

Sui-Suck Squad

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Rioters at a maximum security prison demand girls for a night in exchange for the lives of the guards they hold captive, and rather than send normal civilian prostitutes into the mess, a special all female Suicide Squad is assembled to deal with the threats. Not that they're told anything about what they'll be doing until it's too late. Commission for pantboy678.

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Chapter 1 - Sui-Suck Squad

2

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As a unit transport rolled around the unkempt roads up to the prison, the sitting members of a hastily assembled 'special' Suicide Squad were all thinking the same thing, but none of them were saying it. The thrown together team of Harley Quinn, Catwoman, Poison Ivy, Enchantress, Blackfire, and Cheetah were aware that for a very rare occasion, rather than being one or two token girls on a team otherwise brimming with masculinity and bravado, there were only women in the back of the truck. All they knew was that there was a prison riot at a maximum security prison where the guard were being held hostage and were to be killed if demands weren't met, and they were on their way to stop it. They had no idea how exactly they would, but being left in the dark seemed frequent enough procedure for Task Force X; they would just find out the assignment once they were had their feet on the ground and weapons in their hands.

But when the truck came to a stop and the doors opened, they saw nobody there to hand them their weapons or take off the power dampening manacles that kept Poison Ivy, Enchantress, Cheetah, or Blackfire from tapping into their powers. Which was odd, but even more odd was the voice over the speaker telling them to get out, which they worriedly did, looking around and even more confused when they were greeted not with A.R.G.U.S. agents who were handing them off their equipment, but a bunch of rowdy, smirking inmates, men who had little to do in prison but keep in shape, who quickly flooded the car and dragged them out.

"Don't touch me," Poison Ivy hissed as her red hair was seized and she was dragged out of the vehicle, struggling and swinging her fists about, but the standing wall of a man dragged her out was strong enough to resist her blows as she was tossed to the floor.

Infuriated by the indignance of being grabbed, Blackfire began to howl in her native Tamaranean that she was royalty and not to be touched, too blinded by anger to even realize she wasn't speaking English as the men merely laughed off the tongues she spoke in rapidly as she struggled in absolute vain to talk through them.

"Hey, what's the big idea?" Harley asked, her kicks only getting her ankles pulled as she was dragged out forcefully.

"Don't lay a hand on me boys, I'll come out peacefully," she said, only to be grabbed by the wrists and dragged forward anyway.

Enchantress and Cheetah didn't even have the luxury of speaking as hands grabbed their throats and dragged them out to join the others in being thrown down to the floor. The truck's doors slammed shut noisily, and after receiving a knock on the side, it drove away, the girls appalled to find themselves in the prison's exterior yard, surrounded by more inmates than they could ever imagine, and suddenly, they had a distinct feeling they knew why only women had been assigned to this job, and why none of them had any weapons.

"Well, this just got interesting," called a smirking voice, as knuckles cracked and Bruno Mannheim,

leader of the notorious Intergang, stepped toward them. "We told the government to send some whores or we were going to murder the guards, but I expected actual whores." The hulking gang leader smirked as a flock of prisoners continued to step forward, advancing mercilessly on the women tossed to the ground. "I guess the government doesn't want to be seen endorsing prostitution, so instead of grabbing some street walkers from Metropolis, we get our pick of whichever supervillain sluts they had in lock down."

The girls all looked at each other, furious as they received confirmation of what was going on in the worst imaginable way. Waller had just pimped them out to a prison full of horny inmates who were going to start cutting throats if they didn't get any, and the inmates were being led by a fearsome mobster who'd had it out enough times with the likes of Nightwing and Batwoman that he was serious business, and he'd had his boys all riled up in anticipation for this.

"Let's get one thing straight, cunts," said one of his right hand cronies as the prisoners continued to walk forward, each of them with the unmistakable look in their eyes of men who had not seen a woman for years, and who had plenty of aggressions to work out. "You're ours until the morning, then they bring that truck back and you get to go on your merry way. But until then..." He pushed his prison issue pants down, grabbing hold of a rigid cock that he took in hand and walked right up to Cheetah to brazenly slap her across the cheek with while his other hand grabbed a fistful of her red hair to drag her away from the others. "You belong to us, and if you don't put out, you end up just like the guards, understood?"

The women didn't even have a chance to respond before they were pulled every which way by the hungry, ravenous gang of men eager descending upon them, all eager to work out their frustrations in a very brutal and mindless fashion.

