

## Captain Grav's Snufftober

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Relationship:	<a href="#">Cait/Female Sole Survivor</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Liana T'Soni</a> , <a href="#">Astrid Hofferson</a> , <a href="#">Anyia Stroud</a> , <a href="#">Korra (Avatar)</a> , <a href="#">Azula (Avatar)</a> , <a href="#">Zhu Li Moon</a> , <a href="#">Jinora (Avatar)</a> , <a href="#">Asami Sato</a> , <a href="#">Kuvira (Avatar)</a> , <a href="#">Lin Beifong</a> , <a href="#">Mai (Avatar)</a> , <a href="#">Ty Lee (Avatar)</a> , <a href="#">Kara Zor-El</a> , <a href="#">Faora Hu-UI</a> , <a href="#">Cait (Fallout)</a> , <a href="#">Female Sole Survivor (Fallout 4)</a> , <a href="#">Adora (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Glimmer (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Entrapta (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Selina Kyle</a> , <a href="#">Donna Troy</a> , <a href="#">Wonder Girl (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">Noble Six   SPARTAN-B312</a> , <a href="#">Yelena Belova</a> , <a href="#">Kate Bishop</a> , <a href="#">Benezia (Mass Effect)</a> , <a href="#">Kaidan Alenko</a> , <a href="#">Hera Syndulla</a> , <a href="#">Sabine Wren</a> , <a href="#">Barbara Gordon</a> , <a href="#">Harleen Quinzel</a> , <a href="#">Earth-11 Katherine "Kathy" Kane</a> , <a href="#">M'gann M'orzz</a> , <a href="#">Yuri (Doki Doki Literature Club!)</a> , <a href="#">Monika (Doki Doki Literature Club!)</a> , <a href="#">Ketsu Onyo</a> , <a href="#">Dinah Lance</a> , <a href="#">Mera (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">Kaldur'ahm   Jackson Hyde</a> , <a href="#">Original Characters</a> , <a href="#">Alex (Minecraft)</a> , <a href="#">Pamela Isley</a> , <a href="#">Female Lone Wanderer (Fallout)</a> , <a href="#">Raven (Teen Titans)</a> , <a href="#">Catra (She-Ra)</a>
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# Captain Grav's Snufftober

by [ARC\\_5051\\_Captain\\_Grav](#)

## Summary

This is a challenge built around similar prompt challenges of October, with my own twisted spin to it. Venture to every corner of the fandoms with me as I give daily content for a month. Enjoy!

Join my discord ( <https://discord.gg/9aphJZ3EJs> ) to journey with me through this endeavor!

## Notes

Okay, this is note is from before the challenge started. First off, all the prompts are set from the previous month. I will update tags as I go, that way there are no spoilers. I can't wait to start this with you, and challenge my commitment.

In fact, here is the deal: If I miss even one day in this challenge, you guys will make prompts on my discord executing my character, Captain Grav herself!

# Day 1: Brute Ravages Liara

## Chapter Summary

Liara runs from an threat, but fails to escape in time.

Prompt 1: Beast

## Chapter Notes

First one, First day. Okay, I can do this. I want to First thank my discord for cheering this project on. If you want to be involved in stuff like this, join us using the link in the summary.

Warnings - Bestiality, Impaled

Also, these stories will be much shorter than my usual ones, and not as much development to how the characters got here. This is intentional, as trying to make a 5,000 word short story everyday would kill me. Anyway, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Liara just finished a small dig Shepard had sent her on, the Asari ecstatic to relive her past. She just picked out a very interesting tool made by the Protheans, and she put it in a pile of other artifacts she found interesting. This cave she was in though was freeing, and something about it made Liara feel at peace, able to do anything here and suffer little consequences. Because of that, she had dropped her clothes shortly after coming inside, letting the cool air of the cave rush all around her bare body. Her good-sized breasts were constantly erect, and between the cold and the idea of exploring ruins again made her azure gush with arousal.

She got back to the pile with another artifact, but when she placed it down, she heard a roar. It wasn't exactly familiar to her, but it was certainly alarming. Turning her head around, she saw a beast. A giant huskified creature with a turian head on its massive body. It walked on all fours and had a massive claw for one of its hands. While she could not recognize it at a glance, she remembered Shepard's description of a similar thing after Liara bailed to the Normandy. So she knew that she was currently staring down a brute, and it looked hungry for prey.

Liara was frozen, she didn't know what to do. It was clear that the hulking monster wouldn't just walk away. She also didn't have anything to combat it with, she left her weapons with her armor at the entrance of the cave. All she had was the pile of artifacts she collected, and she grabbed the one she had put down again, not sure how to defend. Every step of the brute as it made its way to her was another step to her demise. It was either hurt the artifacts or die. And she wanted to live.

"Here goes nothing." She mumbled under her slow breath, tightening her hold on the tool. As soon as she began to exhale, she launched the item right at the brute. She put a little biotics into it, just to make it hurt. It struck the creature right in the face, and it jumped backwards in slight shock. Liara took her chance. She shot up, then made a break for it, sprinting towards the cave entrance with all the force she could muster.

It wasn't even 10 seconds before another thunderous sound echoed through the chamber, resonating straight from the brute as he began to charge forward. "Shit!" Liara yelled as she heard the advancing beast get closer to her incredibly quick. She knew she had to do something, just to keep it off her tail. That was getting more frightening to do as the pounding of its steps rocked her around in the cave.

Biotics must've been something, so with a determined face, she turned around and face the incoming beast. Despite her stopped position, the brute didn't halt. It was still coming, and it made Liara's heart sink. Those hollow sockets of the skull, she noticed, held small red dots in their blackness, and it terrified her. Realizing what's happening, she tried to stretch her arm out it time to send a push, or throw, or singularity, or anything that would delay the beast. But she never got the chance to get even one off.

