

Three Dead Fores

A. Donat Aloß von Graumolfe

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The Last Gasp

Presents

Three Dead Foxes

A Collection of Three Erotic Furry Snuff
Stories for the Highly Disturbed Mind

Written by

A. Donat Mox von
Grauwolfe

Book Information

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Forward



get the honour of helping to make this set of stories available for all to read. I've been in snuff fandom for years and years, and have slowly started to create my own stories. In this case, I now get the chance to share another's stories for you all to enjoy. The author would like to remain more anonymous, so I feel honoured that I get the chance to post it. Inside are three stories of a more rough, realistic nature, and hopefully those that enjoy the more rougher aspects will quite enjoy these. While not my normal thing, variety is the spice of life, after all, and hopefully many will enjoy these stories.

—*The Last Gasp*
Publisher

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Introduction

his book is a collection of erotic furry snuff stories, and is inappropriate for those under the age of 21 or for those under the legal age required before pornography can be viewed in whatever part of the world you are in.

It is also likely that there are restrictions on the distribution of such materials. I strongly recommend that you be sure that you are not violating the law while sharing this book; however, please forward the book to those who would enjoy its contents. This book is for sharing, not hoarding.

Keeping with the tastes of the author, every victim in this story is a young gay anthropomorphic twink for and every

death involves gay acts and humiliation. These are neither nice snuff or snuffie. That is to say, the acts are non-consensual executions for petty crimes and involve suffering. Every victim is depicted actually losing their life, there is no afterlife or recreation for any of them. Their deaths (breaking on the wheel, stoning, and sawing) are messy, horrific, painful, and sexualized for the enjoyment of the reader.

Keep in mind that these are fictional accounts. There are not talking foxes in the real world, and no sapient being should be subjected to death of any form, whether as horrible as those here depicted or any other way. Use of this book as a source of ideas for a real-world deaths are not only discouraged, but prohibited by every civilized nation and culture.

The victims, killers, and death methods were not selected to represent any specific persons, ethnicities, races, or places. They were not selected to condone hatred of gay or lesbian persons. The setting is a fictionalized furry medieval Europe only because the methods selected are all medieval European execution methods. Some fictional devices and methods are employed in the sexualization of the deaths.

The stories include death, gay sex, humiliation, bondage, bestiality, psychological and physical torture, gore, and societal condoning of the previously listed, so if you do not wish to read

these stories or would be offended by them, please do not read them. Get mad at whoever sent you this book, not the fact that such a book exists.

Each story is in the first person (the perspective of the victim), told in the past tense, and begins right before the victim is brought to the place of execution and ends with the death of the victim. The stories are written in a sensationalist and experiential style which will be familiar to most readers of pornographic writing or to those who have studied literature (especially American) from the 1790s to the 1890s.

—*A Donat Altes von Grauwolfe*
Author

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Chapter I

Geradert

In which a for is raped by a mule then broken
on the wheel and left to suffer for the crime of
theft

 had gotten no sleep yet. Somehow it did not seem to matter if I bothered to sleep the night before my execution. The warden came by and opened the door to my cell, and the two guards with him came in. After weeks of beatings and little-to-nothing to eat, I did not really care any more. There's only so much resistance in any for, and I was not exactly known for resisting much anyway. Ironically, all it had taken to get me condemned to

death was to steal a mule, not even a horse, from a noble, but my time right now was not to be spent on musings and thought.

The two lupine guards grabbed my arms and dragged me out of the cell, carrying me towards the front of the prison. It's said that despite having the smallest prisons, Lower Sagland never had problems with space to put it's prisoners. Considering that the sheriffs had the authority to judge and sentence you when they put you in, it was not hard to see why.

The two guards forced me to stand on the sentencing platform before the crowd, the sheriff had already worked them up to a fervour with the executions before me. Every Friday, at least six furs walked up onto this platform to die, I was the last, number seven, for the day, and judging from dead stoat and weasel dangling from the gallows, the twitching impaled wolf, and the gutted bear, and three unidentifiable burnt masses, he had promised the most entertaining death for last. Personally, all I knew is that I would no longer exist soon.

