

## **Rodeo**

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Rodeo leaned back in her chair, taking down a big draft of the piss-poor beer she had ordered. Her thick orange hair was trimmed extremely short, consisting only of a tiny mat and bangs, and her ears had several rings in them. Her left eyebrow had a small bar running through it towards the left side, and it shone dully in the ugly yellow bar lights. Her upper shoulders were decorated with a moon tattoo on the right and a black sun tattoo in the left, while thorns ringed her biceps. Her hands were sheathed in fingerless biker gloves, made of the same worn leather as her chaps and the tiny zip-up vest jacket that barely contained her large tits. Almost two sizes too small, she had trimmed it extensively with her knife, making it little more than a zip-up leather sports bra with "BITCH PRIDE M.C." embroidered on the back. Underneath her chaps she wore skin-tight and heavily worn Daisy Dukes, which were heavily discolored from years of staining. Her long, khaki-tan mountain lion tail, ringed with two more circles of thorns, flicked idly behind her as her eyes hungrily searched over the bar.

Bitch Pride was currently running this joint, as only a sparse wait staff and assorted drifters happened to be in there with them. She examined her girls, her face grinning with the pride of command. They had just completed a very profitable drug run from Mexico, and as such were quickly and carelessly turning their cash into pleasure. Several of them were shooting up in the doorless bathroom, while others downed a seemingly endless procession of cheap alcoholic drinks. Several others were passed out on tables, chairs or the floor, having succumbed to drink or drugs. Still others were noisily demanding drinks or attempting to sing along with the crippled juke box, rarely hitting the notes or even remembering the words. Leaning forward, Rodeo got a good look at the gang's top cougar momma, Lonesome, giving Rodeo's second in command a thorough carpet licking. Rodeo grinned, getting up. A little time with Lonesome seemed like a good way to continue the evening.

As Rodeo strutted across the dimly-lit bar, her heavy biker boots crunching on what sounded like shattered glass, she saw a small silver can shimmer and fly through the air. While a tossed beer can was hardly worth mentioning in a bar like this one, something about this can didn't seem right. Suddenly there was a hiss, and the can began to spew out a cloud of white smoke. Rodeo had seen this many times before, and her whole body surged with adrenaline. "Gas! Tear gas! Get the hell out, girls, get the hell out!" Rodeo grabbed her bandana out of her pocket, covering her mouth and rushing the door. When she got out she was blinded by the headlights of at least four police cruisers. She could barely make out the amorphous shapes

charging at her, but she knew well that she had just ran out into a trap.

"Put your hands up and surrender!" said the voice of a loud and commanding female police officer somewhere behind the lights. Rodeo blinked, her eyes wet as they desperately tried to adjust to the blinding light. Rodeo stumbled in an effort to avoid the advancing shadowy figures as well as the coughing and screaming girls of Bitch Pride as they fled from the gas-filled bar. She felt the hard THWACK of a hard-rubber billy club smashing against her skull. As she tried to turn towards it, another club caught her in the center of her back, sending her stumbling to the dirt as she lost her balance. Desperately trying to get up, Rodeo felt the heavy groping hands of some massive police officer pinning and cuffing her up good. By the time she had enough senses to realize where she was, she was being roughly shoved into the back of a police cruiser. Stumbling in an attempt to right herself, the police officer forcing her forward gave her a powerful THWACK to the back of her head with a club. Rodeo groaned and collapsed forward onto the seat, completely unconscious.

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Rodeo awoke with a groan, the familiar feel of cold prison cement floor numbing her left side. She groaned, rolling over on to her back, wincing as she realized she was still cuffed. She sighed and stared up at the ceiling, taking a deep breath and working herself to her knees. Her body was bruised, sore and hung-over, especially her head. She groaned, hoping there was some way she could get some water with her hands still behind her back.

"Looks like someone's up," said a growling feminine voice. Rodeo stared straight ahead. Two massive high-heeled patent leather boots were viewable through the prison door bars, along with a thick tiger tail flicking behind them. As Rodeo's gaze slid up, she noticed that the tigress was wearing a skirt much too tiny and tight fitting to possibly pass any uniform inspection. The tigress's face was hard to make out in the silhouette, but large black-tinted sunglasses and blonde hair in a tight bun were easy to make out. The cop's shirt was buttoned only at the last two buttons, leaving most of the tigress's ample cleavage to spill out into the open. Lonesome had to admit that if she wasn't in pain and this bitch wasn't a cop, she'd be all over this hot tigress. Even now, Rodeo was intimately checking out the tigress's immense breasts, much larger than Rodeo's, and the clearly visible pink under the tiny skirt.

