

Afterwards, everyone exited the room save for the warden and his prisoner.

As soon as the door shut behind the last guard, the warden walked over and tightened a leather muzzle around the wolf's snout. After doing this, he began undoing the restraints from the gurney. Upon freeing him, the tiger lifted the wolf with ease and placed him on a chair. He then reconnected the restraints, this time to the chair instead. He fastened four thick alloy bolts into sockets around the base of the chair, securing it enough that it wouldn't tip. Sometimes he wondered if those flimsy little bolts would still hold up after all this time. Though he supposed it would be the floor itself that gave out first. As Gavin slowly drifted in and out of consciousness, distantly aware of all that was happening, he was jolted awake by the sound of the door behind him opening.

"Do we need the Narcan, sir?" Dr. Stevens whispered. The tiger tightened the final bolt then stood up, examining the wolf. He held up a finger, signaling the doctor to wait.

"Mr. Oeste, are you in there?" whispered the tiger, low enough to almost be a growl.

The wolf struggled to respond through his muzzled mouth, but the opening of his eyes was enough answer for the warden, who shook his head at the marten. The doctor pocketed the syringe which he had already prepared.

"Good," the warden said. "It prefers you to be awake." He almost wanted to add: *And so do I*, but his professionalism had to begin somewhere.

*It? Did he say 'it'?*

The sound of yet another gurney wheeling into the room broke what little concentration the wolf had left, as he strained to look at what terrible thing was about to be wrought upon him. When he could finally see the feet of the creature

on the gurney—clad in hospital socks with unkempt claws poking out of the toes—the warden held a hand up.

“Wait,” he ordered with a perky smile. “I love to watch their faces when they see this.”

He grabbed the end of the gurney and pulled it slowly into sight. Melodramatically, almost. The cat *must* have been a theatre kid in school.

Above the blue ankle socks was about an inch of grey fur showing beneath the too-short orange pant legs. The jumpsuit was rugged and worn, with a small hole torn in the knee in the exact same spot as the ones Gavin wore now. A tuft of familiar grey fur stuck out unapologetically through the frayed threads.

Gavin looked up at the tiger with wide, confused eyes. The warden stopped the gurney and smiled; it was so rare to see such fear in a Predator—he imagined this type of mortal fear was typically reserved for the meeker species. Rabbits and the like. Prey. He chuckled at the word. Those two “P-slurs” that had been all but illegalized by those commie snowflake cucks.

“Don’t look at me,” he snarled, “take a look at yourself.”

With this, he yanked the gurney forward like he was performing a parlor trick with a tablecloth. Gavin found himself face to face with—

Himself?

He lay on the gurney, eyes and mouth open, tongue hanging out, dry and crusted. A trail of coagulated blood even matted the fur around his cracked, black nose. Through his drug-addled haze he found himself absolutely bewildered. Was he already dead? Is this some kind of joke? Is this purgatory? Were he a ghost, certainly they couldn’t have restrained him. Certainly they couldn’t have spoken to him. Seen him. Touched him.

“Pretty realistic, eh? They even made it *smell* like you. Don’t ask me how—I’d rather not know—but Gods, look at this! They even got you down to your nads, boy.”

The tiger roughly grabbed the crotch of the unconscious wolf-thing that lay dead on the gurney, and for some reason Gavin expected to feel pain. But he only felt confusion.

The tiger’s paw lingered a little too long on the wolf’s—the *body’s*?—nether regions, tracing the outline of its sheath and then walking his fingers up its stomach and to the opening of the jumpsuit. The warden ruffled the wolf’s—the dead one’s—chest fluff and then patted its cheek.

“It’ll be enough to give your family a funeral. After we’re done with you, they’d have to close the casket. This baby just ties up all the loose ends.”

Gavin finally snapped out of his stupor and looked back up at the tiger, who was presently undoing his belt while grinning devilishly at the bound canine.

“Get that thing out of here,” he commanded, “it sickens me.” The marten (who had supposedly just given Gavin a lethal injection) sighed and wheeled the body—or whatever it was—out of the room through the door Gavin had entered earlier. He couldn’t tell if that had been a sigh of resentment or one of envy. Maybe a resentful envy. Or perhaps instead an envious resent. Possibly, it was all of the above.

With his belt loosened, the warden’s gut was more prominent—jutting out and hanging over his pubic region. He untucked his shirt and loosened his tie, giving him some sort of 1950’s *Honey, I’m home!* appearance. Gavin’s eyes glanced briefly at the loaded pistol that hung flaccidly from the tiger’s waist. It would be just out of reach, yet always on his mind, for the half-hour or so that remained of his life.

“Now, I’m sure I don’t have to tell you,” the warden said matter-of-factly as he began unbuttoning his shirt from the top, “this part isn’t technically protocol. But

*they* don't really care what happens, as long as I get the job done. So, I figured, what's the harm in getting a little something out of it myself?"

The cat removed his shirt and tie and hung them gracefully on one of the drip stands that still lingered by the gurney where Gavin was supposed to have died.

"And, well," he smirked. "It's not like it's anything worse than what you've done to innocents. Think of this as their... final *revenge*."

With this, the tiger lifted the stirrups to which Gavin's ankles had been shackled, and the chair reclined as if the tiger were preparing to perform an abortion. The wolf began to scream as best he could through the muzzle that locked his snout shut.

"Yeah? Is that right? Is that how those kids screamed when you *killed them*? Or was it louder?"

The tiger drew a switchblade from his pocket and flicked the glinting blade open. Gavin froze and immediately stopped struggling in fear of sticking himself on the knife.

