

The work day is *finally* over. I walk outside, lock the building, and head for my car. There's only one thought on my mind: getting home to my husband and our three beautiful Shiba Inu pups, Jason, Jeremy, and Jillian. What can I say, my husband and I like names that start with 'J.'

But as I'm heading out to my car, I hear something and quickly turn my head to see two lowlifes approaching.

"Hey, baby," one—a raccoon—says, getting right up next to me.

Ugh, his *breath* smells like something died and pooped its pants. It makes my eyes water as I quickly turn from him and reach for my pepper spray.

"You should come with us," the weasel with him says.

His breath is just as bad as the raccoon's.

"Get lost, you jerks!" I yell as I quickly run to my car, unlocking it as I go, get inside, and lock the doors.

The jerks just stand there, and I breathe a sigh of relief when they don't follow me. I start the car and quickly drive away.

"It's okay; you've got this," I say to myself, shaky and unnerved but okay.

Just gotta get home and throw myself into Scott's arms. And take a shower. *Ugh!* Just being around those creeps makes me feel dirty!

I make it to the forest. I've driven through this forest a hundred times, and I always think to myself how glad I am that I'm not broken down in it. It's dark and hard to see. I mean, there's a highway through it and all, but still, it seems like something could jump out at you anytime. The place gives me the heebie-jeebies, and having *just* dealt with two creeps, I'm feeling a little jumpy. I run a paw over my ear—it's a nervous tic, I know, but cut me some slack, okay? It's been a rough week, and those jerks were just the cherry on top!

There's a loud *bang!* The car shudders.

What in the world? It's *never* done that before!

The car starts slowing down.

Oh, geez, no! Not here! Not tonight! No, no, no!

I stomp on the accelerator, but the car keeps slowing down.

I sigh forcefully and force myself to keep it together, steering the car off the road and putting on my flashers.

Damn it!

Look, I'm not one to swear, but I just—I really just *don't need this* right now! I need to be home, kicking up my feet, and enjoying my family.

It's pitch-black dark, and with the engine no longer running, I turn my headlights off to conserve power. I grab my cell phone and call a tow truck. I'm smart enough to keep the flashers running as long as I can, but I'm no expert when it comes to cars. The tow truck guy will know what to do.

For cripe's sake, it's gonna take them 45 minutes to get out here!

"Argh!" I groan aloud, sitting back in frustration. "Okay, all right, thank you. Yes, please come as quickly as you can."

I hang up the phone and call my husband.

"Hey, Honey. Yes, I've left work, but the car broke down. No, it's okay. The tow truck will be here in about 45 minutes, and then I'll be home. Love you, too!"

I sigh and check the time. It's only been two minutes since I called the tow truck. This is gonna be a long night, I can tell already. But I'll be okay. I may not be a cat, but I always land on my feet.

Still, the forest is even *creepier* when you're stuck in it...

A rustling sound makes me jump.

I sigh in relief; it's just the breeze blowing through some underbrush.

A branch snaps to my left.

I whirl to look through the window, but there's nothing there.

This goes on for quite some time, and I'm beginning to feel really frazzled. I just want to be home!

"Keep it together," I say nervously to myself. "The tow truck will be here in"—I check my phone—"wait, it should have *been* here by now!"

Where the *heck* is that tow truck?!

I hear a noise right in front of me and reflexively turn the headlights on.

Three figures appear in the headlights, a horse, a bobcat, and a buck. They all move really creepily, like they're just floating and completely oblivious to the headlights. But more alarming than that is the fact that they're all *naked*! The horse and buck are male, but the bobcat throws me off. He—she?—has a sheath like the others, but also two large breasts.

"What the...hell?" I whisper hoarsely.

To my horror, more figures appear behind them, a pair of wolves and a coyote, a fox, a moose... They just keep coming, all of these naked furs, some with breasts, all with sheaths.

My throat begins to feel tight as I notice that not only do they have sheaths, they're all getting hard. In a panic, I do the only thing that seems reasonable: I call my husband.

The phone rings, and the furs approach.

The phone rings again. Oh, geez! They're all jacking off.

"Please, just let me get out of this," I say aloud. "I swear, I'll make up for every bad thing I ever did!"

The phone picks up. "Honey!" I cry.

"Hello, you've reached..."

No! Honey, I need you! Why won't you pick up?

"[Beep]"

"Honey, please! You've got to pick up the phone! There are some guys—guys in the woods! They're naked, all of them! Honey, you've got to help me! Please! Honey? Honey?!"

