

Possum Prison Pussy

Part 4: Light Duty

Sylva was raw after Diesel's little ass reaming. He went a lot harder than he said he would, and the possum had just barely escaped without an anal fissure. Though, the possum wasn't surprised. Everything in this damned hell hole was so much harder than it looked. He thought he would be sitting, eating, and shitting for seven years, but now he was thrust into a game he didn't want to play. He was never cut out for mind games, apart from teasing, but teasing here got your ass broken in. Especially when anyone could go to Magnus, throw money and favors at him, and get the little possum's ass on a silver platter.

Sylva cried that night. Lawrence was able to spare a few pain killers for the poor possum, but it only dulled it. With each beat of his heart, the possum's asshole throbbed like it was punishing him for being so fucking stupid to land himself in this shithole. Just before he would fall asleep, his ass would clench and he would get a shocking reminder of what happened earlier.

He cursed Checker's name, he mentally scratched the leopard's eyes out. He wanted nothing more than to hurt someone in that instant, but make them feel the burning pain and shattered pride he felt. He hurt, so he wanted someone else to hurt, but the problem was that he was at the bottom of the pecking order. So...for now he had to take Checker's advice and simply bear it. Change the fucking game and hope he can survive.

The next day Sylva bid Lawrence goodbye, or maybe the possum just nodded as he walked out of his cell. In the end, it didn't matter. The one thing he knew was that he was hungry. He was tired and exhausted, and hadn't really eaten anything besides a slice of toast and some watery soup the night

before. Sylva came to Magnus' table and saw the space next to Magnus had no chair. The possum just sighed, his heart going numb as he shuffled over to Magnus' side and proceeded to sit down on the floor.

He was going to sit, but his ass screamed at him despite all the lovely cushioning his cheeks provided his pucker. His mouth hung open in a silent scream before he quickly adjusted into a kneeling position. He took a few deep breaths as the pain subsided down into a dull ache before moving on to his breakfast.

Sylva heard his name come up in passing, but he was more interested in his breakfast and being as invisible as possible.

"Looks like you're training the boy well," Magnus rumbled as he noticed that Sylva had come to his side silently and started eating his breakfast. "Did you want to sit by your master's side?"

Magnus stroked his meaty hand over Sylva's head and neck, his touch more vile than sludge rolling down his back.

"Sorry...um Boss," Sylva didn't look up, he kept looking down. "I...I like the position of on my knees better."

Magnus gripped the possum by the scruff, Sylva having to stifle a cry. Magnus' nails dug into his flesh underneath. Sylva was forced to lock with the dark coal-like eyes of his owner.

"I wasn't asking," Magnus growled. "I'm fucking telling you to grab a chair and be grateful."

"Magnus, please...I'm sorry," Sylva couldn't help the tears that broke over his cheeks. "I'll do better...please...I just can't sit right now."

“What do you mean, you can’t sit?” Magnus’ voice had an edge, but he loosened his grip on Sylva’s scruff, the soft fur and flesh slipping between his fingers, but he kept his hand there ready to grip again if Sylva tried to look away.

“I...” Sylva suddenly felt fear twinge down deep in his gut. He had to bite his lip to stop himself from screaming as Magnus gripped his scruff again.

“Why can’t you sit?” Magnus growled.

“It hurts too much,” Sylva gasped out.

“What? What hurts?” Magnus let up his grip again.

“My...I...” Sylva looked down for only a fraction of a second, but his eyes shot back up to Magnus who was quickly getting annoyed. Nothing struck fear into Sylva more than those eyes.

“My ass...” Sylva felt like he was giving away something he shouldn’t. He knew it could bring pain upon someone else, but in that moment all he could think of was self-preservation.

Magnus’ head snapped to look at someone at the table.

“Whispers, hold Diesel down,” Magnus snarled his order.

“Wa? Boss! No I didn’t do nothing wrong, I was gentle I swear! He’s just a little pussy,” Diesel shot back, but the sound of chairs shifting and the rumble of Whispers’ weight as he lumbered to the rhino was evidence enough that Magnus didn’t buy his words.

“Oh really? Is that so?” Magnus turned back to Sylva. “Present your ass to me.”

“But...”

“Now,” Magnus ordered again.