"Feeling hung over, Miss Endover?" the woman snarled, shaking Rodeo out of the elaborate tigress-centered fantasy she was concocting.

"Ain't nobody fuckin' call me that, even my Mom," said Rodeo. "My bitches call me Rodeo, you fucking twat cop." The cop grinned, her white pointy teeth smiling down at Rodeo with malice and hunger.

"You are wanted for drug trafficking, extortion, pimping, possession with intent to distribute, assault and battery, and more than a few counts of drunk and disorderly. I hope you liked your time in my state cuz you may spend a lot of time here. So you'd better get used to calling me 'ma'am', and you'd better learn to cooperate." There was a chilling cruelty in Sheriff Briggs's voice, and even as hardened as Rodeo was it put her on edge. She spat onto the Sheriff's boots, knowing she needed to show some backbone before this bitch cop steamrolled her. Rodeo tried to stand up, but her head and back were still in intense pain and it was hard to stand without her hands to balance. The jail door slid open with a series of loud clanks and clatters, and as Rodeo looked up she saw the Sheriff's massive billy club swinging down to smash the side of Rodeo's face. Rodeo had no time to brace herself, and when the club came down she felt it smash hard into the side of her face. She groaned as she tried to sit up again, and spat out a little blood. She thought she saw something small and white clatter to the floor, and a quick check with her tongue let her know the club had knocked out her right incisor.

"I want my fucking phone call," said Rodeo. Sheriff Briggs slid her baton out from under Rodeo's chin and began tapping its tip against her palm. The effect was agonizing, especially as Rodeo knew that the baton could go from tapping to striking at any moment.

"Your what?" Sheriff Briggs continued to tap down her baton, counting off the beats with steady thwaps to her palm.

"My fucking phone call. I know my goddamn rights. I get one fucking phone call." Rodeo tried to drive the thwap of the baton out of her mind, and was relieved when Sheriff Briggs finally stopped, putting her hands on her hips. Rodeo's head pounded with a stiff hangover, and the loud noise of hard rubber on a leather-palmed hand was driving nails into her ears.

"But you're still bleeding, you'll get blood all over the phone," said Sheriff Briggs. "We only have one phone for prisoners. How would it look to anyone else I brought in if the phone was filthy?"

"Look, bitch, I know my rights and I want my fucking phone call." Rodeo strained to look up at Sheriff Briggs. Her right eye was slowly swelling up, but her left was beginning to get a good look at this sadistic officer of the law. "And I want some goddamn water. I'm fucking hung-over."

"Water, huh? Now that I can provide." Sheriff Briggs reached behind Rodeo, hauling her to her feet and deftly unlocking and removing Rodeo's handcuffs. Rodeo felt herself being hauled half to her feet by her leather jacket and dragged, although from what she could see it was clearly not out of her cell but towards the toilet.

"What the hell are you doing? You GBLRBLRBBBBB-" before Rodeo could finish her curses, she felt her face driven down into the toilet. Thankfully it had been flushed recently, but that didn't help the fact that it was impossible for Rodeo to breathe. Rodeo struggled and desperately tried to push back, trying to get her head out of the

bowl. Sheriff Briggs was surprisingly strong, and Rodeo found she could do little more than keep herself from being shoved deeper into the bowl. Suddenly, Rodeo felt herself yanked up and back hard. She gasped for air, coughing a little and spitting out some of the water that had gotten into her mouth and nose.

"Had enough to drink, you lowlife piece of shit?" Sheriff Briggs's voice had shifted from calm, cool and collective to pure anger. Sheriff Briggs pulled a handkerchief out of her pocket and began to dry Rodeo's face. The beaten lioness coughed and panted, trying to get enough air and sense into her to say something. "You stupid fucking bikers never wonder why there's no competition when you blow into town. You think this town is gonna be easy pickin's for you to drug up all the young 'uns and fuck or kill anyone you want to.. Well let me educate you , miss 'Rodeo', gangs stay clear of my town because I'm Sheriff Jessie L. Briggs and I piss out fires before they start!"

Rodeo felt the powerful gloved hands of Sheriff Briggs wrap tightly around her ears and shove Rodeo's muzzle between the tigress's legs. Rodeo was too beaten to offer much resistance, and her panting nose soon took in the heavy scent of tigress cunt. This was the first time such a smell had not been reassuring.

