

Out, But Not Hiking

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The music blared as Lucy downed her tenth shot for the night. The white-furred sergal hardly even grimaced as the shot went down ever-so-smoothly.

"Your turn," she said, passing the bottle to Rhyss, her hyena friend.

"What number is this?" the hyena asked as he downed the shot and passed it to Vorty.

"Ungh, I dunno," the cat replied, taking the bottle and unsteadily pouring herself a shot. "I think it's like, 50 or something?"

Arischa took the bottle from Vorty, shaking her head. "Geez, Vorty, you're such a lightweight!"

"Well, hey!" Vorty retorted, standing up on wobbly legs, "You—you're a horse, so...you—" She trailed off, forgetting what she was saying as she snickered at her shot glass and poured it down her throat.

"*That's* enough for you," Lucy said, glaring at the cat. She frowned thoughtfully. "In fact, I think that's enough for all of us. I've got something better for us to do."

Rhyss's ears perked up curiously. Lucy always had the *best* ideas. "What'd you have in mind?" he asked.

"Probably—something, something, hmm...something lame!" Vorty said, draping herself over a couch.

"I doubt that," Rhyss replied, shaking his head and looking curiously at the sergal.

"I'm horny," Lucy said.

Arischa laughed. "Well, now! Tell us how you really feel!"

"I am," Lucy replied evenly, a strange sort of intensity in her gaze. Her voice lowered. "I feel like *stalking!*"

The others glanced at each other.

"Sure," Arischa said, shrugging. "I'm game."

Rhyss grinned. "Count me in!"

"Guys, wait—wait...guys!" Vorty said, snickering to herself.

The others looked at her exasperatedly.

"I—guys! I got somethin' to tell ya!" Vorty said.

"Well, what is it?" Rhyss demanded.

"I'm not really drunk, and I'm *all* for it," the cat replied, all signs of drunkenness gone from her and replaced by a huge grin. "Gotcha!" she laughed.

The others rolled their eyes and shook their heads. Rhyss grabbed the liquor bottle, and the four stepped outside into the late afternoon air. They all piled into Lucy's car, and they drove out to a remote spot in the woods that Lucy knew about.

The woods had a hiking trail that was *perfect* for just the type of thing they wanted to do, and they quickly got behind their favorite bushes, hiding and waiting for someone to pass by.

They didn't have to wait very long. Not half an hour after they arrived, three female furs walked past. Two of them—a possum and a ferret—held hands, while the third—an antelope—walked beside them.

The four let the group get past Rhyss and Arischa, and then with a whistle from Lucy, they jumped out from hiding, Lucy and Vorty in front of the group and Rhyss and Arischa behind.

"Well, well, well," Lucy said, smiling coolly at the group. "What *have* we got here?"

"Oh, um, hello," the ferret said, friendly enough. "Are you guys out for a hike, too?"

"Not exactly," Rhyss said, stepping up behind them and smelling the air obscenely.

"We're out," Vorty chimed in, repeating the hyena's motion of lewdly sniffing the air.

"But we're not hiking," Arischa added, gawking at the antelope.

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"Uh..." the possum said, gulping, "What do you guys want?"

"You," Lucy said simply, her voice taking on a menacing tone.

The three clumped themselves together tightly, looking nervously at the four.

"L—look," the antelope said, shivering uncomfortably under the horse's lecherous gaze, "We don't want any trouble."

"Oh, neither do we!" Rhyss agreed, stepping up to the possum and running his hand along the side of her face and along her neck—the possum flinched and jerked back—"We're all just a little...horny...is all," he added with a predatory grin.

"Get your paws off her!" the ferret snapped, any friendliness immediately vanishing as she reached to strike the hyena's hand away.

Lucy's hand lashed out and grabbed the ferret by the wrist. The sergal smiled slowly.

"I'd say we found the dyke in this relationship," she observed.

"Let go!" the ferret snarled, yanking her hand, trying to get it out of the sergal's vice-grip.

Lucy held fast.

"So, you wear the strap-on, huh?" Vorty asked, turning to face the ferret.

With the sergal and cat both eyeing her, the ferret struggled harder.

"Yeah, I bet you give it to her good," Arischa chimed in.

"Lick her little possum cunny," Rhyss nodded.