Just then, the horse jumps up on the hood of the car, and I drop my phone, staring in terror at him as he looks down at me, his eyes black and glinting. He strokes his massive erection with his left hand. I recoil in horror: his cock has sores all over it, some of them leaking puss into his thick mat of pubic hair, and others are crusted over with dried blood and who-knows-what-else. How can he even *stand* to jack himself off with all those open sores?! He grins and points at me with his right hand, beckoning for me to come out. I shake my head 'no' and shrink back into the seat, my breathing coming faster and faster.

"It's okay; he's out there," I pant. "He can't get to you. Just...just stay here. Scott will come...or the tow truck. Where the *hell* is that tow truck?!"

I pant harder; it's not coming, is it? No, I'm...I'm stuck here, with these...these *things* and their diseased pricks. Oh, geez, what did I ever do to deserve this?! My life begins flashing before my eyes.

"No!" I yell at myself. "He's out *there*. He can't get in here. Just keep it together. Help will come, but you *can't* panic. Gotta stay focused!"

The horse lifts his leg and brings his hoof down on the windshield with a loud *crack*! As he lifts his hoof again, I see a tiny crack where his hoof impacted the glass.

"N—no!" I scream, shaking my head.

He looks in, grins broadly, and nods as his hoof comes down again. There's another *crack*, and the initial crack spider-webs out a foot.

Oh, shit...he could actually get in! I begin struggling, fumbling to get my seatbelt off.

Another *crack*, and the windshield is covered in tiny cracks. It won't last much longer.

I get my seatbelt off and scramble into the back seat.

"What do you want from me?!" I scream.

A huge blob of something wet and greenish-clear lands on the windshield. *Ugh!* Is he turned *on* by all this?

There's another crack, and the windshield shatters. I scream in terror and look out to see the nasty horse shoot into his own mouth. I can *smell* it from here. It smells like curdled milk and vomit—and has much the same consistency—as chunks blow into his mouth and he swallows them down.

I pale as he wipes his mouth with the back of his arm and looks at me, grinning and beckoning again.

"No!" I scream. "No!"

But he reaches in, grabs me by the shirt, and drags me out, kicking and screaming. I reach for my pepper spray, but he knocks it out of my hand before I can use it.

"No! Please! Don't hurt me!" I scream. The horse lifts me up to his face and grins. The stench of his breath is twice as bad as those creeps from before, and I can see chunks of his cum between his teeth. I immediately feel nauseous and hold my breath to avoid throwing up right there.

I feel myself lowered to the ground, and other hands begin grabbing and clawing at me. I struggle and kick as hard as I can. I land a blow, and someone grunts.

"She's a live-wire," a voice says.

In my struggles, I look up to see the weasel from before.

"You!" I scream, trying to claw at him, but my arms are infuriatingly pinned behind me.

"Shoulda just let us have our fun," the raccoon says, flicking a toothpick at me. He turns to the weasel.

"That explosive worked just right!"

The weasel grins, and they high-five each other.

"N—no, please," I beg. "I don't—I don't know what you want. But I have a husband and three pups! Please—*please*—don't hurt me!"

"Relax, toots," the horse says, grinning and effortlessly punching the back window out of my car, "By the time we're done with you, nobody will even recognize you. Maybe you just ran away from home."

I shake my head. "No! My husband is expecting me! There will be police!"

But the others aren't listening anymore. With a wordless signal, they all start dragging me deeper into the forest. I kick and scream as loudly as I can, but my cries are drowned out by the incessant buzz of insects.

My captors all *reek*. They smell like feces, urine, dead things, cum, and soured...everything! I can hardly breathe as they drag me into the woods and throw me on the ground. I try to get up, but they flip me over, and before I can react, a rat pounces on my stomach and begins digging his heel into my stomach over my bladder.

"Ow!" I cry. "Ow, please! Stop! You're hurting me!"

In fear, pain, and the impossible pressure the rat's heel is putting on me, I wet myself, my face burning in shame. I try to cover my face with my paws, but that second, I feel my shirt being ripped off.

"No! No!" I cry, struggling to at least get into fetal position to protect myself.

"Hey guys, get a load of this!" one says, his claw wrapped around my necklace.

"No, not my necklace!" I cry. "My daughter made that for me! Please!"

He plucks it off my neck, and it falls to pieces. I scream in panicked, helpless frustration, and the group laughs mockingly.

I suddenly smell the acrid stench of my own urine drenching my panties and my pant-suit—my favorite pant-suit, ruined! I begin to bawl in humiliation, but I still can't even cover my face.