Rodeo felt a warm, stinking liquid splashing against her nose, some trickling down towards her lips. The familiar stench of urine filled her nostrils, and she closed her eyes and mouth tight as possible. Briggs grabbed her, shoving her lip against the yellow stream, but Rodeo kept her mouth shut tight, snorting her nose from time to time to keep the piss from dribbling into her nostrils.

"Don't like it huh? I guess I'll have to do somethin' to a naughty little gal who won't take her medicine," said Sheriff Briggs. Rodeo let out a sob, desperately wanting to cry but trying not to show weakness to this sadistic cop. Sheriff Briggs snapped her fingers and yanked Rodeo's head by the hair, pointing her face towards the jail cell's entrance. Through her one good eye, she saw a massive draft horse wearing a deputy badge and only the top half of his uniform. Her jaw dropped as she saw his half-erect dick jutting out towards her. It was immense. "Deputy Williams, are you prepared to give our guest a cavity search?"

"Please, you can't..." Rodeo blubbered but offered little resistance as the two officers dragged her over to the bars, unbuckling her chaps and yanking her daisy dukes down to her knees. They shoved her onto all fours, quickly using zip ties on her ankles and tail to keep her sex firmly spread and pressed against a gap between two of the bars. She could feel the cold metal firmly against her butt, but what's more is that she could feel the massive groping hands of Deputy Williams feeling her up.

"Sure is a nice catch, Sheriff Briggs. Shame we got ta teach her a lesson, isn't it?" said officer Williams. Rodeo continued to blubber, barely making whole words now as Sheriff Briggs positioned her sex in front of Rodeo's bruised and battered face.

"Shame indeed, Deputy Williams. She coulda made some man very happy if she wasn't a bitch, a whore and a druggie."

"Please, I'll do what ya want," pleaded Rodeo, panting and staring at the floor. "Just keep that prick out of me... I don't... I ain't never..." Both Briggs and Williams seemed to stop for a moment after hearing this.

"Well don't that fuckin' beat all." Briggs said, spitting on the jail cell floor. "Damn shame, pretty young thing like you bein' a dyke.. Maybe this'll be more your speed." Rodeo felt her head gripped by Briggs's powerful hands again, although this time the force was less rough. It was no less demanding. Again she felt herself shoved up between Briggs's legs, but this time there was only the sweet smell of sex, no piss. Tentatively, Rodeo slid out her tongue, dragging it along the tigress's slit. Briggs shuddered. Rodeo felt a slight pang of pride. No wonder she was such a man-loving bitch, no one gave her pussy proper attention. Rodeo's long tongue gave the Sheriff several more thick licks, taking delight in this cop's apparent weakness.

"Ahh...Fuckin..." Briggs's voice was cracking, though her grip seemed to only get stronger and more insistent.

"Fuck, I can do that. I've DONE that," snorted the horse.

"You ain't done it like this," said Briggs, her voice melting and flowing as she got more and more aroused. "Still, I think it's an important part of this here girl's education to know what it's like to have her holes stuffed. Shove this baton where the sun don't shine."

Rodeo squirmed against the tigress' grip as she shook her head. "No...Please, no..." She continued to work Briggs's now dripping wet cunny, but between licks she let out muffled pleas for mercy. The mix of pain and sex was both intoxicating and disorienting, and it wasn't until Deputy Williams began to jam the long end of the baton up her tailhole that she started to raise her voice.

"No...Please...No...NO...NOOOWWWWCH! OwFUCK it hurts..." screamed Rodeo, pushing her head back and trying to plead with Sheriff Briggs through her eyes. The tigress simply slid Rodeo's muzzle back between her legs.

"Keep licking, bitch. He's not gonna pull that out until I say so."

Rodeo groaned. Deputy Williams was shoving, holding the handle firmly and pressing forward, despite increasing resistance from Rodeo's ass. Rodeo licked furiously, trying to ignore the pain, hoping that the baton would stop tunneling inside her before too long. It eventually encountered more resistance than Deputy Williams was willing to fight, and Rodeo let out another long groan as she realized how much her ass would hurt later. She wrapped her tongue around Briggs's clit and sucked hard, hoping to please Briggs enough to end this torture. Finally Rodeo heard Briggs's panting and cracking voice order the deputy to remove the baton.

"Hget...Rid a that thing..." said Sheriff Briggs. Rodeo sighed with relief. "And cram that dick of yers in her cunny. I bet her cunt is starvin' for dick by now."

