

Prison Break

Soul Society; Squad Two

Soi-Fon, captain of Squad Two, slumped forward at her desk. The piles of paperwork she had to fill out seemed endless. Her first instinct was to call Omaeda to her office and have him deal with it but sadly her lieutenant was off on patrol and wouldn't be back for hours. "Dammit..." Her head hit the wooden desk with a light thud and she let out a groan. "I'd rather cut off my arm or get blown up again than do any more paperwork."

"Something the matter, Little Bee?"

Recognizing the soft voice immediately, Soi-Fon sat up in her chair, her hazel eyes widening when she saw her old mentor standing on the opposite side of her desk. "Lady Yoruichi!" Looking at the mess on her desk, Soi-Fon stood up and bowed in apology. "I'm so sorry! If I'd known you were coming I would have straightened up the place and-"

The short captain quieted down when the Flash Goddess, dressed in her usual orange jacket and black pants, held up a hand. "Please, you don't need to apologize. I was a captain once too. I know full well just how tedious the paperwork can get."

Sitting back down, Soi-Fon felt a little relieved to hear that Yoruichi knew what she was going through. "Do you have any advice, Lady Yoruichi?"

"I'm afraid not." Crossing her arms, Yoruichi gave her former student a sympathetic smile. "Those files are classified so only three groups have access to do anything with them. The Captain of Squad Two, the Lieutenant, and the Shihouin Clan." She ran her hand across the desk and read some of the papers, upside down reading was child's play for someone trained in espionage since childhood. "Documentation for the raid done in the Rukonga, updates on tracking some criminals..." all of it was bog standard, but one caught her eye in particular. "The Maggot's Nest needs a look over? I'd be happy to take that one off your plate."

"Oh no, Lady Yoruichi! You don't need to waste your time on those lowlives! I'm more than capable of doing a routine inspection by myself," Soi-Fon said. She hated the Maggot's Nest. Partly because she had more than enough responsibilities with both her Squad and the Punishment Force and partly because she despised anything that was even remotely related to Kisuke Urahara.

"You have enough headaches with all of this right now, Soi-Fon." Yoruichi put a hand on a pile of paperwork. "It won't be any trouble to give the place a quick inspection. Plus it'll be like going down memory lane to see all of Kisuke's old friends. Wonder who they stuck into Mayuri's cell?" she wondered aloud.

Despite being in the presence of her personal goddess, Soi-Fon scowled at the thought of Yoruichi being anywhere near those people. But she knew better than to think she could change Yoruichi's mind. And as much as she hated to admit it, it would be a load off her shoulders to not have to go all the way there just to inspect the place and leave. "Very well then. But please be careful, Lady Yoruichi."

"Oh come on, Soi-Fon. This is me that you're talking about." Turning away, Yoruichi walked to the door with a smile on her face. "When am I not in control?"

The Maggot's Nest had changed very little since Yoruichi had been captain. She walked down the stone steps into the prison and wondered how many more Soul Reapers had been imprisoned here against their will since she'd been exiled. Despite knowing the importance of the place, she'd always felt it was wrong to imprison Soul Reapers when they had yet to commit any crimes.

Having said that, she knew that some prisoners were more guilty than others.

The guards all stood at attention as she walked by them. Flashing Soi-Fon's inspection papers that she took off the desk, Yoruichi was let back into the den of rot. Looking around the main courtyard that most of the prisoners congregated at, she saw a lot of familiar faces. Kisuke had pulled several people like Mayuri or Akon to help form his R&D department but many prisoners who didn't have such skills were left behind.

Yoruichi continued her inspection. The entire time she was unaccompanied by the guards. She figured she didn't need them when she was a captain; she didn't need them now. Quietly she walked down the dark hallways while inspecting the cells. It would be more appropriate to call the Maggot's Nest an anthill. The subterranean complex was dug out with branches that isolated groups of prisoners from each other, even the more open areas had to deal with multiple paths that intersected with each other and wound back around to where it began, Yoruichi's favorites were how some pathways led to nowhere. An underground labyrinth to prevent anyone from escaping.

Rounding the corner, the former captain headed further into the dark hallway before a voice called out to her. "I thought I'd see you again. Though I must confess, I always expected you to be on this side of the bars."

Hearing the grating voice, Yoruichi scowled and turned to her right. This hallway contained one of the few cells with actual bars. The men locked up in this cell were a particularly nasty bunch that Yoruichi was well acquainted with. "Well, look what the cat dragged in."

