

Testing

Irbisgreif

for Annie The Eagle

Description

ANNIE THE EAGLE has been a reliable commissioner and wonderful friend for many years, and I am happy to bring you the latest story they have dreamed up! As with many of their stories, this one is set in their eagle-ruled empire.

Annie's realm consists of a number of different species in a strict hierarchy, with eagles like her at the very top and the bottom being gryphons and humans, which she detests. Somewhere in the middle are nonbirds who are still worthy of some respect, such as dragons. To demonstrate her power, and to entertain herself, she often uses and abuses those below her (everyone). She is especially fond of having her powerful talons worshipped and respected, as is befitting a living deity such as herself.

The eagle enjoys her destruction, and there is a lot of it, including digestion and stomping in this story. In fact, this is one of the more harsh stories I've written in a while, and thus it might not be for everyone. Annie loves hurting things and there's a lot of emotional and physical hurting in this

one. Please exercise caution and self-care when deciding whether or not to read!

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TWENTY dragons and a dozen gryphons shuffled uncomfortably on the floor of the royal execution hall. When the summons had arrived via AquilaOS, each had known that there was no choice but to depart immediately. They had been selected—perhaps randomly or perhaps not—and there was nothing they could do to avoid their fate at Annie's talons. Thus, they arrived and assembled for her amusement, obedient before the indomitable power the eagle held at her wing-tips.

Annie the eagle was utterly resplendent in her unique command-level power armour. The latest and absolute greatest from the foundries of the empire, this suit made Annie look ten-times her normal height—and was keyed uniquely to her to ensure that no other suit was comparable within her kingdom. She completely and totally dwarfed the assembled victims. The greatest feature was the newest. Unlike previous

models, this one was covered with such a thick network of advanced sensors that every step, motion, and touch on the massive armour could be felt as if it were on Annie's body.

This feature was so new, that the eagle felt it required immediate testing. That was why she had summoned the victims. There was no better way to test the intense weapons and technologies of her kingdom than to use them on living, breathing victims. Thankfully, a plentiful supply in the billions of loyal citizens was easy to find. Dragons and gryphons were powerful creatures, and ending a number of them promised to comprehensively test the various destructive features of her armour.

Naturally, there was no question of law, rights, or justice in the matter. AquilaOS had found appropriate subjects for Annie to treat as prey, and they had dutifully supplied themselves, since even being tortured and executed was not the most horrible thing that Annie could do to one of her subjects.

The controls of the suit came fully on-line and established a secure direct mental link to her, ensuring that she would feel everything, see everything, and experience absolutely everything as she tormented those assembled before her. It also ensured that there was no hope of anyone taking control from her in any way—this suit was now a part of and extension of her body, and her deific powers ensured that she was utterly invulnerable against any possible attack.

ANNIE moved slowly in her armour, testing the range of motion and the various sensor packages—thermal imaging, sonar, radar, ultraviolet pictures, and even ladar tracking! Annie pinged and tagged each of her victims, analysing them fully and evaluating their potential threat to the armour suit she was wearing. She shuddered happily as she read off that there was absolutely zero threat from any of the gryphons or dragons, even if they acted in concert. To celebrate, she brought a large boot up and stomped down on one of the dragons—hard.

Exquisitely loud crunching filled the air of the room as the dragon's body gave way to her powerful boot. Despite the vaunted, even legendary strength of a draconic skeleton, it was nothing in the face of Annie's power and might. Bones that could withstand the force of a tank gave way like weak twigs or small pretzels, crumbling to dust in the face of the powerful hydraulics that were bringing a talon-boot down all about their body.

Their identity was ruined instantly as the dragon was converted into a bookmark, smashed flatter than any Friday crocodilian. The extraordinary pain was thankfully fast, ending in a flash as a draconic skull case gave way, smearing dragon-brains across the powerful eagle's foot. The dragon had proved fortunate, his death had taken only moments.

The smell of death was strong and pungent; it filled the otherwise pristine air of the chamber, accentuating just how doomed each and every one of Annie's former sub-

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jects was. Now that they were here with her and she was beginning to work up a strong blood-lust, they were fated to be nothing but prey to her whims, and there was no hope for any of them. The only thing left to do was suffer and die as she taught them that fact.

