

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

The alarm rang. Vera exhaled slowly, resignedly. Reaching over, the pink-and-brown maned wolf turned it off, winced, braced herself, then sat up, exhaling again through gritted teeth.

Two years. Two years she'd been crippled like this, and only through intensive physical therapy was she able to walk around and find some form of work for herself. Work *outside* of Noxene's underground organization.

And Anna was still missing. For two years, Vera had sought her, doing just enough work to keep herself alive but dedicating every other waking moment to finding her little sister, whom Noxene had kidnapped and abused, retaliating against Vera spying on her for a competing drug-lord.

Candy Valentine. Vera closed her eyes. There were rumors as to what had happened to her in the last couple of years, rumors that made Vera's own incapacitation and the kidnapping of her sister, an innocent child, seem pedestrian by comparison.

Vera shook her head, then regretted it when her neck protested against the sharp movements. Either way, she managed to clear the vivid image of Candy's mutilated, decapitated head from her mind and painfully got to her feet.

She limped into the kitchen and started the coffee maker. She didn't need to look outside to see the leaves changing colors; she could *feel* summer yielding to autumn in every one of her once-broken bones.

Shuffling to the table, she began poring over newspapers, magazines, and printed out copies of various social media posts. She had caught sight of Anna in the background of a picture of Noxene in the Sunday paper about 17 months ago and had managed to track down where the picture was taken. Alas, she was about a week too late; when she arrived, there were obvious signs of recent use, but her sister and her hyena abductor were nowhere to be seen. Vera had staked out the place for over a month, losing the third of many jobs in the process, but neither Noxene nor her goons reappeared, let alone Anna.

Vera had been scouring pictures for her sister ever since, but without success.

She had not been sitting long when she heard a faint *clank* and glanced up in time to see the mail truck driving off. Wincing, she got to her feet and stepped out the front door, trudging to the mailbox.

As she reached out to open it, she hesitated, then exhaled, shook her head, and grasped the handle.

A vivid memory flashed into her mind of the last time Noxene had taunted her with a "gift" in her mailbox: a picture of Anna spread-eagled over a bed and restrained as she was brutally raped front and back by some of Noxene's goons.

That was over a year ago, she reminded herself. Besides, I've moved three times since then.

Shuddering and steeling herself, she opened the door.

Looking into the mailbox, she breathed a sigh of relief; it was only a newspaper and some bills. Chiding herself as she tried to slow her pounding heart, she reached in and grabbed the handful of mail.

Her blood ran cold. Her pupils shrank to pinpricks. What was that she felt under the newspaper? It felt like butcher paper, concealing something squarish and rigid.

Vera's jaw began to tremble. She withdrew her hand, grasped just the newspaper, and with a sharp flick, yanked it and the bills out of the mailbox.

Dropping the newspaper and bills on the ground, she pressed her paws to her face and let out a horrified cry.

Alone in the mailbox, now, was a flat, rectangular package roughly 5-1/2 by 5 inches and a little over a quarter-inch thick. It was wrapped in the same butcher paper as all of Noxene's other presents. Like her other packages, there was no postage, no stamp.

There was just the package staring up at her, taunting her.

For a long time, she stared at the package as if it were a venomous snake, as if deciding whether to try to slam the door closed before it could strike her or run off and grab something long and blunt to hit it with.

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

She knew she shouldn't look at it. She *knew* it would upset her—that much she could feel in her gut and her fused bones.

And yet, aside from that one newspaper clip a year and a half ago, these awful packages were all she had left of her sister.

Her stomach lurched. With trembling hands, she reached into the mailbox and snatched the package.

It was very hard and square, not at all the feeling of Noxene's preferred method of taunting: a single Polaroid.

Fumbling, she clawed at the butcher paper and managed to pierce through it. Something glinted inside.

Ripping the paper off, she started in surprise and then felt a wave of nausea wash over her.

Inside the packaging was a jewel case containing a DVD. Vera hadn't seen a DVD case in years, yet she was old enough to recognize it.

For a long time, she just stared at the case and its cursed contents. There were no possible circumstances where the contents of the DVD would contain anything good, and she was tempted—so *sorely* tempted—to stomp on it, to crush it there and remove the temptation from her mind.

On the other hand, it was also the first clue she'd gotten in over a year as to her sister's whereabouts. Whatever was on this DVD, maybe she could go frame-by-frame, examining each one for *some* hint as to where her sister was being kept.