Rodeo squirmed as best she could, trying to get her mouth free, but Briggs was so close to orgasm she wouldn't let the lioness stop for anything. Rodeo felt the baton quickly (and painfully) yanked from her ass, and not long after, the large blunt head of Deputy Williams's dick rubbing up and down against her slit. Again she tried to free her mouth to speak, to desperately tell them something, but Officer Briggs would not let her go. Deputy Williams tried to shove his immense cock up her tight cunny, grunting loudly as he found the going hard.

"Ngh... I ain't gonna... fuckin' FIT," the horse grunted.

Briggs yanked on Rodeo's hair painfully so that she could get a good look at the panting, pleading lioness. "This your first cock, girl?" Briggs grinned, cruelly.

Rodeo burst out sobbing, answering the Sheriff's question. Rodeo had never had more than a few fingers inside her and unlike her penetration-crazy lieutenants she had always found it uncomfortable. Her hymen was as intact as it had been when she first realized it was there.

"Fuckin' bitch is a goddamn VIRGIN!" yahoood Deputy Williams. "I'm plowin' virgin soil tonight!"

Briggs chuckled, regaining her composure and rubbing her slit up against Rodeo's nose in an attempt to get the lioness's tongue going again. "Well you better pop that cherry, Deputy, 'fore her pussy dies of cock starvation," mocked Briggs.

Rodeo let out a muffled scream, her eyes tearing up in pain as she felt the horse's giant member tear through her maidenhood. She groaned, surprised at how intensely painful it was, desperately trying to relax and accommodate the intruder between her legs. He was agonizingly huge, and he certainly did not bother waiting for her to loosen up before plowing on ahead. She groaned in pain as she felt Deputy Williams slamming her cunt, even reaching through the bars to grab her waist so he could thrust harder.

"Fuckin...Tight...I like 'em tight!" said Deputy Williams, evidently having the fuck of his life in Rodeo's tight, de-virginized pussy. Briggs moaned loudly, popping her breasts out of her shirt and rubbing her nipples furiously. Briggs and Williams both stopped, shuddering and panting almost in unison as they both hit their orgasms on the battered and broken Rodeo. Rodeo sobbed, her good eye slowly drooping shut as she felt the horse's immense dick pump her abused pussy full of spunk. It was more than she could take.

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Rodeo awoke to find herself still tied to the jail cell bars. As she came to her senses, she realized that a warm, wet liquid was dripping from her pussy, although she couldn't quite tell what it

was. She hoped it wasn't blood, although the intense pain coming from her groin wasn't encouraging. She also noticed that her ass was in pain. Moving her tongue a little, she realized they had jammed part of the baton they'd used to sodomize her in her mouth. It certainly tasted like ass. She spat out the hard rubber baton and spat several more times in an attempt to get the foul taste out of her mouth, but after it didn't go away immediately Rodeo decided there were other more urgent concerns. The pulped root of her incisor throbbed painfully, her other teeth gritty and etched with the acid that burned the back of her throat. As her eyesight slowly returned, she looked around, then saw her jacket crammed into the toilet. Even from several feet away she could smell the vomit on it, and could only guess they'd tossed it in the shitter after using it to wipe up some of her puke. She quickly looked down to see if there was any puke immediately under her, and was relieved to see that there was very little near her. Either the officers had wiped it up effectively or most of it had landed on one of them. Rodeo hoped for the latter.

Groaning and working to adjust herself, she felt something digging into her ankle. Suddenly, she realized that it was her small switchblade, the one she kept jammed into her boot for emergencies. Amazed that the police had not confiscated it, she growled in frustration at having not remembered it before. It might not have been much, but she'd used it to great effect in her younger years, and many a would-be mugger or rapist found themselves cut by its sharp little blade. Squirming and trying to ignore the pains that wracked her when she moved, she did her best to reach into her boot, finally extracting the tiny knife after a few minutes. She made quick work of the zip ties restraining her, hoping that no one would hear her noisy movements and scuffles. She stood, straining and stretching for a few moments, and trying to deal with at least some of the aches and pains she'd gotten from being handcuffed then restrained for so long. She pulled her pants and chaps up, fastening them tight. She felt dirty, having been violated by a man, filthier than she had felt in what seemed like a lifetime of dirt and squalor. She grew queasy when she realized that when she thought about the assault, there was fear and submission where there usually would only be fury.