"Hah!" Leaning up against the bars, the prisoner sneered at the werecat. "More like what the cat dumped into this hellhole over a hundred years ago." The man wore a white prisoner

outfit, his shaggy dark hair falling down his neck shoulders. Yoruichi always wanted to roll her eyes when she saw his sneer grow wider.

“Prisoner 7-G. What an unpleasant surprise. I’d thought you’d croak before I ever saw your worthless mug again.”

“My name is ----! And I know you know that!” roared the prisoner, seething from being unable to say his own name. The guards in the Maggot’s Nest had placed a Kido on every prisoner that blacklisted their name; it wasn’t just that the Soul Society wanted him gone, they wanted him to be forgotten as well.

“What’s that?” Yoruichi put a hand to her ear and smirked. “I can’t hear you. Speak up. Oh.” Taking a step closer, she peered into the cell and saw several other familiar faces inside. “Well now, at least you have company. I’m quite curious.” She teased 7-G with an arrogant smile. “Are you the bottom bunk bitch?”

“I swear, I’m going to fu-” His retort was cut off by the ex-warden.

“You’re going to fuck yourself over if you try anything.” She leaned forward and bared her teeth in a smile of disgust and hate.

All of the men in the cell were people that Yoruichi had specifically ordered locked up in the Maggot’s Nest. Usually she was against such measures but the men in the room were some of the worst she’d met. While there’d been no proof to charge any of them, when did the Maggot’s Nest ever require evidence?

Behind 7-G sat three other men, all of whom glared at Yoruichi with venomous disdain. 8-K sat on his bunk, a heavyset man with dark skin, narrow eyes, and a bald head. 2-N, a tall, lanky man with spiky blonde hair, sat at a small table in the middle of the room. And seated in a chair as the muscular man covered in tribal tattoos, known now as 9-Y. All of them quickly stood up and joined their friend, calling out obscenities while they looked at Yoruichi like they wanted to beat her into a bloody pulp, among other things.

“Aww! What’s the matter? Why the long faces? You’ve all been stuck in this place for so long that you’ve forgotten your manners? Or are you just angry that you have a hot piece of tail in front of you and can’t do anything?” Yoruichi laughed in their faces as she spun around to show off her skin-tight leotard, shaking her ass and giving it a loud slap as she saw them get even more outraged. Her eyes never left them while she riled up these cretins.

In a moment, she saw 7-G remove one of his hands from the bars and grab at something from behind his back. Knowing he was up to no good, Yoruichi knew what bait would get him to go for whatever he was planning.

“You know 7-G, you always were my most annoying little wretch.” Yoruichi set her hand on the cell bars, a loose grip against the metal.

It was there that he and his closest cellmate grabbed at her arm and yanked it in. Clamping something down on her wrist and a sense of emptiness flooding the Shihoin’s body. Yoruichi’s eyes widened when she instantly recognized what the prisoners had used on her: a seki-seki cuff.

With her strength greatly diminished from her spiritual powers being locked off, the other two prisoners clawed and grabbed at her other shoulder and arm, dragging her back against the cold iron bars.

The four monsters capitalized on their surprise attack, showing just how right Yoruichi was when their hands did more than grab and hold her arms and legs. Fingers digging against her breasts with the spandex material not hiding even a scrap of her body from their grasp. Her thighs were held back rather than her ankles, solely for the reason of getting to sink their greedy mitts into those watermelon crushers while also trailing up higher to molest her taut stomach and close in on her cunt, yanking the leotard to make the material dig against her pussy while also having it sink deeper between her ass cheeks to the point where they were fully exposed.

“And you, Pussycat, always were my most despised bitch.” He laughed as he finally had the upper hand against her.

“You...fucking scum!” spat Yoruichi while struggling against her restraints.

“Yeah. And your the one who’s about to get fucked by this scum.” 7-G grinned like a cat who’d caught his prey. Untying his pants and taking off his robe to reveal that he was already erect, the dark-haired prisoner pushed his cellmates to the side while standing directly behind the Flash Goddess. His hands gripped her soft, chocolate-skinned ass, groping the woman’s plump cheeks. His thumb pulled her black leotard to the side while bringing the head of his cock towards Yoruichi’s puckered hole. “You were always such a pain in my ass. Now it’s time to return the favor!”

“Don’t you fucking-” Her words died in her throat when she felt the man’s cock push right into her asshole. “Fuck! Argghhh!” Being fucked in the ass with no lube or prep hurt worse than anything Yoruichi had ever felt before. And 7-G wasn’t exactly “fun size”. Her screams of pain filled the dark hallways, unable to do anything while she was fucked from behind.