The sheriff held his hands up and called for quiet, a command which was instantly obeyed. Long life and the entertainment of watching people die every week did not come from disobeying one's betters, after all. Once the crowd had settled down, he called out, „The final cur to die today shall be this for! He is sentenced to die for the crime of stealing livestock from

the Duke of Lower Sargland!“

I just stood there, a mule was still livestock after all, though the theft had really just been a cover for—

„Now, we all know this fog! We know his habits and behaviours! A male fog who seeks, not to deflower young virgins, but to be deflowered by duke's sons!“

Oh, this wasn't good. Duke Reinhardt had changed the law nearly a century ago, but the sentencing for those like me still included some pretty brutal additions.

„Therefore, the duke and his son have seen fit to add greatly to this fog's sentence! We have not executed one like this fog in nearly six months, and I promise a show just as good as then!“

I thought back to how that rabbit had screamed and shuddered, people's idea of a good show when one of us was up here was to see us raped before we were killed. That was the way it was everywhere. I tried to take a step back, for to be hanged as a thief was bad enough. If they were to start playing with me first; I did not think I could handle it.

The two guards had their swords drawn already, and had pushed me forward to the centre of the stage. Silently, they cut the cords holding my clothes on, leaving me totally naked in

front of the crowd. The sheriff was not even looking at me, but knew I'd just been undressed.

„Since this for was caught trying to steal livestock, we thought we'd entertain you by allowing you to see the position we caught him in.“

No! Not like that! They didn't do that to people! I could see the look of confusion in the crowd, but they didn't know that I was found after tripping **under** the mule! They couldn't have me raped by an animal like that, surely they wouldn't! My eyes darted about to see a handler leading the mule onto the stage and my heart sank. Dying was awful enough, but for my last moments to be the crowd jeering as I was made to be a toy for an animal. It was simply too much. I sank down to my knees and called out to the sheriff, „Please! Have mercy! Just kill me, don't do **that!**“

The crowd fell deathly silent, and the sheriff was not pleased. The condemned were not supposed to steal the show from the executioner. I shuddered as he turned to face me. His face was squared; his mouth held shut tightly. This was not a wolf who was used to being interrupted.

The two guards moved forward to correct the problem instantly, grabbing me roughly and tying rope around my muzzle to shut me up. They tied more rope around my legs and arms

and forced me to kneel before the sheriff, who pointed at me while turning back to the crowd, „Well, since this little fox is a coward, we shall not only give you all a show, we shall give you two! Guards! Bring me the wheel and hammer!“

The crowd gasped and I, helpless, started to cry. Not only would I be treated like an animal here in front of everyone, but I would also be killed in the most humiliating and painful way known! I looked to the burnt lumps and hanging bodies and envied them, even the wolf who had just stopped twitching on the pike had been lucky compared to me.

The sheriff waved his hand and the guards pushed me over and yanked my tail into the air as the mule was led to me. I gave up and shuddered, tears rolling down my eyes. There was nothing I could do but accept it, nothing to do but give in and hope I passed out or died too soon.

That was the thought going through my head as the mule was convinced to step over me; I could hear the crowd beginning to laugh riotously. It was not often that they were treated to such a show as this, and there was not a single one in the crowd feeling an ounce of pity for me. Considering that—for all they knew—I was simply a dirty thief who had tried to rob their noble lord, it was to be expected.

I could feel my lungs aching from my endless sobbing as

the mule's body passed over my own, it did not take him long to get the idea for what was desired, and he was soon very erect. Unfortunately, the sheriff's plan for my torment was somewhat interrupted. Try as they might, they simply could not get the mule's cock inside of me.

I thought, for a moment, that I might be spared that humiliation, but I could not see behind me, where the sheriff had already solved the problem of how to force the issue. I did not hear him move, but I definitely felt as his dagger slammed into my ass. The pain was beyond screaming.

The sheriff had figured that if I was not loose enough, he would just have to relive the pressure. The crowd laughed again, especially as now there was no way for me to resist as the mule mounted me. I could feel my blood running down my legs as the mule carried the injury further and further into me. It was clear that regardless of what happened now, I would surely die.

Not that the sheriff was interested in my death occurring any time soon. He was—first and foremost—a showman, and he was clearly determined to put on a show this week. I could only gag and scream as the mule pounded into my backside repeatedly.