As she shook her arms to restore feeling in her tingling fingers, she noticed that there was a new pain coming from her chest, right above her tits. Walking over to the mirror, she noticed that the officers had apparently used this part of her as an ashtray, leaving her with multiple cigarette burns. She huffed. This was no big deal, she'd been meaning to get a tattoo there anyway. She looked down into the toilet to examine her jacket. The sight almost made her burst into tears again.

Her jacket, a symbol of all the work she'd put into founding, running and maintaining Bitch Pride, was covered in puke, burned by cigarettes, and the patches and embroidery mercilessly defaced by sloppy knife work. She picked up the soaking, stinking rag, filled with a mixture of rage and humiliation.

"I'm going to fucking kill the sons of bitches that did this." She said, shaking the jacket in her clenched fist. "I am going to fucking KILL THOSE SONS OF BITCHES!" She did her best to wash it off in the sink, and then put it on. It still fit the same, but the stink made Rodeo sick. She took in several deep breaths, getting herself used to it, and soon it wasn't so bad. She looked over the cell, and realized that the officers had left in such a hurry that her bandana had gotten wedged in the door as they slammed it and that piece of cloth had prevented the door from locking. Rodeo couldn't believe her luck. First the knife, now this? What next, a plate of guns with a sign that said "take one?"

Rodeo wasn't foolish enough to stick around and enjoy her luck, and she quickly slid the door open and went into the jail cell hallway. The cell block was small, only three cells, and none of them were occupied. There was no door separating the cell block from the rest of the sheriff's office, only a doorway. Rodeo snorted, moving towards it quickly. "What the hell is this, fuckin' Mayberry?" thought Rodeo as she dashed out into the main office. The office was small, little more than a few empty desks and a toilet with a separate office for the Sheriff. Clearly viewable through the office door's window was Sheriff Briggs, bent over her desk and getting pounded madly by Deputy Williams. Obviously the fun they'd had with Rodeo had been only to prime their pumps. From the mess of the office, Rodeo guessed they must have been at it for hours. Rodeo took a moment to flick off the window, knowing that they would never see her insult but knowing that this was better. Flinging open the door to the outside, she dashed out into the dark.

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Rodeo gunned the accelerator on her stolen Harley Davidson, the vehicle which had served her so well since her escape. The past few months had been nothing more than a blur of success. Through bullying, charisma and her quickly re-established drug contacts, Rodeo had refounded Bitch Pride in surprisingly little time. Now swimming in dough, drugs and weapons, Bitch Pride had become the terror of the unpatrolled back roads and byways of Arizona and Nevada. Rodeo took another swig from her hip flask as she headed down the road, all thirty odd members of her gang following behind her as she drove west into the sunset. On her chest, covering over the cigarette burns left during her short stay in Briggs's pen, was a large iron cross tattoo with "1%" square in the middle. The "1%" was for her biker gang, part of the 1% of gangs that were as violent and wild as their reputation. The Bitch Pride Motorcycle Club was definitely not for posers or weekend riders, after all.

Rodeo took another swig of liquid courage, working to make herself as drunk as she could be and still operate her bike. For once, she knew and cared about where she was headed, and knew what she was about to do. She would need all the courage she could get,



whether from the drink or her own gonads, considering what she intended to do. It wasn't that it was something she hadn't done before, it was that it was something not to be done lightly.

Rodeo signaled to the crew behind her to get ready. They were approaching the scattered houses now, and they had to be quick about this. Rodeo drew her colt revolver, holding it shakily in her left hand as she drove with the right. The house she wanted was on the right and from the looks of it, its occupant had heard them coming.

Hank Williams had not been as fortunate as Rodeo for the past few months. A scandal had erupted about the affair he and Sheriff Briggs had been having, and the small, conservative town they had worked to guard did not appreciate a married Deputy fucking the Sheriff's cunt while on state time. His wife had divorced him, the public had driven him out of his job, and for the past few weeks bikers had been driving past his house every night, keeping him up well into the morning. He sipped the last of his beers before tossing the empty can into a pile in the corner. He groaned as the drone of engines started to come in from the distance. Reaching under his bed, he pulled out his sawed-off shotgun. Cop or not, he was gonna deal with those goddamn bikers tonight.

