

Absolute Submission
By Holo

Lyra sat back in a cushy recliner on her private estate, swirling a glass of wine as she scowled, staring straight ahead. She hated when things didn't go her way, and today, things were not going her way. Lyra was used to getting what she wanted, either because of her fame, her money, or her physical threats, but all fell flat whenever she was forced to make a call to Glacier Technology. Its icy CEO was a world-class asshole, and someone that Lyra deathly wished she could kill.

Her irritation was simmering to anger, and her eyebrow twitched. She took in a deep, slow breath and then exhaled, calming herself as she expelled stress from her body. She polished off her wine and set the glass on a side table before getting to her feet. If she couldn't eliminate Angelus, she'd make due with breaking one of her own toys.

"Oh Jessi..." she cooed softly to herself. "Be a good girl and come here, will you?" she was barely speaking above a whisper as she strolled through the room, dragging her fingertips over velvet furniture. "I know you're near, I can feel you. I need you, Jessi."

There was a hesitant knocking on the door a few minutes later, and Lyra opened the door and gazed upon her favorite person and plaything: Jessi. Jessi had all-white fur and bright pink hair that fell down to her hips. Her pale blue eyes had little hearts for pupils, and they stared at Lyra with concern and anxiety. "Hi, Lyra," Jessi said, swallowing hard as she stood, rooted in place on the doorstep.

"Hey Jess. Come in. I insist." Lyra stood aside, and watched intently as Jessi walked through the door and into the foyer. Jessi's eyes were darting around, taking in Lyra's fancy estate. It was surprisingly clean for what Jessi knew went on here. She couldn't turn around, but she felt Lyra close the door behind her and lock it. "Welcome. Follow me. You won't believe the day I've had."

"I bet I won't," Jessi murmured as her legs started moving forward, despite her best efforts to turn and leave.

"Ask me about it."

"H-how was your day?" Jessi blurted out. Her eyes widened in fear.

"Ugh, terrible. I had to deal with *him* again, and you know how that makes me feel." Lyra stopped once they reached her sitting room and turned to face the terrified Jessi. "Kill him for me won't you?"

"I-I can't," Jessi stammered. "He'd freeze me solid before I could blink."

Lyra pressed her lips together in thought. "Not the answer I wanted." She waved a hand at Jessi, and the fox was knocked off her feet and onto her back like she had been hit by a truck. She grunted as she hit the floor; her shoulder dislocated from the landing.

Lyra approached, swung a leg over Jessi and sat on her hips, and with barely a thought she paralyzed Jessi on the floor. "Sorry, let me help you with that." She grabbed Jessi's dislocated shoulder, and with a sharp, painful jerk, shoved it back into the socket. Jessi cried out from the sudden spike of pain. It hurt. It *really* hurt. "Ugh, you are sooo loud." Lyra rolled her eyes and looked over Jessi's body, formulating a plan.

Her muzzle twitched into a smile as one formed.

“Honestly,” she began, speaking slowly. “We both know you don’t *need* any of these silly organs. Let me take them off your hands. And out of your body.” Lyra smiled, pulled her arm back, and punched Jessi in the stomach with enough force to break her skin. Lyra’s arm plunged into Jessi’s fake, oozing guts, and she grabbed a handful of them.

Jessi gagged, eyes going wide as she felt a surge of pain rock her entire body. She didn’t even have time to protest before Lyra pulled her arm back, ripping out a fistfull of black intestines. Alpha dripped down Lyra’s arm and onto Jessi’s now laid-open stomach. Lyra sneered. “Open your mouth.” Jessi was physically unable to resist, and as her jaws creaked open, Lyra stuffed the handful of organs into Jessi’s mouth.

She plunged both hands into the opening she had punched in Jessi’s middle, grabbed hold of her flesh, and pulled it apart, widening the wound until Jessi was laying open like a cadaver. Jessi tried to scream, but her mouth was gagged with her own guts. Lyra licked over her own muzzle as she stared into Jessi, looking at the fox’s insides like Jessi was a toy to play with.

Well, she was.

“I want... this, first!” Lyra wrapped a hand around Jessi’s stomach and squeezed it, puncturing it with her claws. Jessi reflexively vomited, and black sludge filled her mouth, not able to squeeze past the mass of flesh crammed into her mouth. Lyra twisted her hand and ripped it out, and threw it across the room. “Changed my mind, that’s useless. I want something better.” She reached in again and Jessi writhed, eyes watering to the point that streams of thick, black Alpha ran out from them and down her cheeks to the floor.

Lyra grinned, wide and sharp as she plunged her hand under Jessi’s ribs, forcing her hand up and cracking a few of Jessi’s bones along the way. Jessi’s chest bulged with Lyra’s fist and arm, and the hybrid woman wasn’t taking any care to be gentle with handling her toy. Jessi shuddered as she felt Lyra’s hand close around her heart, squeezing it, and then pulling. Jessi’s claws shredded the carpet as it was yanked out.