He reached out and yanked the possum forward by the wrist, spun her around, and held her in a head-lock as the others kept the ferret and antelope from helping her. His face twisting with randy desire, he slowly fondled the possum's breasts through her shirt, ran his fingers down her abdomen, and slipped his paw into her shorts to stroke between her lips. All the while, the possum's face registered terror, her breathing shallow and sharp, her eyes darting back and forth. When the hyena touched her sex, she went limp in his arms.

"Heh, heh, heh," Vorty chuckled. "I love it when they play possum!"

"Me, too," Rhyss replied, throwing the limp didelphid over his shoulder and starting up the path.

"Where are you taking her?" the ferret cried, trying to rush forward.

Vorty caught her by the scruff of the neck. "Oh, don't worry," she said, smiling, "You're coming, too."

"No!" the ferret yelled. "Somebody, help!"

Lucy wrenched hard on the ferret's wrist and broke it. The ferret screamed in agony, but Lucy's fist to the temple silenced her instantly.

"How about you?" Arischa asked the antelope, "You gonna come quietly, or are we gonna beat your brains in, too?"

The antelope gasped and shivered in fear, biting her lips to keep them closed.

"That's what I thought," the horse growled. "Come on."

Lucy and Vorty grabbed the limp ferret, and together they hauled her behind Rhyss and the possum. Arischa and the antelope brought up the rear, with the horse keeping a close eye on her prey.

Rhyss turned off the beaten path down a little-used trail buried in leaves. The others followed as he led them all to an old, weathered cabin. He flung the door open—it had no lock—and went inside, dumping the possum on the floor and grabbing some rope and duct tape.

As Lucy and Vorty dumped the ferret next to her girlfriend, the antelope tried to scream, but Lucy punched her in the gut, and as she tried to get her breath back, Rhyss taped her mouth shut, wrapping

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several layers of tape around her muzzle. Then the hyena taped up the ferret's mouth and tied the possum's hands behind her back.

Vorty disappeared and returned with the booze, which the four passed around.

"All right, let's get this party started!" Lucy exulted, springing over to the ferret. "I got dibs on this one."

"And I've got dibs on the antelope!" Arischa said eagerly.

"No shit," Lucy said, rolling her eyes and laughing. "You've been looking at her like the choicest oats in the country!"

The horse just grinned sheepishly.

Rhyss looked apologetically at Vorty. "Sorry you won't be able to play," he said.

"No problem," Vorty replied, holding up an enormous dildo. "I never go anywhere without my trusty strap-on!"

Arischa's mouth hung open. "Seriously? You never go anywhere without a *dildo*?"

"Not a *dildo*," Vorty retorted in mock-indignation, "A strap-on! A dildo's only *half* the equipment!"

The horse-fur just shook her head, and the hyena laughed.

"All right, then!" said Rhyss. "Let's get dressed for the occasion!"

In an instant, all four had their clothes off and strewn on the floor. Rhyss started to pull the possum's pants down, but Lucy stopped her.

"Don't be impatient!" she chided him. "Wake them up first so they can get the full experience!"

"Oh, right," the hyena replied, rolling his eyes. "Rise and shine!"

He knelt down and slapped the ferret and possum roughly on the face several times. They blinked and winced, realized who was standing over them, and tried to scream.

"Ahh, they're so excited, they're singing already. Music to my ears," Lucy growled.

"Time for these clothes to come off!" Vorty grinned, flicking her claws out and raking them down from the possum's chest to her groin.

The possum flinched, and her clothes fell off her in shreds.

"Get ready to meet Mr. Beast!" the cat grinned, donning the strap-on.

The possum's eyes went wide with terror and then abruptly closed as she passed out again.

Vorty sighed. "Again?" she asked incredulously. "Well, fuck it! I'm not waiting for her."

She pressed the dildo against the possum's labia and shoved forward, pressing roughly inside.

"That's the spirit!" Lucy cheered. Glancing down, she saw the ferret furiously trying to get up, wincing at her broken wrist and trying to power through the pain.

"Oh, don't worry, you'll get to play, too," the sergal said.

Grabbing the ferret's shirt, she tugged it hard, and the buttons on the front ripped apart, exposing the ferret's breasts.

"Aww, how cute!" Lucy said, patting one then the other. "They're so...little and perky!"

The ferret kicked hard at her and caught her in the face. Lucy winced and took a step back as the ferret did a kip-up and began running for the door.

"Get her!" Lucy bellowed.