Bitch Pride parked their bikes on Hank Williams's lawn. With the exception of a few cowering Mommas, every member of the gang was armed to the teeth, with their weapons at the ready. Rodeo herself couched her heavy weapon in her hand, keeping it pointed right at the door. Suddenly it burst open, the half drunken Hank Williams stumbling out with a sawed-off shotgun in hand. When he saw how the bikers were clearly prepared for him, though, he almost dropped it.

"Long time, no see, Deputy Williams. Though I guess its just Hank Williams now. Why don't you put the gun down and we'll have a nice little chat in the desert? Talk about old times, catch up on what we did since you and I last spent time together." Rodeo grinned, the sight of her gun trained keenly on the space between the horse's eyes. This was going down almost too good.

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Rodeo marched down the green prison corridor, following the blue line painted on the floor and flanked by two massive female gorilla guards. "Well you've gone and done it this time, Rodeo, you let yourself get caught. And convicted." Dressed from head to toe in an incredibly bright, incredibly orange jumpsuit, Rodeo's hands were confined to her waist by leather restraints attached to a large belt. It made walking easy enough, although going up and down stairs or running meant she'd soon be falling over.

"The son of a bitch needed to die, but twenty five years in this hellhole is gonna be a long fucking time." Thought Rodeo. The guard behind her grunted, shoving Rodeo forward. They were moving at a very brisk pace, and had been for nearly thirty minutes now. She wasn't sure if the place was simply incredibly massive or if they were just

running her around in circles to make sure she wasn't totally sure on what the layout of the prison was. Either way, she was pretty sick of walking, and the shoes they'd given her were nowhere near as comfortable as the well-worn cowboy boots they'd confiscated from her. She guessed she could hide a shiv in them just as good, though.

The guards driving Rodeo forward finally stopped, turning her to face one of the many prison cells. "Yer in luck, cop killer. Yew get to sleep with the cute one..." said one of the guards. The door slid open, and Rodeo was shoved inside. She felt them roughly remove her manacles, then slam the door behind her.

Rodeo checked the top bunk, and surprised to find it empty, yanked the covers off of the lower bunk. "Lonesome?"

The cougar, clad in the same prison jumpsuit as Rodeo, looked up at the lioness with surprise. "Rodeo?"

"Lonesome? What the fuck are you doing here? You were a fuckin' momma...You never did anything but fuck and shoot up. This place is for killers." Rodeo lifted herself up onto the top bunk, finding it cramped and uncomfortable.

"I was givin' a trucker some road head, so he'd pick me up...He had a heart attack and jackknifed into a bus fulla kids. They ended up blamin' it all on me..." Lonesome curled up, pulling the covers over herself again. Rodeo just leapt up onto the top bunk bounced, seeing how much the flimsy bed could take. It was surprisingly strong. She leaned back and tried to find a position that was remotely comfortable, but it didn't seem to be possible. Somehow, this bed was even more uncomfortable than a barroom floor.

"Tell me Lonesome...How long ya been here?" said Rodeo. If she wasn't gonna get sleep, she might as well get something else. She hopped off her bed and back down to the floor.

"I been here fer about six months, I think...I dunno, I don't keep track of the time...I don't think I'll ever get out." Lonesome was curled up tight in her bunk, facing the wall and clutching her pillow. Rodeo leaned in to yank on it, curious to see what (if anything) the cougar girl was hiding in there.

"You know, Lonesome, you've still got a pretty mouth...Why don't you put it where it belongs?" Rodeo shoved down the pants on her prison jumpsuit, then gently grasped Lonesome's hair. The broken and obedient cougar offered neither enthusiasm nor resistance. Rodeo groaned as she felt Lonesome's familiar rough tongue rubbing against her sex. She spread her legs, giving the girl room to work. And work she did.

Lonesome's slender, gentle fingers slid up between Rodeo's legs, gently and softly pleasuring her mistress. Rodeo purred deeply, switching from grabbing Lonesome's hair to gently caressing her ears as she found the cougar willing and eager. "Its good and familiar, isn't it? I know the only cunt you really like is mine." Rodeo half closed her eyes, purring and whipping her tail back and forth. Lonesome's fingers kept sliding, her tongue kept working. Her skills

made Rodeo weak at the knees. "Damn, Lonesome. Some bitch has been keepin' ya busy...What's her name?"

Lonesome didn't reply, but instead started to lick harder. Her intense, orgasmic pace was replaced by one of frantic eagerness. Rodeo growled. "Dammit, answer my question," said Rodeo. But Lonesome just kept working as hard as she could. Rodeo growled, angrily ripping Lonesome away from her groin. Lonesome had tears in her eyes. She knew what Rodeo would do if she gave her the answer. But either way, Rodeo would get the answer from her. Might as well give in now, and just get one beating. Lonesome whimpered as Rodeo yanked on her hair. She stammered out an answer.