The brute ran right into her at full speed, knocking her to the ground and slamming her against the stone surface. As her head hits, she feels another searing pain as her biotic amp is severely damaged. Any attack now would be impossible. She screamed as her skull pounded from the impact, and she stayed on the ground, trying desperately to find a way to escape. She rolled over, seeing that the brute had went the other way in his attack, barreling towards a wall. She didn't have much time. Gritting her teeth, Liara worked through the pain, crawling forward as the entrance to the cave started to shine. *Just a little more*, she thought once she saw her gun leaning against the wall.

She made it so far, but then, the brute came again. This time slow, to not draw attention to himself as the woman on the floor struggled to move. It snuck up behind her quite easily once she was hyper focused on something else. This gave the brute an opportunity to look at his prey. It was naked, with the holes completely exposed. The sight made his cock pop from the

amalgamation of a body and harden, extending out a his whole length and dripping to relieve itself. Ready for his time, he acted harshly. The brute aimed his massive claw straight to Liara's left arm, and thrust forward, the fierce brute breaking the limb and all ways for it to be commanded by the brain.

Liara yelled as her arm was shattered the limp appendage stopping her in her tracks. "No!" She was so close. Close to what? Escape? Killing it? Surviving the onslaught? She would never get a chance to debate this question, as something was poking at her juicy cunt. Her breath hitched as she jerked her head backwards, to see the brute on top of her, and a gigantic member of a cock pressing up against her holes. Her eyes widened in horror as the tip breached her snatch, and she could get a feel for the size. It was excruciating, absolutely furious in scale.

Liara could do nothing as the Brute sank his rod into her. In moments, it shattered her pelvis as it advanced into her womb, the bubble popping from too much stress on its walls. Liara used her only remaining appendage she had control of to flail around, punching loosely at the shell of the brute, to no effect. Her internal organs were being destroyed by his monstrous member with ease, ripping through her inner core and making it's way to her throat.

The brute then suddenly stopped, then pulled back a bit. Liara was confused, but could no longer bear to look back. The brute readied itself, then did a single thrust, slamming back into the crippled asari and plunging through her esophagus. Her ability to scream was blocked as the cock inside her filled her throat without struggle. It finally could be felt in her mouth, and she tried with all her might to stop it, but it was too strong. The rod broke through her teeth, carving it's path crudely and breaching out the other side of his toy.

Liara saw the tip emerge out of her, but at this point, she could barely think straight. Everything was getting blurry, and the damage inside her was already taking its toll. She couldn't even cough up the blood, instead what did come out was the crimson fluid on the creature's tip, dripping in her organ juices outside of where they should've been. Her eyes were watery from the thought of dying like this. Tears fell from her eyes and landed on the ground, and after the first drop, her eyes dulled, the pain no longer there as there was no longer a person to care about it. Liara was gone.

But that didn't stop the brute from using her as much as he could. He began a rhythmic motion, letting all the energy wait for the moment to get acquainted with the tight canal. After every thrust, the brute came more and more undone, quickening the pace as he did. Eventually, he was pounding the corpse with a fury of the stars, banging the corpse as she couldn't fight back. He grunted as he went, edging himself to the limit.

Then, with a howl, the brute unleashed his load through Liara's mouth. It spurted outwards with a force of a water hose, throwing the cream all over Liara's target of interest, her weapons and clothes. They were lathered in cum as the brute unloaded for a solid minute, the corrupted substance soaking into the fabrics and clogging the rifle. As the flow lessened, it began to flood underneath Liara, then finally ceased.

After it was over, the brute grasped the asari carcass with his claw, then attempted to pull the thing off. After a little maneuvering, he finally managed to get the body off his softening penis. He pulled it up to his face, seeing the cold gaze and slack jaw of death gripping onto Liara's features. Satisfied, he dropped the corpse, then walked off into the shadows, knowing that once she didn't report in, another piece of prey would come in, and he could take advantage of that one too.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, that was the first day. Never really have done bestiality before. Hope you enjoyed the kickoff to this challenge. Get ready for a whole month of this. Can't wait to work on the next one. If you want to keep up to date on what I will make, join the discord to see. That's it for now, Captain Grav Out!

## Day 2: Astrid Cooks

### Chapter Summary

Prompt: Cooked

Astrid decides she wants to fuck a Nightmare. Problems occur she did not expect.

### Chapter Notes

Day 2, lovely. Still going strong. This one I have been pretty excited for. Can't wait to keep this up.

Also, I've forgotten to add this disclaimer in many of my works, I do not support violence. All of this is fictional and meant to be a source of entertainment.

Warnings - Roasting Alive, Bestiality, Cannibalism

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Astrid didn't exactly know what she was doing right now. She only knew that she had a craving to experiment. She was currently in one of the dragon pens, and after she closed the gate, she turned to the Nightmare inside. It was watching her from the shadows cautiously, not sure what she was about to do. They remained on opposite sides for the moment, simply adjusting to each other's presence.

Astrid always had a weird fantasy about dragons. It really spawned from one of the ones inside the book. It was considered dangerous just like the rest were at the time the book was first made, but this one had an interesting behavior: It enjoyed fucking its victims as they died. It wasn't what she thought she'd see at the age of 16 at the time, but it did settle nicely into her brain's memory. It wasn't until they finally had dragons as friends, that the memory would surface again.

She remembered the winter where they found a bunch of dragon babies, and they were all very cute and welcoming. But Astrid had a darker, more dirty thought when she saw them. How did they come to be? She eyed every one of the flying reptiles' hide, mesmerized by what they could be hiding. It made her enjoy a nice session of fucking herself to imagine a dragon dick being shoved up her ass. Don't get her wrong, Hiccup was amazing at rough

housing her, which she enjoyed, but she was just incredibly curious about what a true beast could do to her.