“God, what is this? It doesn’t even beat. Boring.” Lyra scoffed and took a bite out of the heart like it was an apple, before tossing it aside. “Maybe your brain will be more interesting.” Lyra got to her feet and dried her hands on Jessi’s face, smearing the fox with her own blood. “At least your fur makes a half-decent towel. Maybe I could have your pelt laundered and hung in my bathroom after all this is over. At least you’ll be somewhat useful, because you’re certainly no fun.”

Lyra bent over and grabbed Jessi by the hair, pulling her to her feet. The sudden jerking motion made the guts fall out of her mouth, and they splattered to the floor along with a mouthful of sludgy bile. “L-Lyra, please...” Jessi gasped as her body shuddered. She didn’t need her organs, but having them ripped out meant she had lost a lot of mass that Lyra kept her from recalling.

Lyra stopped mid-step and turned sharply towards Jessi, her hair still balled in Lyra’s fist. “I didn’t.” She kicked Jessi in the back, knocking her to her knees. “Say.” She grabbed another fistfull of hair and pulled tight. “You could.” Jessi felt the sudden and terrible need to breathe as he lungs began to function. “Speak.” Lyra finished, and before Jessi could get her first breath of air, Lyra wrapped the thick cords of Jessi’s hair around her neck, and pulled the loops tight, crushing her windpipe.

Jessi gagged and clawed, but her hair had hardened under Lyra's touch and the strands were too small and numerous for her to get a grip on. She only succeeded in slicing up her own neck as she tried to get free. Her eyes bulged and her lungs burned with the need for air, but Lyra simply put a foot on her back, pushed, and pulled her hair tighter. Every part of Jessi's body went tense at once, feeling like she was dying from the lack of air. She got dizzy, vision blurry, and then dark, and then nothing.

She woke up on the floor only a minute later. She gasped for air, but it didn't help. It was a reflex. She didn't need to breathe anymore. The fox was crumpled on the floor, struggling to regain consciousness as her remaining organs slid out of the cavity on her torso. She rolled from her back, to her side, and struggled to stand.

"Get up." Lyra commanded. Jessi did as she was ordered, but halfway up slipped in a puddle of her own blood. She fell to the floor, hitting her muzzle hard enough to break it, making it crooked. She groaned, laying on floor, and was pretty sure she felt her liver fall out. "I said get up!" Jessi felt something deathly cold blast her shoulder, and she screamed and leaped to her feet. Shards of frozen Alpha stuck through her skin, and Lyra stood before her with a pressurized can of liquid nitrogen, a powerful freezing agent. "Water doesn't work on you like it works on cats, so I had to make due with something more... fun." Lyra pulled the trigger again, spraying Jessi in the face. The fox howled and put her hands up to shield herself, and her fingers grew stiff and rigid.

Lyra grabbed Jessi's hands and squeezed her fingers until they cracked and broke off, shattering when they hit the floor. "Aw Jess, you're falling to pieces. Wonder how much more like a jigsaw puzzle you can look like before you finally die?" She hummed to herself and turned the can of liquid nitrogen in her hand, judging the size and shape. She then looked at Jessi, still humming. "Warm in here don't you think? I should turn up the air."

Jessi trembled as she tried to shake her head no.

"You know, people say I have a heart of ice... But that can't be right. We both know that a frozen heart would kill me. Maybe I need proof. You can be that. Stay." Lyra rooted Jessi in place and went into a closet, pulling out an old digital recorder. She set it on a nearby counter, facing Jessi, and set it to record. "This is going to be a good show, love."

Lyra spun the can in her hand again, and with a sudden motion, she shoved it up into Jessi's chest, where her heart used to be. She squeezed the can in her claws, puncturing it so that the freezing, pressurized contents all came screaming out at once.

Jessi screamed over the howling of the pierced metal can. She clawed at her chest with what was left of her hands to try and get it out as she froze from the inside out. Her torso locked up and the remaining guts in her system turned to ice. The freeze spread, locking her shoulders and hardening her arms until they could no longer move. Her legs stiffened and her feet froze to the floor. Frosh clouded her eyes, and her tiny heart pupils broke in half. Her fur turned into crystallized needles, and her hair lost all color as it spiked out into a tangle of icicles. Jessi was frozen solid before the can ran out. Lyra let it empty.

She clutched one hand with the other trying to thaw it from the frostbite she had gotten from breaking the can with her claws. She shook it out, slowly recovering as she turned the camera off and saved the recording. She had only one thing left to do, and she meandered out to her garage, where she retrieved a sledgehammer from a tool rack. She hefted it over her

shoulder as she approached her new ice sculpture, and with a grunt, she brought it down on Jessi's head, and the frozen fox exploded into a billion, tiny, black shards. Jessi's pieces laid scattered across the tile floor, glimmering in the artificial light from the overhead lamps. Lyra set her sledgehammer down on the floor, and dusted some pieces of Jessi off of her shoulders. "Ah. That feels much better. I'll have to call someone to clean this up," she said, giving a disgusted sneer at the mess. She picked her way over the pieces and went back to her recliner, where she took a seat and poured herself another glass of wine.