"Jessie Lou...Jessie Lou Briggs...The warden..." Lonesome screamed as Rodeo flung her to the floor. Her scream was cut short, however, as Rodeo sunk her foot deep into Lonesome's stomach. The cougar curled up, sobbing uncontrollably as Rodeo continued to kick and punch her.

"You fucking bitch! She told you what she did to me didn't you? Bad enough you fuckin' ate some other bitch's cunt behind my back, but J.L. Briggs!" Rodeo kicked Lonesome hard in the face, frustrated at how little damage these prison-issued shoes did in comparison to the steel toed boots she was used to. It didn't even give her a bloody nose. She reached down and grabbed Lonesome by the top of her uniform, yanking her to her feet. "You got any damn smokes? Hand 'em over."

Lonesome gestured to the mattress Rodeo had just been laying on, doing her best to avoid eye contact. Rodeo pulled the mattress off the bunk and tossed it to the floor, tearing into it wherever she could. Long after ruining it, she managed to find several packs of smokes hidden in it, along with two lighters. Had she known the previous bunk occupant would hide things so poorly she wouldn't have bothered shredding the mattress. Still, it's not like she couldn't convince Lonesome to sleep on it. Rodeo tore open one of the packs and took out a smoke, lighting it and taking a big puff. She seemed to relax slightly as the nicotine filled her system, but it wasn't long before she took the cigarette from her mouth and held it lightly in her hand like a pencil. She grinned, turning Lonesome around so that her back was pressed close against her. Turning her to face the small prison mirror. Rodeo shoved Lonesome's hand into the lioness's pants, demanding that the cougar pick up where she left off. Lonesome sniveled, and Rodeo slowly sank the burning tip of the cigarette into Lonesome's flesh. "It's gonna take a bunch of these...Better pull that shirt back a bit, not enough room."

Lonesome sobbed, even as she continued to finger Rodeo, too scared and in pain to resist. Slowly, and through many cigarettes, Rodeo managed to sear a large "R" on Lonesome's chest, right below her collarbone on her left side. Lonesome sniveled, doing her best to continue pleasing Rodeo with her fingers. "There you go, bitch...You're mine, and mine alone..."

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Rodeo grinned, leaning back in her chair as best she could in her restraints. She was only mildly bruised, a surprising fact considering they'd brought her in for stabbing a fellow inmate. Rodeo grinned to herself, proud of her plan. Its not as though the damn bitch hadn't needed a good stabbing, but in the past year or so Rodeo had built up enough of a reputation to force someone else to do that. By now she'd become queen of lockup, and while Lonesome was her favorite bitch, she knew that no girl wearing an orange jumpsuit would dare turn down an order to get between her legs.

Rodeo shuffled herself a little, wondering what was keeping the warden. While it wasn't the first time she'd been detained and disciplined, this would be the first time she had the privilege of getting debriefed by the warden. Everything she'd let herself get caught doing up until now had been small and petty. The time had finally come for her to take advantage of the fact that they couldn't make her serve more than a life sentence. She tugged on her ankle restraints, gently wrapped around her contraband boots. Her uniform was also contraband, although this was largely due to the fact she'd done some heavy cutting. The pants were little more than cutoffs now, and the top lacked sleeves and barely went past her tits. A new prison tattoo was clearly visible on her stomach, was visible thanks to the heavy cutting she'd done on her top. Done in a delicate purple ink, "QUEEN" was written in elegant letters, complete with a ring of thorns, roses, and a crown in the very center. Large and intricate, she was immensely proud of it, both due to its design and the status it showed.

The door finally banged open, revealing the warden, flanked by several guards. She motioned for them to leave. "I wanna deal with this myself, by myself. And turn off the cameras, ain't no one need to bother themselves lookin' at how I do my job." She tapped her baton against her palm, grinning and slamming the door.

Briggs was in no mood to talk. As Rodeo opened her mouth to hurl an insult, she found herself struck hard across the head by Briggs's baton. She twirled her tongue around in her mouth, and found that none of her teeth were missing, but several seemed to have been knocked loose. Spitting out a little blood, Rodeo growled. She had hoped that Briggs would want to play instead of getting straight down to business. But Rodeo knew all she had to do was wait, this fallen tigress was barely half what she was as sheriff.