Rhyss stuck his foot out and tripped the ferret. She landed on her bad wrist and screamed in agony. Rhyss shoved her to the ground hard.

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"You're gonna pay for that," the sergal snarled, grabbing a knife off the counter.

"Now shit's getting real!" Rhyss grinned, hauling the ferret up and holding her by the arms and neck.

Lucy advanced on the ferret while the antelope screamed in fear. Standing face-to-face with the ferret, Lucy held the knife up.

"This is what you get for being a little twat," she said.

The knife flashed out.

The antelope screamed again, this time in pain as the knife sliced all the way across her breast, leaving a deep gouge. The ferret's eyes bulged in shock and dismay.

"Ohh! Classic misdirection!" Rhyss laughed.

"If you're gonna fuck her, you'd better hurry up," Lucy warned Arischa. "She's gonna lose some blood from that." She turned and nodded coldly to the ferret. "Yeah, bitch," she said. "You fuck with me, I fuck you up in ways you didn't even *think* I could fuck you up."

Arischa, meanwhile, took the hint and got right to it. The knife-wound had severed the antelope's shirt, and she quickly ripped it off and pulled the antelope's pants down.

The antelope was too shocked and pained to pay attention to what was going on as Arischa grabbed her legs, spread them, and shoved her huge herm-horse cock into the antelope's ass. The antelope's eyes went wide and glassy from the pain of being forcibly ass-raped without even any spit for lube.

"Oh, fuck, she's warm!" the horse-herm gloated, rearing back to shove back in.

Meanwhile, Lucy had her hand on the ferret's throat.

"You've seen what I can do," the sergal growled. "Now, unless you want even worse to happen to your beloved, you're gonna do exactly what I tell you. Do I make myself clear?"

The ferret nodded, tears in her eyes.

"Good," Lucy growled.

She brought the knife to the ferret's face. The ferret's eyes went wide in fear, but Lucy just cut the tape off.

"You fucking bitch!" the ferret snarled as soon as she could talk.

"Shut up!" Lucy barked. "I didn't cut that tape off so you could talk sass!"

She shoved the ferret to the ground on her back. The ferret cried out as her bad wrist hit the ground and was crushed under her falling body.

"My pussy needs some good licking," Lucy said evenly. "And you're gonna do it."

"Fuck you!" the ferret snapped.

In a flash, Lucy plunged the knife into the ferret's foot, pinning her to the ground. The ferret screamed.

"Any more objections?" the sergal growled.

The ferret just whimpered in pain.

"Good. Now *lick!*"

Lucy squatted over the ferret and sighed in pleasure as the ferret's tongue swept up inside her.

"That's a good mouth," she said. "Keep that up, and I might let you live."

The ferret gasped and licked harder.

Feeling left out, poor Rhyss asked Lucy, "Mind if I cut in?"

"Go right ahead!" she said cheerily, and the hyena roughly yanked the ferret's shorts and panties down.

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She screamed in pain as the force pulled on her impaled foot.

"It didn't have to come to that," the hyena chastised the ferret. "Lucy's pretty nice as long as you stay on her good side." He shoved the ferret's free leg open and squatted between her legs, leaning over to stick his nose against her exposed sex. "Mmm, that's a nice-smelling pussy!" he said. "That smells so sweet, I'd almost think you were the femme!"

Before the ferret could protest, he buried his tongue in her snatch. She grunted begrudgingly as her body responded in spite of her injuries, terror, and anger, quickly getting wet at his touch.

"Just the way I like it," Rhyss said, sitting up and licking his lips. "Now for the fun!"

He shoved his dick into her roughly, sliding easily all the way in until his furry balls pressed against her ass.

"Hey! Don't you dare stop licking me!" Lucy yelled at the ferret, who had begun crying when Rhyss plunged into her.

The ferret continued to cry, and in anger, Lucy stood, grabbed another knife, and plunged it into the ferret's other foot.

"I said *lick!*" she snarled, squatting over the ferret again.

Crying miserably, the ferret again reached out to lick her.

Vorty meanwhile had slapped the possum awake while fucking her.

"If you pass out one more time," the cat warned her, "I will start cutting you into pieces until you wake up!"

Turned on by all the fucking going on around her, the cat had doffed her strap-on and seized the possum's face.

"Now you do just what your girlfriend is doing to Lucy," the cat snarled. "You eat me out until I cum!"