Fear and anxiety tugging the corners of her mouth downward, she turned, dazed, from the mailbox, forgetting to close it or even to pick up the newspaper and bills she'd dropped. Shuffling back to the house, she looked like an old woman. Years of constant stress had prematurely wrinkled her 23-year-old face and grayed the hair on her muzzle, to say nothing of the crippling effect of being beaten within an inch of her life.

She got inside and, with shaking hands, managed to get the DVD into her laptop.

As the video player launched, she saw, paused, a large executive desk in the front of the frame. Behind it sat Noxene, her arms folded as she leaned forward on the desk, her smirk already dripping with the words she was about to say. The hyena's eyes, one green, one red, bored through the screen into Vera, sending chills down her spine and setting her teeth on edge.

Vera pushed 'play'.

"Well, Vera, I have to hand it to you: you raised quite the little cock-warmer," Noxene said with a sadistic smirk.

As she spoke, the camera moved around the desk to view it from the side.

"All it took," Noxene said as she scooted her chair back for the camera to see, "Was a little corrective guidance from me to get her into proper shape."

As the camera zoomed in, squelching, slurping sounds could already be heard. The camera rose higher and angled down to view the hyena's sheath from above. Her neon-green cock-tip was just barely poking from her sheath, which was perched atop a pair of very large, black balls.

Buried between Noxene's thigh and one of those sweaty, hairy balls was Anna.

Vera's eyes widened, her paw going to her mouth instinctively.

Her sister was naked and emaciated, the bones of her spine visible through her matted, dirty, cream-and-brown fur. Her blonde hair was so saturated with dried, crusted bodily fluids that it hung in knotted, irregular lumps that stuck to her face, neck, and back. Patches of hair were gone entirely; the skin left behind was red and inflamed, or worse, scabbed over from irritation and maltreatment. Her shoulder blades jutted out violently beneath her skin and the fur that was left as she moved her head to and fro, pressing her muzzle into the cleavage between Noxene's nuts and lapping persistently—though not enthusiastically—at the hyena's orbs.

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

As the camera swiveled to move in behind Noxene, keeping Anna centered in the frame the whole time, a despairing cry escaped Vera's lips. Her sister's eyes, once so bright with childlike wonder and enthusiasm, had grown dull and bloodshot, and deep creases not unlike Vera's own lined her forehead. Bags drooped from beneath her eyes, and the one on the left looked like it was healing from being punched recently.

Though only 17, she looked sixty.

"Let's get some proper *sucking*, Cunt!" Noxene snapped.

Anna flinched, squeezing her eyes closed in preparation for the blow, but it didn't come. Hurriedly, she pushed her head forward, took Noxene's scrotum into her mouth, and began sucking and slurping noisily.

"Ahh, *that's* what I'm talking about," Noxene cooed to the camera, her eyes half-closing and her brilliant green tongue lolling from her mouth. "A good cock-warmer is just the thing I need at the end of a busy day. How about *you*, Vera?" she asked.

If Anna heard her sister's name in the video, she didn't show it.

"Based on what my sources say, you don't have much time for a good cock-warmer, do you? No, working that job at the convenience store has really taken its toll on you, hasn't it?"

Vera swallowed. Of course, Noxene knew where she worked.

"You've moved a lot, too," Noxene continued, spreading her legs, grasping Anna by the back of the head, and thrusting the young wolf's muzzle deeper into her crotch. "You'd almost think you were trying to avoid me. But then, how else would you get these little mementos of me and your sister?"

She turned and looked straight at the camera, grinning, her canines glinting malevolently.

"You *should* leave a forwarding address, you know," the crime lord chided, grinding her groin against the wolf's mouth. "After all, if I'm going to find you anyway, you might as well make it easy."

She fell silent a few seconds, during which time, her penis began to emerge from her sheath.

"Enough foreplay," she barked, making Anna jerk. "My cock needs draining. Get to it!"

Anna raised her head, trailing her tongue up the hyena's black, shaggy sheath to the lime-green tip and hurriedly slurped it into her mouth. An expression of distaste crossed her features, but it was gone in an instant, so fast that Vera wasn't even sure she'd seen it.

What Vera *was* sure she saw was Anna's eyes widening as Noxene's prick emerged from its sheath and slid through her muzzle and down her throat with startling speed. Beyond a startled jerk and a reaction from her gag reflex, though, the young wolffess had little time to react, for as soon as Noxene reached full length, she grabbed her by the throat and stood up.

"*That's* right," Noxene growled, using her hips to maneuver the back of Anna's head against the edge of the desk. "You *know* your mouth is pretty worthless to me, don't you? Your *throat*, on the other hand..."