That one word was more potent than any whip. It forced Sylva into reality as he pulled himself around. He didn't know exactly what to do in this situation, but he decided that simply turning his back, face to the floor, and pants pulled down was what would please Magnus. Sylva got into position and pulled the hem of his scrubs down to show Magnus his ass. Apparently he wasn't doing it fast enough as Magnus' powerful fingers gripped his scrubs and shoved them down.

Cool air brushed his sore pucker, the bright pink was an inflamed red and his cheeks were dark from bruises. Given, some of the marks were done by Magnus, but that made little difference in his eyes. Magnus gripped those cheeks and spread them and Sylva had to bite his lip to keep from crying out, but that didn't stop the tears from rolling down his muzzle. He was on display for the entire table to see, and his bruised and beaten pucker was clear evidence of a rough and traumatizing fuck.

"You call that gentle?" Magnus turned his head to look at Diesel, yanking up Sylva's pants again, causing the possum to yip as the bleach starched fabric bunched up between his fat cheeks.

"You know how big I am Boss. I would never hurt Cheeks on purpose, but come on. Nothing I can do when he's a little virgin hole."

"So, you thought it best to break the merchandise to get your nut? You'd cross *ME* because you wanted to get your rocks off," Magnus' voice was steely and cold.

"I was gentle as I could!" Diesel was sweating. "Go on Cheeks, tell um! I was gentle as I could!"

"Well, Cheeks," Magnus gripped Sylva by his scruff and forced him up to his feet. "Was he gentle?"

Sylva was finally able to see what was happening. Diesel was sitting and Whispers had the rhino pinned to his chair with his massive hands on the rhino's shoulders. Diesel's face was void of color, he was terrified. Terrified of Magnus...

Terrified of me, Sylva thought. The possum glanced over to see Checkers and his words came to him. *Magnus is a powerful tool if you know how to use him...*

“Well?” Magnus urged Sylva on. “Would you consider Diesel’s go at you, ‘entle?”

“I...” Sylva felt something well up in him. It caused his muscles to relax, his brow to soften, and stemmed his tears.

Power.

Power and control filled Sylva’s chest as he took a deep breath.

“No,” Sylva could see the fear bloom in Diesel’s eyes as those words parted the possum’s lips. “He wasn’t gentle.”

Sylva gave a little yip as Magnus pulled him close, that powerful hand clamping down on the possum’s shoulder hard before bringing him to his side possessively.

“Whispers,” Magnus’ eyes were somehow darker. “You know what to do.”

“What? No!” Diesel tried to jump up out of his chair, but a light flex from Whispers’ powerful arms forced him to stay down. “I was gentle! I swear! The bitch is lying!”

“That ass is all the proof I need,” Magnus growled. “Do you have any idea how much fucking money you just cost me?”

“His ass will heal!” Diesel tried to argue.

“And with every day he needs to recover, your ass will be covering his duties until then.”

“Fuck! I ain’t no bitch!” Diesel was almost livid. Some of the guards were coming over, but Mangus lifted a hand and they stopped.

“You’re a bitch if I fucking say you are,” Magnus’ permanent scowl cracked into a dark grin around his tusks. “Now, Whispers, you can go break him in, oh, and be *gentle*.”

Sylva saw something that he never thought he would see on Whispers’ face. A slow mutation of that warm smile he flashed the possum warped into something so predatory and dark it reminded Sylva that Whispers was a prisoner in this place for a reason. If he had a double hard on protecting pussy, what would he do to someone who hurt it?

Whispers started pulling Diesel’s chair away from the table when the Rhino leapt into action. He ran as Whispers tried to grip him by his scrubs, but the neck just tore on the great white’s vicious claws. The rhino ran headlong into a guard and started punching him.

“The fucking idiot,” Magnus huffed.

Sylva was frozen, but a calming brush of Magnus’ thumb brought him back to reality. The big elephant was trying to calm Sylva down by brushing his thumb over his shoulder. If it were anyone else, it may have worked. It only caused Sylva to tense up more, but he quelled the need to jump away by leaning into Magnus harder. Sylva shivered as he watched Diesel get tackled by a set of guards. He immediately gave up and went limp, but the guards beat him anyway. He even shouted his surrender, but his cries were muffled by a boot kicking his face in. The rhino was bloodied and disorientated. The only sounds he made were grunts and gasps of pain.

The worst part though, was that the display made Sylva feel *good*.

Every punch, kick, and strike with a nightstick sent a wave of satisfaction through Sylva. He was winning...finally winning at something.

