

His hard jockmeat spewed an initial unbroken meter-long rope of deathcum. It was as if his cock were a firehose. The first massive gush was followed by three successive shorter spurts of thick, white cream, all of them copious.



With his head canted grotesquely in the opposite direction from his noose knot, Taggart stopped kicking and stopped shooting cum, though residual spooze oozed from his slit and drooled off the tip of his cock and down its underside. As his neck stretched from his own body weight, he gained a centimeter or so of body length, something basketball players would gladly accept under other circumstances.



Taggart's feet moved apart. In one of his final involuntary body spasms, he spread his thighs and bucked his cock forward, as if he were reluctant to stop shooting cum. A few downward twitches of his feet were his last movements before he became completely peaceful and swung gently in his death-dangle.

Except for some excited breathing and a good number of pleasure moans, the audience was silent for several minutes. With attention riveted on Taggart, no one had noticed that the Director had quietly descended the four steps that led from the landing to the floor below the gallows. He had stood to the side watching Taggart's performance. The Director waited respectfully while a few more audience members got themselves off, some for the second time. The smell of potent semen pervaded the air. Much of it could be attributed to young Taggart. The Director knelt beneath the feet of the hangboy and examined the fine pool of expended deathwad.

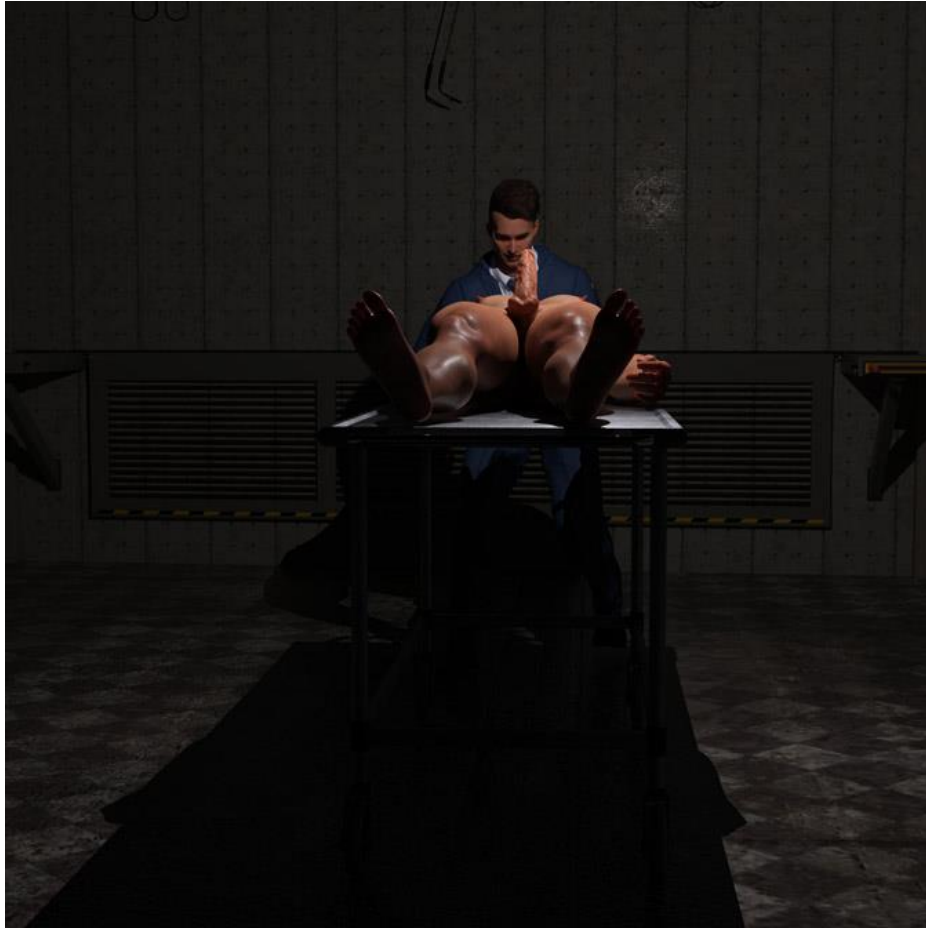
The guard with the cattle prod stepped forward to administer the final check. With a nod from the Director, he switched his device on to the maximum setting and jabbed it forcefully into



Taggart's navel. For the second time that day, his belly was singed by the cruel burn rod. The aperture that had given the young buck life in the womb now confirmed his death. The loud crackling sound from the electrified prod elicited no response from the executed jock.

The guard withdrew the stick and nodded to his boss. "Got him."

The Director brought the house lights up and thanked the audience for their patronage. Conversational fragments such as "good one!" and "one of their best shows!" indicated viewer satisfaction with the performance. Some lingered to watch the guard help the Director lower the corpse onto the waiting gurney and pull the noose off of Taggart's neck. Spunk dripped from the dead cock onto Taggart's left thigh.



The spectators were not able to follow Taggart on his final trip to the morgue. The athlete's stubborn manhood continued to point up at full mast. It sliced the air as the Director wheeled his dead subject to the slab room.



Subject 57 took the place of the hanged wrestler who had previously occupied the mortuary table in the center of the morgue. The Venetian blinds on the viewing window were at their widest aperture.



Meanwhile, in the athletic facility of a well-known college lacrosse team, a muscular man in a crisply pressed uniform was measuring out two strips of red plastic adhesive tape. As he idly whistled the cowboy's lament from "Streets of Laredo," the man crossed the red stripes and formed a garish X on one of the lockers in the team's changing room. Until a moment ago the metal locker door had borne the name of the team's star offensive player. The uniformed man removed a cattle prod from his utility belt and switched it on. As he was checking to make sure his stinger was fully operable, a score or more of jubilant lacrosse players rushed into the room, already pulling off their uniforms after winning a close game.

All but one of them trotted into the shower. The man with the cattle prod gave the X'ed player a crooked grin.

"Looks like this just isn't your day, cowboy."

end