And the rat still hasn't quit stomping on me. He's moved to my stomach. Every stomp *hurts*, and I beg him to stop. I feel myself beginning to lose control of my bowels.

"No—please..." I whimper, my body trembling uncontrollably.

The rat's eyes glint, and he stomps again—hard.

I scream, and my nose is immediately assaulted by my own feces.

"Hey, looks like she's getting into it," a voice says cruelly. "Let's have a taste!"

More hands descend on me and tear my pant-suit to shreds. The stench of my own waste grows stronger as they tear my panties off.

To my horror, a big-breasted skunk with bigger-still cock reaches down between my legs. I grimace and clamp my tail tightly, disgusted at the feeling of my mess against my tail, but wanting *desperately* to prevent her from *eating* it!

The skunk chuckles and grabs my tail with one hand, prying it down to the ground as I scream in agony, and with her other hand, she reaches between my tail and my ass, scoops up a huge, stinking handful of my humiliation, and brings it to her face. But it's not enough for her to get it in her mouth. I retch in disgust as she takes a mouthful of it and smears it all over her face, the brown, gritty stuff matting her fur.

"Hey, lemme taste!" the coyote says. He puts his mouth over the skunk's face and begins sucking on her nose and licking the crap off her muzzle.

I can't stand it anymore, and I throw up right there, barely managing to turn my head to the side before what's left of my stomach contents spews out of me.

"Ooh!" There's a collective gasp from the group, and the two wolves quickly rush forward to be the first to sample it.

Ugh, the *stink* from them is overpowering. It's like they've been bathing in the skunk's musk as they lap up my vomit, following the trail to my face. I shake my head violently and squeeze my lips closed as one of them runs her tongue over my mouth. I cringe and sniffle; her breath is beyond description. Even holding my breath, I can still smell her, and even after she's done licking me, her putrid drool still burns in my nose, making my nose run.

The other wolf sees my runny nose and quickly laps up my snot, running her tongue deep into my nose and making it burn even worse.

"So are we gonna fuck this bitch or what?" the horse demands impatiently.

My eyes constrict. No...NO! I struggle to squeeze my legs closed, straining every muscle in my body. I saved myself for Scott! He was my first and only. I bore three beautiful pups from my womb! There is *no* way as long as a breath still lives in my body that I will let these disgusting brutes defile me!

I finally manage to free an arm and punch the nearest fur in the balls. She grunts and looks down, grinning.

"I think she might be getting the idea," the cow chuckles. She reaches down, grabs my arm, and pulls hard.

Oh, *shit!* Blinding pain—impossible pain! I pant and try to stay conscious. I can't move my arm! What did she *do* to it?!

"That'll teach her to get feisty," the cow laughs, stroking her prick with one hand and her hairy udders—just below her balls—with the other.

"Aww, man!" the moose complains. "How's she supposed to get on all fours like that?"

"Fuck, we'll deal with that later!" the horse says, shoving his way forward. "I didn't pull her out so we could rip her arms out or shit on her or suck on her nose; I wanna *fuck!*"

I struggle, but he hauls me up by the legs and forces them apart.

"No! Noo!" I scream. My lungs are burning from the screaming, but what else can I do?

He grins, his grin becoming a sneer, and rubs that diseased, nasty dick of his on my pussy lips.

"You like that, bitch?" he asks. "It's your choice which one you catch: gonorrhea? Chlamydia? Syphilis? I've got 'em all. See that sore there?"—he points to one—"Herpes. And that one?"—he points to another—"That one was where I scratched some crabs too hard and got a staph infection." He grins toothily, his teeth rotten and as diseased as his cock. "And it's all for you, bitch."

He shoves himself into me, and I quit screaming. It hurts *too badly* to scream. I feel him shove that nasty *thing* up into me, the scrapes and scabs scratching against my insides. And he drives in over and over, slamming against my cervix mercilessly. My eyes glaze over, and through my glazed vision, I can see the others jacking themselves off, fingering their nasty pussies, and sucking on each other's teats.

I begin to sob uncontrollably. There is no one coming for me. Even if someone did come, he wouldn't make it in time. I'm already ruined. It can't get any worse.

But then it's worse.

I feel my body beginning to *respond* to the horse's putrid prick. I squeeze my eyes closed. *No, you cannot get off from this! It's too revolting, too awful!*

But the horse begins to notice my body arching, my lips parting—my *own body* betraying me.

