

Dollhouse of Doom

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for Nightmare The Stallion

Description

NEVER before have I written a story with some of these themes in it, so I suppose it's extra important to point a big hand at the fact that this story contains some heavy stuff and you may not want to read it. It's a snuff story with some pretty brutal deaths. The last method involves scat even, so you *really*, **really**, REALLY want to skip the last section if you don't like scat. Seriously. I find all kinks wonderful but I don't like it when people are uncomfortable. There's snuff on every page too, by the way. This is a snuff story. Nightmare the Stallion asked for this one under the April discount program. 30% off, so it was \$7.00 a page, total \$42.00 instead of \$60.00 at \$10.00 per page.

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The Dollhouse

LOOKING over my prisoners, I could only smile. Each of them was perfect. Nightmare, the stallion that had been a thorn in my side for

so long, had not only fallen into my trap, but also drawn the rest of his team of misfit fifth-rate backwater heros along with him! They sat there, waiting to see what I, Red-Tail, had planned for them. I looked at each: Faux Pas, the fox thief; Drakonon, the cyber-dragon; Laugh Track, a hyena with a penchant for heroic pranks; Runner, the mouse that could not be stopped; and Nightmare, the stallion leader of the group.

"Hello, my pretties." I let the word sink in as I evaluated the gagged group. Each was dressed for their fate, and was nervously examining themselves and their compatriots.

I walked to each of them, tapping them on the head. "I'll have you each know, this is the end for you, this volume." More squirming, perfect.

"I can't wait to see how I get you next volume, boys... or should I say girls?" So predictable was Nightmare, the stallion was getting hard already.

I left the room, chirping happily to myself as knock-out gas incapacitated them. Each would be delivered to their lonely death.

Five to go.

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Faux Pas

My pretty little fox-sissy squirmed in her lacy, pink dress; she was utterly helpless. The poor fox looked around the room, seeking the exit, looking highly disturbed to find that one did not exist. There had been one once, but now the exit was bricked up. A camera high up on the wall watched her as she stood, and looked around the empty room.

The poor little sissy was dressed in cute, wide, hot-pink skirt supported by a very faint pink petticoat. Above that, a tight corset under a hot-pink blouse completed the fox's clothing. The fox was also well accessorised, cute pink ribbons in the fox's hair, on the fox's tail, tall pink socks, and small pink shoes. The fox was dizzy from how much *pink* there was. However, worst of all were the big bowed mittens to make it impossible to undress.

I spoke to my little sissy gently, "You're never leaving your room, you're grounded forever for being bad, but you have a choice! You can starve to death, or... turn around."

The fox did so—fun timing, there was no audio feed—and gasped. A hot pink gallows stood there, there was a stool and a pre-made noose. Faux Pas realized the choice she was being given. My skirt was up already, and I was rubbing myself eagerly as the dolled-up fox began to debate her options.

Of course, she resisted for a bit. First she was waiting on her comfy little bed, then she was looking around the room for a secret exit. There was none, of course—a

fact that sent a nice spike of pleasure up my spine.

I spoke to no-one in particular, "Come on, little girl, you know what you have to do."

Eventually, the little foxsissy began to cry, realizing just how bad the situation was. There was no hope of rescue with the whole team captured, there was only death in the fox's future, and the only option the little sissy had was how to die. Faux Pas, once a master thief and now just a little girl, climbed up into the noose, sobbing still, and kicked off the stool.

She did not die well. The fox kicked and jerked, dancing in the air, regretting her decision the moment she started to strangle. It was not a painless, or dignified death, and the fox was learning that first-hand.

Her mittened hands rubbed over her neck, trying desperately to find purchase on the noose to save her life, but the thick gloves made it impossible for her to escape. Slowly, her eyes bulged and her kicking slowed, her brain was being denied oxygen it needed for her to live. Her lungs were no-doubt burning fiercely as she asphyxiated at the end of the rope.

Her eye make-up was running, and her cute petticoat was now damp where she had pissed herself in pain and fear. None of that changed her overall sissy look. Steadily, her arms drooped, she was losing control of her body. Not long after her arms fell to her sides, she stopped moving except to twitch as the noose destroyed her.

One down. Four to go.

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Drakonon

WITH her mind reduced down to the level of the dumbest and most shallow level possible without forgetting to breathe, the dragon-bimbo I had created walked sluttily down the hallway. The dragon had always been the very picture of masculinity, but that had been easy to change.