As the group started up with pleas and begging—attempting to placate the powerful and unstoppable eagle, Annie did not hesitate to bring her other boot down, hard, on a nearby gryphon. Their pleas had come across as insufficient, and in an instant, they were reduced to a smear of gore—their volume converted instantly into a surface area.

The next victim, another gryphon, was not so lucky. The power armour's boot was very strong, but control was also critical. Sadly for the gryphon in question, this meant that Annie brought a boot covered in the entrails of their fellow bird-mammal down onto them with exquisite slowness. The eagle shuddered in sheer pleasure as the gryphon's pleading grew steadily more urgent, then shrill and pained, before finally being joined by a slow grinding and popping sound as bones within the weak creature gave way before Annie's might.

The screaming aroused Annie greatly. There was nothing that accentuated her extraordinary power quite like forcing horrible fates on those around her, directly making their lives worse to entertain her. She loved it. The feeling of superiority flooded her mind with endorphins, and she could not help but pleasure herself as she injured those beneath her.

The other gryphons and the dragons could only watch in horror as their fellow was reduced to a paste with extreme prejudice, their death drawn out as long as possible. One dragon vomited in the corner as the high-pitched shrieks of agony under Annie's boot were slowly joined, then replaced, by wet gurgling sounds.

Annie kept up the slow pace until the gurgling, screaming, and begging had passed their crescendo and been replaced by the sound of metal boot-bottom grinding against metal floor. The lift of her boot was similarly deliberate. She lifted up her shoe and looked over it, admiring the blood and smashed fatty tissue as they dripped slowly off of the bottom; the gore was the only sign that the gryphon had ever lived. Now that sign was ground tight into the large treads on the bottom of her boot—destroyed completely and totally by her immense power.

Her urge to crush some of the lowly creatures sated, the eagle sighed in pleasure and flicked her wings, activating the next systems for testing on her hapless victims. "Pick amongst yourselves and offer me two dragons and two gryphons." There was nothing quite like making the prey betray and fight one another.

Eagles would not have done so, they would have worked together even against the hopeless, but dragons were not eagles and deserved their lower place—they were too individualistic to truly cooperate as birds did.

Gryphons were even worse. Prideful half-breeds, there was no value in the life of any gryphon, anywhere. Annie barely tolerated

them in her realm as a source of plentiful torture-pets. They deserved nothing but agony and misery for a short life.

Annie would see to it that those lives were as short and horrible as possible for the gryphons before her. Just seeing them almost ruined her arousal at her power, but she was able to keep her pleasure flowing with the thoughts of all the things she was going to be able to do to each and every one of them. They were helpless against her in this new armour suit. They would not even stand a chance if she did not have it.

She considered exactly how to demonstrate this to the filth that dared be in the same universe as her.

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SIMMERING, frantic and mostly senseless debate raged as the remaining dragons and gryphons struggled to determine who would be the next to receive the horrible attentions of their exceptionally powerful leader. For her part, Annie simply counted down slowly, adding pressure and fear to the fighting victims.

As she entered the final countdown, the fighting moved from voiced screaming to physical altercations. Desperate to keep themselves alive for even a moment longer, the group began attempting to physically force one-another forward to become their queen's next target.

Annoyed with their lack of organization, Annie immediately selected her targets from the back of the struggling throng, going for the ones that were most animated

by their cowardice and least interested in serving her. Her strike was precise and unstoppable. Within moments, her armour suit's beak had descended down upon those chosen, snapping them up and swallowing each and every one of them whole.

The group was reduced by seven once Annie had completed her ingestive attacks, storing four dragons and three gryphons within the artificial crop of her suit. The seven found that the imprisonment routines were quite enhanced; each was rapidly sealed in their own small sack of rubbery material. Within, the machine rapidly engaged with them, attaching to their wrists and necks, then interfacing with their nervous systems.

This was part of a secondary system based on the neural transfer protocols. The machine was able to link with and follow every thought and whim Annie had while also transferring all of the information of a myriad of sensors to her for her powerful mind to process. It was also naturally able to interface with prisoners and enemy combatants to extract information from them and to control their sensations completely for perfect incapacitation.

The result was seven voices within the power armour screaming in agony as every single nerve ending was activated at once, disabling them completely as the machine began breaking them down and using them as sources of additional power and material for the power armour. No potential advantage was to be wasted during an assault by Annie's unstoppable army, including the

potential advantage of using the enemy's troops against them.

