

## Terminal Quickies: Jailbreak

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### Part 1

“If you wouldn’t mind, Deputy?” Jasmine promptly beckoned, “I have an awfully large pile of reports waiting for me on my desk. If they’re not signed off on, and filed away by exactly 5pm, then I’m going to end up with another earful from the DA’s office. And I can’t stand that whiny assistant of his!”

The Deputy Sheriff snapped her attention up from the small rectangular display adjacent to the now opened doorway to find her current ‘tour guide’ impatiently waiting on the other side.

“Sorry, Ma’am! I know you said we’re short on time and all. I just ain’t ever seen these kinds of security protocols before. Did you say this checkpoint was ‘retina based’? That’s wild stuff! Why, all we got back home is regular, old, lock n’ key holdin’ cells out in the station’s rear.”

“That’s ‘Chief Juggs’ to you too, you know?”

“Oh, of course. Where **are** my manners! Apologies, Ma’am. Won’t be happenin’ again.”

Jasmine let out an exasperated sigh. *Honestly, what did I expect from a country bumpkin? I won’t forgive that darned Lieutenant for up and dropping this in my lap. It should have been him conducting this meaningless tour. Not the Chief of Police herself!* She watched as the platinum blonde strolled on through the secure doorway at her own pace, brushing one of her ungloved hands up against the thick, stainless steel, inner framing that formed this particular choke-point. One of several expensive access ways recently installed at the entrance to every ward in the Hardwood City Correctional Center. A total misuse of the city’s budget according to Juggs! Especially when she considered all of the other potentially vital renovations, and improvements, that had long since been requested. Even inside this

very facility! But the Mayor had insisted, and she always got the final say in the end. All part of her efforts to reassure constituents that Hardwood had never been better equipped to finally conquer the city's dwindling, yet still rampant, crime. These overhauled security checkpoints **were** fancy, but really just served the press with something visual to laud over. Meanwhile, the rest of the center was still frankly well behind the times. Jasmine also suspected some foul play in how close Mayor Fresendo appeared to be with the CEO of 'Chaste-Safe': the security firm that had been contracted to install these state-of-the-art entrances. *Not that it matters much at this point in time*, Juggs mulled before pushing the thought out of her head.

"Ain't this here a little overkill, though?" Deputy Derringer started, "I mean, she's a real beauty alright, but there ain't no rotten soul in this whole world that'd be callin' for doors this thick!"

Jasmine pivoted, tapping the toe of her high heeled boot against the polished concrete below. Hoping to encourage her southern guest to hasten her step.

"I don't know what kind of riffraff you have to deal with out in your neck of the woods, Deputy. But here in the city, we handle all manner of crime. From lowlife street thugs, all the way through to the largest of criminal enterprises headed by masterminds who think they own the place. One can never underestimate the lengths, that the vilest of their ilk, are willing to go to in order to disrupt our city's peace. We have to be prepared for anything. And I can assure you that we most certainly are."

Of course, it was all for show. She'd regurgitated similar talking points at various press briefings in the past. One of the least pleasant parts of the job, but a part of it nonetheless. Though it ticked Juggs off that even a simple country cop like Debra Derringer could so easily see through the facade of these overpriced tubs of steel. Not only was it totally unnecessary, but what was the point of impenetrable access points if you could drill or blow your way through any one of each ward's walls, ceilings or even floors with much greater ease? Not that anyone seriously anticipated a sophisticated Jailbreak of that scale. Especially not for the hopeless rabble they kept in this particular ward...

“I s’pose... Well I sure am grateful for how good we got it back in Ashton. Runnin’ a place as big as this would be an absolute nightmare! I don’t know how you manage, Ma’am.”

“It’s Chi- urgh... It **is** an important job to be sure, but that’s what *Warden Marsh* is for. I don’t personally run this facility, of course.”

“Oh, right! Well I sure don’t envy **your** position either, Ma’ - Chief!”

*That’s better.* The two busy women continued into the dimly lit ward. The deep blue-greens of the painted concrete walls seemed to influence the ambient lighting. It made this wing feel much cooler than it really was. The summer heat was beaming down outside, and the AC units certainly weren't overcompensating down here. As a bead of sweat ran down her mostly exposed front, it was times like these that Jasmine appreciated the vast exposure offered by her uniform. A luxury not afforded to the four, male inmates that currently called the upcoming cell home. Not that she was the least bit concerned with the comfort of convicted felons. In her opinion, they got what they deserved. Besides, once this final part of the tour was over, she’d soon be back inside her perfectly air-conditioned office in no time. A little sweat every now and then never hurt anybody.

The clacking of heeled boots echoed throughout the main hall, alerting the prisoners to their unexpected visitors. For the most part, this ward was essentially deserted. Monitored only via several CCTV cameras placed at regular intervals along the central passage. That is, “monitored” in this sense, assumed that the on-duty guard was actually paying attention inside the control room...