THUMP!

With only a brief pull-back as a warning, Noxene slammed her hips forward, knocking the back of Anna's head into the desk. The wolffess's eyes lost focus for a moment, then quickly flashed with fear as she felt the hyena's prick closing off her windpipe.

THUMP!

Anna's eyes squeezed closed. Vera could see the signs of struggle all over her sister's face: struggle to endure the pain of having her head slammed into the sharp desk, struggle to breathe and not to panic when she couldn't, struggle to overcome her gag reflex, struggle to time her responses to the brutal fucking, tensing and relaxing just in time to avoid whiplash.

Vera watched for what felt like an eternity as Noxene's hips punched into Anna's face, shoving her back, slamming her head into the desk over and over again with an angry **BAM, BAM, BAM!** She watched her sister's incredible bravery in the face of such cruelty and couldn't help feeling—despite the circumstances or perhaps because of them—that sense of pride that comes when watching the underdog endure austerity.

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Yet, Vera also saw the tears streaming silently down her sister's face as her squeezed eyes and furrowed brow conveyed only a fraction of the horrors she was enduring.

Noxene didn't care about any of that. She kept going. What started as a horrified reaction for Vera slowly turned to anger, then to rage as she watched the nasty crime-lord brutalizing an innocent child, and for what?

"You soulless piece of shit," Vera hissed through clenched teeth, her fists balled and white-knuckled. "Is there *any* depth you won't stoop to?"

"Slut!" Noxene barked, startling both Anna and Vera. "Get over here and put that tongue to work!"

Vera was confused as to whom Noxene was addressing, and for her part, Anna's reaction showed a hint of sadness, but it did not appear that she was the one to whom Noxene had called.

"No, put your juice box down!" Noxene bellowed. "If I have to come over there—"

There was a faint clatter as the offending juice box was dropped where its possessor stood. There was a soft scuffling sound, and then the mystery addressee appeared.

Vera did a double-take.

The cub couldn't be more than one or two years old, but she was a spitting image of Anna, with one exception: her eyes were undoubtedly those of her sire, one red, and one green. Like her mother, she was completely naked, though she was *slightly* less emaciated, her hair *slightly* less matted and dirty. Unlike her mother, her face clearly registered in equal amounts a reluctance to be there and the fear of what would happen if she disobeyed.

"Get in the chair," Noxene ordered.

The cub looked at the chair, and her legs began to shake.

"N—no, please don't make me—"

Noxene turned and fixed her with a glare that made even Vera's blood run cold. It had the desired effect. The cub toddled over to the chair, crawled up into it, then sat down, facing Noxene.

"Now, get busy," the hyena snapped.

She reached back with both hands to grab the armrests of the chair, then dragged it forcefully towards her. The cub's eyes bulged, and a grimace came over her face as her tiny muzzle was forced up under Noxene's raised tail.

Having done that, Noxene thrust forward again, hard, slamming Anna's head into the desk with a particularly resounding *thump*. As she thrust a few more times, an increasingly angry look came over her face.

"That tongue had better get some pep in its step if you know what's good for you!" she yelled over her shoulder.

The cub winced, making an awful face, and gave a few terrified licks, but then stopped.

"Well?" Noxene demanded.

"But it's *dirty*!" the cub whined. "It smells like poop!"

"Oh, does it smell like poop?" Noxene asked, her tone suddenly seething and making Vera's skin crawl.

The hyena's lip curled up, enraged. All at once, she shoved the chair backwards, startling the cub as the chair slammed into the wall, nearly throwing the young wolf-hyena hybrid out of it. Whipping around and yanking Anna with her, she reached down, grabbed the cub by the scruff of the neck, and flung her down on the desk on her back.

Vera's jaw dropped, stunned that Noxene could be so cruel to such a *young* cub.

"Maybe a little breathing practice will help you to lick ass!" Noxene bellowed as the cub's eyes bulged and she gasped to get her breath back.

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Before the young hybrid could react, Noxene's buttocks came down on top of her, her tail blotting out the light. The cub tried to struggle, but the immense weight pressing down on her pinned her in place, the two mountains of flesh on either side of the hyena's tail forming a channel that prevented her from even turning her head.

She squeezed her eyes closed, sealed her lips tightly together, and thrashed as best she could, but to no avail. Noxene's ass came down around her head.