The first order of business was to maintain the functionality of thousands of gearings and hydraulics throughout the machine. To do this, Annie's armour took two dragons and fed them tail first into the gearing and hydraulics within. Unable to resist due to the fiery pain that was incapacitating them, they were simply ground up slowly by the machinery. As their body fat heated and liquefied, it lubricated the machine and allowed it to run faster and hotter, processing the others even faster.

Annie groaned in pleasure at the vibrations, letting the feeling of the popping bones flow from the gearing inside the power armour directly to her sensitive cloaca, making it dribble with the pleasure she felt. The vibrations were perfectly coupled with the multiple camera angles that showed the dragons being slowly ground up into usable paste for her power armour.

Their screams and gurgles, combined with the popping and crunching of their bones filled the air of her control capsule. As she had requested in the design, nothing was left out of her enjoyment. She could smell the iron-filled blood and boiling fats that were flowing throughout the suit, keeping it running in perfect order.

The second goal was to ensure the mental and physical health of the pilot. One gryphon, selected at random, found themselves with just a bit of purchase, slipping a talon fortuitously against the rubber and a big of metal behind it, piercing their sack open and gaining the opportunity to strug-

gle out of that doomed space. Struggling and screeching with the pain the armour was putting them through, they slowly and carefully navigated upwards, fleeing the digestive chambers without thinking about their compatriots in the slightest. They pressed their body upwards through the tight spaces in the armour, trying to escape through the way they had come in.

It was rare to find even a glimmer of hope when under Annie's attention, and if the gryphon was not writhing in agony as they struggled, they would have thought more carefully about why they were being allowed to climb back up. Forcing their way along, the gryphon made it only halfway up the throat before they felt themselves suddenly and violently shunted—as if they had been swallowed again down a separate oesophageal path. The half-bird found themselves forced into a small chamber, face to face with Annie the Eagle herself.

There was no speaking. The screams as she pecked out the gryphon's eyes and strangled him with one taloned foot while the other slowly tore the weakling apart were broadcast throughout the room via the control capsule's transmitter. The gryphon never had a chance, the machine had released them deliberately and directed them to their talons-on date and fate with the insatiable eagle.

The gryphon was slowly torn to shreds by Annie directly. Nothing could stop the angry, aroused eagle as she took out her righteous hatred of all gryphons on the body of the one that had been dumped in the control capsule with her. His very existence as

a living, thinking being was an affront to all bird-kind, and all gryphons deserved nothing but brutal genocide for their disgusting crimes against nature. Annie made absolutely certain to ensure that her prey felt exactly how she felt about him as she ripped out his limbs and chunks of his flesh, rendering him a bloody, sopping pile of wasted meat.

Annie laughed, a high pitched and shrill sound. It was hard to enunciate just how wonderful hurting a gryphon felt. Having gotten talons-on, she was now covered in the blood of her victim as they were pulled from the control capsule as an 'intruder' and crushed like the two dragons had been. Her personal blood-lust sated, she gave the command to process the others in the artificial crop of the power armour. That done, she sat back and set the suit to pleasure her maximally. Making love felt nice, but the sheer exhilaration of being absolutely powerful over others was a far greater aphrodisiac. It was one that Annie was making maximum use of, grinding her cloaca eagerly as she watched—and felt—the power armour get to work.

The remainder found themselves digested less mechanically, but the spray of special chemicals—acids and enzymes—ensured chemical action remained strong in reducing the struggling, sobbing gryphons and dragons down to the useful chemical goo that would power the suit through the destruction of the remaining victims.

Annie dipped a feather in the pools of gryphon blood all around her and brushed it along her dripping cloaca, watching the

struggling forms of her victims as they were slowly melted into supplies for the functioning of the suit. Eyes and ears gave way especially fast, as did genitalia—melting in the powerful chemical cocktail the suit used.

Annie's cloaca winked in pleasure as the loud slurping and glorpings sounds of the digesting prey reached her ears. Screams could not reach her except through the microphones, but the sound of siphoning juices that were formerly her victims could be heard both in the speakers and directly as they flowed throughout the pipes surrounding the control deck. Annie found herself squirting a little bit of avian juices from her cloaca at the thought of their suffering.