"Aw, what's the matter?" The tiger placed a heavy knee on the wolf's chest, making it hard for him to breathe and threatening to pinch his balls with the steel toe of the tiger's boot. The warden then caressed the canine's cheek with the flat edge of the blade. "*Are you scared?*"

He drew the point of the knife across the muzzle, making a clinking sound for each ring of metal it came in contact with.

"I really wish I could know how that *mouth* feels, but even with your teeth capped, I don't trust you. So, we'll have to compromise." He stood up, leaving the canine to gasp for air. "Plus, you'll thank me later for getting you warmed up."

The tiger retreated, then sat down on the gurney to pull off his shiny black boots, gingerly setting them below the drip stand where his clothes hung. His socks were next to come off, black as his shoes, revealing his cracked greyish-pink

pawpads, and releasing the acrid, buttery stench of sweaty pawfur into the air. He rolled the socks up and stuffed them into one of his boots.

The tiger stopped to massage the sore pawpad on his left foot for a moment before standing up and unbuttoning his pants. He turned away from the wolf to do this, as if it would make any difference, then unzipped and removed his bland, pressed khakis, which he then folded neatly and placed on the gurney beside him. He left his belt wrapped neatly into the belt loops. The gun would remain there, along with the keys, forever out of Gavin's reach. The warden was left wearing nothing but his stained white briefs as he walked back over to the vulnerable wolf.

"Now, let's see just how accurate that replica was," he stated, and grasped Gavin by the scrotum as roughly as he had the other Gavin—if one could call it that. The wolf howled—or at least, tried to—but it just came out something like a high-pitched moan.

"You like that, huh?" The tiger loosened his grip and gently massaged the delicate organs through the fabric of the jumpsuit. The wolf's tail swished along the floor in contempt. The tiger's briefs slowly tented and the fabric strained against his barbed erection.

"You're wagging your tail. You must be enjoying this."

The tiger hummed to himself in pleasure as though he were the one being fondled, then moved his fingers to carefully grasp the wolf's thickened sheath.

"Hah. You *do* like it. I bet you're even lipsticking right now. So you may as well just relax, because what comes after I'm done with you won't be as..." he thought to himself for a moment, searching for the proper word as he drew the blade once more, this time from the waistband of his underwear. "*Mericful*," he finished as he flipped the knife open, his dramatic timing on point as always.

The tiger held the flat side of the knife against the wolf, placing it delicately against his crotch. The canine clenched and tightened; he wouldn't be surprised if

his balls had retracted completely into his body. The tip of the blade scratched against the bare base of Gavin's tail, gently enough to scrape his flesh without drawing blood.

With a jerk of his hand, the tiger sliced through the dense fabric. Gavin recoiled and yelped, waiting for the pain and a warm sanguine slickness, neither of which ever came. He was still intact. The tiger used his hefty paws to continue tearing the orange jumpsuit, revealing rugged grey fur and even more rugged prison-issued briefs. The cat then sliced through the briefs on each side of Gavin's crotch, so that he could pull the musky undergarments off of the wolf without undressing him further.

The warden brought the dirty briefs to his face and inhaled deeply. Gavin would've sworn he saw the tiger's turgid cock twitching beneath the fabric.

"Quite a shame we have to put such a virile mutt as you down. But I suppose it was your virility that brought you here in the first place."

He tossed the briefs to the floor, then slowly—but not carefully—cut open the rest of the canine's jumpsuit from his crotch up to his neck. He closed the knife and tossed it carelessly onto the gurney a few feet away from them.

The tiger briefly ran his fingers through the wolf's chest fur as he had done to the replica before turning his attention to the Gavin's crotch, now exposed to the chilly air of the room. Liberated from the warmth of two layers of fabric, Gavin's pouch had shriveled even further, hugging his body to keep from freezing. Above it, his sheath was now full and—as the tiger had predicted—a small pink tip was peeking out from between grey fur, resembling the appearance of a fresh tube of lipstick. Though usually such a term was reserved for elementary school playgrounds and immature middle schoolers.

"See? I *told* you you'd be lipsticking," he chuckled to himself and smiled endearingly, as if he were encouraging a toddler. "Look, you're even leaking a bit."

The tiger touched a finger tip to the canine's cock, causing him to jerk his body at the sudden touch. The warden then held his fingers up to the muzzled wolf's face, rubbing the droplets of pre-cum between his fingers as if to prove the tiger was doing him a favor. Gavin smelled his own arousal and was repulsed by it. He briefly thought about saying something about how arousal did nothing to signify consent, or even enjoyment, but, even had he not been muzzled, he realized how ridiculous it would sound coming from someone who had raped and murdered twenty-one young men—and boys. The tiger licked his fingers clean and continued.

“Now, unfortunately—for you—lube isn't exactly common around here—I'm sure you know that—so, we're just going to have to do it the old-fashioned way.” The tiger swirled his tongue around, puffed and deflated his cheeks a bit, and then spat on his open palm. He placed it up against Gavin's behind, tracing the outline of his pucker with a manicured claw, then smearing the saliva against his opening and the surrounding fur.

“This won't take long,” the tiger admitted, unabashed. He placed each thumb in his waistband, and dropped his briefs to the floor. He stepped out of them, similarly folded them up neatly and placed them on top of his khakis, then returned to face Gavin, standing between his upright legs.

The tiger's cock was nothing too impressive; on the large side for a feline but still a few inches short of the average wolf. Fully erect, Gavin was just shy of nine inches from tip to the base of his knot. For comparison, the tiger seemed as if would only push six inches on a very good day—and if he lost about twenty-five pounds. But the girth—and the barbs that encircled the head—were intimidating to say the least.

The warden must have noticed the uncertainty in Gavin's eyes, because he smiled and said: “Don't worry, you can't even feel them. On the way in.”