

Queen of the Block

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Rodeo leaned back on the toilet of her cell, her legs spread wide, her lips sucking hard on a cheap cigarette that reeked more than a little of ass and shit. Lonesome was between her legs, working intently, the smaller, prettier mountain lion obeying the bigger, stronger one. Rodeo's tail flicked as she rested one booted foot, then the other, on Lonesome's back, her heels putting dirt and grime on Lonesome's orange jumpsuit. Rodeo's own was heavily cut up, the were cut short and the sleeves were gone entirely, revealing the sun she had tattooed on her left shoulder, the moon she had on her right, as well as the rings of thorns around her upper arms, which matched those on her tail. Her top stopped well above her abs, revealing the large "QUEEN" prison tattoo she had on her six-pack abs, the large word surrounded by curling roses and thorns, topped by an elegant crown. Her top was open now, exposing her massive breasts, her pierced nipples glinting in the fluorescent light that illuminated her cell.

"That's good, keep it coming, you little bitch. You're all mine tonight, no point whoring you out after lockdown..." Rodeo grinned down at Lonesome, revealing her frightening smile, accentuated by a missing canine, the result of the same brutal run-in with the law that ultimately turned her into a cop killer and a lifer. She also had a few tears inked under her left eye, which seemed somewhat ironic, since Lonesome had never seen Rodeo cry, even if she was beaten by the guards or shivved by an inmate with a death wish.

Rodeo yanked Lonesome back and growled. "Harder! I went to a lot of trouble to have that stud put in the middle of your tongue, I wanna feel it, or else I'll be slamming your face into the shitter until I get bored of it!" Lonesome whimpered, the "R" branded on her chest in cigarette burns visible just above the neckline of her orange jumpsuit. Rodeo's hands gripped Lonesome's long brown hair tightly, holding the pretty, if well used, lioness in place. She jammed the bitch's muzzle far forward, growling lightly as she felt the waves of pleasure slide up from between her legs again. "THERE we go...Now that's how you should show respect to the queen of the cell block! I've got the bosses in my pocket and the convicts and inmates working their asses off for me. I'm not locked in here with them, they're locked up in here with me!"

Lee Walthers was the sort of girl who, were it not for bad luck, would have no luck at all. Just a year ago, this intelligent and pretty young German Shepherd and her husband had been happily serving in the Armed Forces, he in the Air Force and she in the Army

Reserves. But now he was serving an indefinite hospital stay, complete with expensive therapy, thanks to a mishap with a faulty ejection system. As for Lee herself, she'd had the misfortune of becoming the patsy in an expanding prison abuse scandal, and the only thing that had kept her out of jail was a willingness to accept a discharge and promise not to rat on her superiors. Still, she had been desperate for employment to cover her husband's expensive reconstructive therapy, and had thus been reduced to being a prison guard. She knew it would be bad, but she had no idea how genuinely awful Pinfold Penitentiary would be.

At first she thought that the prisoners and other guards were just being hard on her because she was a "Greener," someone new to the prison, and that she would be able to at least get away from them as time went on. But it became increasingly obvious that Pinfold Penitentiary was a place where the guards and prisoners were largely interchangeable, save the uniforms and which side of the bars they were on. Already her superior, a heavily muscled Doberman named Sgt. Pauline Banks, had ordered her to let drugs sneak through security, turn her back on what was going on in the shower, and be absent from her post during a stabbing. Lee, the only nice, moral person in all of Pinfold, was the only one without a friend. And she really didn't like the way that Sgt. Banks, or her superior Lt. Briggs, was always staring at her. And what about this "Rodeo," that even the guards were afraid of?

"LEE! Get your ass in gear!" Banks's order was accentuated with a hearty slap to Lee's rear, a slap that turned into a hard grope before she let go. "It's time you met the real boss of things around here. You've got a meeting with Rodeo. So follow me, and hop to it!" Lee winced, her ears going flat as she was groped. It was so humiliating, to have to submit to these cruel dykes, this tough women who could do anything and get away with it. Every day she wanted to quit, but every day another bill came in the mail, often along with another pathetic photo of her husband straining to do things as simple as put his shirt on by himself, and she realized that she couldn't turn down those Pinfold paychecks.

Lee stepped into Brigg's office, a massive room with heavy doors and sparse, if mean-looking, furniture. All of the seats, except for the one Briggs was sitting in, had restraints, and a number of lethal and "sub-lethal" weapons were hung from the walls, all at easy reach should a prisoner (or anyone else) need a little "persuasion." Briggs herself was sitting in a massive leather chair, a large cigar clamped tight in her teeth as she smiled cruelly at Lee. Lee had never seen a female tiger as big (or as busty) as Briggs, and her mere presence, not to mention her aviator glasses and well pressed guard uniform, was quite intimidating. "Hello Lee. You've worked here for what, two weeks now? Long enough to get the swing of things I'm sure. There's someone I'd like you to meet."

All of a sudden, a large, mean-looking mountain lion emerged from behind Brigg's chair. As Briggs was sitting, the lion looked

taller, but Lee could tell that Briggs was the larger of the two overall. The lion was wearing a heavily torn prison uniform, complete with a belt made out of an old motorbike chain, and had a large German cross tattoo with "1%" inscribed in the middle of it. She was also missing a canine tooth and had another tattoo on her stomach, one that read "QUEEN" in big letters and was surrounded by roses and thorns. "Rodeo, meet Lee, also known as the new meat around here..."