“He thinks solitary will keep him safe?” Magnus huffed and pulled Sylva closer. “Whispers, you’re going to be spending solitary with him.”

“Yes Boss,” Whispers spoke with a normal voice, a deep wet growl rolling through his chest.

“Calm down big guy,” Magnus sighed. “You’ll have all night to fuck him into shape. Just let him know any fight he puts up is an affront to me. As for you,” Magnus turned his attention to Sylva and cupped his chin, forcing the possum to look the elephant prison lord in the eye. “If I find out you were fucking with me, I’ll break your fucking legs.”

Sylva’s breath hitched as the warmth of control he had was soured by that dark thought.

“Yeah,” Magnus continued. “That’s right. You should fear crossing me. Just remember, your holes are what matter to me, and you can get fucked just fine if your legs are in casts. Now, what do you say?”

“Huh?” Sylva shook his head slightly, his eyes never leaving Magnus’. “What do you mean?”

“What do you say when someone does something nice for you, fagtard?”

“Uh...Thank you...Magnus – AH!” Sylva was silenced as those fingers dug into his jaw.

“You almost said it right,” Magnus snarled. “I’m not Magnus out here.”

“Sorry,” Sylva sniffed. “Thank you...Boss...”

Magnus smiled and eased up his grip on Sylva’s chin.

“Good girl,” he rumbled and Sylva could see the twitch in the elephant’s pants. That thick fuck log hard as a rock. “To bad you’re all banged up, but you’ll get to show your appreciation in a different way. Checkers,” Magnus turned his head to the blind leopard. “We’re going to set up some new clients, but we’re going to have to do hand jobs and oral only.”

“I’ll train him proper, Boss,” Checkers wasn’t even going to try and call him Magnus.

“Good boy,” Magnus nodded his approval, his resting scowl face coming back in force.

The rest of their meal was spent in relative silence. People only spoke when spoken too or if they had something to report to Boss.

Sylva felt his veins buzzing, his mind alight with what he just did. He got back at Diesel for fucking him into next week. He actually...*won* something. The very thought sent shivers down his spine. His boxers were damp with the way his pussy quivered, the pain from fucking Magnus having subsided.

He could play this game...he could win at this game...

He could win...

“You could have handled that differently,” Checkers directed at Sylva as they settled into the rec room.

“What?” Sylva furrowed his brow, the possum not understanding what the leopard meant.

“With Diesel,” Checkers said while Whispers guided him to the table. “You could have let him off the hook.”

“Why should I have?” Sylva frowned, his voice getting an edge. “I only told the truth. He was too rough and now I can’t sit without my ass reminding me of how not-gentle he was.” Sylva huffed as he knelt at the table, a pillow put down so he wouldn’t bruise his knees.

“Yes, he was,” Checkers agreed. “Whispers and I were the ones to scrape you off the floor after he had his way with you. Though, what did getting him in trouble with Magnus really achieve?”

“I won,” Sylva snarled. “I changed the game and used Magnus to get me that win.”

“You won, but Diesel lost,” Checkers sighed. “Did you learn nothing from what I told you before? You *both* could have won in that situation. Did you even think about what you could have gained from letting Diesel go? He would have *owed* you! One of Magnus’ most powerful bodyguards second only to Whispers here. You’re still hopping pieces that don’t matter and playing someone else’s game the way they want you to.”

“Really?! Fuck you asshole! I only did what you told me to,” Sylva shot back.

“I never told you to sell out your own protection,” Checkers growled back, his claws digging into the table. “You had your first chance at a real power grab and you threw it away for an easy chip. You could have had Diesel under your thumb, now he’s going to be onto you, looking for a way to get back. You did the one thing you’re not supposed to do. You made an enemy of the help. What do you think he’s going to do the next time you need him? Or anyone under Magnus’ directive for that matter? You sold out Diesel in front of the Boss’ entire core group.”

“Wait...what?” Sylva was starting to see the full board and the move he had just made. He was a single piece that was being forced forward by Magnus into his enemy and he just got rid of one of the chips protecting his back.

“You may have gotten back at Diesel, but one thing you’re going to learn is that everyone here is a sore loser. Diesel will get his revenge one way or another. I was hoping you would have understood that much.”

“Fuck you,” Sylva crossed his arms, his nails digging into his skin. “He deserved it. I wanted him to suffer.”