Grimacing and sobbing at seeing her girlfriend's feet skewered to the floor, the possum made a feeble attempt at doing as told.

"You lick me, or I'll beat you senseless!" Vorty snapped, hitting the possum in the gut.

The possum doubled over, wincing, and Vorty hit her again in the side.

"Lick me!" she yelled.

Barely coherent but desperate to avoid any more pain, the possum's tongue lashed out and began fervently licking the pussy's pussy.

"Ohh, yeah!" the cat gasped, her back arching luxuriously at the feel of the possum's tongue. "Tongue my clit! Lick deeper!"

She lowered herself more and more onto the possum's face until the possum's entire muzzle was inside of her. The possum struggled for breath, but her struggling felt so good! Vorty moved herself so that the possum's nose rubbed against her g-spot and ground down on it a bit before finally letting the possum breathe.

Just as the possum opened her mouth to gasp in a breath, Vorty cried out and came, spurting her orgasmic juices into the possum's mouth.

"And you said I couldn't play!" the cat laughed to Rhyss. "I got off before you did!"

The hyena grunted and came into the ferret. "Barely!" he gasped.

A chorus of groans from Arischa and Lucy announced that they'd gotten off, too. The horse's cock fired deep into the antelope, and she quickly pulled out and shot a spurt into the antelope's open wound, too, eliciting a feeble whimper.

Lucy, meanwhile, had begun fingering herself, watching her gang members all disporting themselves. When Rhyss and Vorty got off, it had gotten her close, but the sound of Arischa's climax pushed her over,

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her fluids washing over the tortured ferret's muzzle. The ferret coughed and sputtered as Lucy patted her face roughly.

"There's a good girl," the sergal growled. "Now you be good, or I'll have to hurt you again." She turned her attention to her gang. "Ready to switch?" she asked.

"Yeah!" Rhyss said. "Lemme at that sweet piece of antelope!"

Arischa stepped back, and Rhyss didn't even bother trying to get her aroused; Arischa's cum already leaked out of her ass, so he just smeared some of it on his cock and drove right into her pussy.

"Mmm, nothing like sloppy seconds after a horse!" he gloated.

"Aww, Rhyss, you're sweet," Arischa chuckled as she stepped over to the antelope's head.

"She's not gonna be able to lick you in the state she's in," Rhyss said, frowning curiously as he continued thrusting.

"No, but her throat looks like it works fine!" the horse chuckled. "I've been inside one end of her, so now it's time to try the other end!"

She dug her fingers into the antelope's cheeks, forced her mouth open, and slammed her cock inside. The antelope's eyes bulged in panic as Arischa set off her gag reflex but left her no way to throw up. In and out she thrust, grunting in pleasure as the antelope's throat muscles stroked her cock with slick, warm saliva.

"That's a great idea!" Lucy said, standing going over to the possum. "Don't go anywhere," she said mockingly to the ferret.

"No chance of that," Vorty said, grinning as she traded out one girlfriend for the other.

Stepping between the ferret's legs, she donned her strap-on and pressed the tip to her new victim's ass.

"What do you think?" she asked the ferret, "Should I be gentle?"

The ferret panted exhaustedly and nodded pleadingly.

Vorty shoved in all the way to the hilt in a single, hard blow. The ferret yelped in pain, her eyes nearly popping out of her skull.

"Aww," the cat said, pouting, "Was that not gentle enough? Here."

She began to slowly thrust into and out of the ferret with long, slow strokes.

"Is that better?"

The ferret just closed her eyes, beaten.

"You know what I think?" Vorty asked, leaning over to whisper in the ferret's ear. "I think she likes the way I taste better than she likes you."

The ferret wrenched forward in anguish, trying to bite her. Vorty grabbed her hand, isolated her pinkie, and wrenched it, breaking it instantly. The ferret screamed as the cat smiled smugly and began pounding the ferret's stomach with her paws, landing blow after blow. With the ferret doubled up in pain, she drove her strap-on mercilessly against her victim's cervix, beating it and taking the ferret's breath away with each blow. As she tortured her poor victim, the cat reached down to touch herself, getting off on the ferret's pain—physical *and* emotional.

"Boy, you are *some* kind of sadist," Lucy said, shaking her head as she shoved herself down the possum's throat. "Ohh, fuck, this *does* feel good!"