And that curiosity was the reason she was here, in the Nightmare's cell after dark. As the animal was still getting used to Astrid in his territory, the viking girl went to work. She reached for her clothes, which were already reduced heavily, and took off the remaining pieces. She removed her fur coat, dropping it to reveal her welcomed figure, nearly an hourglass. She then got to her wraps, and tore them off to expose her breasts to the air. Once she got done with her top, she turned back to the Nightmare, who now bore an expression of fascination. She simply laughed and said, "Like what you see? I hope you do, it's your lucky day." Then trailed her hands down with intent, letting the dragon watch as she stripped her pants and underwear from her body, stepping out of them and spreading her arms out.

"Tonight," Astrid told the fiery beast, "You can have all of this for your pleasure." She steps closer, observing if it makes an uncomfortable sound. She didn't want to make it hurt, so she walked slowly towards it, stepping into the center light of the room and having the shine reflect on her body, giving the Nightmare the perfect view. She remembered a name outside the door, hanging above it. "So, Scruffy," she called, and immediately the beast stood to attention. She smiled at the name, not the worst she's heard at least, "Do you want to come here and show me how dragons do it?"

Scruffy panted in cheer, then trotted to Astrid with a hyper step. The woman could barely keep her chuckles in as he approached, standing on all fours straight up, his tongue hanging out of his crooked smile. Astrid go down on the ground and crawled underneath the animal's body, trailing down the scales and brushing them with her loose blonde hair. She made it to Scruffy's hind legs, and in between them, was a fairly large cock hardening quickly. She smiled at the Nightmare's excitement on being touched, and was ready to take her.

She figured it wasn't worth trying to suck it, he might not last that long in her tight canal. So instead, she just took hold of the member and stroked it. She had to do it with both hands, but as the cock became more stiff, she couldn't even get her fingers to connect. It was a lot, but she thought she could take it. Once it started leaking some precum, she backed away, rolling onto her back and heading towards the wall.

Once she reached the wood and metal enclosure, she leaned against it, her waiting holes flexing for Scruffy to see. The dragon saw the position she took, and approached the girl in stride. He stood up on his hind legs, with his front ones on stabilizing him on the wall, then pressed his cock against Astrid's snatch. The girl took in a sharp breath as the tip slapped her

clit with such care, running against it as the member traced down to the entrance it was searching for. The nub caught on her wet slit, and then he pushed it in.

Just his top was incredible to Astrid, inducing a loud moan out of her as it stretched her open. Scruffy stopped short, concerned for the human under him. When Astrid felt his hesitation, she looked up to meet his eyes. With an assuring smile, she nodded to him, "I'm fine, trust me. Keep going." She commanded, lifting her leg and rubbing the shaft with her foot. With the consensus from the Viking, Scruffy continued to penetrate her, groaning as his cock was forcing its way into her snatch.

Her breaths became more ragged, but she remained firm as the Nightmare's log finally breached her womb, and not even fully in. The girl moaned with incredible delight as it hit her wall, the small amount of pain overshadowed by the immense relief. She felt so full, but so good. "Start," she muttered with a wide smile, "Start thrusting."

Scruffy listened to Astrid's words, pulling back out until he was only touching the entrance. Then he slammed back down with a valiant force, causing Astrid to yelp at the intense pound. He did it again, and repeated the movement and rhythm slowly, but with pleasure. He was still holding his grin as Astrid turned her head and started to drool. Something then awakened inside of him, a heat. This started to make his moves much more rough, to both of their delights.

He ramped up the speed, hammering into her with an astonishing pace. It was hurting Astrid, but she only loved the pain more. It was intoxicating how much she was relaxed, happy to finally be fucked by a beast like this. Maybe she should try Toothless later. It was so fun being rammed into a wall and screaming to the top of her lungs. And she especially loved feeling Scruffy's cock pulse inside her, preparing for an orgasm.

The orgasm was building up, and the Nightmare had no reservations. As he drew near to it, he began to set himself alight, bursting his scales to fire as he grunted. Astrid was in too much bliss to see it, or think of the heat that was rising from the cock lodged in her. It was soothing, warm, and a little hot. She was starting to get tired, smelling something good. We're the butchers cooking at this time of night?

But it wasn't the butchers, and instead it was the beginning of her end. Scruffy's dick erupted in fire just as his body had, roasting the oblivious viking as he shot his load up her. He roared

as he ejaculated, sending a bucket of cum into the burning woman. Her skin blistered as she drifted off to her final sleep, turning from her pale frame to a nice orange.

Astrid was dead as she was torched from the inside, and Scruffy didn't care until his heat was down. When he finally came out of it, he looked down to see the roasted body on his cock, and was in shock. In a moment of instinct, he slid the body off immediately, dropping it into the dirt. Smoke came out of the once juicy pussy, evaporating all her arousal juices into mist. Her eyes were closed, and a blissful smile stretched across her face, content with her rest.

There was a rattle at the door, and Scruffy tried to think quickly. But it was too late when his own, a woman named Gren, walked in. "Scruffy boy," she called to him, not yet in sight of the corpse, "I heard rustling and screaming. What's going on- Holy fuck!" She screamed when she finally saw it. There, laying next to her Scruffy, was the cooked body of the chief's daughter-in-law-to-be, smoldering. Gren looked to the embarrassed Nightmare, trailing her eyes down to the limp, yet still long penis underneath him. Gren immediately went over to the body after connecting the dots, worry filling her on what to do. She was sad for the girl, yes, but the implications here were dangerous. Her head was at stake.