“No,” Checkers snarled before taking a deep breath and pulling his hand back. “You wanted control.”

“And what’s wrong with that!” Sylva shot back, his throat choking on a sob.

“Nothing,” Checkers sighed and held out his paw for Sylva to take it. “It’s too late to undo what you did, and scolding you won’t help either of us. I just need you to understand Sylva, we are playing a very precarious game. A game neither of us agreed to, but we’re playing none the less.”

“Fuck, I don’t want to be here,” Sylva was trying to hold back his sobs, but his shoulders shook. He felt a warm hand come down on his shoulder and he looked up to see Whispers, his eyes soft and gentle.

“I know,” Checkers sighed. “No one does, except the people in charge. The rest of us just have to play their game. We have to play in a way where even the losers think they won.”

“Wait...” Sylva looked back up at Whispers. “Aren’t you the one Magnus is going to send in to punish Diesel.”

A shadow of a dark grin played across Whispers’ muzzle.

“Yes,” he said his voice even and clear, his pupils dilating. “He’ll feel the full extent of my wrath. No one fucks my girls and gets away with it.”

Sylva felt a chill run down his spine and he could see the tent slowly forming in Whispers’ pants. The man had a lust for blood.

“No, Whispers,” Sylva gripped the big guy’s wrist. “I need you to be gentle with him.”

“What?” Whispers dark grin dropped before an angry sneer formed on his muzzle. “But that asshole hurt you,” Whispers was seething. “I want nothing more than to hear him scream for forgiveness as I rape every last piece of pride from that fucker’s hole.”

“Whispers, please,” Sylva looked up at the shark and gently rubbed his hand over the big guy’s forearm. “I need this. I need to let Diesel know I’m sorry.”

“He will be sorry when I’m done with him,” Whispers growled, his voice deep, rolling and menacing. If that anger was focused on Sylva, he surely would have fainted. The only saving grace was that it was pointed at Sylva’s rapists.

“Whispers, listen to me,” Sylva gripped his forearm and Whispers eyes cleared, his snarl softening as he got down onto one knee and nuzzled Sylva’s ear.

“Yes?” he whispered.

“I need you to tell him I’m sorry,” Sylva started. “Maybe rough him up a bit to make it look like you did something, but just a show for Magnus.”

“Are you sure?” Whispers asked, his voice soft, but held an edge.

“I’m sure,” Sylva glanced back at Checkers who was surprisingly quiet through this conversation.

“He’s going to get fucked either way,” Checkers cleared his throat before continuing. “So what’s the point of trying to run damage control now?”

“I don’t know, I just need to do something,” Sylva was on the verge of throwing up.

“Whispers...just prep his ass. Be as gentle as possible, please, and make sure he knows that I’m the one who pulled the strings for this. Tell him...that I couldn’t lie to Magnus, that I couldn’t hide the fact my ass was hurt. This was going to happen no matter what, but at least this way...I can keep him from getting fucked too hard.”

“Are you sure?” Whispers’ lip twitched in anger.

“Please Whispers,” Sylva didn’t know what else to do, so he cupped the great white’s muzzle and pulled him into a tender kiss. “Please...I need you.”

Whispers’ legs shook before he gave a grunt.

“Fine,” Whispers huffed. “I’ll let him go unscathed. I’ll just get him ready for your other clients.”

“Thank you Whispers,” Sylva felt a tear roll down his muzzle. The possum gave a little sniff before composing himself. “Thank you.”

“There’s hope for you yet, Cheeks,” Checkers said, a smile in his voice.

“Do you think this will work?” Sylva was almost pleading.

“That’s up for Diesel to decide, not me,” Checkers had a shrug in his voice. “Though, I think you’ve done everything you can with the moves you have.”

“You’ll owe me though,” Whispers muttered, crossing his arms.

“I think I’m okay with that big guy,” Sylva said while giving the big guy a gentle squeeze on his thigh as he stood next to them again. The shark gave a little wink.

“I’ll do my best to convince Diesel for ya,” the great white whispered before giving the little possum a thumbs up.

“I really do owe you Whispers,” Sylva sighed.

“Sounds like the two of you just came into a win-win situation,” Checkers chuckled. “Now, down to business. I have to teach you how to use your natural abilities.”

“Natural abilities?” Sylva asked.