The sheriff had the wheel brought around in front of me

where I could see it, and he lifted up the sledge and took a few practice swings, trying his best to keep the crowd's attention. It wasn't easy, given the large amount of blood, entrails, and faces leaking horribly out my backside.

It didn't take long before there was also mule cum leaking out as well. I had become accustomed to long, gentle, friendly sexual sessions with my lover, and the speed, ferocity, and injury caused by this encounter were not at all pleasant. I think the sheriff had expected me to get off as well—or something—but it wasn't like that mattered. Still, he seemed disappointed as the mule pulled off me and walked to the side.

I was untied and dragged to the wheel, powerless to resist the guards as they lay my arm across a spoke. The sheriff, without another word, brought the sledge down onto my arm, snapping through it with an audible 'pop'!

The crowd laughed.

The hammer came up and down again, this time onto my upper arm. The pain was so severe I couldn't even feel it, just a dull ache. My right arm—snapped in twain both upper and lower—was slowly threaded through the spokes. The sheriff repeated the process on my left arm, and the guards threaded it through as well. It wasn't long before my limbs were

all crushed beyond recognition, and threaded through the spokes, binding me to the wheel.

I must have passed out, since the next thing I can remember was the wheel being placed atop a high pole, where anyone could see the thief who'd just been broken. That's when the pain really set in. For nearly three days, I could do nothing but moan softly in my agony as the life slowly left my body. When I finally died, it was a mercy and I happily embraced the end of my existence.

*

Chapter 2

Gesteinigt

In which a fox is castrated and then stoned to death for the crime of hunting in the royal forest

As I was led out of the prison that afternoon, the other prisoners hounded me. Each one of them had already been told my sentence, but as was normal in Eastphalaine, nobody had told me. It was obvious, of course, that I would be killed, since I had been caught seeking game on royal property. What I was not sure of was how the king had ordered me killed, or, before I was taken out of the prison, when.

I figured it would probably not be pleasant. The king was trying to live up to his father, who had been called „the

Hard-hearted“. When hardness-of-heart is something you are trying to live up to, it's not too likely that you will have mercy on someone hunting illegally.

The warden and twelve guards took me into the forest near the prison, forcing me a ways out into a clearing. This was not a good sign, most executions were public, if they were going to do something privately, that meant it would probably be something that the public would not want to see.

The group, about twenty wolves and bears, formed a circle around me, leaving me in the middle of the clearing, and the warden spoke out, „You really should not have been hunting illegally on the king's land. The king made a special request for what we should do with you. I hope you were not planning on dying a man.“

I blinked and looked about at all of them, and saw that three of them were carrying rope, and one of them, a wicked curved knife that I knew was the kind used for gelding horses. I shook my head, „W-w-wait. . . d-doesn't the law f-f-f-f-f-forbid that?“ I cursed my stutter and tried to back away from the bear with the knife.

Unfortunately, there were simply too many around me. One wolf came up behind me and slipped his arms up and grabbed me, holding me tight while a wolf and bear each grabbed

my legs and spread them wide for the knife wielding wolf to accept. „Yes,“ he said, „It does. But it says a lot of things.“

I tried to struggle, but there wasn't much I could do against the strength of three holding me still. I was helpless to resist as the wolf slipped the knife up under my scrotum. I gulped and tried begging, since there was little else I could do. „P-p-p-p-please. . .“

I didn't get a chance to get past the first word before the blade slipped into me and was drawn sharply forward, severing my testicles quickly. The pain was beyond any I had ever felt before. The gaolhouse beatings had made me scream, but this was different. I had never had a part of me taken so utterly, and the only thing I could do was clench my teeth and inhale sharply. And as the wolf sliced through my sheath and cock, demanning me utterly, three of my teeth cracked in half from the sheer pressure they were exerting on one another.

Those holding me let me go, and I dropped to the ground, clutching my crotch as the warm blood ran over my fingers. I looked up and saw the group reforming the circle and reaching into their packs, pulling out knapped stones. I opened my mouth to beg for mercy, but was unable to say anything before I was struck in the face by one of the stones. The cracked teeth were

knocked loose and the left side of my face had a large gash in it where the stone had struck.

