

Lightning Chapter 7

'What is going on in this city? It seems like all the men who have been messing with me lately packed up and left. Did... did Hope somehow drive them away? No, he wouldn't have, that is silly. Still...'

Lightning didn't know what to think, but she knew that just living as a regular couple with Hope would drive her crazy from boredom. The thrill of being ogled in the streets was like a drug that she couldn't recover from without seeking it out. She still got catcalls, which was nice, but lately, some other women in the city have followed her example. It robbed the act of walking around in skimpy outfits of some of its appeal.

'Now, even when they do it, most men get mesmerized by me and start looking for the next girl to come round. It isn't fair,' The pink-haired hero thought depressingly.

One night, after a pedestrian date with even more regular missionary sex with the lights on, Lightning slipped out of bed with Hope after he was only able to go two rounds. Their lovemaking held her attention only for a few minutes after Hope's tank ran dry. Lightning could have used her fingers, but neither them nor Hope's less-than-adequate cock could hit the itch the way the strangers could.

So she went online, fully intent on looking around for a website that might offer her a dildo that could be of use, and then she realized that there was something that she had overlooked.

'There must still be harassers and creepos in the city, but it's a big place. I'm just missing them. But I know how to find them,'

Lightning opened up her secure connection to the Guardians network. As the enforcers Lightning realized that there was another group who helped enforce law and order in the city, and they might be just what she was looking for to add a whole heaping of spice to a life that had grown quiet over the last few months.

"I'm still not sure I understand this, Lightning," Hope once again followed behind Lightning's wake. Since they woke up in the morning and she hopped into the shower, she let him know the order of operations for the day. Hope hoped that she might want a little fun in the shower, but before he could join her, Lightning was already getting out, wrapping a towel around her body and asking him to make breakfast because she was eager to start her day on a full stomach.

Now, about an hour later, the pair strode purposefully towards one of the largest structures in the city. Finally, the pink-haired hero turned back to speak to her boyfriend.

"Come on, Hope. It's simple. For most of my life, I've been focused on just fighting and taking down bad guys. But I never really thought about trying to help them after I was done kicking their asses,"

Hope enjoyed the smile on her face, but when he looked up at the imposing building in front of him, he felt his worries return. It was true that over the last couple of weeks, his girlfriend had stopped being quite so erratic. So when she had the impulse to try to become an employee at the Prison facility, Hope feared she might be returning to her old ways, and he didn't know what to think about it.

"Don't fall behind, Hope. I want to make a good impression," Lightning said as the powerful woman kept her steps brisk. The pair made it to the staff entrance, where they were IDed and processed through by

overweight, stern security guards. Neither Lightning nor Hope recognized the men. They had Guardian iconography and ranks, but they appeared quite different as far as their manners and the deference they showed two acclaimed figures such as themselves. Lightning frowned with disappointment, but mostly because she hoped that one of the door sentries would have ended up frisking her or patting her down, but she did enjoy the spark in his eyes when he looked at her. Even though she was wearing a long coat, the guard had caught a glimpse of the sexy attire waiting beneath.

"I bet this is the closest that those guys have gotten to real heroes," Hope whispered to Lightning after leaning in. It was clear how proud he was of his bravery, fighting through tremendous and terrible odds by the side of people like Lightning and others. The words were met with a distasteful look by his girlfriend.

"I'm sure they didn't serve on the frontlines, Hope, but you should always respect the men and women who put on the Guardian uniform,"

Hope nodded, though he nearly said that it wasn't so much that they put on the uniform. The two so far, and some others seemed wedged into the uniform thanks to the excess weight they carried. He imagined that whoever was running the prison had to be handling the issue. It wasn't a good look, but then again, maybe fewer prisoners were being held in the complex.

After getting in through the staff entrance, the pair were escorted by one of the prisoners who would definitely fail his next physical. While Hope fought the urge to spurn the man with his loosely buttoned uniform, Lightning smiled, believing her gut was right. This had to be a place with people who would give her what she wanted.