"Heh, heh, hey, guys," he says. "Get a load of this!"

The others turn and look.

"Ha!" the weasel laughs. "For such a frigid bitch, you sure are getting into it!"

Tears stream down my face as I can't control my body's arousal. The constant scratching against my g-spot, the horse's brutal thrusts...it's all too much, and I feel myself orgasm just as he floods me with cum laced with every disease known to fur-kind.

My mouth parts in a bewildering combination of arousal and disgust. I suddenly smell something vile.

My eyes snap open to see the bobcat grinning down at me over pendulous breasts, her reeking prick inches from my face.

"Shame to leave that open mouth empty," she grins, angling her prick towards my face. "Now open up."

Before I can react, she shoves the thing into my mouth, and her reeking pubes—probably never washed—press against my muzzle. I don't know how it's possible, but her cock feels *greasy*, like the dregs from a fryer turned rancid. I gag and try to push her off, forgetting that my arm is out of socket, and then scream in pain around her cock as I abruptly remember my injury.

Now my lungs are empty, and her vile cock is in my mouth. I need air! I can't push her off; the only other thing I could do would be to...

I bite down—hard.

"Son of a bitch!" the bobcat roars, and she backhands my face hard.

I can breathe...but I can't breathe. Her cock is no longer in my mouth, but my face is now blazing in pain. The battle ensues between pain and my need to breathe, with my lungs and face each trying to out-blaze each other.

My lungs finally win, and I gasp in a putrid breath; the bobcat's greasy smegma scraped off on my teeth when she pulled out and tainted the air itself. I instinctively try to close my mouth and use my tongue to scrape it off and spit it out...

I can't move my jaw! What the—?! No! My only other defense! I begin to hyperventilate, my eyes darting from fur to fur as the bobcat squeezes her dick to stop the bleeding.

"Thanks for taking one for the rest of us!" the moose says grimly. "She won't be biting anybody else—not with a broken jaw, that's for sure!"

"Dumb cunt," the bobcat snarls. "Put her down," she growls to the horse. "If she's too good for my cock, then she can have my shit instead."

"Ooh!" the others all crowd around me as I feel myself tossed on the ground, crying soundlessly as my shoulder and jaw are jarred mercilessly by the impact.

"Hold her head."

I suddenly feel paws all over my face and head. I struggle, but I can't move an inch.

Oh, no...

The bobcat squats over me, and I retch again, just seeing her filthy vagina, crusted with scabs and old bodily fluids, and her nasty butthole, crusted with old feces. As her tail flicks, one of the crusty flakes falls and lands on my nose. I jerk in disgust, but my head can't move. Her stench fills my nostrils, and I close my eyes and snort hard, trying to dislodge the disgusting speckle. It moves and falls down my nostril. I cough and sputter, desperately trying to get it out, but without being able to turn my head, it sits there and dissolves in the saliva at the back of my throat, making me want to retch again.

But the bobcat's just getting started. Her tail tenses, and I see her puckered anus begin to push out a blackish-brown turd.

I struggle to move my head, but I can't.

The turd grows out of her ass. I can already smell it.

I try to close my mouth, but I can't.

No, no, no!

"Nooooo!" I scream.

The turd falls off, and as I scream, it lands in my mouth. I cough hard, trying to spit it up and struggle ferociously to turn my head and get it out of my mouth, but the furs hold on tightly. I can't get the taste out of my mouth! It's bitter, acrid, and utterly loathsome! Who *knew* that the taste of shit could be so much worse than the smell!

But things are getting even worse: I realize that in my current posture, I can't drool. That means that as my own body once again betrays me, salivating to swallow what it thinks is food, I'm going to drown...in my own slobber...

Unless I swallow.

The thought is too revolting! Better to suffocate than to swallow *that!*

As I'm on the edge of panic, a saving thought finally comes to me. Holding the turd-saliva at bay with my tongue, I take a breath.

"Hey, cover her mouth!" someone yells, and the bobcat plops herself down on my face.

I forcefully blow out the contents of my mouth, but they hit against the bobcat's underside and fall back into my mouth. The nasty mixture of bobcat scat and my own spit hits my gag reflex, and I dry-heave before instinctively swallowing.

The filthy turd goes down my throat, and I moan out piteously. Ugh. It's beyond disgusting! I just *ate* bobcat shit!

You know what?! I don't give a fucking shit about swearing! I'm going to die like this! They're going to rape me, poop down my throat, and leave me here to die! Who cares what words I say?!

"That'll teach her to bite," the bobcat laughs, standing. "Who's next?"