“You’re a possum, right?” Checkers was legitimately asking.

“Well...yes, I forget you’re blind so...um...yeah,” Sylva scratched the back of his head.

“Oh, we have some very fun things to explore then,” Checkers was still holding out his hand, he flexed his fingers to beckon Sylva to take it. The possum complied this time and put his hand in the leopard’s.

“I see,” Checkers continued. “You’ve got that gene, huh? I don’t know much about possums beyond what I’ve read, but you’ve got feet that are a lot like these hands here, right?”

“Um...yeah,” Sylva kept looking up at Checker’s milky eyes and back down to his hand while the leopard got a good “look” at him. “I’ve never really needed them, so I’m not that good at using them.”

“What about your tail?” Checkers felt over a small patch of Sylva’s forearm. “Is that strong enough for you to use?”

“I guess,” Sylva lifted his tail up, the prehensile limb doing as he commanded. “I can use it to lift a thing or two.”

“Can it hold your weight though?”

“Oh,” Sylva blushed. “We typically don’t do that cuz it’s improper.”

“Abandon all sense of decency all ye who enter here,” Checkers gave Sylva’s hand a gentle squeeze before letting go. “Trust me when I say, we’re going to want to work that out. By the time I’m done with you, you’re going to be a master of your own body.”

Sylva shuddered, a new fear unlocked as those milky orbs stared off into an oblivion of possibilities.

“Okay, ready to start training?” Checkers was pulled into the safe room by Sylva. “If we’re going to keep you a valuable member of the team, we’re going to have to keep your holes in rotation until they’re toughened up.”

“So, oral?” Sylva asked.

“Figure that one out all on your own?” Checkers chuckled. “Now, I’m pretty big so I’m going to be good practice-”

“What? I thought I would be practicing on, like, dildos or something.”

“Nothings better than real life experience,” Checkers said as he started to peel off his scrubs. “Besides, there is so much more to sucking dick than just bobbing your head up and down. So many other factors besides just yourself. What if the guy you’re servicing just starts to thrust and you gag? We’re going to have to work that out of you.”

“Did you just do this so you could get off or some shit?”

“Emanuel, really?” Checkers had disappointment in his voice. “You think I would take advantage of you like that?”

Sylva felt a twinge of guilt, but then he remembered who he was talking to.

“Yes,” Sylva answered.

“Well, you’re right,” Checkers chuckled. “But I’m also the gentlest guy you’ll find with a dick you can actually practice on.” The blind leopard pulled his pants down, his thick member flopping around his thighs, the barbs a physical reminder of what he was.

“Let’s start your first exercise,” Checkers continued as he gripped one of the shelves for support. “We’re going to start by working that gag reflex and then we’re going to go over some tightening exercises. You’ll need to keep your holes under control if they’re constantly being gaped – Oh god!”

Sylva had already gotten down on his knees and sucked the leopard’s cock into his muzzle. The dick grew hard and pulsed longer, that cock growing into a ten inch beast. Sylva bobbed his head on that shaft, his hand stroking that pipe while his free hand tenderly stroked those nuts, his thumb brushing over those orbs.

“I know how to suck dick,” Sylva smacked off that cock and used his left over drool to slick the entire shaft. “My high school football team could tell you that.”

“I would say you do, but you need to be able to do more than a passable blowjob to keep being Magnus’ favorite toy.” Checkers put his paw on the back of Sylva’s head. “We’re going to work that gag reflex, okay? My barbs make it hard to resist, but that means anyone else will be easier. Take it slow and angle your head the right way and we can work on deep throating too.”

Sylva took a deep breath and pushed forward, ready to continue his training with gusto. If he wanted to play this game, he would have to know how to properly play, and he could think of no better teacher than the patient puppet master.

Sylva recovered over the next several days, but he was not off the clock. Every day was spent with some random guy who wanted to get sucked of, or with Checkers in one safe room or another learning how to “properly” use his body. Most of the guys were little pricks so he didn’t need to do much besides his basic cock sucking skills, and the cigar scar on his cheek was a perfect reminder not to rough up the merchandise. After the incident with Diesel, people were on their best behavior.

Suffice to say, Checkers made the experience fun. The two got to know each other quite intimately during that time. If Sylva was to utilize his body to the best of his ability, he would have to practice.

And practice they did.

