

Six Feet Under Snow

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Content warning: Watersports, extreme body modification, shaving, humiliation, degradation, gore, snuff, butchering, and implied hypnosis.

Urbanus slid open the curtains. His eyes only barely managed to surpass the wall of white that covered most of the view, a roll of the new terrain here and there preventing him from seeing anything beyond the tops of trees in the winter wonderland. He smiled idly at the sight; they were certainly snowed-in, stuck at home with nothing to do but enjoy himself at his two-story, well-furnished, and fully stocked cabin.

"Well, Monica," he purred. "Looks like we're stuck. And you still don't have any phone reception?"

The rabbit on her knees nearby hastily fumbled for her shirt pocket, finding her phone and touching its home button to flash to the home screen once more. "No, Mister Uncia...still nothing. Running low on battery, too," she sighed, putting her phone back in its place.

The snow leopard shook his head in mock disappointment, one hand slapping his flaccid cock back into place across Monica's face, the other making sure the middle-aged rabbit's head ground into his balls. Perhaps the only reason they were as clean as they were was because his so-called private secretary had been working on them all weekend by herself. It didn't stop her from groaning with lust at his heady scent, musk funneling down her twitching nostrils.

"Well," he said, scrubbing his shaft across the pent-up rabbit's features, "I suppose that's it for you, then. Ready to be my emergency food supply?"

Monica drew sharply back and let loose a horrified gasp. "What?! You don't have food supplies here?! With the snowstorm I warned you about when we were confirming your schedule?"

"Was that what you were warning me about?" he purred, not a shred of guilt in his voice. "The only thing I remembered from that meeting was how badly I needed to piss and how I knew exactly the *desperate* slut to take care of it." His tail swished as he gave a light, playful shift of his hips, heavy shaft spanking against his secretary's cheek. "Wasn't that fun? Giving me all those silly reports while I jammed my cock down your skirt and panties and drenched your cunt with my liquid waste?"

Monica barely responded, her arousal spiking as he made her recall the degrading scene. Every so often, her pussy just trembled with her employer's words, especially when he got to talking like this. The fact that he'd doubled down as soon as she'd been forced to reveal the fact rather than firing her was perhaps one of the few reasons she stuck around with this

job. Still, with her family waiting back in the city, to be made into food...there was no way she'd relinquish so easily to such a degrading end. "So...we have no food? Can't we ration or..."

Urbanus smiled and patted the rabbit's head with no effort expended to not seem patronizing. "Come now. Do you really think a proper, righteous kitty like me deserves to be fed on rations?" he explained, his tone devoid of respect. "Besides, I'm sure you've been fantasizing about being mine to *trash*, utterly *desperate* to be recognized for how utterly devoid of dignity you are."

Monica's resulting whine was unbecoming of her age, the leopard's casually mentioned "no clothes in the cabin" rule leaving no ambiguity as to the origin of that noise: a trickle of fluid ran down the inside of her thighs, glistening in the cabin lights.

With one hand, the leopard yanked Monica to standing by her white hair, the mother of four gasping as a paw slapped between her legs and pressed into her mound with an audible *squelch*. "See? Meat juices," he observed. "I know a *desperate trash*slut when I see one. Why do you think a tired womb like yours made it as my secretary when so many other brainless cuties *desperate* for an easy job could've made for better eye-candy? Because none of them would get off at the idea of being treated like meat cattle. None of them would take my piss, soak in it like *trash*, and get *desperate* for their ultimate disposal."

As his hand soaked in squirted fluid, the bunny's legs trembling with the strength of her orgasm, Urbanus released his grip on her hair and smiled with a pitying look. "Look, I know you probably forgot about them while your cunt begged me to end you, but I'll obviously compensate your family fairly for your...can I even call it a sacrifice if you're lusting for it?" He brought his hand to his lips and licked. "Mm. But if you're really not convinced, how about a game?"

Holding herself up against the snow-buried front window, Monica shivered. "A game?"

