

Yes, this one will do, the thing reiterated, approaching the trembling wolf. It stopped, briefly, and examined the canine's ruined tailhole and matted stomach. A forked, black tongue flicked rapidly in and out of its mouth, smelling the wolf—or rather, the mess the tiger had left on him. It hadn't been his imagination, after all. It *did* have a fucking snake tongue.

The creature took a final sniff and shot the tiger a disappointed look, saying nothing. It didn't have to; the cold that the warden felt in his soul was punishment enough. He smiled back awkwardly as the beast turned its attention to the wolf once more.

It opened its horrific mouth, and Gavin saw that it had another long, black tongue—but a *normal* one, almost. Like the one a regular horse might have. Thick, broad, muscular. It was this tongue that the thing stuck out and drew across the canine's testicles, attempting to lick them clean. Gavin briefly wondered where it might hide its other tongue. The long, yet slender serpentine one. But his attention was soon drawn to the frost that was beginning to form on his private parts. Even the creature's *breath* was cold, so much so that any sign of arousal the wolf may have been showing disappeared. Of course, that wasn't the only reason. It's typically quite hard to maintain an erection when your very life is being threatened.

The creature stopped mid-lick and snapped its eyes forward, leaving its tongue out in a way that would have made the wolf laugh had he not been frozen with fear. He wasn't sure what made the thing halt so abruptly, but he was nevertheless hopeful that it would retreat. A worthless hope, however.

The beast reared back on two legs with a whinny, revealing a gargantuan member, thick and throbbing in preparation for its thorough thrusting. Its two front legs came to rest on either of Gavin's shoulders, the bony limbs digging into his

clavicle. It leaned forward and bucked its hips, rubbing its flexing cockhead against the puddle of tepid tiger cum that the beast hadn't bothered to clean up.

So the creature is a he, Gavin distantly thought to himself. But it still *felt* like an *it*.

The wolf once considered himself a top, only having bottommed for the few wolves he'd known who were larger than him and of such orientation. The last time he had done so, however, was in college, a few years before his arrest. This excluded, of course, the tiger that had just finished ravaging him. If that's what you would call it. But *this*... this was nothing like anything he'd ever seen before.

Your average equine was looking at about a foot, foot and half length. Maybe two feet for the larger breeds, though Gavin had never seen living proof. This thing's cock had to have been nearly three feet long. It was a bright, fleshy pink with splotches of midnight black strewn haphazardly along its impressive length. It throbbed, nestled between Gavin's thigh and scrotum, oozing a threatening black liquid from both of its urethras. Or, rather, it appeared to be a second urethra, anyway. That was truly the last thing on the wolf's mind as he imagined his insides being pierced and churned by the beast's behemoth boner.

The beast leaned forward, pulled back, and sunk its teeth into Gavin's shoulder. The warden stepped in to assist.

Its dick was warm compared to the rest of its body, yet still somewhat cold to the touch. The way a dead body might feel if it were only a few hours old. Cold enough to illicit a chill but not cold enough to induce frostbite, as the creature had already done to the wolf's body generously. Protocol stated that any Handler should don protective leather gloves when executing their breeding duties, but the warden just loved the feeling of the creature's leathery cock pulsating in his paws. There had never been any ill effects on the feline from going without gloves—not yet, anyway. As long as he was careful to step away before it finished...

The tiger's strong hands repositioned the thing's erection as it flailed around wildly, trying to make its mark. There was a moment, when it finally did feel the fleshy resistance of Gavin's tailhole, that it paused. The ebony ejaculate the equine emitted served as a proper lubricant—much slicker than the tiger's sparse spittle. But *this* fluid seemed to burn. It was difficult to tell—especially for Gavin, who was almost completely numb by this point—whether it was a burning sensation of heat, or rather a stinging sensation of caustic corrosion. Neither or both, it didn't make a difference to the wolf as he prepared himself for the entrance of the beast. It simply served as a stark contrast to the sub-zero temperatures that the rest of the wolf's body was currently being subjected to—not that it was pleasant in any way.

And then, the beast pushed forward. But it didn't move its head or release its fangs—in fact, they dug in slightly deeper—instead, it cracked its bones and bent its spine at three different uncomfortable places as it pushed the head of its penis savagely into the wolf's hole.

Gavin screamed. The warden—and the creature—smiled. Gavin could feel it smiling with his shoulder in its mouth. The beast seemed to be restraining itself, not pushing far past the first ten inches, as if for some reason did not yet want to kill its prey. It was deep, sure, but not enough to tear through any tissues or linings or whatnot. He was somewhat thankful for this, though wondered if it wouldn't be quicker for him if the thing just pierced his heart with its cock.

The front half of the creature's body stood completely still as its bottom half—haunches, legs, groin—wrecked the wolf recklessly. It was as if there were two separate creatures: one holding him in place while the other one fucked him. Fucked him with an animalistic fervor—the kind of fucking that the word 'fucking' was invented for. The kind of fucking that neither the words 'screwing' nor 'humping' could adequately describe. The warden struggled to stand upright as his torso was jerked wildly about, his hands still firmly grasping the creature's penis,

hoping that the soft pads of his paws would be enough to satisfy the length of the member that was not currently buried in the canine. Though it was really more for his own pleasure.