The eagle even got a taste, as the chemical goo was carefully designed to be edible, nutritious, and even delicious as well as eminently useful for the suit. The eagle enjoyed the flavour, tasting a lovely blend of dragon and gryphon as the remaining victims found themselves finally expiring in their digestion sacks.

So far, the machine was meeting and exceeding all the goals she had set for it, and she was eager to give a complete and comprehensive test of the one feature she had looked forward to beyond all others. Breathing heavy with how powerful she felt over the innocent and vulnerable remaining few, she began to pull off the boots on the suit to reveal the talon assembly beneath—an extremely accurate model of her own talons.

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A PPEALING to Annie had proven useless, and the remaining ones despaired as they saw the boots removed. The regal eagle loved her boots and using them to torment her victims, their removal meant that it was guaranteed that she intended to torment them brutally using her powerful talons.

She proved that assessment correct as she lay each boot on the floor with the top open and pointing towards the wall the subjects were pressing against in a vain hope of escape. Her wings flapped rapidly, and directed all but three gryphons into each of the boots. Dragons in one, gryphons in the other. Tilting the boots up after filling them, leaving the occupants trapped inside.

The only thing left was to test the quality of the sensory transference between the power armour's feet and her own glorious talons. She began with the right boot, filled with dragons. Her talons covered up the exit and slowly began pushing down into the cavernous space, filling it up as the dragons rushed to find places to hide from the advancing talon. Their scales felt soft and supple to Annie's talons as she enjoyed directly the feeling of slowly forcing her foot into the boot filled with living, breathing, terrified scaly.

Eventually, they ran out of space. First one, and then each and every one of the remaining dragons began to compress and break with a lack of remaining space. As they screamed and scrunched inside the boot, their blood began to fill them. Shortly after, they began to really pop, filling the waterproof boots with their guts. The feel-

ing was transferred absolutely perfectly to Annie's body, and it made her talons flex and stretch in pleasure, shuddering with every sensation that flowed from the dead and dying dragons in her right boot.

A flex of her toes sent a wave of blood and gore up the boot liner, washing out over the top to dribble down the sides, staining the dark artificial leather compound a deep crimson. Dragon blood was unlikely to wash out, but Annie was likely to crush so many this way that there would be little need to even try and remove the staining.

She could hardly contain her desire as she pulled her left boot on, slowly subjecting the gryphons within to the same fate as the dragons before. The screaming was more and more frantic and shrill, as bird-like beaks and trachea exhausted themselves in fear at a much higher pitch than the dragons had used.

Feathers tickled the eagle's talons, and the soft feeling of them rubbing along against them made Annie coo in delight. For the gryphons inside her boot, it was horrible, having talons grinding them into slowly smaller and smaller places, tearing feathers out by the root and slowly breaking their bodies down.

The gryphons were helpless against the power armour's relentless assault. Hollow bones intended to aid the half-birds in flight were easy to shatter, and there was a wave of popping and shattering with each and every flex and shudder of Annie's talons. That popping, like the bubbles of a carbonated beverage, rippled through the mechanical talons destroying the gryphons, and

by extension, rippled through Annie's own talons, feeling like a wonderful massage against her feet as she slowly laced the boots and then stood up fully, crushing the life of the last remaining boot-occupant survivors.

The smell of blood filled the air from Annie's boots, the remains of her victims were pooling and flowing pleasurably around her talons, and she squeezed her thighs together as she came, spraying a powerful orgasm from the only thing that gave her true pleasure—hurting those who were beneath her. Of course, everyone was beneath her.

Annie surveyed her boots as she took a few tentative steps. Each boot-fall squished delightfully, and she could see as blood and gore seeped from the tight lacing that held the boots safely against the suit's talons. Bile, blood, and ichor gushed when she stomped, flowing freely across the shoes and forming a huge puddle in the center of the floor.

She eyed the few remaining victims and began setting up her 'grand finale', preparing to show the culmination of her potential wrath. She wriggled her talons in the masses of gore that used to be subjects within her boots, revelling in the squishy pleasure their bodies gave her. "Ready to die, filthy halfbirds?"

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PERHAPS she felt teasing, or perhaps it was true malice, but Annie did not give the few remaining gryphons a chance to respond before she fired at each

of them, illuminating each with a different one of her combat lasers.