“Okay, ready to try that move?” Checkers asked as he ditched his scrubs. The two had the safe room by the rec area and the leopard was ready to get down to brass tax.

“You know it,” Sylva smiled, sitting up on an iron shelf, his thick ass trying to push through the grate the shelf was made of as he shifted his tail around the bars behind him to get a better grip. “Looks like someone is ready too.”

Though the gesture was lost on the leopard, Sylva nodded to Checkers scrubs, that ten inch beast already snaking down his pant leg.

“What can I say, I’m a good teacher,” Checkers smiled at his own joke as he hooked his thumbs into his pants and let them pool around his feet. That thick member Sylva had been gagging and working over the past week flung up to attention, a dollop of pre already welling up on that mushroom head.

“You’re hard to please,” Sylva smirked, kicking off his shoes and having them clatter to the floor as his hand feet were exposed to the air. He fanned them before moving each toe independently, having practiced all week to do so. “But I think I’m getting a handle on it.”

Silva accented his joke by using his feet to grip Checker’s shaft, his toes warm from being in his shoes and slightly slick with the thinnest layer of sweat.

“Fuck, you’ve been using your lotion, I can tell.”

“Yeah, it’s what teacher told me to do,” Sylva smiled as he gave a few light tugs on that shaft as he said so. The leopard gave a light groan. “Yeah, I caught on to the fact you get harder when I treat you like a teacher, you kinky fuck.”

“Shut up and be a good student – oh...fuck that’s nice,” Checkers voice got deeper as Sylva started to stroke that shaft, his toes gripping on that member and sliding it up and down, the “thumbs” of his feet brushing over that leaky tip to slide more of that pre over that shaft, slickening his toes further and lubing that cock up for some real fun.

“I’m not going to be a good student, mister Checkers,” Sylva grinned darkly. “I’m going to be the *best* student. Got to bump that GPA up, huh?”

“Fuck, Sylva, we’re working on your feet, not your dirty talk,” a low purr fluttered up through Checker’s chest as his tail flicked back and forth. The lanky leopard gripped the grating that made the shelf for support.

“That’s just how good a student I am, Mister Checkers,” Sylva loosened his grip up, those barbs brushing against his soles as he shakily gyrated his feet to work that shaft better and really get that pre smeared over it. “I go above and beyond, just like you taught me.”

“Grant,” Checkers huffed out.

“Huh?” Sylva stopped as he furrowed his brow.

“My name is Grant, Grant Marx,” Checkers clarified. Sylva smirked and continued his stroking.

“Oh, I see, Mister Marx,” Sylva continued to brush his foot thumbs over that cock head while stroking, alternating between the two in order to slick that dick up nice and good. “Nicknames are so improper. There is a much more formal...*bond* between student and...*master*.”

Sylva gripped a little harder on a couple words causing that leopard to shudder. Checker's eyes were blank as the void, but his maw hung open as he huffed out hot breath.

"Shit, have you been practicing outside of our sessions or something?"

"Of course, Mister Marx," Sylva smirked as he stroked that dick, that cock head dripping consistent pre now that he was using Checker's real name. "I'm a good student. I would never want to upset you."

"Holy shit Sylva," Checkers gripped the shelf harder, his claws coming out as he tried to keep a level head. "You need to focus more on using your feet and not the damn dirty talk."

"Why?" Sylva smiled as he brought a hand down to his pussy, the puffy pink folds having healed almost fully except for a couple of bruises. "Didn't you teach me to change the way I play if I can't win?"

"You're too good a student, Fuck!" Checkers cock throbbed, his cum pipe swelling as a thick wad of pre shot out that tip and dribbled between Sylva's toes. Stringy strands of pre oozed around those slickening digits as he used it to lube that ten incher.

"Is Mister Marx losing his composure?" Sylva grinned darkly as he stroked faster, making sure to roll up over that head and gyrate his hand before slipping back down, slicking up his toes further with the growing mess that Checkers was oozing. "That's so unlike you."

"Fuck, slow down Emmanuel," Checkers huffed.

"Sorry Mister Marx," Sylva sighed as he slowed his stroking, wet crackling of pre over veins could be heard as Sylva continued to stoke Checker's pleasure. "I just get so excited." Sylva pulled his fingers away from his pussy to lick the juices off before going back down to play with his clit.

The possum pussy boy had learned just how to work Checkers into a frenzy. Much to the guard's discomfort stationed at the safe rooms.