“Go ahead and scream! Nobody can tell you apart from the rest of the screams,” grinned the man while he thrust wildly into his hated enemy’s asshole. Yoruichi’s body couldn’t help but tighten her ass from each motion, making the prisoner moan while her tight, hot hole squeezed his cock. His hips smacked Yoruichi’s plump ass, making her cheeks ripple with every single thrust.

The metal pressing against Yoruichi's body, her skin feeling like it was on fire while touching the cold bars. The other three prisoners, however, were not idle. The lanky 2-N, using his long reach, grabbed Yoruichi's arms and pulled them back. With 7-G's discarded sash, he tied the woman's arms together, completely restraining her. With the cuff sealing her powers, Yoruichi was helpless before them.

"Ahhhh! Stop! Ahhhhhh!" Tears stung at the edge of Yoruichi's eyes. The pain in her ass was so intense, she didn't know if she would be able to walk upright again. With her hands bound, the prisoners were free to sink Yoruichi more into her nightmare.

The black leotard was easy pickings for the prisoners' hands. Yoruichi watched in horror as her one article of clothing was ripped off, her naked body on full display, ripe for abuse. 8-K touched her bare tit after having spent long enough feeling it through her cloth cover, molesting and feeling the heavy dark peak in his hand spill out of his grasp while using his other hand to grab at Yoruichi's ponytail to yank it back and make her screams grow even louder. 2-N had his hand on his prisoner's other tit, pulling and twisting her dark nipple and leaving his other hand to touch her stomach, the disturbingly soft way he did so making Yoruichi's skin crawl. 9-Y wasn't able to use both hands to touch the woman with the upper real estate taken up and 7-G pumping so close to his right, but he eagerly made due with one; two fingers easily forced their way into her womanhood and grind against her sweet spots. His thumb started to rub her clit, driving Yoruichi further up the wall.

"I think this bitch is starting to like it," sneered the prisoner fucking the Flash Goddess's titanic ass.

"I'll...fucking...kill...ohhhhh!" Yoruichi couldn't hold back anymore, body squirming out of her control as the prisoners' touching and ass fucking making her lose her mind. "Fuck! I'm...I'm coming!" she screamed, her body acting against her will.

7-G grinned when Yoruichi's tight ass gripped him in a hot vice, her lewd pussy squirting around 9-Y's fingers and puddled juices on the floor. Grunting hard into the woman's ear, the evil man eagerly came inside of the Flash Goddess, staining her insides white with cum.

Her chest heaving from how hard she was trying to catch her breath, Yoruichi was barely able to stand, only able to remain upright from the cock still lodged in her ass. She couldn't hear what they said due to her heart pounding in her ears, but she could feel them grabbing at her hair and digging into her ponytail and leaving her purple locks to fall freely down her back. *'Dammit.'* She thought just moments before the clanking of metal came through. *'They found the key.'*

Feeling the dick inside her be agonizingly removed, Yoruichi's body began to slide down the metal bars, but before she could hit the ground, the men now in front of her grabbed her arms. They untied her hands from behind the bars but with the cuff still affixed to Yoruichi's wrist, the werecat had little strength to resist. In the middle of the dark corridor she was dumped onto her

knees, cum leaking from her abused ass. Looking up, she saw that the others had discarded their clothes to show off their own throbbing, erect members. She valiantly tried to stand up but her legs failed her. She seethed when she saw the thin 2-N standing in front of her, his cock aimed right at her face. "You scum! I'll-GLUCK!"

2-N shut her up by putting his hand on top of the werecat's head and slamming his cock right into her mouth. "I don't know what feels better: your mouth around my cock or shutting you the hell up!" he grinned. Roughly grabbing hold of Yoruichi's purple hair, 2-N held her still while gleefully fucking the Flash Goddess's face. Yoruichi gagged from both the thick taste of the man's cock as well as the sheer size and length of it. All of the prisoners were hung and it made it no easier to take one of them down her throat.

Her useless hands started to beat on the man's thighs when she started to choke on the blonde man's cock but the prisoners were gonna do more than just watch. 8-K and 7-G grabbed her wrists and brought them to their cocks, 7-G cleaning his cock after fucking the woman in the ass while his friends dragged her out.

When Yoruichi's hands were brought to their long, veiny shafts, their grip forced her fingers to curl around them. The prisoners moved her hands up and down, forcing the werecat to stroke their cocks while their friend continued fucking her face with as much force as he could muster.