She had cried, of course, as she was dressed up in the most slutty white leather harness I could obtain. She cried and whined even more as I expanded her breasts and ass, making both enormous while taking away from her belly to give her a toned, sultry look.

However, changing that bimbo's body was not the fun part. The fun part was the mind scrambler. I demonstrated it for her before slipping it on—I have never heard someone beg so much before! Do not worry though, I was merciless and set it as slow as possible.

The helmet went to work steadily, boring holes in the side of her head as she screamed. A small panel over her face slipped a tube up her draconic muzzle, and then the process began. Small brushes pushed into her skull and began whirring softly, breaking up brain matter and destroying the bimbo's brain. Her intelligence dropped rapidly right before her eyes. Literally. A bloody goo ran out the tubes in her nostrils and was collected as her brain was destroyed.

It took about twelve minutes to make her mindless, and only a couple of minutes of

suggestion after that to get her believing she was, and always had been, the ditzy slut I needed. After that, she just stumbled off down the hall in the direction of "some fun" I had told her about.

I did not even need to coerce her or guide her. Her one-track mind found the dildo room, and immediately she pressed her rump up against the massive dildo in the side wall.

I stood in the doorway, shaking my head as the former genius male twerked her ass over the huge shaft, not caring at all that the silicon was stiffened by a long metal pole. She moaned, faintly at first, but then slowly louder as the dildo stimulated her prostate roughly. I could see what mentality she had left fading rapidly as she worked herself on that shaft.

She was reaching orgasm, totally unaware that she would never reach it. I waited until she began to huff with impending release, then pressed a small button near the door.

A loud pneumatic bang filled the room as the stiffening-rod was fired forward several feet, coming out the surprised dragon's neck. Not perfect, I had hoped for it to come out her mouth, but close enough.

The trauma made the dragon twitch. She could not scream due to the damage to her throat, but clearly she was surprised by the sudden pain replacing pleasure. Her body twitched twice, then slowly slid off the pole and onto the floor, where she gurgled softly, drowning in her own blood as she bled out.

Two down. Three to go.

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Laugh Track

SH^E was dressed more conservatively than the other victims, but the schoolgirl hyena I had trapped was no less frilly, or doomed. The prankster slowly stood, found that the space she was in was about a foot too short for her, and squatted down, frowning.

Outside her little 'box', I stood, watching her playfully via one-way mirrors in a dark room around her bright container. She had no idea I was so close as she tapped the walls of her confinement, searching for a way out.

When she found none, she turned to herself, checking to see if she had any equipment left on her. She did not. A tool-belt of frustrating prank equipment and cargo pants full of small explosives had been replaced with a blue bloomers in a knickerbockers style. Her shirt was no longer the combat vest she normally wore, but was instead a baggy unisex shirt in the same blue color as the pants. Were it not for the braiding and bows in the hyena's hair, she might even be able to pass off as a he still.

She tapped the glass of the walls around her again, then sat down, frowning and trying to figure out where she was. She folded her legs in, rubbing her chin, and then—finally—noticed what was going on. She had compacted herself without thinking, but still had the same clearance from the walls as before.

She froze, staring at the walls, watching as the inch of room she had on all sides gradually shrank down to a half inch. That

schoolgirl was clever, it did not take her long to extrapolate what was going to happen.

Such a manly voice my schoolgirl had as she begged, not that it would matter much in a moment anyway. She began pressing on the walls, a useless gesture given the strength of the drives that were pressing down on her. I turned up the speed slightly, not wanting to spend *all day* watching this.

She shrieked and began curling around herself, trying to get as much room as she could. She would press out at the walls and ceiling whenever she was able, helpless to stop the relentless compression that was bearing down on her. Eventually, her muscles could find no more ways to press outward, and she could do nothing but beg, plead, and whine as the box compressed her into the smallest space possible.

I could hear the drive picking up as it applied more force, and the scream as bones began to pop—a surprisingly soft sound when muffled by compacted flesh—was beautiful. The symphony of yelling soon died down as the air was forced from the hyena's lungs, and the room was left with nothing but the soft popping of bone, after bone, after bone giving way inside the schoolgirl's body. Blood ran out the tiny gaps in the walls, compressed out of the girl's body. There was a slightly louder crunching noise—the skull no doubt—and then just the soft trickle of blood draining from the press.

Three down. Two to go.

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Runner

MICE, even infants like mine, are not the most fortunate of creatures, often they simply have to out-breed predators. Little mouslings all over the world learn daily know what it means to end up as prey. My baby was about to discover just that.