They followed the guard, and he took them on a path along a fortified fence that looked out to one of the prison's yards. Lightning walked on her high heels with well-practiced grace. Such elegant-looking shoes had never graced the concrete slabs she walked on, but this would be a day of firsts for the prison. Walking with only a fence in between her and the prisoners, Lightning's outfit easily started getting the pink-haired woman some of the eyes she'd been desperately looking for.

"Hey, momma, come check out my cell!"

"Ditch the queerbait and sit in my pole, bitch,"

"They can keep me locked in here forever if I just get to lick that clam once, whore,"

The responses continued with a constant chorus of wolf whistles, hoots, and laughter. All of their words and insults didn't bounce off of her shoulders. Instead, her body and mind soaked in each syllable and noise. The verbal abuse returned to her like a welcome dream. The best part was that she was still very awake and hoping for much more than being name-called and verbally degraded.

Eventually, Hope and Lightning were no longer visible to the prisoners, and they met Tralin in a medium-sized room with a metal table and four chairs. The man introduced himself as the Deputy Warden. The guard from the entrance left them while Tralin let out a slow whistle while taking in the sight that just walked in through his door.

"That is one helluva outfit, miss. We're so excited to have a hero like you grace our hallways,"

Hope couldn't miss the way that the man's eyes slowly went up and down across his girlfriend's breasts, hips, and legs. Tralin didn't call her any of the names like the prisoners did, but the man's gaze was so intense the young man with his gorgeous girlfriend beside him started feeling quite uncomfortable.

"I was actually a little curious about that," Lightning caught Hope's nervous eyes. Then she turned her head towards Tralin and ran her hands down across the front of the shirt that felt so uncomfortably constricting around her tits. Then, both Hope and Tralin watched the girl's hands slide down over her short skirt. She imagined that both men had to feel a distinct stirring in their pants.

"If she is going to be working here, then she should probably get a more standard guard outfit,"

Tralin looked at Hope, looking quite serious. Still, if she wasn't mistaken, Lightning saw a glint in his eyes. "Of course. Just one minute,"

In no time at all, Tralin returned to the room. Unfortunately, the outfit he pulled from a bag was not a duplicate of the one stretched over the fat prison guard's body. Instead of a prison guard outfit, Tralin produced a brightly-colored string bikini and heels even larger than the one Lightning already had on.

"This is our training outfit, the special number for women recruits. We have to go a little intense with it, make sure that they're strong enough to withstand the worse that these scum-suckers can dish out,"

"Of course, that makes sense," Lightning said as she grabbed the clothes. She looked back at the door that they'd come in from.

"Is there a changing room nearby? Or will you two leave the room?"

"No need for that. You gotta strip down here. It's important to make sure you get used to being naked in front of your comrades. We don't use separate lockers for men and women here. We're pretty progressive," Tralin said with a wily grin.

Lightning accepted his answer easily enough. She had nothing to hide from her future employer and quickly began stripping off her clothes right there in front of the two. Soon enough, she was threading the tight material over her pussy. Then she pulled up the straps over her tits. Once the outfit was on, she (and everyone else, for that matter) saw that the thin fabric only covered three-quarters of her nipples, leaving the lion-share of her breasts on full display.

"Oh, come on, you can't be serious?" Hope said, his face still struggling to remain serious while standing just a short distance from Lightning's beautiful body.

"I hope you're not questioning my authority here of all places?"

Hope glanced over at Lightning, then looked back at Tralin and let out a small sigh as he abandoned the issue. Lightning was glad that her boyfriend let the issue rest. She was sure that in no time at all, she'd be wearing the grays and blacks of the regular uniform. For now, this would do, especially since it was part of her training, and she was eager to prove herself against Tralin and the rest of the guards. One thing did bother her. If she wasn't sure, the whole time that she'd been standing in front of the deputy warden, he'd shown little signs of his arousal. No tenting or strange creases in his pants. The frustration had only grown when she revealed her naked body and then put on the bikini.

'Is my new boss just... not into girls?' Lightning suddenly started worrying that she'd made a huge mistake.

"Alright, now that we've got you in your heh... trainee outfit, there are just a few more steps we have to go through. But it's just a lot of boring paperwork and your first few drills," Tralin glanced over toward Hope.