Watching on her laptop, Vera shuddered as she saw the hyena's butt lowering, captured up close by the camera. She could practically *feel* the chunks of crusted shit pressing on her own muzzle as she watched them being ground against the cub's nostrils.

"You know the drill," Noxene growled over her shoulder as she seated herself fully, forcing the young wolf's entire muzzle through her anus. "You only get to breathe when you *earn* it!"

The camera caught the cub's eyes going wide with terror as she discovered her inability to breathe. As she began to struggle, the camera panned around to look down at her and Noxene from above and off to the side. Noxene's legs were spread, and between them, the cub's little legs thrashed and flailed. Ignoring that, Noxene moved her hand down to her daughter's crotch and jammed her middle and ring fingers inside.

"Mm. So tight," Noxene murmured, "Unlike *this* worthless sack of loose skin," she added, scornfully scowling at Anna and giving her a hard thrust for good measure. "Oh!"

Her eyes widened, and then a cruel smile came over her face. Her eyes half-closed, and she ground her ass on the desk, around her daughter's frantically licking tongue.

"That's it, kid," she growled. "Now, lick my prostate!"

Her cock suddenly throbbed hard, so hard that even Anna's eyes flashed in surprise.

"Ohh, yeah. You've got a good tongue when you're properly motivated."

She raised herself up. A sudden gasp behind her signaled her daughter finally taking a breath. Her own breathing grew heavy, and she played her fingers aggressively inside the cub's passage. Her daughter stopped frantically twitching and lay still, her toes curling and legs occasionally standing out ramrod straight.

"Won't be long, now," Noxene said. "Pretty soon you're gonna take your mother's place." She drove her fingers deep into the cub's pussy and circled her hymen with them for emphasis. "And then, I am gonna wreck that pussy."

She glanced up at the camera as if she'd forgotten she was being filmed, then grinned sadistically.

"Ya hear that, Vera?" she asked, reaching down to stroke Anna's face possessively, then reached forward and wrapped both hands around her neck. "Your sister's about to be retired, replaced by a younger model—the, uh, *next generation*, if you will."

"No!" Vera cried, grabbing the laptop screen in both hands.

Noxene's thumbs pressed against Anna's carotid arteries. The wolf's eyes flashed up to her, fear and panic registering on her face. Noxene looked down at her with icy determination.

"No! You can't just *kill* her like this!" Vera shrieked. "Anna! *Do* something! Fight back!"

The pressure on Anna's neck relaxed. Noxene smiled evenly.

"But, not yet," she said, patting Anna's head roughly.

Sighing, she settled her ass back down onto her daughter's face. The cub's legs began flailing again. As she stroked the young wolf's mound absent-mindedly, the cub began to squirm.

"Use that *tongue*," Noxene reminded her daughter.

A second later, her tongue lolled out. On camera, the base of her penis was beginning to swell.

"Well," she said with an air of finality, "I think it's about time we wrapped this up; I haven't got *all* day, after all."

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

"No!" Vera gasped.

Tense and breathing hard, she clutched the screen, white-knuckled.

But instead of going in to strangle Anna, the hyena lifted herself up off the chair and thrust forward, hard.

THUMP!

Anna's eyes half-closed and crossed from the sharp blow, but she was clearly still alive. It didn't matter, though, because the initial thrust was followed by a volley of them, each just as hard as Noxene's saliva-glazed cock rammed in and out of her like a piston. The camera zoomed in on it, showing off the visibly pulsating veins perched atop the practically glowing-green, slowly swelling knot.

"Mm—*mmf!*"

The sound came from off-camera.

"Hey, shut up back there; you're disturbing my video," Noxene muttered as the camera zoomed back out.

"But I gotta pee!" the cub's muffled voice whimpered.

Noxene frowned. "So, do it," she said.

Her eye glinted, and she moved her fingers to the cub's clit and began rubbing vigorously.

"B—but I'll pee on Mommy!" the wolf gasped.

"Yes, exactly; that's the point."

"Nn—*nngh!* B—but I don't *wanna* pee on Mommy!"

Rage flashed on Noxene's face. A split-second later, a blood-curdling shriek deafened Vera through her speakers, the cub's cry of anguish so loud that the microphone clipped and the sound distorted. Vera raced to turn the volume down, while on-screen, Noxene's claws were pinched together so tightly around her daughter's clit that they were nearly touching each other.

Moments later, the floodgates opened as the cub began involuntarily pissing herself. A disorganized spray of urine blasted Anna in the face, hitting everything from her eyes, nostrils, and mouth down to her neck and chest. For her part, Anna's expression registered pity for her daughter, then mild disgust at being urinated on, and finally, resignation to endure it, as though it was just the latest in an endless string of abuses and humiliations.