The two began fondling each other's breasts as they fucked their respective victims' faces, really getting into the heavy petting, but it was Rhyss who got off first this time, growling and flooding his seed into the antelope's pussy, his juices spilling out and mixing with Arischa's in a frothy cream-pie.

Vorty came next, groaning and shoving hard into the ferret, eliciting an exhausted wheeze.

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Lucy was next, with Arischa right behind her. As they pulled out, their victims gasped for air, clutching their throats. The antelope cried out as her arm grazed her lacerated chest.

"Whoo, that's some good sex," Rhyss panted, ignoring her. "Round three?"

"Hell, yeah!" Vorty cheered.

They played musical victims again, Rhyss and Lucy taking up positions on the possum, Arischa taking a turn at the ferret's head, and Vorty going over to the antelope.

"Boy, Vorty, you're just making the rounds!" Lucy chuckled.

"Well, I'm *determined* that that antelope is gonna do some good licking," she said, grinning wickedly.

She doffed her strap-on and squatted over the antelope.

"Licky, licky," she sing-songed.

The antelope shut her mouth tightly and shook her head.

Vorty gave her a warning look. "Either you start licking me," she said, "Or I'm going to encourage you."

Still the antelope refused.

Vorty shrugged, grabbed the antelope's arm off her breast, held it in the air, and stomped her foot hard into the antelope's forearm. There was a gut-wrenching *snap* as both bones broke. The antelope let out a blood-curdling shriek, and Vorty grinned sadistically.

"Do you need more encouragement?" she mocked.

The antelope just wailed in response, holding her broken arm with the other and doubling over.

"Well, that's *something*," the cat said, shrugging again.

She drove her pussy down over the antelope's mouth, muffling the antelope's agonized screams and shuddering in pleasure as the scream-induced vibrations made her clit tingle.

"Ohh, yes!" she exulted. "Now just start licking!"

Tears streaming down her eyes, the antelope began to lick the cat's musky cunt and sobbed into her snatch. Vorty threw her head back and stroked herself as she ground herself against the antelope's face.

Rhyss's eyes bulged as he watched Vorty's sadistic, hedonistic pursuits.

"Fuck!" he gasped, his cock hard, throbbing, and oozing precum, "I gotta get my dick in something!"

He looked down at the possum. "You'll do! Now you're gonna lick and suck my cock like your life depends on it if you want to keep breathing! And don't even *think* about using your teeth if you want to keep them!"

He pressed his cock down against the possum's mouth. The possum hesitated, but the hyena dug his fingers into her cheeks and pried her jaws apart. Desperate not to be suffocated again, she wrapped her tongue around his cock and began tonguing fervently.

"Ohh, fuck!" Rhyss gasped. "I see what you mean!"

"She's got a nice ass, too," Lucy said, pressing her huge cock against the possum's entrance and popping inside with a satisfied groan.

"Ohh, that's a slick piece of possum butt," the sergal gasped in pleasure, eyeing the ferret. "Hey, ferret-bitch! I'm *literally* fucking your girlfriend in the ass!" she taunted.

The ferret, exhausted, just held up a middle finger.

Lucy grinned and reached over.

The ferret shut her eyes, expecting something painful to happen. Lucy waited until she opened them again, then yanked the knife out of one foot, and as the ferret clutched her leg in pain, Lucy reached down to pinch the possum's clitoral hood. The possum bucked in pain, but with Rhyss's cock impaling her mouth and Lucy's cock inside of her, she couldn't move far.

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"Hey, ferret!" Lucy grinned.

The ferret looked fearfully at her.

With a quick swipe, Lucy stabbed the possum right in the clitoris.

The possum let out a blood-curdling scream. Rhyss quickly grabbed her mouth and wrenched it open with a steely grip to prevent her from trying to bite him, shuddering in pleasure at the feel of her vibrating screams on his cock. He came instantly, shooting cum so hard into her that it shot out her nose and down her throat at the same time.

"Oh, fuck!" Lucy yelled as she spontaneously orgasmed, flooding the possum's rectum and pulling out to cum on the possum's bleeding clit, making it throb and radiate pain.

"Try to fuck happily *now*!" the sergal spat. "That'll teach you to flip me off!"

"Oh, *shit*, that's hot!" Vorty cried from across the room. She wailed and came, nearly drowning the antelope as she squirted her musky fluids straight into her victim's mouth.

Arischa meanwhile was dodging the ferret's flailing foot as she writhed in fury at her girlfriend's mistreatment.