Once the shock wore out, she got a better look at Astrid, seeing how she was seemingly happy about whatever happened between her and Scruffy. She was also naked, and Gren remembered seeing a pile of clothes at the door, so she clearly took them off herself. Looked down, she looked to the girl's fried cunt, and it was much more hot than the rest just looking at it, the source of the roast. Her hole was filled with her Scruffy's cum, the cream leaking slightly. The more she inspected the body, the more it did smell good.

Eventually it got to appetizing to ignore. She leaned her nose down to the cunt, and licked the entrance, getting a good taste of the cunt and Scruffy's cream. It was quite good on the surface, very juicy. Cum wasn't that bad either, and it was very warm, like warm milk almost. After that first test, she sank her teeth into the clit, tearing off a piece of the flesh. With a smile, she chewed it, relishing in the flavor. Getting up, Gren smiled at her Nightmare. "You know, Scruffy. I think we got a business venture here. Good boy." Scruffy lightened up again and smiled, happy he wasn't in trouble. Gren laughed at the hyper dragon, then looked to his cock, "Now, just need to find a few more volunteers. And you need to get that cock of yours ready. It is the required cooking and filling instrument."

Another one bites the cock! Okay, I promise there won't be any more animal fucking for a while, the other prompts are varied, I swear. Anyway, this one was surprisingly fun. Loved making it consensual and make the ending like it was.

Can't wait for the next one, Captain Grav Out!

## Day 3: Anya Stroud Masturbates in Razor Hail

### Chapter Summary

Fandom - Gears of War  
Prompt - Weather

Like the title says, Anya loves to fuck herself in the rain, but on one fateful day, she fucked herself at the wrong storm.

### Chapter Notes

Another one! Whoooo! Getting good at this. Again disclaimer: I do not support any actions taken, do not attempt anything like it.

This one will be a lot shorter than the rest, not meant to be very long.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Outside the control center, it was pouring down hard. Anya was a bit antsy to get out of her chair and take a break. It had been a while since she's experienced weather like this, and she always had a favorite thing to do when it does come. So right after she finishes her last task of the day, she rushes to the roof, now wasting any time. When she got to the access door, she turned her head back, making sure no one was around. Being reassured there was nothing, she opened the door.

Anya stepped onto the top of the building with anticipation, the rain already battering her. The moment she moved, she was drenched head to toe in the build up. She navigated towards some sunbathing chairs in the center of the roof, doused in the downpour. Once she trudged her way there, she moved her hands to her trousers, prying off the damp clothing from her body. Once the drenched pants were down, Anya went to sit on the bench.

Her cunt was aching to be touched, turned on with the water shooting down on her clit through her underwear. It was impossible to tell what was water and what was her own arousal flow. She was confident that it was a mix of the two. She grasped the silk covering and ripped it off, not caring as it tore violently from her body. She tossed it to the side, and now her pussy had a full exposure to the strong gusts and rainfall. It was enough to send her

into an orgasm immediately, sending her falling into the back of the chair with a thud. Her juices squirted out like a fountain, spraying into the air as she was flat on her back.

The beat of her cunt throbbing sent her hand shooting down onto her crouch, sending three fingers through her folds and rapidly thrusting at an alarming rate, trying to stir the next one. She was screaming loud, not caring if anyone heard her lustful shouts. She banged her digits into her snatch greedily, chasing the surge once more as the storm started to shift. She moved a hand to her jacket, ripping the zipper down and exposing her bra.

She stuffed her hand into one of the cups, fondling her breast as she continued to hammer away. Her moans were mixed with the howling of the breeze and pounding of the water. It was so rough, and she loved doing this in the rain. She normally only did it in light drizzles, but she couldn't hold back from this marvelous torrent. And it showed as she quickened her breaths, then released her stream of cum again out from her cunt, the second orgasm hitting just as hard as the first. She gripped to her tit tightly, causing some of the milk to leak out as she yelps in climax. She rode herself out slowly, changing her pace to the simply in and out. But then she heard the rain again. It changed, it sounded like shards of glass breaking.

Opening her eyes, she saw that the storm turned for the worst, razor hail barreling down at quick speeds. The moment she saw it, she remembered why she didn't play in the rough rain before. No time for regret, as the sharp daggers of condensation fell right to her. She rolled away and off the chair immediately, slamming to the floor and landing on her stomach. Unfortunately the hail had already come, and it ripped her back to leave nasty cuts that were immense. They bled as the hail kept raining down, and to combat it, she decided to turn around.

Very bad choice, as the shards now could tear open her front side without hindrance. The sharp glass like ice ripped through her pussy, the lovely organ now shreds of flesh that remained. Her hand on it was sliced off completely from a larger piece, the hail stabbing into her womb afterwards. Her screams of pain fell silent as a chunk of ice pierced into her neck, destroying her vocal cords. *Maybe I should've stayed inside.* Was her last thought before a group of spikes stabbed into her head, poking through her eyes and forehead into her brain, mutilating it.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, this is the flash fiction I wanted to test with a bit. Very short, abrupt action, and doesn't overstay. Hope that was at least comically enjoyable. Not as fleshed out as I

would've liked, but you win some, you lose some.

# Day 4: Avatar/Korra Crew Massacred

## Chapter Summary

Prompt - Massacre

Fandom - Avatar/Korra

High School AU - No Bending

The Avatar High Volleyball team does many dirty things when there aren't people around, especially in the locker room. This will come to light after they are all found murdered.

Characters

Korra

Asami

Futa Kuvira

Katara

Futa Azula

Futa Ty Lee

Mai

Jinora

Lin Bei Fong

Futa Zhu Li

## Chapter Notes

Day 4, haven't broke yet. This one should be fun. Definitely better than the last one.

Nothing in this, the author supports. Please do not do in real life. None of the character are mine.