"Ya see *that*, Vera? Even her own daughter thinks her only purpose is to piss on!"

"Because you *made* her, you worthless piece of shit!" Vera roared at the screen. "She's *your* daughter, too, and *this* is how you treat your own flesh and blood?!"

But as the spray of urine continued, Anna's resigned demeanor seemed to falter. Drops of urine hit her muzzle and collected, trailing her contours into her mouth. What she and Vera didn't know was that Noxene had fed an entire can of asparagus to her daughter the night before, ensuring her urine was *particularly* revolting. Anna began to struggle, to try to pull away.

At that moment, Noxene grinned, grabbed her by the ears, and yanked her head forward. Anna's eyes bulged as the hyena shoved her cock—knot and all—down her throat. She reflexively tried to pull back, but Noxene held her in place. On the camera, Noxene's knot swelled inside Anna's mouth. The wolfess's eyes flickered with pain as the bulging girth forced her mouth open unnaturally wide.

A flicker of ecstasy flashed over Noxene's face, followed by a look of grim satisfaction. She let go of Anna's head.

Sensing her freedom, Anna tried to yank backwards, but something was wrong. The knot in her mouth was too big. She couldn't get it out of her throat!

"That's the spirit, kid," Noxene murmured grimly over her shoulder. "That tongue of yours on my prostate just sealed Mommy's fate. Seems you were willing to earn your promotion after all."

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Terror flashed into Anna's eyes. She yanked back as hard as she could. For the first time, her hands came into view. Her fingers were bent at odd angles from having been broken countless times. Desperately, she clawed at her face, tried to pry her own mouth open. All the while, Noxene just grinned maniacally at the camera, her eyes boring into Vera's soul.

The hyena said nothing. She didn't have to; she *knew* Vera understood the ramifications of what was happening. The camera came to rest, filling the screen with Anna's panicked face.

"N-no..." Vera gasped, stroking her sister's cheek on the screen. "N-n-no..."

The knot in Anna's mouth suddenly pulsed sharply. Surprise momentarily interrupted Anna's terror as Noxene began to cum down her throat. A visible bulge moved down her neck, disappearing off the bottom of the screen. It was followed by many more.

Anna struggled and thrashed while the camera zoomed in on her eyes.

"No, no, no-no-nonono!" Vera screamed, leaping up from the table and pacing. "Let her go! She's done nothing to you! Just let her go!"

From her speakers, all she could hear was the weakening sound of struggle, of Anna's legs scraping weakly on the floor. All she could see were her sister's fear-stricken eyes pleading for mercy, begging for someone to save her.

Vera stopped her pacing and grabbed the laptop screen.

"Anna..." she pleaded.

Anna's eyes flashed. Vera gasped, a glimmer of hope swelling her chest.

The light—what was left of it—left the wolfess's eyes. The sounds of struggle stopped.

For a long time, Vera stared at the silent screen, stunned and heartbroken.

A slurping noise interrupted the silence. It was a faint sound, yet it was obnoxious, disrespectful of the solemnity of the situation. Vera's lip curled indignantly, a voice in the back of her mind demanding to know who was being so inconsiderate. She looked around the room, then realized the sound was coming from the speakers.

As Vera moved to turn the volume down, the camera zoomed out from her sister's lifeless eyes and panned to look at Noxene, whose tongue was lolling. Panning further, it revealed the cub still softly sucking on Noxene's ass. The look on the hybrid's face was a mixture of sadness and fear, as though despite her young age, she fully grasped the implications of what had just happened, mourned her mother, and feared what Noxene would do to her if she stopped.

Vera stared, dumbfounded, at the screen. She felt as though her whole reason for living had been stripped from her, as if five hundred pounds had suddenly been dropped on her. Tears slid silently down her face; she didn't bother brushing at them or trying to blink them away. Somewhere, buried deep beneath her grief, she hoped the cub hadn't taken her sire's words to heart, that she didn't feel responsible for her mother's death.

Silence fell once again, save for the soft slurp-sucking of Anna's terrified daughter on that monster's ass.

Abruptly, Noxene stood up. The camera zoomed out as her mouth twisted into a cruel smile. She grinned straight at the camera, cradled Anna's limp, lifeless head in her hands, and thrust hard.

CRACK!