"Enough!" the horse snarled, grabbing the ferret's foot and twisting it sharply.

The ferret screamed, and the horse dropped her leg. It fell to the ground with a thud, dislocated.

"Shoulda just behaved," Lucy called over in a sing-song voice as the horse *finally* got around to thrusting brutally into the ferret.

"Make it count," Lucy called. "We gotta go."

"But I haven't had the possum, yet!" Arischa protested.

"Oh, *fine*!" the sergal grumbled. "But *really* hurry up, then! You're always last!"

"I'm a *horse*," Arischa retorted. "I cum twice as much as the rest of you combined! It takes a *bit* more effort."

"That's what *she* said," Rhyss chuckled, eliciting an eye-roll from the horse.

"Well, if you're gonna be a minute, I'm gonna get off again," Vorty said. "I bet that ferret's got a nice mouth!"

"Geez, Vorty," Rhyss said, shaking his head. "You're like a—"

"Cat in heat, baby!" Vorty crowed, shoving her still-dripping pussy onto the ferret's face. "You better lick hard," the cat said. "I'm on the verge of another orgasm, and if I lose it because you can't keep up, I'll break something else!"

The ferret cried into Vorty's puss-puss, her dislocated leg aching and throbbing.

"I didn't say *cry*; I said *lick*!" Vorty snapped. "You think you hurt now? Don't make me show you how much *more* you can hurt!"

The ferret's tongue flicked out and began stroking Vorty's insides.

"Ooh, I *like* her!" the cat gasped. "Her tongue's not as long as the antelope's, but she's good with it!"

"Must've been tonguing out that possum-cunt!" Lucy called.

"I bet she can do better," Arischa said with a grin and a glint in her eye as she plunged hard into the ferret.

Very hard.

The ferret's tongue shot deep into Vorty's snatch, glancing off her g-spot as a look of the most horrible pain plastered itself across the ferret's face at having her cervix ruptured.

"That's what I'm talking about," Lucy grinned.

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"Ohh...that's that *I'm* talking about!" Vorty quavered, her pussy belching her arousal-juices down the ferret's throat.

After just a few thrusts, the feel of the ferret's silky pussy and the smell of Vorty's musk pushed Arischa over the edge, and she squeezed her eyes hard and thrust one last time, cumming directly into the ferret's uterus. The ferret let out a gurgling noise.

"All right," Lucy barked. "Hurry up and do this one, too," she said, gesturing to the possum.

"J—Jill?" the possum whimpered, reaching out toward the ferret. "Jill?!"

"Shut up, bitch," Rhyss snapped, clocking her across the face. "She'll live, and so will you!"

Arischa quickly came over to the possum and shoved hard up into her.

"Yeah!" Vorty cheered her on. "Fuck her like there's no tomorrow!"

"Horse, horse, horse, horse!" Rhyss started chanting.

The others joined in, egging Arischa on, and soon she was full-length driving into the possum, completely deaf to the possum's desperate cries of pain.

"Oh, shit, guys! Here it comes!" the horse-herm cried. "Gah!"

With a hard thrust that ruptured the possum's cervix just as it had the ferret's, Arischa's seed sprayed out, coating the possum's womb.

Lucy patted Arischa on the shoulder. "Good job," she said. Nodding to the others, she said, "Let's go."

They grabbed their booze and left without so much as another word to their victims.

The three victims lay on the floor, gasping for breath and aching in pain.

It was supposed to be a nice day...I was gonna ask Alice to marry me, thought Jill. *I—why? It...* She burst into tears. *My hands! How will I ever paint again? My feet! How will I ever run again? It...*

"Alice? Violet?" she gasped. "Can you hear me?"

"Ungh," Violet groaned. "I—mmph! My arm...I think it's broken! Why would they do this to us?"

"I—I don't know..." Jill replied, panting. "Alice? Alice?!"

"I'm...here..." the possum whimpered. "I feel so—so..." She burst into tears, not even able to express how vulnerable and disgusting she felt. "I'm sorry, Jill," she sobbed. "I was saving myself for you! Now I'm..."

"You're"—Jill cried out in pain as she leaned forward to pull the knife from her foot—"You're still pure to me," she said, slowly and painfully crawling to be next to her. "What they did—that wasn't..."

She made it to the possum and nuzzled her head.

"It was..." Violet trailed off, closing her eyes in defeat.

There was no word to describe it.