The snow leopard nodded. "Mhm. I get to do whatever I want to you. If you can last five minutes without orgasming once, I'll admit I'm wrong and we'll both do our best with the food supplies here until we can leave. That sound fair?"

The rabbit mother nodded.

Urbanus grinned. "Good. Because you're going to cum yourself brainless, and in a few hours, your *desperate* cunt will twitch its last as I butcher you into *trash*-meat. Nothing but garbage scraps and leftovers and waste. I'll never understand how *trash* like you gets so *desperate* to be degraded and erased, but I'll never stop loving doing it."

Monica fell to the ground, arousal spraying against the carpet with such force that it loosed an audible hiss, moaning in a mindless orgasm as her boss smiled above her.

"That's another five minutes," the leopard purred. "Now suck that out of my nice carpet and we'll get to work ending your pathetic life."

“There we go. Properly marked. My pawprint branded on your ass, and every syringe of serum pumped into that cunt of yours...but it’s not yours, is it, *trash*? It’s mine. And look how easily its bloating. Discoloring. Turning into a *desperate*, misshapen mess until its filthy shame is stretching your *trash*-legs wide...”

“Ahh! Aahnhff...ffuck!” *squirt-sqlch-slursh*

“...guess I don’t even need to sell you on rubbing yourself to a mockery of a dignified pussy, do I? Well, you keep ruining yourself, and I’ll keep resetting the timer.”

Bzzzzzzzz...

“I know it sounds like a vibrator, but most people know better than to masturbate in a bath of depilatory marinade while someone comes to shave all their hair off. I mean, you’re not getting any of this back. Nothing but your meat on displa-...”

“Affgh-gurgl-brbl...” *Splash!* “Ghuuh!”

“...wow, you’re still rubbing that messed-up fuck-mound even when I’m shoving your hairless skull into the bath. How much does it burn? Hell, how much does your skin burn?”

“It feels like it’s on fire! Please, Mister Urbanus, please! Fuck me!”

“Uh-uh. I don’t fuck meat. Besides, you’re diluting your own marinade just fine. How about I just feed you your last meal of thick leopard spunk while you rub more of that acidic juice into your flesh?”

“Yes, god, yes! Fuck my mouth! Fu-glkkgh!”

pap, shlap, shalp

“Hkk! Glk, glkhh...”

Ca-chick!

“There we go. A nice picture of your *desperate* meaty, cock-fed, *trash*-cunt self. I’ll make sure everyone sees it, don’t you worry your dumb little head.”

“Uhhn...me...not dumb...?”

“You’ve been cumming non-stop for over two hours at the idea of being low-grade meat. Even I hadn’t crudely burned half your brain-cells away with my lovely little toy, you’re as dumb as *desperate trash* can be.”

“Uuh...ahh...ahh!” *psssssh...*

“And now you see why I put you in the sink for the photo. Don’t worry, though. I’ve got some place colder and less homely for your last moments.”

As Monica hung in the cold butcher’s room, rump-meat held high by a meathook solidly lodged in her asshole, belly resting upon a dangerous-looking metal bench, and arms tied

behind her back, Urbanus sighed. The rabbit looked dumbly as the leopard pulled out a vibrating phone, pressed a button, and raised it to his ear.

"Hello? Oh, hey! Yeah, that's right," he hummed, busily walking about the squirming, prepped meat and roughly grabbing at its tits or hips. "Yeah, I'll need a new private secretary. Snowed-in? Oh, yeah, a little bit. I probably could easily plow it out with the machine I've got up here if you really need me back in the city tomorrow. ...oh, no! I've got plenty of food. Store-room's chock-full. But you know how *trash* is. Jump at any excuse, no matter how flimsy, to be as worthless as possible. They're that *desperate*."

"Ahhhhff...ah! Ah!" *dribble, dribble...*

"There, see? Barely even had to use its trigger words, there. Anyway, I'm going to be busy for a bit. You can handle the details. I think the going rate for rabbit is \$7 per pound still? So something like \$5 per pound for this meat's family. I'll be back in the city on Tuesday as scheduled. Okay? Okay."