Warnings - Gun Violence, Stabbings, Bisected, Futanari, Decapitation, Castration, Neck Breaks, Electrocution, Dismemberment

Also, I don't know much about volleyball, and I don't have the care to look up the rules to make the first paragraph accurate.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With Korra spiking the ball in the other team's court, the crowd bursted into cheer. It was the final point, and the timer buzzed, signaling victory for the Avatar home team, the Polar Bear Dogs. The formation on the field, consisting of Korra herself, Azula and Jinora as the front, and Katara and Mai in back, all jumped up and turned to each other. The standbys including

Asami, Kuvira, and Ty Lee, with their coach Lin all came over as well, celebrating with the rest as they snatched the win. They were going to regionals!

After they got out, the team immediately headed for the locker room, Lin making sure no one was following as they stepped in. She closed the door, but didn't bother to lock it. No dumbshit would be foolish enough. When she turned around, she saw that all the girls had already nearly disposed of their clothes entirely, ready to give each other their intimate celebrations. "You did amazing today, 'Zula." Korra said to the edgy Azula as she stuffed her apparel in her locker, shutting it with a slam.

"Of course I did," Azula rolled her eyes, taking in the pride of being noticed. She put a hand to her hip and gesture the other to the tribal girl, who was uncovered already, her bushy public hair and breasts popping out with greatness. "You did good too, for water tribe scum." She taunted, gaining only a laugh from Korra, her boobs bouncing with her chuckles. She was jealous of Korra's size, but never said anything about it.

Korra looked to the naked hot head, sporting her mighty dick hard as ever. "Oh, come on," she retorted, "you say that, but you fuck the other 'water tribe scum' here, and she definitely pleases."

Before Azula could respond, Asami called from the showers, "Korra! Are you coming or not?"

Korra nodded to the head that poked out from the steam, waving to her, "Be right there!" Then turned to Azula, "Well, enjoy pounding Katara with Ty Lee. Gotta go now." She sped off, hopping into the showers with her girlfriend.

After that interaction with her captain, Azula turned away to find Katara already taking a sitting Ty Lee's cock up her ass, her hands folded above her head and eagerly jumping up and down. The sight immediately gave Azula a harder boner than what she had before, especially the seductive eyes that were looking at her, tempting her. "What?" Katara innocently said as she shoved the prick up her rear, "You just gonna stand there?" Azula blushed at the tone, but smiled, walking up to the girl going reverse cowgirl and slapped her tits, inducing an excited moan from her lips.

"Shut up, tribe whore," she growled, stroking her cock and squatting down to rub against the folds, "Don't think I forgot how you bumped into my shot." With that, she sealed herself inside the snatch, penetrating Katara as the moans of two turned to three, and louder ones could be heard in the showers.

While they all ran about, Lin looked over to Mai and Jinora, who were busy making out against the lockers, embracing each other tightly. They pressed against themselves lovingly, with Jinora on top and Mai's nails digging into her back, Jinora groaning in the kiss as she was shredded, caressing the culprit's face as she attacked her tongue. Kuvira came up next to Lin as she watched, snapping at her coach to gain attention. Lin looked to the metal girl, 02 on the team, and trailed down to the expectant cock that she was running her hand up and down. She knew what to do, going down on her knees, spread wide.

She grabbed the dick in front of her face now and began stroking it, the long member leaking fluid for her. Before she went to take it in her mouth, she asked, "So, where do you think Zhu Li and Opal are?" Then dove in, enveloping the rod in her lips.

Kuvira moaned, but still wanted to answer the question. So she gripped to Lin's silver hair and started to talk, "For Opal, I don't know. Probably slept in like usual. But Zhu Li, maybe she's gone to get some enlargement pills for that thing of hers." She stated as she thrusting into her coach's mouth, plugging any chance at response with her meat. She rammed the older clothed woman quickly, just simply trying to use her as a dump. Then she would head off to someone else. So she ramped the speed and pummeling into Lin's soft mouth. Meanwhile the coach was looking up at her, gauging her reaction as she grabbed the rod by both hands now and bobbed her head.

All around them, pleasure was ensuing. Mai and Jinora had moved their hands down to the other's groin, viciously banging their fingers into their folds. They broke the kiss to look at each other, Mai holding a pleading expression for more, and Jinora smirked at her own

dominance over the goth. Who knew all it would take to make the dark and brooding girl bend over was the bright and religious monk? Ty Lee and Azula had stood up, taking Katara with her as she wrapped her legs around the fire princess' waist. Their double penetration had definitely did some work, making Katara drool and scream to the top of her tongue, and Ty Lee had a marvellous idea. She wrenched her cock out of the water girl, then moved forward more, pressing up against the submissive slut. Then she rubbed it against Azula's, following to where it was going. The moment she breached Katara's cunt, the tribe girl shouted out things, mainly cries that were so degraded, it was just gibberish.

Now, both members were fucking the girl in her snatch, and it drove her crazy. Quickly after she entered, Ty Lee and Azula erupted in climax, flooding her womb full of cum. The other girls rocked themselves in arousal too, holding each other tightly as they bucked on their fingers. And from the way the sounds were still bursting in the shower, the pair in there had reached one, but continued their session. Couldn't blame them, it was always fun.