The second stone struck me in the back, bouncing off and leaving a deep laceration along my spine. The third and fourth struck my arms, more gashes and more blood let loose. After that, I wasn't able to keep track of the stones anymore. I yelled out for them to stop, but that only earned me a series of strikes to the head that put out my left eye.

Each stone came and went, chipping off small pieces of my flesh, gouging out troughs that soon filled with blood. I fell forward, my face in the dirt, and felt the stones continuing to strike me. The pain had died down, as there was simply too much for my mind to process.

Dull sensations of pressure all over my body—anywhere that was exposed—were all that were left of my world when one stone struck square on on the back of my head and stuck, cutting off my brain's connection to my body.

I knew I was dying, but there was nothing at all that I could do to stop it. A few moments later, my world blacked out completely and ceased to exist.

Chapter 3

Gesagt

In which a fox is forced to imbibe of horse urine
and is then ladin in half for the crime of trespassing

Here feet made all the difference, for had I not been walking a foot off the road because the stones hurt my paws, I would not have stumbled and fallen onto the private path. Had I stumbled four feet backwards onto the path behind me and not four feet forwards onto the path in front of me, I might have simply been fined. As it was, I stumbled on to the path of one of the most ruthless wolf nobles in the country. The fine was all I owned, and that included my life.

I'd only had moments after falling to even realize what had happened, for I had been so unfortunate as to fall right as the Duke d'Acilon was returning from a hunting trip. When I fell into his private path—right in his way—he scowled and ordered me seized and taken into the property to be punished immediately.

If the guards thought this was unreasonable, they said nothing. They simply grabbed me as I tried desperately to plead for my life. There was little I could offer in exchange for not being killed, but I tried my hardest. „Please, your grace, poor wandering minstrel I did not mean to inconvenience you. I swear by my father's grave that if you will consider granting me a pardon, I shall do whatever it is that you command.“

The Duke did not seem to notice my offer, at least at first, but after a few minutes—when we had reached his maison—he dismounted his courser and gripped me by the muzzle. „Very well then, peasant, I shall consider granting you a pardon if you can entertain me and my guards.“

I was ecstatic and reached for my lyre, already thinking of what song might entertain his grace most thoroughly, but the Duke shook his head and pulled the lyre from my hands. „No, I do not want a song. I can have a far better singer than you if I should want it.“

I gulped and nodded, hoping that whatever the Duke wanted was within my abilities. „Yes, your grace, I understand. What do you wish of me.“

The duke smiled and motioned to his steed. „I enjoy watching peasants debase themselves—as do my guards. My steed will relieve himself soon, if you drink every drop, and do not once wince or complain, I shall grant you a reprieve.“

I looked at the horse and then back to the duke. „~~Yes~~ yes, sir. I shall do as you command.“

The duke stepped back from me and motioned to the horse again. „Then begin, quickly.“

I had little choice in the matter, so I quickly knelt under the horse and looked to his member. I had heard, of course, that horses could produce quite a bit of urine, and I was concerned that this could be a trick—an impossible task—set up so that I would be forced to fail, but there was no alternative but to try.

I leant forward and opened my muzzle, closed my eyes and placed it at the tip of the horse's penis. I could hear a couple of the guards snicker, but when they abruptly stopped, I guessed that the Duke had motioned for silence.

It didn't take long at all for the horse to begin relieving himself, and I nearly choked then~~and~~there. Fortunately, while

the stuff was bitter and vile, I was able to gulp it down and continue drinking uninterrupted.

However, try as I might to keep up, the amount that the horse was producing was simply enormous. I had no choice but to press my face forward and take the whole thing into my muzzle, letting my throat relax like I did when giving head. This did the trick, and allowed the stuff to begin flowing directly into my stomach. Unfortunately, it did nothing to stop the stuff from passing over my tongue, and I still had to taste the stuff as came.

I could feel my belly bulging visibly outwards from the stuff, and I nearly threw up not once, but twice, but finally the horse was done. I pulled back and slowly got up, trying my hardest to keep everything down and not displease the duke.