Dizzy, dumb, and permanently painfully aroused, it was a miracle the hairless branded meat-bunny managed to follow the implications of the leopard's phone call. Idle glances to either side made her realize how full the prep room's drawers and freezers looked, stocked for weeks of feasting without even the slightest risk of running low...and there was a full store-room besides? Yet, no matter what lies were said or what hypnotic triggers were used, she could only blame herself; she'd orgasmed at least once every three minutes much less than five. And now, in this ruined state, all she wanted was to hear him speak and cum her last few working braincells away.

Urbanus recognized the needy look in the bound meat's eyes and smiled. "Sorry about that. My real secretary worries about me, sometimes," he explained, spanking the blackened, swollen, and misshapen cuntlips Monica had helped rub into existence. Instantly, fluid splattered across the cool stone floor, the rabbit moaning desperately in her shame. "But, on the plus side, you get to know just how worthless you were. People love your new Facebook avatar, too. And I even sent wirelessly all the papers necessary to declare you *trash*-meat before we even began. How's it feel to know you've been nothing but meat this whole time, drooling away whatever dignity you imagined you had from between your legs like a *desperate* whore?"

Monica shuddered, wordlessly grunting and panting as her pussy throbbed and spluttered juices in a steady stream, all of it flowing down her legs and into the convenient floor drain. The machine her body sat atop clicked a few more times in reaction to her trembling.

The leopard shrugged and stepped forward, drawing a metal cylinder to the head of his former "private secretary". "Well, since you're useless otherwise, only one thing to do now," he cheerily observed, feeling the trigger against his finger. "Enjoy, my pointless meat cow."

The trigger pulled, a piston firing from the bolt pistol and smashing through Monica's skull. Instantly, the matter inside pulverized into a grey mush, the middle-aged woman's eyes blank as her body began to jerk and spasm. The machine beneath whirled to life, a saw slicing through the still-breathing chest of the rabbit and letting her insides begin to spill out. Intestines,

stomach, liver, kidneys, even the womb that'd birthed four lovely bunny girls...all if it caught within the machine and began to grind noisily away into a fine mulch. Monica trembled and bucked as her organs were ground down, dragged into the metal bench she'd been laid upon, helpless to resist. Her jerks only succeeded in having the meat hook in her ass tear through the passage and hike her rump even higher. And all throughout this final degradation, the bunny's cunt never stopped twitching in sheer agonizing delight.

Urbanus would occasionally watch the tortured last moments of his slut, but he mostly concerned himself with washing off the bolt pistol, putting it back where it belonged, and getting out the vacuum packaging. Monica wouldn't die for quite some time, after all, as his marinade ensured she'd feel everything. Given the absolute lack of control on the meat cattle's face, eyes rolled back and tongue lolling out, he could only assume the shame and her messed-up snatch were making the whole experience just right for a trash-slut like her. Mostly, though, the leopard didn't care. He just loved it when even dignified family women ended up in such a disgraceful state for his amusement.

Within minutes, Monica's ground meat was sealed and slid into the freezer. Her limbless body hung from the same meat-hook that had kept her posed for his amusement. And her arms and legs were fully butchered and packaged in vacuum-sealed plastic. Her head and the leftover bones received no dignity, Urbanus having made sure every little feature was smeared with the results of his casual masturbation and relief. Cum and piss-stained as it was, leaking mushy brain slop out of the hole in her head, the sight made for a wonderful picture. But, that was all they were good for. They ended up deep in the cabin's garbage, smeared with other refuse he'd found worthless to him and buried deep within the rest of the trash.

That night, Urbanus had a pleasant dinner, knife and fork cutting through the fatty tissue and tender meat of Monica's former sex, having glazed and grilled it alongside some asparagus and then served it with scallop potatoes. It certainly wasn't any delicacy, but the knowledge of its origins did make it that much more delightful a meal. His employees always seemed to make his holiday retreats enjoyable, but it was always a little more special when one of them could no longer resist the leopard's most depraved interests. Either way, whether literally due to the weather forecast or metaphorically due to his whims, he'd always known Monica would end up six feet under.