And Lin was in no room to judge, as she was going balls deep the moment the rod in her pulsed, choking on it as Kuriva unloaded. All that delicious cream, Lin swallowed up, not wasting a drop. It delved into her gullet and pumped her up. After the orgasm wore off, Lin was about to start again when a knock sounded at the door. Jumping slightly at the noise, the coach took her mouth off and leaped up to her feet, dusting off her pants as she walked. She forgot about a drop of cum running down her face, but it was fine. She turned back to her team, who hadn't stopped their progress even with the second bang on the door. Sighing, she looked back to the door and opened it, only to find Zhu Li on the other side. "L-Li! Your here, you miss-"

Her words trailed off as the stone cold girl raised a gun at her, Lin staring right into the barrel, and fired. A loud crack sounded as the bullet tore through the coach's eye, sending her falling backwards to the ground, slumped dead as crimson leaked out through the hole. The team screamed at the sound, and Zhu Li kicked the door open the full way, ready for an onslaught. Right next to her first kill was the main target she wanted to save til last. Kuvira. The futa was in shock to see Lin's killer decked with weapons lining her body, with her cock out and ready for use. "What the fuck?!" She screamed as she tried to rush Zhu on instinct.

Proved to be a mistake when Zhu Li took out a razor wire and expertly swung it around Kuvira's naked member, yanking the cord back and completely ripping the futa cock off. Kuvira fell to her knees as her balls and rod were separated from her, leaving only blood and the remains in which they were mounted, screaming in pain. Li then kicked her in the head to the floor, sustaining a concussion as her old friend marched towards the others.

They were all in shock at what was going on, which gave Zhu Li everything she needed. She aimed her pistol towards Jinora and Mai, firing right through the top girl's back and into the bottom's skull, her brain's blowing out the other side in a gapping hole. Jinora fell on top of her partner, coughing up blood when Zhu Li took out a katana from its sheath and swung it right through the girl's neck, separating her's and Mai's in one swipe. They rolled off the bench together and Jinora watched from her eyes as Zhu Li approached the threesome. She took solace in their frozen state, cocks still buried in Katara's snatch. Dropping the sword, she pulled a shotgun from behind her back and maneuvered it underneath the tribe girl, putting the gun right on the dicks. With a cruel smile, she squeezed the trigger and watched as the pellets tore apart the cocks and brought right up Katara, tearing her in half as they move on their track.

She fell down to the ground and broke her neck on the ceramic plates, her nose all bloody and guts spilling. The futas snapped out and stumbled away in anguish at the castration. Ty Lee fell on the bench, while Zhu Li picked up Azula by her legs, lifting her up in the air. The murderer took the futa and swung her into the metal lockers, her back landing on a hinged open door that paralyzed her from the waste down. Azula fell to the floor and the rattle caused the open locker, Korra's locker, to bring down a battery operated toy down onto her head, busting it open. Kneeling down, Zhu Li finished her off by grabbing hold of her neck and twisting it violently. Getting back up, the nerdy girl saw a football helmet in the open container, Korra's other sport interest. She fetched it and made her way to the crying Ty Lee, unable to do anything as Zhu Li sent the helmet down on her, bashing her skull until she stopped struggling.

With those two dead, she went back to the lockers and found Asami's. Using the code she stole from her, she opened it to reveal the experiment shock glove she made for a project. That should do nicely.

While the others heard the ruckus and witnessed it before they died, Korra and Asami had no care about it. They were too engulfed in their arousal that they didn't notice Zhu Li standing at the entrance to the shower. Not until she coughed. Korra was on her knees with her tongue in Asami's cunt, and they saw the need at the door now. And Asami immediately noticed the glove in her hand. "What?"

"Fry bitches!" Zhu Li shouted, uttering her first words since entering and activating the glove and tossing it into the basin. The electrical bolts ran through the water and all latched onto the masses of Korra and Asami. Their eyes widened and every muscle spasmed, Korra bucking into her girlfriend's slit involuntarily this time, and Asami throwing her head back and screaming as the glove shocked them. It caused both to piss themselves, and Zhu Li laughed at the dancing girls as they collapsed to the ground, Asami's legs wrapping around Korra's head and forcing her deeper in her snatch. Eventually the electricity became too much, and it

started to burst things inside and out of the soon to be corpses. Asami's eyes blew out and the current surged into Korra's tits, blasting them with little hesitation. Zhu Li got bored after a bit, and left the too as every organ in their body was tearing them apart.

Back in the main area, Kuvira saw Zhu Li come back, the razor wire in her gloved hands. She tugged on the metal girl's hair, bringing her up to wrap the cord around her neck. She felt Zhu Li get close to her ear, "Bullying me about my dick size, well," she started with a growl as she looked to the severed cock beside them. She scooped it up and plugged Kuvira's mouth with it, "Now you're sucking yours!" She yelled, then stood back up and put a foot on the girl's back. Tugging at the wire, she watched at it tore through the flesh and caused Kuvira to take action, trying to pry the bladed edge off. It didn't work though, and all it did was take some of her fingers with it. With a sharp yank, Zhu Li closed the loop fully, ripping through Kuvira's neck and popping her head off like a cork. Her body reacted harshly, falling at her murderer's foot and spurting blood out onto her boot. The metal girl didn't last as long as Jinora, and faded from sight right there.

With her dead, Zhu Li turned and got to work. She first looked to Lin's head, and stroked her cock in anticipation. This was going to be fun.

The locker room was found by authorities during the night by the custodian, who observed that the bodies were used in all sorts of ways. Lin's hollowed out eye was leaking cum profusely, Kuvira's neck stump was as well. Strangely, her head wasn't anywhere to be found. Jinora and Mai's bodies were in a scissoring position, their heads pumped full. Azula and Ty Lee were just jizzed on, and the two in the shower were still untouched, the glove frying their bodies even then. Authorities easily identified Zhu Li in the investigation, and linked her to another one they found earlier that day, with the niece of Lin, Opal, hanging from the ceiling of her room, her limbs removed and shoved up her holes. But by the time they stormed her house, she was gone. All that was left were her parents, both with slit necks and her dad pounding into her mother. The case could not be closed, but Zhu Li left no trace to be found.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, a little longer than what I wanted, but it's too good to just reduce. This was relieving compare to yesterday's. Much less stressful and more fun. Hope you enjoyed. Until next time, Captain Grav out!