Rodeo smirked, showing off her missing tooth, and walked forward, the chain around her waist jingling as she moved towards Lee. "Banks, restrain her." Before Lee could resist, she found her hands cuffed behind her, and her body held in a tight lock by the big Doberman.

"You bitch! Let me go, god dammit! What the fuck are you doing? Let me go and put that lion bitch back in her cell where she belongs?" Lee struggled, but Banks just smiled, her hands holding Lee tightly even as they reached down to squeeze and grope at her.

"Now now Banks, hold off on that...You know that I always get first go," said Rodeo, who was obviously checking out Rodeo, even as she relieved the German Shepherd of her nightstick, pistol, and other guard implements. She then pulled out a shiv made of a piece of glass and made quick work of Lee's shirt and bra, ripping them to shreds in just a few seconds. Once Lee's breasts were free and heaving, Rodeo laughed, and reached out for some rough groping. "Fuck...You're more stacked than I'd heard! You and me are gonna get REAL close, Lee...Real close..." Lee whimpered, blushing and closing her eyes as she felt Rodeo's rough hands slide into her pants, roughly fondling and groping her cunt. "Get her down on her knees!"

Lee felt a sharp shove on her shoulders and she went down hard, yelping in pain as her knees made contact with the floor. Rodeo adjusted her pants a little and they fell down to her ankles, presenting Lee with a somewhat unwanted view of Rodeo's crotch. Before she could complain, the lioness grabbed Lee's hair and jammed her forward, filling Lee with the stink of Rodeo's wet cunt. "Lick it. Lick it or I'll let Briggs there go to work on you. I've broken her down enough to where she'd do anything I tell her to, and last I checked, she had plenty of anger she needs to work out."

Lee began to sob, her breasts heaving and jiggling as she did so, but she stuck her tongue out and began to lightly lick at Rodeo's slit. She wasn't entirely sure what to do, so she looked up at Rodeo, trying to read the response. Briggs and Rodeo were kissing, and the way they leaned into each other's faces, gently touching and fondling, it was clear that Rodeo was the one in charge. Lee could barely believe it, the warden of a prison was subservient to this... This BITCH! What could Rodeo possibly have done to turn a member of the law into such a useless, pathetic thing was beyond Lee's imagining. Lee might be the one on her knees, but Briggs was definitely the one who was submitting.

"Get her up on the desk. Let's break her in." Lee found herself lifted up and shoved onto the desk, her body pinned beneath Banks's big, strong body.

"Hand me one of those clubs, I wanna bust her open," said Banks. A few moments later, Lee could feel the tip of a nightstick being pressed up against her sex. She whimpered, knowing that such a big, hard rubber object would stuff her more than she'd ever been stuffed.

"No! Please! For fuck's sake let me go, please! Why are you doing this? Why are you...AUGH!" Lee cried out in pain as the big rubber club slid into her, spreading her open as it plunged deep into her. She had only slept with her husband thus far, and he was not exactly big down there, so the rubber was not only a violation, but it was almost painfully big for her tight little cunt. "Oh god it hurts, please..." Rodeo gave her a sharp slap, and then grabbed her by her close-cropped hair.

"You've got a job to do, bitch, now get to it. You're gonna bow before the queen even if I have to beat you into it. Get back to work, I wanna be good and warmed up before I let Briggs finish me off. That tiger bitch still needs to work on her endurance, no point wearing her out when I've got you to get rid of." Lee whimpered but complied, her long canine tongue lapping and slurping at Rodeo's wet, sloppy cunt. It seemed that the more she cried out in pain, the more that Banks tortured her, the wetter Rodeo got. This sick bitch was getting off on this awful stuff. Had this been why her superiors had ordered to do those things back in Iraq? Were they perverted freaks like this lifer?

After what seemed like a painfully long time, Rodeo seemed to finally be satisfied with Lee's muzzle, and she moved off, going to go sit in Briggs's big leather chair as she was serviced by the big tiger. But Banks didn't let up on Lee. If anything, she seemed to be working harder, fucking and pushing and rubbing Lee's cunt, working on it with the club. "Get her to cum, Lee. I want a show while Briggs works on me," said Rodeo. "I've seen you drive a girl crazy, and end up cumming even as she cusses you out like the street trash she is. Don't treat this ex-military bitch any nicer."

Lee didn't know how, but Banks was somehow able to kick it up a notch. The pounding was harder now, and there was a rough, if intense, rubbing on her clit. She couldn't believe it, but she was actually getting aroused. Even as tears streamed down her face and sobs shook her chest, she was getting wet, her body tingling in a way it hadn't for so, so long. Finally she broke, and gasped, a powerful orgasm sending her squirming and moaning from underneath Banks's weight.

"That's enough, if we play with her too much, she may break for good. And she's much too pretty for us to let that happen...At least, she is now," said Rodeo. Banks got up and shoved her off the desk, moving over to Briggs, apparently anticipating further orders and more use for that night stick. "Go home, bitch. It's past six. Clock out, we'll be seeing you tomorrow. And wear something sexy under that

uniform, I know some Latina lifers who've always wanted to fuck an ex-military bitch."