The first was the most fortunate, hit by the high-powered laser, their body instantly turned to white-hot gas and dissipated, leaving a small puddle of molten steel flooring where they had stood due to the residual heat. Their death had been so fast, they had not even had a chance to squawk or complain before they had simply ceased to exist.

The others, hit by less powerful beams, had time to suffer. Perforated by the scattered lasers, they lay on the floor, breathing deep, gurgling breaths while their blood oozed slowly from laser-cauterised wounds.

Annie surveyed the damage, admiring the cooling puddle of steel and enjoying the fate of the Annie-hilated gryphon that had stood there. Meanwhile, the others crawled about, trying to move to safety. There was none, no cover against the second wave of lasers that left the room filled with beaked groans and bubbling pleas for Annie to end the lives that she so clearly could destroy at a moments notice.

She flexed her talons in the gore of her boots again, enjoying the rushing feeling of shredded meat flowing across her scales. Then, she fired again, making sure that each shot-gunned burst remained non-lethal to prolong the horror for the remaining few playthings. The targeting system was perfect, not a single beam was errant and all of them missed every head and heart, ensuring that the damage build-up on the gryphons was slow and deliberate with each salvo.

The poor things rolled in misery while Annie watched with glee, admiring the destruction to their wings, bellies, legs, arms, and chests. Each spasm in their bodies as they lay there led to smears of blood across the floor, and the slowly growing mess resulted in less and less coherent movement due to how wet the floor was becoming.

Annie smiled as the robot slowly rearranged its settings at her command. With just a blink of her eyes, a final salvo went out, finally ending the lives of the wretched half-birds writhing on the floor before her. Each with a hole right in the middle of their head, draining out grey matter slowly as their bodies twitched and grew still.

The royal eagle found the weaponry on this power armour to be 100% effective.

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PREENING a feather that had gotten loose while she was excited inside the control unit, Annie let the power armour clean up. The melted part of the floor was quickly reformed, the corpses and smears of blood around the room were lasered away into vapour, and the smears of gore both inside and outside the boots on her suit were heated to thousands of degrees and disintegrated.

With all physical signs of the victims having existed taken care of, Annie turned to the more ephemeral signs of their existence. First, of course, was the AquilaOS records of their lives, which were completely expunged. With that done, those who had arrived today to be terminated had simply never existed in society.

Of course, Annie was not about to leave any signs or records around. Physical copies of their existence were in the minds of friends, family, and co-workers. All were scheduled for termination in one of Aquilarum's many busy execution centres. They would prove good entertainment on the 'deaths of enemies of the state' channels—always popular with the aquiline upper classes of the empire.

With that out of the way, as the execution orders would be handled by AquilaOS and carried out by her efficient justice system, Annie decided that all that remained was to reward the suit's designer. Naturally, he knew if it had any weaknesses, and was currently being tortured in the central torture spire at the pitiable and horrific 'F' level to ensure that he revealed anything about the design that might leave the user vulnerable. He had not done so yet, but Annie wanted to make sure. Still, he deserved some reward, so Annie kindly removed the planned executions of *his* friends and family.

Of course, he would eventually break completely and reveal the weaknesses he had considered too unimportant to fix, failing that, he would discover the weaknesses he had never realized existed in a desperate attempt to escape the constant intense tortures. Naturally, once the suit was absolutely provably mathematically perfect, he would finally be granted the escape of an execution—once he had been tortured for some time more for having dared make the mistakes he had made.

Annie now had a clear day ahead of her, and reclassifying a few hundred potential

prisoners at the torture spire had given her the thought of flying over there to enjoy some prisoners personally. She dismounted the armour and left it to recharge, and then gracefully departed the testing facility.

She had a human at the torture spire who had not seen her for some time, and she needed to make sure that he still screamed as exquisitely as he had when his torment began a millennia ago. Perhaps a new agony was in order to ensure that he was not growing accustomed to his fate.

There was another that deserved a visit. The one and only human that was worthy of feeling anything good. Her violent heart melted the moment she thought of him, and she considered how nice it might feel to have her talons cleaned by his dutiful, attentive tongue. Perhaps even a hug was in order, letting him feel the warmth and softness of her feathers wrapped around him.

Annie smiled, curling her beak slightly. She had some good ideas for both of them. She could not wait to give them all a try.