# Day 5: Faora Impaled

## Chapter Summary

Kara fights with Faora, and has had enough of her, finishing her off in a humiliating defeat.

## Chapter Notes

Okay, I keep forgetting to do this. I want to share with you guys another person who is participating in the challenge I set forth. Their name is Turbo Depravity, and they have currently followed the prompts faithfully. He posts at night, and every day is a blast. So if you could, please observe his journey as well here ( <https://archiveofourown.org/works/50486392/chapters/127550269> )

Anyway, let's do this.  
Fandom - DC  
Prompt - Impaled  
Warnings - Nudity, Impalment

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Faora dodges from one of Supergirl's strike, responding with her own kick to the fellow kryptonian's back. The hit harmed Kara, but it wasn't enough. Faora used the opportunity to bail, fleeing to the nearest building for cover, that being a supermarket. She sprints into the large warehouse quickly, then turns back to make sure she wasn't being followed. With the coast clear for now, Faora decided to explore the interesting place. It was something like looking in time. It did certainly intrigue her. She roamed down one aisle, scanning the array of colorful items on the shelves. So this is how humans live, through plastic bags and boxes.

Outside the store, Supergirl was trying to recover. The kick dealt more than she first thought, but she managed to power through it. She was about to walk in the door when she was grabbed by her cape, tugging her back. She hit a mass behind her, she couldn't tell who it

was, but from the way breasts were pressing against her back, she assumed a woman. There was something underneath, but she paid it no mind. Especially when the figure brought a mask into her line of sight and forced it onto her face. The hand forcing it upon her was not regular tan, but red, and had long nails.

The kryptonian tried to scream, but the respirator muffled it, only heard by her assailant. "Sorry honey," the woman said behind her, though with no remorse shown, "I needed to experiment on the kryptonite variant somehow." Then, the mysterious girl's thumb pressed the center of the mask, and a green and red gas started to fill the space between it and her mouth and nose. It flooded into her with each breath, letting the toxin start to consume her. The woman brought her other hand to Kara's covered breasts, rubbing it around as the gas infected her.

After a minute of struggle, Kara started to lose her mind a bit. It was strange, she was getting angrier, hating the woman behind her, despising the coward Faora. It made her want to snap both their neck. She wanted to bash their skulls in and then rub her cunt all over their pummeled faces. Thoughts like these kept coming, and she couldn't stop them all. The attacker then used her claws to slice through her suit, exposing her tits to the world. The world that was about to meet their new hero.

Through the gas, a volatile Supergirl was born. Her breaths turned ragged, and her eyes widened with rage. Her mind was altered and destroyed, only grunts and growls now as she bucks forward, all incoherent words bubbling up as she shouted. With the drug completing its course, the hands slid promptly away, taking the mask with them. Immediately the touch of the taller woman's breasts was no longer on Kara's back. The furious girl turned around swiftly, ready to put a hole in her attacker's head. She readied her laser eyes, only to find no

one behind her, not a trace except for two imprints of bare feet with a pool of, something, in between them.

Kara looked around a few more times, but couldn't see the lady anywhere. But her remaining pieces of memory did know where someone was right now. So turning towards the supermarket, she furrowed her brows and looked down. She was hot in one certain place. It would've been two if her boobs weren't already out. She swooped her hand down to her crotch, and wrenched away the fabric, quickly discarding the cloth and turning her focus back to the building. With a blistering howl, she charged through the wall.

Faora looked through the contents of the aisle carefully, knowing she had to be on her toes. It was fascinating to her to see all of these products, and it seemed she picked a shelf that had a bunch of what humans called "cookies." They looked very odd, with a diverse array of the pastries aligned next to each other. She noticed a particular packet of cookies, the only one left in stock.

It was an alluring purple package, and she was attracted to it. It had a peculiar demon on the front, with the lettering: Audrey's Baking Delights! She took hold of it, eager to see what was inside. The container showed some cookies that were of what she could gather chocolate chip, but with something more appealing than the rest to her for some reason. The chocolate was glowing slightly, a little pink, and it peaked her interest. Tearing the box open, she fetched one out of the middle sleeve, then proceeded to take a bite. It was pleasant, very strong. In fact, she craved more. Finishing the first one, she aimed to take another.

That was stopped when a series of deafening crashes sounded, dust flashing everywhere and the noise heading right to her. She let her guard down. But miraculously, she managed to duck out of the fist that was heading straight for her, accidentally dropping the tray of cookies on the floor. That was fine, as whatever was in them had taken control. She stumbled away, but looked back after she regained her stability.

Supergirl had stopped in place, her cleavage out for everyone to see as well as her bare cunt, a landing strip of hair on it. She was huffing hard, and a snarl was on her face. But to Faora,

for some reason, the sight didn't make her amused, or terrified. It made her aroused. Perhaps the cookie was an aphrodisiac of some sort? She was straight, wasn't she? But the way she admired the heroine's features, said otherwise.

And the way Supergirl was staring at her with pure hate, said that she wasn't holding back anymore. Like she was savage, she roared as she charged to Faora, pummeling the dazed woman into the ground. She threw her through the back wall and back out into the streets. Faora's uniform ripped and tore as her face hit the pavement, chipping a tooth in the process. Even with the force that was delivered, Faora could still feel her own pussy throb in want. She started to think, How does her cunt taste? What about her breasts? Her tongue? Can she shove her's up my ass good?