Well over half of the cells were empty, which pissed the inmates off more than anything considering the four of them were all locked in together. Though, there **was** a perfectly good reason for that.

“Speaking of convicts that I’m told **do** require some extra attention... This here is one of our reinforced cells,” Juggs indicated as the scantily clad officers arrived at their penultimate stop. Astonished that some staff had actually bothered to appear before them in

person (outside of feeding hours), it took the prisoners a while to realize just exactly **who** was standing outside their room. That's when the second wave of astonishment hit them. There wasn't a single man in this entire correctional facility who didn't know of Chief Juggs and her two biggest assets. Heck, perhaps even a single man in all of Hardwood! Although none of the criminals in this particular cell were "lucky" enough to have been apprehended by her personally.

"*Reinforced*, huh? They don't look nothin' special to me?" Debra took a few steps forward in order to inspect the thick, metallic bars up close. As she did, a long, wet, wolf-whistle rang out and reverberated around the relatively enclosed environment. Courtesy of one *Patrick Stauch*: a brown haired, tanned man with blue eyes and a closely trimmed pure goatee.

"B-E-A-Utiful! Isn't she, fellas?" Beckoning to his fellow inmates. "The hair, the accent, the body, those lips? Couldn't have asked for a better conjugal partner!"

"Her? Who cares about her!?" Replied a long haired, hazel eyed, singlet donning felon by the name of *D-Roy Evans*. "That there's **THE** Juggs! Oh I've heard some nasty rumors about that bitch. We really gotta thank old man Marsh for this treat!"

"Ignore these worthless imbeciles, Derringer. I'll see to it that this abhorrent behavior is noted with the Warden," Juggs threatened. She brushed off their comments on her own person as she always did. Having had the largest breasts in this morally bankrupt city for as long as she could remember, Jasmine was used to these sorts of remarks from men of their ilk. She had thicker skin than that. Although she'd figured the inmates here would refrain from such conduct given their current predicament. Patrick and D-Roy though, only seemed to chuckle in response. Brazenly hollering back and cooing as the Chief of Police continued to answer the Deputy's original question. "I believe those bars are made from some expensive alloy strengthened with carbon fiber. You'd have to ask the eggheads for more, but the point is, it's far tougher than even stainless steel. Nothing short of very heavy machinery is getting through these bars without the key." The keyring attached to her belt jingled as Juggs gave it a light pat. "Which means these four ingrates aren't going

anywhere, anytime soon. With or without whatever *enhancements* their updated files apparently record...”

“*Enhancements?*” The Deputy reached out, stroking one of the cell’s bars in an attempt to feel the difference for herself, though kept her attention fixed firmly on her escort. “Like wha-” But before she could finish, Debra was abruptly set upon by the closest inmate who had appeared to be relaxing inattentively on his bunk at least several feet away! Jackson Starkes was a bearded, blonde convict with ice blue eyes and striking brows with stripes dyed into them. The speed at which he secured the country gal’s arm within his iron grip shocked both women to their core. “Aahhh!”

“What the!?! You filthy imbecile! Unhand that officer of the law at once!” Juggs instinctively reached for her sidearm, before recalling that the pair had stashed their weapons at the center’s front desk before entering. *For fuck’s sake!*

“Or what? Gonna throw us in prison?” Jackson snickered. “I don’t recall the last time we had a woman this close, let alone two of ‘em!”

Debra did her best to free herself from his grasp. Though no matter how hard she tried yanking her snared arm, or attempting to pry open his weathered, masculine fingers with her loose hand, he literally wouldn’t budge. It was as if he were as stiff and unmalleable as the reinforced cell bars themselves. Simple country cop or not, Debra was trained in hand to hand combat. While her true skill lied with her six-shooter, she could certainly hold her own in a fist fight, even with men as big as her current assailant. However, the Deputy Sheriff had never encountered a person she couldn’t even budge before. And he was only grasping her with a single hand! Could the difference in their physical strength really be that great?

“Urgh! Gosh darn you, ya’ big sonuvabitch! I oughta’ be able to break free right quick of this! What n’ tarnation are they feedin’ you boys down here?”

“Trust me, sweetheart. It ain’t nothing as sweet as what us four lads are soon to be feeding you!” Jackson’s grin grew wider as he forced Debra’s entrapped hand down south to rub

another growing part of his! The Deputy's eyes immediately widened with shock as her delicate fingertips were gifted a brief preview of what they were up against. She hadn't noticed the clearly visible cock bulge outlined in his loose prison pants before now. Glancing around the rest of the cell, she couldn't help but gulp when she realized that every inmate here was packing some serious heat. Clenching her fist tight so that he couldn't as easily pull that move again, she turned to Juggs with a worried look.