"I guess stabbin' Shirley didn't mean much to ya...She never was exactly popular, and I guess since she tried to stiff ya for an hour with Lonesome she got what she deserved." Briggs slid her baton underneath Rodeo's chin and tilted her head this way and that.

Rodeo grinned defiantly, which seemed to piss Briggs off immensely. The tigress stamped her foot down on Rodeo's chair, the warden's big polished boot slamming down between Rodeo's legs. Rodeo licked her lips, staring up at the massive and angry tigress.

"I'm sure that Lonesome told you about her private time with me," Briggs crowed, "and though we're here for other reasons, I'm glad to say that I finally managed to slip her parole through the board. She's on her way out now, and it gives me no end of pleasure to know that I got to take away one of the few things you give a shit about." Rodeo spat blood out onto Briggs's jacket.

Briggs growled, menacing Rodeo with her baton, but the lioness grinned wide. "Oh I found out all right," Rodeo beamed, "and while it's a damn shame I didn't find out before I could have her sentence extended for a few years, I got one last thing out of her..."

"And what was that? No, let me guess." Briggs backed off, stepping hard on the cement floor.

"I got her to fuck your guards, and ensure these damn restraints weren't exactly connected to the chair..."

Briggs stood back, clearly surprised and alarmed. Rodeo moved lightning fast, her reflexes honed from the hundreds of prison fights she'd started (and finished) during her stay. Deftly wrenching the baton away from Sheriff Briggs, she quickly smashed it across the tigress's face, sending her sprawling. Briggs stood up quickly though, growling and turning to face Rodeo. Rodeo grinned, wagging the baton menacingly.

"You fucking BITCH..." Briggs bellowed as she threw out a strong right hook. "I'm gonna teach you a lesson you grass-munching whore!"

Rodeo dodged it only to catch Briggs' boot her firmly in the stomach. Rodeo groaned with the impact, but kept her cool. It was a good kick, but it took a lot more than that to take Rodeo down. She brought her baton down hard, and as Briggs stepped aside to dodge it, Rodeo swung it low and caught Briggs in the kidney. Before Briggs could recover, Rodeo struck again, mashing Briggs' ear against her skull. Briggs tried to stand, but Rodeo swung again and again, mercilessly pounding Briggs until the big tigress fell to her knees. She looked up at Rodeo, trying to shield herself with her hands, even well after Rodeo stopped swinging.

"W-what the fuck do you think you're doing?" Briggs choked past the blood flowing from her muzzle.

Rodeo chuckled, tapping the baton against her shoulder. She licked off some of the blood from the tip, then pointed it at Briggs.

"I gotta thank you, bitch. Cuz everything I have now I have because of you. You showed me everybody, no matter how hard, how tough, has something to lose. And when you find it, when you rip it away and dangle it in front of their eyes, you own them. You showed me what ruthless cruelty looked like and I've used that lesson every day. Every one of the convicts in this prison that lowers their head in respect does it because I did what you taught me. Now let's see if you understand it as well as I do..." Rodeo reached down, grabbing Briggs by her hair and stuffing the sobbing tigress's muzzle between her legs.

Briggs gently, tentatively, slid her tongue out, pressing it lightly against Rodeo's slit. She licked gently, sliding it up and

down, unsure if she was getting it right but desperate to please the angry lioness. Rodeo growled and whipped her tail, though whether from sexual pleasure or delight in Briggs's submission it was impossible to tell. Briggs continued to lick and lap, looking up at Rodeo to see if the lioness was pleased.

Rodeo lifted up her shirt, rubbing her breast with her free hand, pinching and caressing each nipple in turn. "Ahh yes...There ya go, you cocksucking bitchess. You like pussy doncha?" Rodeo moaned, but kept her eyes on Briggs, ready to bring the club down at any time.

Briggs looked up, her eyes full of tears. She slowly brought her fingers into action, trying to finger Rodeo the way Briggs liked to touch herself. She whimpered as the club tapped her bruised and battered face, trying to focus on her work. Rodeo groaned, doing her best to maintain her balance as she moved slowly towards orgasm.

"When you get home tonight, bitch, you're gonna find a little present on your porch, courtesy of Bitch Pride's newest members, just so's you know I can get my hands on you whenever I want. I'm the queen of this shit hole from now on."

Rodeo yanked Briggs' bleeding ear and the tigress yelped in compliance.

"And as long as you can stand living, you're mine."