Gavin's ears and neck tingled as the thing's breath came in staggered huffs; the meat of his shoulder now completely frozen. Conflicting temperatures within him created an indescribable sensation. Freezing and boiling at the same time, like his interior was sublimating—or perhaps had reached its thermodynamic triple point.

Suddenly, a vibrant whinny echoed throughout the hollow room. The lightbulbs exploded all at once, raining shards of shattered glass that tinkled gracefully onto the floor. A hailstorm of sound assaulted Gavin's eardrums. He reluctantly realized what was happening.

The creature was *cumming*. The fangs in the wolf's shoulder sank even deeper, crunching bone and frozen flesh, even piercing a vein or two. His insides were engulfed in immense heat. What he was unaware of was that a venom barb had emerged from the glans of the creature's penis—the true purpose for its second 'urethra'—and injected him with an incredibly strong paralytic. Sadly, it did nothing to dull his pain. He screamed more and more until his vocal cords froze, as stomach acid gurgled into his throat and out of his mouth. It burned his esophagus and, when it began burning his lips and the parts of his cheeks where it had streamed down the sides, he realized there was no way this could be just stomach acid.

The thing had stopped its thrusting as its cock flared, pulsing and throbbing as pints of acidic semen unloaded into the broken wolf. The tiger, who had still not let go of the beast's cock, nearly swooned at the pulse of the thick, muscular organ in his hands. He could feel every jet of cum shooting through the length of the phallus, his own cock stiff once more as he felt the vibrations that accompanied the

organism's orgasm. But when he felt the thing begin to pull out, he quickly stepped back in fear of being splashed and burned.

Its cock slumped lifelessly out of the lifeless wolf. Dark, onyx semen dripped to the floor, sizzling on the linoleum (which had long since been coated with a material resistant to acid). The warden grinned in delight.

You disgust me, it said to the tiger, not even looking up from its prey. The creature's chastisement only made the warden's cock twitch.

Gavin sat moaning, motionless in his chair, despite his insides being nearly liquefied. With one swift, unnatural motion, the beast hooked its horn under Gavin's chin and detached the canine's head from his shoulders. The creature whipped its neck back, launching Gavin's head backwards and showering the room with blood. The head hit the door with a *clank!* and the floor with a *thunk!*, the muzzle still attached. The blood that clung to the ceiling dripped down upon the room as if from a crimson cloud. The same blood that soon coated the shards of glass on the floor, leaving the room sparkling, looking as if there had just been a gentle snowfall on the surface of Mars.

"I wish you'd have told me you were going to do that. I would have put my clothes in the other room."

You should know better by now, the creature said. There was silence as it cocked an ear forward, listening carefully for the moment the acid was finished doing its job and the muffled fizzing stopped. It then lowered its head to Gavin's stomach, easily tearing through the flesh to feast on the foul soup that await inside. It ate with a disgusting noise, its broad, black tongue rapidly reaching out and scooping viscera into its gaping mouth. Its other tongue flicked out periodically, from a space between its nostrils, sniffing its meal to enhance the flavor. Blood oozed from its lashing lips. The warden wasn't much a fan of this part. He really

could do without it, he supposed. His stomach churned, and he wanted to turn away, but did not do so in fear of somehow insulting the beast.

It soon finished feasting on Gavin's gut, and stuffed its snout deep into his ribcage to get at his liquefied heart and lungs. A bit of surprise leftover liver hidden inside delighted the creature. It licked the hollow corpse completely clean, its tongue scraping against bone and cartilage. The thing didn't care much for muscle. Too stringy. Too much protein. It preferred organs and entrails.

The creature raised its head and licked its lips, looking around the room. Its eyes came to rest on the smiling tiger.

"You know, if it wouldn't end in my agonizing death, I'd totally let you fuck me."

Again, the creature sighed, ***you disgust me.***

"Don't act like you wouldn't."

You've seen how low my standards are.

"Is that supposed to be an insult?"

Take off those stupid glasses, and we'll see if you can really handle me.

There was a moment of silence before the warden decided to ignore this and instead questioned: "Do you have to fuck *everything* before you can eat it?"

Of course not. What do you think these fangs are for?

The thing bared its teeth at him.

Besides, we really only need to consume their essence—something you cannot yet comprehend fully. Something you might refer to as a 'soul'. Everything physical that we eat is simply for pleasure.

The tiger thought for a second—(*Then why do they fuck before eating?*)—then figured it was better not to ask. He thought even harder about something else for a second—(*Does the cum make it taste better?*)—then shook that disgusting thought out of

his head. It was just better not to think about it at all. (*What... what does this thing's cum even taste like? It must be incredibly sour.*)

I heard that, said the beast.