The duke had a smile on his face that I knew not how to read. After a few moments, he nodded thoughtfully and spoke, „I am impressed, and I grant you a pardon for the crime of inconveniencing me.“

Relieved, I opened my muzzle to thank him, which was when the vile stuff finally forced its way up and out of me. It tasted worse the second time, now mixed with the meal I had eaten earlier; nothing I could do could stop the stuff from spraying all over the duke.

Nobody spoke or moved for what seemed like an eternity, but the duke was clearly furious, and without speaking, he simply pointed to me. His guards got the message and dragged me back and away from him. Who, before he stormed off, shouted only a single word „Scie!“

It did not take long for me to learn the meaning of the word, as three guards quickly grabbed me and dragged me to a pair of poles. They roughly manhandled me and tied me up, spread-eagled and upside-down. Then one of them left and returned with a large two-man saw.

I wish I could say that I faced my death courageously, but I did not. I screamed and yelled and begged the trio of wolves not to do it. I offered them anything I could think of, money, wine, song, sexual favours, &c. However, they were clearly not interested in disobeying their duke.

Mercilessly—and without word—two of them lifted up the saw and brought it down between my legs. They pulled it back and forth gently, for a moment, just to torment me as I shouted and begged, but they then began sawing in earnest.

The first cut was the worst. Once they pressed down and yanked the saw with all their might, the teeth bit into me and pulled through, tearing chunks of my groin with them. I felt

and saw the blood spurting out of the wound, and my screaming and begging soon became incoherent.

A few strokes later, and they were already beginning to separate my hips from one another. It did not take long for me to feel my legs spread farther than had ever been possible in the past; it wasn't long after that for the blade to pull out my intestines and splatter them all over my chest and face.

In a fair world, I would have died there, my vena cava and inferior aorta sliced open. Sadly, such a swift death was denied me as the blood pooled in my head. I felt the blade continue unabated through my belly and into my ribcage and chest. It was only then that I began to fall unconscious. Slowly, my world faded to black as the blade advanced up my chest, and as the blade inched ever closer to my heart, I finally ceased to exist.

Conclusion

 Thank you for joining me for this series of stories. As I asked before, please forward them to those who would enjoy them. Distribute them in any way you can think of, please. Also, if you enjoyed this work, you may want to watch the internet for other works by me. I intend to write more as time and inspiration allow. If you have managed to find this book and you feel the others like it, don't worry at all, you'll come across the others soon enough if you just keep looking.

If you happen to be in a fairly safe and private environment, it is completely possible to print this book out and bind it,

resulting in a book just like any other, which can be put on a shelf and enjoyed at your leisure. If you do so, I request (not require) that you print out and bind at least two copies, and that you give the second copy to someone who will enjoy the work but who might not be able to access: the internet and find it.

Keep in mind that distribution of the work is the responsibility of those who distribute it, not the responsibility of the creation team. Make sure that having a copy of this work, reading it, or distributing it are not illegal before undertaking any attempt to spread the work.

In conclusion, I would like to thank anyone who enjoys this work or who helps to spread it, you are the reason I wrote it.

—A Donat Aß von Grauwolfe
Author

Colophon

his book is completely ready for printing and binding; it is intended for 5.5 inch by 4.25 inch stock (also known as quarto letter), but can be readily sized up to 11 inch by 8.5 inch stock or larger. However, It is very strongly recommended that you do not attempt to print this book any smaller than the stock it was typeset for, as there is then no guarantee of the work being readable.

If you do have this work printed and bound, you are requested—but not required—to have at least eight copies made. Please make sure that the other seven copies make it into the hands

of other furry snuff fans, you should not charge for these copies, but setting up a group pool to pay for them all is certainly acceptable, since printing can get very expensive very quickly.

The book was typeset using the L^AT_EX typesetting language, a powerful tool for producing quality typesetting and editing. The fonts selected are the Gotik, Fraktur, and Schwabacher fonts, which were selected to keep the feel of the book in line with its medieval setting. This is also the reason that each of the main-body chapters is titled in German rather than English, since the book is set in what appears to be a disturbed, furry, fantasy central Europe.

As a final note, if you happen to be artistically inclined and would be willing to illustrate this work, please contact the publisher. You will be put in contact with the editor, who will be happy to discuss the matter with you. Barring the possibility of a second, illustrated edition, no future editions of this work are likely.

—John Robert Lutz
Editor

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