I feel the horse hand my legs to the buck, and he shoves his sharp prick into my pussy. The pain is indescribable, like getting stabbed with a sharpened pencil, and my mouth hangs open from the shock.

I don't even notice the lynx until she shoves her cock in. My eyes snap open as she begins pissing down my throat, driving the turd all the way into my stomach. At least she's so far in that I can't *taste* her piss.

I spoke too soon. She pulls out and begins pissing in my mouth. I let my mouth hang open to let the urine drool down my face—it's better than swallowing it!

"Oh, no, Missy," the lynx growls, using her hands to close my jaw around her cock.

I scream in agony as she manhandles my dislocated jaw and traps her piss inside my mouth. It tastes like asparagus and vinegar and burns my throat. With my head upside-down, it burns my sinuses, too. I want nothing but to have that taste out of my mouth, but she holds my lips tightly against her throbbing, spewing cock.

"Make her swallow!" someone calls.

I feel two fingers pressed over my nostrils. I can't breathe! I begin to panic again, but with my jaw dislocated, I can't bite.

"Swallow, and I'll let you breathe," one of the wolves says.

I start to protest, but the aching burn in my lungs overrides any compunctions I have. I begin swallowing hard and fast, desperate for air.

"Such a good girl," the lynx sneers. Still holding my mouth around her cock, she begins thrusting in and out.

"But wait, you're supposed to let me breathe!" I scream around her cock, my voice completely muffled by her disgusting dick stroking in and out of my mouth.

"Ooh, that feels nice," the lynx grins. "Here you go."

She grunts and shoots some of that nasty, thick, chunky glop into my mouth. It's ten times worse than the piss and worse, even, than the shit. I can feel the chunks of it swirling around on my tongue, can feel its putrid taste beginning to go down my throat, despite my need to gag.

But my need to breathe is now stronger than anything. My lungs burn, my head is spinning, and I feel very close to blacking out.

"Swallow, bitch," the lynx growls, holding my mouth closed.

Feeling sick, I swallow the globs of chunky lynx cum. I shudder as I feel what feels like a scab go down my throat.

But just before I pass out, the wolf and lynx let me go, and I gasp in breath after breath.

I feel something wet leaking from my sex and close my eyes, feeling beaten. The deer came while I was suffocating, and it's a mixture of his fluids and the horse's that I feel.

I'm barely with it when I hear the cow say, "Hey, flip her over; I want her to work on my udders."

I can't believe what I'm hearing, but the others apparently can. I feel one of the wolves take my legs and feel myself rotated over, as if I were on a spit. Directly below me are the cow's gangrenous udders, two of them black on the tips, one red and bleeding, and the other a sickly green, with wiry hairs sticking out.

The cow reaches up, grabs me by the head, and pulls me down over the hairy, greenish udder.

Before my lips even touch it, I'm already throwing up. It smells like rotten meat, curdled milk, and the reek of someone who's never bathed. The cow grins and shudders at feeling my vomit on her tainted teat and

drives me down over it, chunks of my own vomit going back in my mouth around her diseased udder. It's *everything* I can do not to throw up again. I hold *very* still.

But the cow's not having that. She grabs my shoulder with one hand and reaches down between her legs with the other to stroke her pussy—itsself a toxic, encrusted dump. I whimper as she begins to bob my mouth up and down on her udder. I salivate, preparing to throw up again, but that just lubricates my mouth and makes me feel all the better to her.

"Oh, fuck, that feels good!" the cow groans. "Fuck, yes!"

She fingers herself as she manhandles me like a ragdoll, driving her disgusting udder down my throat like a living fleshlight.

"Man, she's gonna help with that mastitis something fierce!" she says as she pants. "Okay, here we go!"

She squeezes my jaw closed tightly on the tip of her udder, and I scream in pain. But my scream is interrupted by a hacking cough as a huge plug of ancient, curdled, rancid milk shoots out of her udder and down my throat, bringing a couple of hairs with it, and followed by the pus in the abscess behind it.

I cough and throw up around her udder, the pressure forcing her out.

"Oh, *shit!*" she cries, fingering herself furiously. Yanking on my body, she squirts, and the blast bounces off her hand and hits me in the eyes. I reel, my eyes instantly burning, as she convulses under me.

"Haa, good shot!" one of the wolves jeers.

I suddenly realize she's the one who has my legs, and with blinding pain, she shoves her hard knot into me, tearing my pussy. I cry out, my mouth finally clear, and sob and drool helplessly.