She had resisted, of course, as I stripped her down naked and trussed her up like an infant. The idea of the 'fastest mouse alive' being dressed as a baby did not please her very much. I spanked her for her disobedience, then slipped her diaper on. A nice, puffy and crinkly, pure white thing that matched her mittens and booties well.

Then, to make sure she behaved herself, I made sure to bind her arms and legs carefully so that she was immobile unless crawling—a locomotive system far less speedy than running.

My pet python, a massive creature named Reyo, was waiting for us as I carried her down the hall, cooing softly at her as she bit her little pacifier-gag in anger. However, when she saw Reyo and began to squirm, no doubt realizing that she was a little feed mousling!

Realizing her fate did nothing to help save her therefrom. I set her on the ground and stood back, watching as Reyo circled around her, trapping her before moving in to strike. She was helpless to stop the python as he wrapped her up.

I stared into her eyes as the snake held her in place, squeezing her tight. She burred something as best she was able around the

pacifier, and then there was nothing but undulating scales. The snake was swallowing her alive, head first.

Her body quivered in its bindings—all digestible plastics, of course—as the snake worked his way over her body. Slowly, steadily sucking her down into his gut. Soon, my pet was able to unwrap itself and focus directly on consuming his meal. Her hips and legs vanished, followed by the tip of her cute tail and its digestible pink ribbon.

I rubbed the outline of the mousling in the snake's scales as peristalsis pushed her down into the python's belly. That sure made the little bulge squirm. I think she disliked having acid sprayed up into her face by the waiting digestion chamber. I also suspect she did not care for how the snake's ribs compressed her down, squeezing her ruthlessly.

I sat there with my pet, caressing the bulge of the mousling inside him as gently as possible while she slowly slowed and stopped moving. Within a few hours, she was visibly softened. After that, it was just a matter of time as she was pressed out and converted from mouse remains into a thick slurry of nutrients for my pet.

It seemed a fitting fate for a mouse that had been so hard for anyone else to catch. She was trapped and reduced to nothing. I smiled and kissed my pet and spoke to him of future tastes. I could still smell the remnant of the mouse on his breath.

Four down. One to go.

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Nightmare

MORE than any other, I hated Nightmare. The stallion had been a frustration towards my plans everywhere I turned. His companions were annoyances, but Nightmare often managed to strike and damage the very heart of my operations!

I had saved the worst fate for this ballerina. His pastel spandex tights and tutu—pink like most of my dolls—looked beautiful, as did his carefully laced, red, leather shoes. Converse makes such good ballerina flats.

I rubbed between her ears, smiling at her as she tried to figure out why she was masked the way she was. No doubt after seeing the videotapes of her friend's deaths, she was concerned with what creative, horrible way I had decided to terminate her.

I rubbed her throat, sat down, and began talking to her as she squirmed against her bindings. "Now, in a moment, I'm going to go into the control booth and seal this room. And I'm going to press a button, and down that nice tube leading to your mask is going to come your last meal. Enough of it to drown you."

She eyed me, no doubt wondering why I'd pick such a simple method as drowning. Before returning to the booth, I attached a small 'flavorizer' to her mask. "A Tabasco/Sirracha blend, I think you'll like it. It'll give you little bursts of spice with your dinner."

I walked away, leaving the nervous horse in place. The door closed behind me and

I started up the force-feeding system. A nightmare for Nightmare. The stallion started screaming the moment his dinner came rushing down the tube. The flavorizer happened to have a leak and had sprayed his eyes. Then, as his screams were muffled by his muzzle being filled, he realized where the feed system was connected—the city sewer.

More than any of the others, he strained against his restraints as a bitter mash of (occasionally spicy as all hell) fæces and urine was forced into his mouth. He'd never tasted or smelled something so horrible in all his life.

His throat pulsed with each forced swallow as he struggled to get free, but there was no mercy. His bindings were far too strong and the machine was relentless. Every instinctive and gut-wrenching swallow was intended to clear the filth out of the way and permit him to breath, but there was always another load of loads for him to consume.

I shook my head, chuckled softly, and left him. The horse would be dead soon enough. I stretched my wings as I walked down the hall to the recording room. I watched his monitor and smiled as his body jerked, drowning in sewage. He died, his eyes glazed over in horror and unresponsive to the sprays of hot sauces, and I picked up the recordings and left.

Five down.

Best. Volume. Ever.