Catwoman found her suit torn open as she reacquainted herself with a few 'old friends' who she may or may not have ripped off at some point in time, and who were eager to reunite with her. Reuniting, of course, involving her being shoved down and triple penetrated brutally. There was a score to settle given the fact that she had run off with the entire haul of a job and left them to the cops, and there seemed no more just and fitting way to make good on that promise than to fuck her like an animal. Her leather was torn to expose her pussy and her ass to their hungry eyes before she was driven down into the lap of one of her crossed companions, another kneeling down behind her and the third claiming her mouth. There were two things in common with the men; they had had been crossed by Selena Kyle, and they all had cocks large enough to make her feel like she was being torn in two.

Selena tried to scream as her ass and pussy were summarily stuffed full, but she had to contend with the brutal facefucking up front, a cock hammering down her gullet mercilessly and balls smacking against her chin. Retribution was swift and brutal, and they seemed to relish in pounding her holes as hard as they could, their eyes having fallen onto the familiar catsuited villain the second they saw the amazing reveal of the girls they were to be fucking. The fact that her tight body was so incredible only made it even sweeter, her tight holes stretched out wide by the fat cocks, feeling like an absolute dream. They roughly pounded her as her pretty face was ravaged by the third, listening to the sloppy gagging noises of the cat thief being brutalized. Selena was powerless to stop them, her hands held behind her back by the one pounding her ass, her round backside receiving slaps from the one in her pussy while a rough handful of hair held her firmly in place to receive the violation.

Searing sensation lit Selina on fire as she was left a drooling, whining wreck getting pounded almost to

the point of intense numbness as they ravaged her. The brutal gangbang was perhaps well deserved retribution, but her body was being torn asunder by it, left trembling as the pressure proved overwhelming, making her buck and convulse, drooling all over herself as the brutal hammering of her throat left her unable to swallow anything that wasn't an inmate's fat shaft. And yet, for as punishing as it was, everything they were doing to her, between the thrusting and the manhandling, the retribution coming harsh and punishing, but in some twisted way she was getting a reluctant kick out of it, her body trembling as she found some odd, fucked up form of pleasure from it all.

Stuffed unbearable full of cock and pushed to the breaking point by the sheer rawness of all the friction hammering her every which way, her throat stuffed to the point that she had trouble breathing and was further disoriented by it, Selena wasn't sure if she was mad about cumming, but she knew it was inevitable, shivering and yelling as she was claimed brutally, as her body was pushed over the edge. Everything tightened down, moans spilling out as the cocks erupted all at once, milked by her greedy holes and her trembling throat as spit bubbled up around her parted lips. They came deep inside of her, save for the one fucking her face, who pulled back and rather than wasting his seed down her gullet, blasted her pretty features with a thick wad of hot, sticky spunk.

A harsh pull on her hair left her wincing, no time to savour the afterglow as they dragged her back, putting a hand around her throat as they got ready to fuck her again. "Was it still worth fucking us over now, cunt?"

"Honestly?" Selina asked, hazy and belligerent, knowing that they were only going to fuck her harder if she gave a snarky answer but wanting nothing more than to feel the depths of their anger. "Even more worth it now than ever before."

"Do you glurk have any glurk idea glurk glurk who I am?" Blackfire was down on her knees, her luscious black hair held tightly to by there different men who were taking turns dragging her mouth back and forth between their cocks, making her throat each one before pulling back on her scalp and slamming her face down on another cock. And yet, through it all, the frustrated princess continued to regale the men with a harsh explanation of how she royalty and not some lowly gutter whore to be treated like this, that they had best cease this disrespect at once or suffer the consequences of retribution.

For which they made sure to drive her face all the way down to the base of their cocks with each push instead of heeding her warning.

"Those are some strong lungs," one of the prisoners groaned, marveling at just how much she wouldn't shut up, speaking indignantly between gagging sounds as though they were marks of emphasis. He pulled his cock out of her throat and decided to start smacking her around with her shaft, and though growing red with frustration, she continued to speak on, insisting they were brutes and that the moment she was free, she would hunt them down and exact her revenge herself. "Holy shit, stop talking."

"How about a bet? Box of smokes from each of you says that she'll be able to go for three minutes if I just hold my dick down her throat." The next prisoner in line snickered, having a good feeling about his plan, perhaps the only one paying any attention to her words and realizing the alien princess likely had the sort of physiology that would allow her to breathe in space, likely having all sorts of powers that the inhibitor around her neck was keeping down. It was a heavy gamble, but if he won, he not only got two boxes of cigarettes, but to savour all that time inside of the strange, apparently royal woman's throat.