"Fuck, keep going," Checkers grunted.

"Not so clumsy now, huh?" Sylva chuckled, his feet gripping that cock and squelching it with the wet, raw virility of that leopard.

"Shut up and just keep stroking."

"Oh, come on," Sylva spoke through pouty lips. "Big Professor Marx can't take a little edging?"

"That kind of shit will get your feet cut off in a place like this, Oh fuck!"

"Yeah, and what are they going to do?" Sylva smirked, gyrating his grip on that cock to really milk the pleasure from that poll. "Scar one of Magnus' bitches for teasing them closer and closer to heaven?"

Shlorping and wet slwipping filled the air from Sylva's rapid stroking, and then slowing down to really keep the leopard on edge. Checkers thought he had a pretty good poker face, but when it came to pleasure, the possum had figured out his tells. The big cat was getting close, he could feel it in the way his cock throbbed and grew darker. Sylva slowed down, just doing little grips over that shaft to simulate a twitching hole. Checker's balls had drawn up and that cock head was glazed in his need. That cock head was angry and red, ready to bust as it flared putting the barbs on full display. A flow of cum dribbled out showing master cum control as it warmed Sylva's digits.

"Oh my, you almost busted there, Mister Marx. Had a large wad of cum just ooze out on my toes," Sylva commented by letting go of that cock with the pre-cum covered foot paw and sliding that shaft between his toes to slick up that mess before going back to his teasing strokes.

“Oh my *fucking* god, you little shit, I’m going to fuck you up I swear to fucking Christ I’m gonna fucking fuck you fucking fuck fuck ughhhhh...”

“Yeah? That big brain of yours not working so well when all your brain power is processing what’s between my toes?”

“Emanuel, I swear to fucking Christ that if you don’t just stroke me over the edge I’m going to fucking-”

“Do what? You gonna fuck me up?” Sylva’s voice had a dark grin to it as that squelching filled the air. “You gonna put me in detention? Make me do extra credit? I don’t think so. I’ve got you right where I want you and I’m the one in control.” The stroking got faster, that wet squelching ramping up. “You’re playing *my* game now, and I think we’re *both* about to win.” The possum had a deep blush as he played with his pussy, his cunt a dripping mess, a puddle of his need darkening the cement floor below his shelf as his fingers slipped into his needy hole.

“Oh fuck, I’m going to bust!”

“That’s right Mister Marx, I want you to give me that Grade ‘A’ spunk!” Sylva huffed, his own fingers squelching as he teased himself closer to his own edge. “Bust it! Bust it while I squirt for you! Oh fuck!”

Wet slapping and groans filled the safe room as the guard stood there with a boner beating their pants from the inside. Checkers had a blush that burned over his entire face and down into his supple cream fur, his cock was an angry red spire ready to bust, and Sylva wasn’t letting up.

“OH FUCK!” Checkers shouted, his cock throbbing so hard that it pulsed those toes apart before a thick wad of cum shot from that dick, smacking Sylva square in the chest. Sylva was on the verge of squirting, but he wasn’t going to keep his teacher in the lurch. He kept stroking, milking that orgasm like

a mad man pumping for water in the desert. The shelf's rattled, the bottles of cleaner and supplies shook and clattered to the floor as Checkers continued to shoot.

His next shot smacked Sylva on the abdomen and then the rest of the shots spackled the floor with its milky white virility, the remanence of that nut oozing warmly between Sylva's toes. The possum gave a gasping shudder as his tail gripped the bars of that shelf harder as his pussy popped. His cunt squirted as he rubbed that cum over his chest and down over his pussy, the warm nut mixing with his cunny honey as he continued to milk his own orgasm.

Sylva fanned his toes as he came. Checker's cock fell from his grasp and apparently the last think holding up the leopard as he slumped to the floor. Sylva sighed as he basked in the glow of his orgasm, but he was more happy with how well he was able to control his feet. He stood up and almost slipped with how much natural lube glazed his talented feet.

"Fuck, I think I finally got a handle on this," Sylva sounded pretty proud of himself.

"Uh...Checkers?"

"I can't see..." Checkers groaned.

"What, did I make you nut so hard you forgot you're blind?" Sylva chuckled.

"No...I just...I just don't know where I am right now," Checkers gasped. "I can normally feel my way around, but I think you hit the factory reset with that orgasm-" the leopard took a sharp intake of breath and choked on a gasp as he felt the possum's toes on his shaft again.