"Man, I'm getting tired of this bitch's crying," the fox says. "Can someone do something about that?"

The skunk grins and steps forward. "Yeah," she says.

Lying on her back, she presses my head to her ass. Exhausted and blinded by the cow's cum, I can't see, can't fight back with a dislocated arm. Death might not be so bad...

The most vile, pungent smell floods my mouth, lungs, and throat. I grasp at my neck with my good hand. I can't breathe! My lungs are on fire—so much worse than they've ever been before! It feels like I breathed in pure quicklime! I can't smell anything anymore. It hurts! *Everything* hurts! I don't want to hurt anymore!

I try to cry...but I can't make a sound. I—I think my voice-box melted.

"Hey!" a voice says. I blink, exhausted and still hurting everywhere.

I look around; they're all still there.

"You stay awake, bitch," the wolf in my pussy says. I wince and realize I'm on my stomach. My arm is somehow back in its socket, but it hurts impossibly badly. My face is on the ground, my ass in the air, and I suddenly realize that the wolf in my pussy has been joined by the other in my ass. My stomach, butt, and sex all hurt with a dull, relentless throbbing pain that gets worse every time one of the wolves moves.

"Seeing how you'll be there awhile," the raccoon says, grabbing my good hand, "How about you make yourself useful?"

I shudder as I feel my hand wrap around his cock. It's sharp with scabs and feels like a shriveled jerky stick.

"Yeah, you like that, don't you bitch?" the raccoon jeers. "Get stroking!"

I exhaustedly begin rubbing his dick. It's *disgusting*—make no mistake about that—but at least it's not in my mouth.

I gotta stop saying, "at least."

The weasel grabs me by the ears and shoves his cock in my mouth, scraping against my tongue and soft palate. I drool helplessly, too tired to react.

"Man, this bitch is getting all loose," the weasel complains. "Hey, how about we double-team her?" he asks the rat.

"Yeah!" the rat agrees, quickly moving in beside the weasel. Now both their pricks are jabbing into my mouth, sometimes together, sometimes one at a time, but the whole time, they're both leaking this nasty, diseased-smelling fluid from their pricks.

I already miss not being able to smell.

"Hey, keep jacking me off!" the raccoon snarls, and I feebly move my wrist to continue. "Yeah, that's the spot. Mmf!"

The two assholes in my mouth, meanwhile, begin thrusting harder and more violently, pulling hard on my ears and making me try to cry out as snot runs down my face.

"Great job on quieting her down!—mmph!" the weasel calls to the skunk. "She's pretty much silent!"

"I'll have to do that first to the next one," the skunk replies, leaning down to lick the snot off my nose.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I pity the next one.

Next one...

I'm going to die...

My husband. My pups...

I struggle feebly, but I'm tired. So...tired. But...got to save my pups...

The raccoon orgasms in my hand and then brings my hand to my head to smear his nasty jism on my face. I'm too tired to care.

The two in my throat cum together, both hitting my gag reflex at once, and I hurl all over them as they spurt into what's left of my stomach contents. I don't care.

The wolves pull out—still knotted. I make quiet huffing noises as the pain wracks my body.

The coyote mounts my face and begins shoving his cock inside. I feel his knot growing, taste his scabs oozing blood and puss in my mouth. It's gross...so gross...but I just...can't...fight.

The moose plows into my ass and complains it's loose. The skunk joins him, and they stretch me open, ripping my anus. It *hurts*. But...can't...fight it...Just, insufferable pain...that I'm somehow suffering anyway...

I want to die.

They all cum and pull out. I fall to the ground, my whole body aching.

My hearing is all hazy. I hear ringing in my ears. I can barely make it out as the fox protests, "Hey, wait, guys! I still haven't had a turn, yet!"

The others just turn and shrug. I guess they don't like her too much. Poor girl.

Wait...

I feel myself lifted by the armpits—I wince—and flop against the fox's huge breasts.

"Time for some fun!" she grins to herself, rubbing her paws together excitedly.

Holding me up with her paws, she cocks her hips backwards and then shoves her prick all the way down my throat, until I can feel her balls against my lips. She reaches down and tucks her balls up inside my mouth.

"Now, stick out your tongue," she says.

What do I care? What more can she do to me? I refuse.

I wince. More pain. Of *course* she can inflict more pain.

"I *said*, stick out your tongue!" the fox orders as she pulls my sore arm back painfully.

I stick my tongue out. I taste her hairy pussy and immediately recoil. My eye twitches involuntarily as she snarls and yanks back on my arm again.