"And I'm afraid that policy requires you to be outside the room for a while. Don't worry; a nice waiting room is just down the hall. Once we go over the drills, I'll get her back to you,"

"Yeah... uh sure..." Like Lightning, Hope had noticed how Tralin had definitely reacted differently than the other guards and the prisoners. He only hoped it wouldn't take too long before they were done. He hoped he could get her home, which might convince her that something about the prison didn't sit well with him. He hugged Lightning quickly and then walked to the door Tralin had pointed out.

Lightning is in her new outfit. Guard says there are a few more steps for new female guards, so he tells Hope to report to another area.

"I think you'll be the most valuable prison guard we've had in a long time,"

Tralin said with a devilish smile as he walked around the dazzling woman in a string bikini. The moment Hope left the room, it was like a different person was in the room with her. The deputy warden used his radio to contact some of his fellow prison guards, and then he started loosening some of the buttons on the clothes straining against the overweight employee of the prison. With his mask off, Lightning felt much more confident about her decision.

"But first, you really got to show me how tough you are. But don't worry, with what I've heard about you up the grapevine, I think you'll love it,"

In a matter of moments, Tralin had his pants down and his cock out. When she got close, Lightning became aware that the man either had pronounced sweat glands because the moment his body smell hit her nostrils, Lightning felt a little faint. Still, the big juicy cock he had sporting from beneath his gut was more than enough to keep her attention. Her breasts bounced against the string bikini top as she went down to her knees and opened up her lips. The first taste of a fresh cock on her tongue made her mind melt while her nipples started to stiffen up.

"Lurpphm... murhlpfh..." Lightning fought to keep her eyes open. It felt shameful to lose such a simple fight. And yet, the sight and the smell of Tralin's cock was breaking all of the resistance in the female's body. The guard's cock continued steaming away, punching into her mouth with a nice steady tempo that made her heart flutter behind her breast. Tralin was definitely not making love to her or her mouth. Instead, he was just using her as an outlet, a nice fleshy sink to clean off his dick and to fill his own body with pleasure, very similar to the sensations swimming happily through the slut who came looking for trouble at the prison.

"Murrah... lurraha... plrrhmupph..." The stinging grew steadily with pleasure. Her eyes teared up, making a mess of her makeup. If her admission of wanting to do anything to get the position didn't already label her as a slut, the sloppy look on her face was removing all questions entirely. She seemed built for it, the muscles of her body flexing to the bouncing of her tits as Tralin hammered his meat towards the back of her throat. But it wasn't just Tralin moving. Each time his smelly cock entered her orifice,

Lightning's lips tightened up, forming shallows in her cheeks as she applied the best sucking feeling in the world to the lucky correctional officer.

Vaguely, Lightning heard one of the heavy prison doors swinging open. She thought Hope had returned for a moment and would come across what she was up to. Instead, it turned out to be two other thick-bodied prison guards, both sporting the same wolfish grins that Tralin had sported.

"Hey, is that her? Quit hogging the new girl," One guard said, his erection easily noticeable in the creases of his pants.

"Fuck off. She's mine until she's marked. Don't worry, our new friend is a pro-cock-sucker. No way she'll be done after I'm through using her," The other guards laughed and held their position while Tralin continued.

Lightning felt her lips straining as the first guard continued flooding her mouth with precum. Each time his tip hit the back of her throat, the prideful guardian enjoyed another splash of the man's essence, which saturated her taste buds. Tralin looked like a fat slob who somehow rose in the ranks of prison for hardened criminals, but his cock was more than suitable for scratching Lightning's kinky itch. With a flurry of savage thrusts, the woman felt her will ebbing. Her eyelids fluttered, and Lightning felt her tits getting sweaty as they bounced against her ribs. Then Tralin grabbed her pink locks and yanked hard. The man using her face as his own personal cock massager in front of his comrades grunted before he exploded. His load quickly peppered Lightning's mouth and throat with his own special milkshake.

"Wrah-pharrah... gurhr-pluraah..." Lightning struggled with the mountain of cum firing inside of her. Her perverted boss continued thrusting and seemed bound never to stop. The viscous volume of cum quickly proved too much for the hot guardian slut, and some of Tralin's cum started splatting out of her lips, and he still kept thrusting.