"Yeah, I know you're dick pretty well now," Sylva had a smirk in his tone, holding onto the bar of the shelf with one hand to balance him while he moved his foot over to the leopards still iron hard shaft.

"That's the most sensitive spot, isn't it?"

“Stop it Emanuel,” Checkers huffed.

“But you’re so hard still. I’m sure I could milk another nut out of that disco stick.”

“Sylva, seriously, fucking stop,” Checkers warned.

“Fine,” Sylva shifted back with a playful huff. “Your barbs tickle my soles anyway. It’s all I can do from laughing while I fucking get you off.”

“You like having your feet tickled?” Checkers steered the conversation away from the possum torturing him further.

“Nah,” Sylva’s feet slapped wetly as he went over and turned on the slop sink. He grabbed a rag and started to wash his feet off. “I guess I don’t hate it. Makes my pussy tingle, but not in a kinky way. More of a...well...like I’m tickling my clit?”

“The nerves in your lower body can sometimes overlap your pleasure receptors and create crossing sensations when sending messages to the brain.”

“You know I tune out when you get all smart like that.” Sylva looked over at the leopard still lying on the ground, a trail of the possum’s paw prints leading to himself over by the sink.

“Fuck,” Checkers groaned. “When the lower half of your body feels good, the horny bits above feel good too,” Checkers dumbed it down for the possum.

“What a fun fact,” Sylva mocked him playfully he got another rag for the leopard and tossed it onto his chest. “There, clean yourself up.”

“I...I might need your help.”

“What? Can’t see where you need to clean?” Sylva crossed his arms confidently, the little shit very proud of his work.

“No...I can clean myself but...I can’t stand,” Checkers chuckled.

“We really need Whispers back,” Sylva sighed, throwing his rag down on the floor and cleaning up his cummy paw prints as he shuffled back to the leopard. “I didn’t realize how much he did for you.”

“He’s a diligent guard,” Checkers smiled. “Though I think you’re ready to go back to work, so that means he’ll be back with us.”

“Yeah...” Sylva’s ears drooped.

“What’s with the sad tone?”

“It’s just...now that I’m ‘good-to-go’ that also means that Diesel is getting out too.”

“You ready to see if Whispers convinced him or not?”

“No...but like everything in this fucking place I just got to deal with it.”

“I’d be excited,” Checkers admitted.

“What? Why?” Sylva couldn’t help but furrow his brow.

“Well,” the leopard sat up to clean himself, smearing the cum into the towel. “I’d love to see if I actually won the game I set out to play.”

“Isn’t that more like gambling?” Sylva cocked his head.

“Yeah, but doesn’t that kind of give you a thrill? Not knowing if you’re going to win means it’s a fair game. If you know you’re going to win from the beginning, then the whole thing is dreadfully dull.”

"I don't know, Checkers," Sylva sighed.

"You can call me Grant if you want," the leopard extended his hand, a sign that he wanted help getting up. Sylva gave a light sigh and gripped the Leopards paw and pulled him up.

"I think you'll always be Checkers to me," Sylva made sure to steady the leopard. "At least when you're not Mister Marx." Sylva teased.

"Fair enough," Checkers grunted as he got up on his legs. The Leopards knees shook and he gripped onto Sylva's shoulders for support. "And what should I call you?"

"I'm thinking Cheeks is fine for now," Sylva answered. "Until I can make something else stick."

"I think I'll stick to Emanuel," Checkers managed to get himself standing again, bracing himself against one of the shelves. "Cheeks doesn't suit you.

"That's just because you haven't seen them," Sylva helped Checkers get his clothes.

"You ready?" Checkers asked.

Sylva looked at the door to the safe room, a deep sinking dread taking hold of his heart. This little reprieve was nice, but reality was outside that door, and his time was up. These safe rooms were the only place he felt...well...safe. Everywhere else he tried to be invisible, put on a front, but he could be himself around Checkers. Maybe in another time they two would have fallen for each other, but those kinds of feelings weren't something the two could afford. No, he was Magnus' prison bitch and nothing more, nothing less.

"No," Sylva guided Checkers out of the room, his training done for the day. He could already feel himself reverting to his scared self as he passed the threshold. He was off light duty and back on Magnus' payroll.