"You tongue my pussy until I cum," she warns, "Or I'll rip this arm off!"

I can't fight against pain. I'm not a masochist. I just want to stop hurting. It's gross, yes, but...anything to make the pain stop. I stick my tongue out again and shudder as it spreads her crusted, vile-tasting lips and presses up inside. I can't believe I'm inside a vagina; there's no actual vaginal skin here; it's nothing but a solid scab hidden under a tangle of matted, wiry pubes. I recoil again, but a sharp pain in my shoulder makes my tongue begrudgingly stick out again to tongue the fox's nasty insides.

"Yeah," she grunts, thrusting forward.

I can feel her cock throbbing inside of me with anticipation. Desperately wanting it to be over, I tongue her faster and even lick her shriveled clit, getting some of her vile pubes in my mouth that I can't spit out.

"Ungh!" she grunts, closing my mouth around her cock as she shoots deep down my throat.

At least—no—not gonna say it. At least *nothing*.

She pulls out and drops me on the ground. I lay there slowly gasping, waiting for death. But...nothing is happening. They're not fucking me anymore.

I glance up, panting. Is it—is it over?

I feel a sense of hope. Just a faint glimmer, but...maybe...now that they've all gotten off... I struggle to sit up and suddenly see two enormous, striped paws in front of me. I sigh hopelessly as I look up past the tiger's muscular thighs, past her swollen, stinking pussy, past her thick, veiny balls and cock—her *enormous* cock—past her breasts, as big as beach balls—to her face, which scowls unkindly at me.

"You're revolting," she says—to them or to me, I don't know.

Her face grimaces, and then without warning, she projectile-vomits all over me. I gasp, shocked, but then sink to the ground. Of course. Why would it be any different?

"You disgust me," the massive tiger continues.

I cover my head with my hands as she squats and begins pissing through her labia all over me. I can't help thinking to myself that this is what I'm reduced to: the terrified victim of these disgusting creatures. I miss Scott and my pups, but the part of me that hoped I might get out of here alive is beginning to die. With each new humiliation, I realize that these furs see me nothing as a toy or a receptacle for their body fluids. I'm no longer a person; I'm a *thing*.

The thought grips me in its icy grasp, and I begin shivering. I don't want to die—I *don't!*—but my body seems to know the end is near. It's giving up.

NO! My husband. My pups. If not for myself, then for them! Who will raise them if I give up?

I struggle to sit up and face this filthy tiger defiantly. I cannot speak—thanks to that *fucking* skunk—but I can at least let her know I'm not afraid of her! I cock back my good arm, wind up, and with a silent scream, I throw it into her balls as hard as I can.

All of my pent-up rage and fury suddenly begins pouring forth as I whale on her balls over and over, beating them as savagely as I can. If I can just bring her down, maybe the others will leave me alone!

I stop, panting, and wait for the dust to settle. The tiger smirks at me, and then turns her butt and begins spraying me in a shower of shit. I hold my breath desperately.

"Was that the best you could do?" she asks as she grunts out her diarrhea-like excrement. "I've beat my *own* balls harder than that!"

She pauses in her shitting, and I gasp in a breath, hoping it's over.

"Poor thing must be tired," she says as another round coats my face, gets in my eyes and my unclosable mouth, mats my fur, and covers me in her reeking stench.

Again, the shower of shit stops, and I let out a silent, revolted groan, leaning over on my hands to retch and drool out shit-tainted spit on the ground.

"You are worthless, nothing more than a toilet to be used by me and my friends," the tiger continues.

How can one fur be so full of shit?! It comes out twice as fast as before as the tiger squats, holding her buttocks out of the way and groaning as her feces spurt out of her and onto me like a fire-hose.

The only saving grace in all of this is that the necklace Jillian made is somewhere...not on me, not being covered in tiger scat and piss and vomit.

At last, the shit-shower stops.

"Don't you look the part now?" she says, turning around to face me.

I can't say anything; even if my vocal chords weren't scorched, what do you say? There are no words to describe how I feel right now. "Disgust" doesn't even begin to approximate the feeling.

"Nothing to say?" she taunts me, wiping a huge handful of her shit off my face. "Well, if you're not going to use your mouth to talk..."

She shoves her hand into my mouth and drops the shit down my throat. I retch, but even my stomach muscles are too tired to be productive, and I feel the shit hit my gut like a brick.