"M-Ma'am!? Just what was that thang you were saying 'bout *enhancements* now?"

"Calm down, Derringer. Can't you see this is no time for those questions of yours? Regardless of how safe those reinforced bars make you feel, it is never appropriate to simply stand there and allow scum like this to lay hands on you. You need to teach them who's in charge! So if you're not going to pull yourself free already, then step aside and allow me to show you how insubordination is dealt with in the city!" Juggs spouted while confidently pacing over to the bars where Debra was seemingly making no attempt to escape in her eyes. Jasmine was the toughest person that Jasmine knew. This was not a result of arrogance, but that of lived experience. There was no conceivable way that she would have considered it possible for such an unbelievable gap in strength to exist between her and any other naturally born human on this planet. If only she had been the one originally designated to conduct this prison tour. Maybe then she would have had the time to read all of the notes on these particular prisoners' files. Specifically, the sections relating to their recent genetic enhancements made at the hands of an experimental *Fertile Womb Industries* prisoner test program!

"Now..." Juggs grabbed onto Jackson's wrist and braced herself to strike. "Unhand her OR ELSE!" She commanded, bringing her elbow down swiftly upon the fleshy side of the prisoner's own elbow joint. No discernible movement. *Odd...* Juggs thought. *At this angle, that should have caused a knee-jerk reaction at least... Perhaps this muscle-head has more resolve than I gave him credit for?* His cheesy, shit-eating smile really ground her gears. "Fine! So that's the way you want it, huh?" She grabbed Debra by the arm "Come on Deputy, enough is enough. We'll simply pull you free from here!"

“But Ma-”

“Not buts, Derringer. We’re getting you out of this on the count of three!” Jugg’s arched her back and stuck out her posterior, taking up a stance to tug her southern companion from this fine mess. “One!” But before *two* came, Jasmine felt a large, firm hand harshly slap her huge ass from behind. “AH! H-hey!” She let go of Debra’s arm and spun around to face her aggressor. D-Roy winked at her as he licked the palm of his hand in a tormenting fashion. The ripples reverberating through her jiggling cheeks calmed down just in time for the pig to open his mouth.

“Sorry, Chief. Couldn’t help myself with that perfect, fat, bubble butt of yours pointing right in my direction.” He teased while slowly backing off towards the right side of the cell.

“HOW DARE YOU, YOU WORTHLESS PILE OF FUCKING GARBAGE!” Juggs yelled, red faced and red cheeked as she stomped over in D-Roy’s direction to give him a piece of her mind. Or at least, that’s what she would have done if she wasn’t immediately subdued from behind by the final member of this four man troupe. Silent until now, waiting for his time to strike, Anthony Ford had the darkest skin of his group, with sharp hazel eyes and thick, bushy eyebrows. He had specifically waited for Juggs to get up close, lose her cool and fix her attention upon a single one of them. After she turned and put her guard up against D-Roy, she was easy picking from her blindside. Snatching both her arms up through the bars, Anthony quickly brought his prey staggering back. Her big butt now pressed up tight against against the cell’s reinforced bars, Juggs was mortified. One would say she was at a loss for words if not for the loud and constant string of insults spewing out from between her big, glossy lips. But no matter how much she cussed or struggled or threatened him, Anthony didn’t let up. She couldn’t fathom how strong he was. He even brought both of her restrained wrists together behind her back, and transferred them both to just one of his giant, brown hands.

Sneering, the big man leaned in real close to the Police Chief’s right ear and calmly whispered: “Hook, link and sinker, bitch!” before using his free hand to yank the keyring free from Juggs’ utility belt.

“Fucking bastar-”

“Oh shut it, slut!” D-Roy interrupted as he violently tugged on the part of Jasmine’s uniform that was covering her right breast. The flexible, somewhat elastic fabric stretched surprisingly far as it was pulled aside exposing her thick nipple. “You had your chance, and you blew it! Now you’re all ours to play with...”

At the same time, Patrick had also made his move, securing the other arm of Debra that Juggs had been attempting to pull on just moments ago. “Hey Jackson, what gives? I already called dibs on this one! Remember?”

“Now, Patty boy, I know us two don’t always get along and all... But just look at this buxom fox! I’d say there’s plenty enough of her for the both of us... ”

Debra jumped as she felt Patrick’s rapidly expanding bulge push up against her soft behind.

“Errrr... Ma’- I mean, Chief? We **do** have a way to signal for help down here... Right!?”





It was about this time that Jasmine too noticed the incredibly large protrusions visibly amassing inside each of the four inmates orange colored trousers. Watching those impossibly huge bulges pulsate and take their true shape in real time was a sight to behold, even if they were still entirely covered up. But for how much longer?

As disgusted and ashamed as she currently was, Police Chief Officer Juggs, could also not help but audibly gulp...