The sound of Anna's head against the desk shattered the silence. Vera doubled over, about to throw up, but then Noxene grabbed Anna's head by the back of the skull and yanked forcefully off. Noxene's knot pulled free, and Vera sighed, relieved that it was finally over.

Yet, as Noxene's penis pulled out, a river of yellow liquid streamed out of Anna's mouth. Vera froze, gaping speechlessly at the audacity.

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

And Noxene was still pissing. Aiming her cock at Anna's face, she sprayed directly into each lifeless eye, up her nose, and all over her face, the volume so great that it saturated the dead wolfess's fur and began dripping from the base of her chin like a sponge full of water.

With a final sneer at the camera, Noxene dropped Anna's corpse in a heap on the floor. Grabbing a piece of paper and pen lying on the desk, she scribbled something, then held it up to the camera.

On the paper was scrawled a set of GPS coordinates.

Vera's hand went to her chest. She collapsed in the chair and began sobbing as Noxene finally made good on that awful promise she'd made two years ago.

The hyena snatched the paper down, and the camera returned to Anna's lifeless, staring face, focusing on the twin trickles of cum and piss leaking from her nostrils.

The video ended, and Vera buried her face in her hands, sobbing inconsolably.

Two days after Vera received the DVD, she found herself in her car, a shovel and a bunch of large trash bags in the trunk.

She had not slept in those two days, and the ramifications of driving around with her sister's freshly exhumed corpse wrapped in trash bags and the shovel used to do the deed had not occurred to her. All she could think about now was finding her sister, cradling her head in her arms one last time, and then giving her a proper burial, free at last from the clutches of that horrible fiend.

She followed her phone's directions until she came to a city park only a few blocks from her house. The notion that Anna had been *right here* the whole time haunted her as she staggered out of the car and grabbed the shovel and trash bags.

She didn't want to come. She had failed her sister, and she *knew* that coming here would do no good, only harm. For two days, she had wrestled with it, reasoning on one hand that she owed Anna a proper burial but then arguing on the other hand that Anna was dead and would not want her to suffer any more on her behalf. Back and forth she went, but duty ultimately won out, and here she was.

Oblivious to who saw her or how incriminating she looked as she stalked up the sidewalk with her shovel and bags in tow, she followed her phone as it led her up a hill, then around behind some bushes. Looking down at the ground, she gasped on seeing the soil disturbed.

Dropping her shovel, phone, and bags where she stood, she fell to her knees and began moving the dirt away with her hands. The earth was loose and came away easily.

Only four inches in, she felt her finger strike something distinctly unlike dirt. Encouraged and gasping, she doubled her efforts, digging down to that depth and hurriedly brushing the dirt away from the matted fur she'd found.

Yet, as she unearthed the outline of her sister's corpse, she knew something was wrong: the body she was uncovering was about a foot too short to be Anna. With a growing sense of unease, she kept brushing away the soil until she could get her hands under one of the body's arms.

Grunting and wincing, she pulled up and lifted the limp body out of the ground. Rigor mortis had already worn off.

Staggered by the cloud of noxious gas released when she disturbed the corpse, Vera dropped the partially unearthed body and retreated, covering her muzzle with the crook of her arm and gasping for air until she could regain her composure.

Glancing at the partially exhumed body, her blood ran cold.

Even from this distance, it was obvious what was wrong with it.

It had no head.

Terminal Consequences

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Collapsing to her knees, Vera crawled back to the grave and gingerly brushed away some of the dirt to reveal cream-colored hair. Her chest tightened, and she brushed some more. A brown-colored band appeared.

"Oh, Anna..." she whimpered, tears filling her eyes.

Something glinted on her sister's neck: the kind of industrial staple used on pallets. With trembling fingers, Vera reached forward and brushed away enough dirt to see a Polaroid stapled crudely to her sister's flesh.

"Oh..." she whimpered dejectedly, her lips moving but not forming words.

She shouldn't look at the picture. She *knew* she shouldn't look. What good could come of it?

She reached forward anyway. As she gingerly grasped the Polaroid, the rotten flesh deteriorated, and the picture detached effortlessly. She brought it to where she could see it.

An anguished wail erupted from her lips. Her sister's head, eyes still open, was sitting on Noxene's desk. Cum trailed from the mouth, nostrils, and both ears. Noxene's cock, also trailing cum, was draped between her ears.

As Vera crumpled and began sobbing, the picture fell from her fingers, landing face-down on the disturbed earth.

On the back was an inscription, scrawled in Noxene's handwriting.

TOO GOOD NOT TO KEEP.