Just get it over with... Please... I'm tired. I can't... It's too gross. It hurts. Why? What did I do? I don't—

I feel myself lifted up, and I gasp in horror at the tiger's cock as she holds me over her head. Her dick is as big as I am. She cannot go inside me; it's impossible! She'll kill me!

I begin struggling—my life *literally* depends on it! I fight as hard as I can, but the tiger is impossibly strong. I kick her in the dick, but it doesn't faze her. I try to squeeze my legs together, and she effortlessly spreads them with one hand while guiding my body down over her dick with the other. I scrape futilely at her breasts with my fingers, but to no avail.

I feel her cock between my legs. *No! It's too big!* I sob, my tear-ducts dry, my voice a whisper, my body heaving exhaustedly. She drives in further. I feel her stretch my vagina.

Oh, shit! Shit! Augh! Oh, fuck, please! Make it stop! Somebody! Anybody! I'm sorry! Whatever I did, I'm sorry! Please, just make it stop!

With a scream, I feel myself bleeding as she rips my vagina open. It burns like fire but also like the worst stomachache you've ever had: worse than appendicitis, a gallstone, a kidney stone, or giving birth! I've *given* birth! Jillian breached, and let me *tell* you how much that hurt! This is worse!

I feel my breath taken away as she slams hard against my cervix. It's not *supposed* to open! Augh! She slams again, and I feel her dick shove into my uterus. My whole body is shaking; it's...it's...it hurts too much! Ow! *Fuck!*

She pulls out, and I'm hyperventilating, desperately glad to not have her in me anymore.

Wait—no!

She shoves back into me. I feel my eyes bulge, and I scream silently. Blinding pain. I can't...no...there's...there's no way...

A sickening crunch snaps me out of it; something broke. I can't feel my legs anymore. But I can still feel my sex screaming in agony. She broke my hips.

And then, without a doubt, I *know* I'm going to die. There's no way back now. In spite of the impossible pain, the suffering that *nobody* should ever have to endure, let alone survive, I suddenly realize...it's okay. I'm going to die. And then it won't hurt anymore. I start feeling light-headed. Darkness starts closing in. Save me, sweet darkness...

I snap to, clutching my face as my sinuses burn with fire. The horse steps back, having pissed up my nose to wake me up.

"No going into shock," the tiger says, waving her finger. "I want you with it for this next part. Ready, boys and girls?"

Through my hazy, agonized senses, I saw the others pressing in excitedly, egging their leader on. I feel her pull me almost all the way off her dick. She shoves into me hard, and I feel something inside me give. Her dick pokes me in the throat. I realize I can't breathe anymore; she ruptured my diaphragm. I feel this...pressure...so much...pressure. What is she—oh, of course: she's cumming inside of me. I can't breathe. It hurts. I feel my skin stretching tightly from all of her cum.

This is it...Sweet oblivion. Oh, my Scott, my pups...I love you. I'm so sorry I failed you!

Can't...breathe... Ohh...it hurts. It *hurts!*

The Shiba Inu popped like a water balloon, showering the tiger and onlookers with her guts and their own piss, cum, and shit. The group descended upon her like buzzards on carrion, stuffing their faces with her entrails and each other's waste.

"Great job, boss!" the rat said, clapping the tiger on the shoulder. "Now *that's* popping her cherry!"

The rumble of a diesel engine made them all freeze. One by one, they glanced at each other, and then looked to their leader. She grinned. The grin spread from face to face like wildfire as they quickly went to go meet the tow truck.

Scott sat up with a start. What time was it? He looked at the clock: 3:30 AM. Where was Charlotte? She should have been here hours ago!

He blinked sleepily and reached for his phone. He had a missed call.

Shoot. I hope she hasn't been waiting for me all this time!

He pressed the button to play back the message. A panicked Charlotte assaulted his ears.

"Honey, please! You've got to pick up the phone! There are some guys—guys in the woods! They're naked, all of them! Honey, you've got to help me! Please! Honey? Honey?!"

"It's okay, he's out there. He can't get to you. Just...just stay here. Scott will come...or the tow truck. Where the *hell* is that tow truck?!" Her breathing was hard and raspy.

She screamed and began hyperventilating.

"No! He's out *there*. He can't get in here. Just keep it together. Help will come, but you can't panic. Gotta stay focused!"

There was a cracking sound, and Charlotte screamed.

Another crack.

"What do you want from me?!"

Charlotte groaned.

There was a sound of glass shattering, and then Charlotte screamed.

"No! No! No! Please! Don't hurt me!"

"End of message. To erase this message, press seven. To save it, press nine."