Even as Yoruichi struggled to breath, her hands unable to do anything but jerk them off, there was still one prisoner who wanted in on the action. Hands gripped her waist, pulling her up from her kneeling position so her body was now bending forward to keep pleasuring his fellow inmates while she barely stood on her unsteady legs. A shiver crawled over body when she felt a hot cock press against her wet entrance. Grinning mercilessly, the tattooed 9-Y slammed his manhood into Yoruichi's cunt. "MMMMMH!" Yoruichi's eyes widened, her body feeling like it was going to be split in half again from feeling the prisoner bottom out her pussy in one go. Already she could feel the tip kiss the door to her womb and she knew they'd only just begun.

The prison corridor started to echo loudly with the sound of clapping cheeks. 9-Y gave Yoruichi no time to adjust at all before he fucked her like a wild animal, the cohorts using their detestable warden as their fuck toy after dreaming of payback for centuries. As she was choking on 2-N's fat dick, Yoruichi was thrown back and forth between the man in front and the man behind her as they relentlessly abused her body. She couldn't even start to think about the prisoners jerking themselves off with her soft hands, not when she could feel one dick scrape against her insides as it moved in and out at breakneck pace and another slam and bulge out her throat. It took all of Yoruichi's willpower to keep from passing out.

Time was something that no-one could tell while in the Maggot's Nest; that was actually part of the torture. So Yoruichi wasn't sure how long she'd spent going through this. Forced to endure climax again and again while these rotten scum coated her in load after load of cum. Painting her face and body with murky white and pumping her holes past the brim with even more seed. The gang seemed to get along well after so many years locked up together, swapping the holes

they were fucking so everyone had a share. All of them felt her delicate hands that could have easily crushed them, slammed down her mouth and mute her annoying remarks, slap and play with that fat ass that she left barely uncovered like a cocktease, and most enchantingly, fucking her tight cunt to make her see who really was in charge and how she never should have tried them.

Cum dripped down her chin, its thick taste coating her tongue and throat. The heat in her holes as their seed leaked made her lower half feel like it was melting. Her tits heaved for breath while she lay on the cold floor, still glaring daggers towards the men standing above her.

7-G leered down at the defeated Flash Goddess. "Damn, we really let out a lot. Bitch has to be pregnant by now. Wonder who's the father?" he joked, the other men having a good chuckle at her expense.

The bulky 8-K reached down for his robes. "Come on. Let's get out of here. We'll lock her in the cell and use the key to break out. 2-N, where'd you leave it?"

The lanky blonde looked around. "Huh? I stuck it next to my clothes. Maybe it got knocked around with all that fun?"

Their leader bristled in irritation while putting his clothes back on. "Well, find it! It's gotta be around here somewhere! Where is it?!"

"Right here."

A wave of all consuming spiritual pressure overwhelmed the four prisoners, driving them to the floor like they were ragdolls. 7-G had enough strength to stay conscious and gasped in shock when he saw what was happening. "You?! But...but how?! We sealed your powers!"

Leaning against the wall, Yoruichi twiddled with the key in her hands. "I swiped it while you boys were having fun, the point of a master key is to unlock everything in the jail. Including cuffs.

Seeing all her disgusting inmates left on the ground, Yoruichi easily chucked all of them back into their cell, the men still covered in sweat and grime, mostly --in not still wholly-- naked, and now covered in dirt. But she used her normal speed when dealing with 7-G again. "Don't you worry that hideous little head of yours, maggot." Yoruichi's face was covered in shadow as she looked down at him, her golden eyes shining through and oozing the aura of a predator. "You'll get everything you deserve, plus interest."

7-G couldn't even muster the strength to scream as Yoruichi delivered his punishment. One beating and many missing teeth later, Yoruichi hurled him into the cell and slammed the door shut. "I think I've seen enough of you bugs to last a thousand lifetimes. If we never meet again, it'll be too soon." Turning around, Yoruichi walked away.

Soi-Fon was right where Yoruichi had left her despite the late hour. “Lady Yoruichi!” The small captain stood up as Yoruichi entered the room. “Did the inspection go well? Those guards at the Maggot’s Nest haven’t been slacking, I hope?”

Dressed in a new orange shirt and black pants, Yoruichi shrugged. “It went alright. Saw a few familiar faces. I know Kisuke thought some of them could be made useful to the Soul Society but some scum should never be let out.”

“Everything went well, I take it? There were no issues?”

Yoruichi simply grinned back at her Little Bee. “No worries. Like I said, I was in complete control. If you’ll excuse me, I need a shower.” Turning around, Yoruichi walked out of the captain’s office. Despite the brave face she was putting on in front of Soi-Fon, she didn’t want to stay too long before her little bee noticed she was limping...

The End