Lightning blinked, straining between the twin columns of lust and pain as sweat dripped into her eyes while ropy veins of cum formed a matrix across her chin. What she wouldn't have given to have someone take a picture right then and there. After months without such treatment, part of her worried that this would only be a one-time thing, and she wanted some mementos to play with later if that proved to be the case. Fortunately, the guards were far from one with her. When Tralin's tank was finally empty, he pulled out his cock and finally let Lightning breathe normally. Her chin, neck, and even some parts of her tits were soaked in his cum. The pink-haired beauty was well on her way to looking like a prized cum-slut as she knelt on the prison hallway floor.

"Now, boss?"

"Sure, go to town,"

"I... I think I'd really love working here,"

The two guards who'd been waiting patiently closed on her. The pink-haired slut beamed at them, and one grabbed her hand while the other wasted no time in grabbing her damp hair and bringing her lips to his cock. Seeing (and feeling) two big cocks so excited to see her had Lightning's pussy bubbling like a hot soup. She couldn't wait to feel one or both of the powerful rods scraping the most sensitive parts of her pussy.

The girl who loved being dominated and degraded by strangers changed from simply kissing and sucking on the new cock in front of her and began taking as much of the man's girth as she could. He wasn't as big as Tralin, but the way his cock helped push and slosh the cum still hanging around in her mouth made for a new sensation that sent her on a dazzling path toward her next orgasm.

Just like Tralin's cock, it reeked of the man's musk, but this big bastard's member was lined with smegma as well. Lightning's nostrils flared, and the smell drove from her lips to the tip of her nose and right into her brain, pushing her hormones into overdrive. Lightning's body shivered and violently shook as she came once again. Her nipples burned most pleasantly while her clit thrummed with bliss.

The man who'd gone for her fingers instead of her lips grunted as his flesh got warmer and warmer. Lightning knew her way around almost every weapon in the world, and when she formed a vice-like grip with just enough give, she had the man nearly wrapped around her fingers, or so she thought. Before her fingers were coated in precum, he pulled his cock away and then wrapped his meat up in some of her long pink locks.

'His cock... his cock is in my hair now. Well, he must be feeling good, rubbing his dick with my hair,' The new experience was as thrilling as it was volatile. It seemed like the man's kink was something he rarely got to enjoy because before she knew it, she felt cum splattering through her hair and onto the side of her face. It was glorious and everything she could have hoped for. Just like Tralin, the man wasn't worried about her pleasure. He was content to use her (whatever part of her he wanted) as an object.

The man who'd given her a hairjob stepped away, leaving Lightning with the third man of the trio. Unlike Tralin, this final guard didn't use his hands to pull her in on his cock and seemed to favor swinging his hips forward. Each time he thrust, it felt like his pelvis was a hammer, and his cock was a grimy, bitter-tasting nail being rammed into the wood of her throat.

"Take it, take you whore. This is just the beginning. If you're this good with us, we'll send you into Gen Pop when the prisoners get rowdy,"

"Haha, oh, I bet she'll love that. Won't you, baby girl? You love being used like a good cumslut. Haha, I wonder if she'd pretend that's not the truth if she didn't have a cock wedged in her mouth, hahah!"

"Fuck yeah... Oh shit... I'm... cumming... cummiahua-rhuaah," With no hand holding her in place, when the third guard started cumming, he lost his footing, and when the man fell back, even just a little, he began painting Lightning's charming features with a thick, goopy paintbrush.

"Oowahah... oorruaahh..." Lightning gasped and slowly exhaled as she crumpled to the ground. Her face and hair were caked in the loads of three different men. The smell that had caught her off-guard was spread across her body like a full body wash. Before she could ask about a shower, she noticed Tralin smiling at her.

"Alright, looks like you've passed the first couple of drills. Not bad for a big hero slut like you. But we're not done yet,"

Tralin picked up his radio and called for more guards. Four new prison guards opened the door the first two had come from. Upon seeing the woman covered in bodily oils and plenty of cum immediately started stripping off their clothes and showing Lightning a fresh batch of thick, long cocks for her to enjoy.

"Welcome to the team, Lightning. Just make sure you take care of all your new teammates before you go back to that dumb little shit.."