What more could a guy want?

"You're fucking insane. Yeah, sure, but you owe each of us a box when you fail, you fucking dumbass." The other one didn't even say anything, just rolling his eyes as the lucky, attentive criminal didn't even realize how much he was in for as he grabbed Komand'r's hair with both hands and slammed his cock forward.

It was only as she was pushed down onto this one that Blackfire realized just how futile her attempts to make them understand really were, and even then, only because she assumed them uncivilized brutes too thick skulled to understand the true consequences of their actions. Not that it did much to help as her throat was filled with cock, eyes going wide as for once, he held there, the choking noises that followed leaving her trembling. He'd been right though, her body did not in fact need oxygen, her people able to survive in the vacuum of space just fine, and so when he slammed into her tight throat and made it bulge with his penetration, all she did was linger there, twitching as her throat's natural gag reflex kicked in, left her sputtering and shaking, but not giving out.

Three minutes passed, and the spasming of her throat was steadily massaging the cock stretching it out, and the most shocking thing of all to the men as they watched in awe was that as their count reached one hundred and eighty seconds, at which point the guy in her throat was finally able to groan, throwing his head back as he came, cock aching as thick cum pumped down her throat. "Her throat fucking milked me," he groaned, stumbling back as a still steady and not even red in the face Blackfire made a twisted face.

"You're a savage," she began to say, but after that display, the carton of cigarettes seemed like a distant worry as the two losers stumbled forward to try and take her mouth first.

Enchantress's striking features had caught the eye of Bruno himself, and the gangster turned prison mob leader dragged the magically inclined woman over to him as he took his seat, a nice big handful of sleek black hair keeping her on a leash as the inhibitor on her magic kept her from doing anything as the hulking crime boss said in very simply and clear words, "Worship my balls."

In no position to say no, with the hulking mobster in total control, Enchantress did as she was told, his hand guiding her face forward, his plump, massive nuts where her face was shoved right into as he laughed in wicked, mocking delight. She let out an indignant whine, but unlike Blackfire off to the side, she was resigned to this, and didn't put up any fight as she gave into his demands, licking and slurping at his swollen nuts. The taste and smell of cock and sweat were overwhelming, and she shuddered in frustration and more than slight disgust at what she was being made to do as his throbbing cock rested on her face and his overly large nuts ached, threatening to burst at a moment's notice, and she was in no way ready for the volume of cum to follow.

"Harder, slut," Bruno snarled, and he would have done so regardless of how well she serviced his nuts. A harsh twist on her hair made her whine as she pressed tighter forward, her tongue dragging along the massive, wrinkled sac. "If you don't want me to cut all this pretty hair right off, I suggest you start licking them like they're your new god, because I have not had a whore's mouth on them in months and you're going to make up for all of that." The prison riot idea had been one of his best, and he was thrilled by the result, barely able to look around and all the fun his boys were having as he savoured what he felt was the prettiest of the bunch, not only content to get his dick wet, but to humiliate and degrade her. Fucking

her gorgeous face would have been too easy, but this was so visible objectionable to the magic user that he knew he was on the right track.

Enchantress, shut her eyes tightly, just doing what she was supposed to do and trying her best not to think much about it. She was wearing the humiliation across her face, the shattering of all pride and decency within her as she was made to work, the degradation doing wonders to feed into everything twisted and raw that Mannheim lusted after. She played into his game perfectly, giving him the debasement of a proud and strong woman that his humiliation kink sought more than anything, and she had no idea just how much her own debasement was getting him off, almost as much as the steady licks and kisses against his nuts that she lavished him with to keep him happy.

While most of the girls had only a few men or in the 'lucky' case of Enchantress even just one to worry about, Cheetah found herself playing host to a wide circle of massively hung men whose time in prison had turned them into quick shoots, and who gladly passed her around again and again in the vulgar loop. The swiftness with which they came was hardly a sign of shame, given their circumstances and just how much cum was involved in each load being pumped deep into her sopping wet twat, which was by then leaking generously from her gaping hole as they continued to take her recklessly.

"Slow down," Cheetah groaned, as even with superhuman endurance, she was being put through her paces. On her feet and bent forward, she was fucked harshly from her behind, breasts heaving in delight as she was 'treated' to a massive cock hammering deep into her. Her thighs and stomach were a cummy mess, and it was only going to get worse. "Come on, you've already fucked me three times each, you can't possibly keep this going." She was panting as each successive orgasm of her own left her a little more tired, a little more ragged and weary. Her body shivered and everything within her burned hotly as the cock nonetheless kept up its fervid assault; these men had not so much as seen a real woman in an eternity, and now a gorgeous, naked one had been thrown to the wolves and they weren't going to slow down.

All she got in return was, "Quiet, slut," and a slap across her ass as he rapidly pounded her, hammering forward harshly before groaning and finishing up deep within her clenching twat. Cheetah felt almost numb now to the hot loads pumped into her aching pussy, shivering and biting her lip as the molten spunk flooded her womb, just another shot of cum inside of her. One of countless others, her body reacting to it with a faint uptick in pleasure but very little else.

She didn't have a second to waste before she was handed off to the right, this time hands grabbing her ass as she was lifted up and impaled on the man's cock, forced to bounce atop him as he hammered her relentlessly. All she could do was moan and roll her head, limply enduring the savage fucking with no end in sight; they weren't going to let her go any time soon, it seemed, and she had best get used to this sort of treatment and little else, as they drew hotter and hornier each time they passed her around.

Pressing her back up against her girlfriend's, Poison Ivy tried to draw strength from at least being back to back with the woman she loved as they both suffered the degrading injustice of the brutal blowbang they were subjected to, having it perhaps worst of them all as the bulk of the rioting inmates seemed to line up for the chance to facefuck the two Gotham beauties, one after another not even bothering to organize themselves in a civil manner as when one cock pulled back, another one stepped up to take its place. The half plant woman was choking on another cock--she'd long since lost cunt of how many men she'd serviced--and just accepted the brutality with a resigned frustration. If nothing else, the molten seed

spilling down her throat with each load was sustenance, more so than food ever could be to her odd physiology. Just a silver lining to something that she was sure Harley despised as much as she did.

As a cock dumped its thick, salty payload right into the mouth of Harley Quinn, the clown's face covered in her own drool and with her mascara running in thick streaks down her face, a smile grew broad across her lips. "Another tasty cock, please!" she yelled out happily.

Goddammit. Ivy sighed, shaking her head as her lover got far, far more into the matter than she did. At least she was seeing a light in this mess. Not that Ivy could say anything about it, of course, too busy choking on the dick hammering down her throat. A fistful of red hair kept her head steadily in place as harsh thrusts forward stuffed her throat full of the kind of massive cock that on any other day, and with her in control of the situation thanks to some pollen, she would love to make a toy out of. But this inmate was in control, brutalizing her face and making endless comments about how much the two 'lesbo dyke sluts' must have hated being facefucked back to back. She was much too apathetic to correct him on his incorrect remarks about their orientations, and even if she wanted to, the only sounds coming from her mouth were those of a sloppy deepthroating.

Hands grabbed tight onto both of Harley's pigtails, but the clown needed no help or guidance, gladly slurping the big cock in front of her down deep, sloppily throating it again and again. She was moving all on her own, driven by her own needs and a deep, welling hunger that seemed endless. Unlike the other girls around, she was unabashedly having the time of her life, and hadn't had to be fucked into enough orgasms to accept it, either. She had a hand down her shorts, and it had been there from the beginning, leaving them now very soaked as orgasm after orgasm ravaged her body, all induced by her own hand and the thrill of a sloppy, deep facefuck. The blowbang was amazing, and the feeling of her makeup running and all the messy drool leaving her feeling so filthy and so shameless were all too good to deny. She didn't even care that Waller had double crossed them as she just lavished in the enjoyment in the moment and everything twisted and raw that came with it.

Her belly felt so full of cum as she dutifully swallowed down every drop, the deranged glee with which she threw herself into the brutal blowbang quickly drawing attention as men pounded her face even harder, humouring the slutty side rising up harshly to the top and throwing their weight behind giving her the kind of oral violation she could love, as someone that eager to please them deserved something rough for her time doing the great service of getting their rocks off.

As promised, the transport returned in the morning, along with a truck full of armed A.R.G.U.S. agents to make sure that nothing went wrong. The girls were all exhausted, drenched head to toe in cum, so much inside of their holes and stuck into their hair, and they'd been fucked too many times to even think anymore, the last exhausted prisoner stragglers still fucking their limp bodies when the transport arrived, only reluctantly pulling away at the very last second. None of the women knew what to make of this affront, of being sold out with such shameless cruelty. Thrown to a bunch of horny prisoners as a prize, lied to about their mission and then just left to the mercy of criminals. They were all definitely varying levels of indignant, except for course for Harley, who asked everyone she met from the first agent right up to Amanda Waller herself when her next assignment would be.