She stunned herself when she heard her own mind, her once completely religious and stoic mind now wanting to not only fuck, but be fucked by a girl. Her enemy, even more so. This really made her think about those damn cookies, and wonder what was in them. She felt a very big need down below, and despite a looming threat of Kara approaching, she had to do something. She moved her arm to her groin, tearing a hole in her suit. She then took the fabric, and thrust it up her own folds, penetrating her private place with the covering it used to hide in.

But before she could move further, a flash of a hand latched onto her arm, and she tilted up to see who it was. Kara had her enemy's limb in her grasp, leaving her in a embarrassing position as the heroine crushed the bone underneath, breaking every shard between her fingers. Faora screamed in agony as her hand went limp in a second. Supergirl released the useless appendage and watched it flop down onto the soldier's belly. She then took Faora by the waist, and lifted her off the ground.

In any other circumstance, the veteran would be kicking and clawing her way out. But here, with the, whatever, from the cookies, she could only get more and more turned on at the feeling of Kara holding her, even if it was like a baby. They went high off the ground, both their thighs dripping with their juices as Supergirl then started moving horizontally. Faora was amazed at the delicate nature of the now rampaging Kryptonian with transporting the helpless soldier, and she didn't know what to do.

They stopped suddenly, and Kara did something. She flipped Faora around haphazardly until she was facing the ground. With the new few she could see a light post just under her, with a large point at the top. Her eyes widened as she started to figure out what was going on. But not before she felt Kara surge her head forward into the cunt that was at her level, sucking on

it mercilessly as Faora cried out. This was what she needed, her first in a long time, good oral. And it seemed the wild animal was willing to oblige.

Since it was a long time, she was very sensitive, and didn't last long. All part of the half minded superhero as she heard Faora suddenly howl in delight, bursting out her juices onto her face. Kara lapped it all up, then knew it was time. She moved her head away, and locked in the soldier's head between her thighs. Kara then sent herself and Faora falling the short way down to the surface, Faora snagging on something along the way. The spear-like tip broke right through her throat, going up through her stomach and aimed out her cunt. It burst out with blood firing out, spraying Supergirl's face in the crimson.

Once she was dead, Kara wasted no time. Her predator mode had now engaged, from whatever that gas wrought, and she was still angry. Luckily, there was a stumble of rocks behind her that gave away someone's position. She looked, and sure enough, there was a girl, maybe 16 years old, gazing at what Kara did with horror. But it only amplified when Supergirl faced her, still bearing the blood and now, a hideous smile. She began walking towards the terrified teen, ready for her next release.

## Chapter End Notes

BONUS -

Audrey: Okay, that was a success. Maxine! Take a note on kryptonite variants and their effects combined with Sirius Toxin.

Maxine: Yes Ma'am. I'll log it in now. Anything else?

Audrey: I don't know, my cock is hard and needs someone bouncing on it, what do you think?

Okay, that was surprisingly long for this one. I like experimenting with different scenery in this. Hops your enjoying so far. Again, please check out Turbo Depravity. He's doing some great work in following this challenge. Join the discord as well, always good to see new people. That will do it for today, Captain Grav out!

## Day 6: Cait and Sole Survivor Shot

### Chapter Summary

Jess and her girlfriend Cait are having a good, drunk time celebrating their accomplishments. Meanwhile, A sniper is waiting for the best shot to take.

### Chapter Notes

This one will hopefully be short and sweet. I love Fallout and generally like to play as the mother in 4. So please, enjoy!

Fandom - Fallout 4

Prompt - Headshot

Warnings - Lesbian Sex, Drinking, Gun Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With the pop of the whiskey caps flying off, Jess and Cait raised theirs up high. Looking to each other with wariness, they clicked the bottles together, then proceeded to down the liquids, throwing their heads back as the alcohol poured into their throats. They timed each other just right, and once the bottles were halfway drunk, they took the drinks out of their mouths and slammed them onto the bar counter. Cait turned to Jess with fascination, "So," she started, Jess facing her fellow Irish girl, "How was the homemade brew?"

Jess turned her lips from a smile to a cock smirk, "Much better than the shite I had before I went under ice," She chuckled with certainty, "Cheaper too." She added as she took another swig. Cait chuckled in turn, shoving the vault dweller light on the stool.

"You fuckin' bitch," she remarked, getting into her playful attitude, "Thinkin' I'm some freeloader for your ass." She then slapped Jess on her rear, eliciting the girl to choke on her whiskey.

She pulled her lips off and gripped Cait by her shirt collar, digging her fingers into the fabric. She then yanks her forward and envelops the girl in a hearty kiss, the women thrown into a

different realm for a second, one where radiation is replaced with passion. Then, just as quickly, Jess pulled away, observing her effect on Cait. She was blushing hard, her face beet red. With her smirk returning, she simply whispers to her, "Oh, I can be much more than just a 'fuckin' bitch'. All I have to do is take you in the back and show you."

Cait was stunned by the words, but slowly arched her lips into a smile. She took the bottle in her hand and downed the rest of the liquid, then lazily put it back down. She got close to Jess's face again, and returned her offer, "Well, let's get a room already."

Jess turned to the bartender, who witnessed the whole display, and wasn't shocked by any of it. "Lad," she called to him. She fished out a pouch of about 50 caps, and tossed them to the man, "May we get some drinks to go and a place to rest?"

With a deep sigh, he laughed, "Of course miss," he then leaned down and grabbed more bottles, handing them to the girl's as they stood up. He then pointed towards a hallway, "2nd door on the left. Make as much noise as you want, might make my night entertaining." He explained, chuckling and tossing Jess a key, then walking off to tend to other guests.

The women looked at each other with great smiles, widened eyes of anticipation covering both of them. "You ready to show me a good time, Miss Minutemen General?" Cait teased.

"Oh, my wonderful Cait," Jess said as she got up right beside Cait, sliding a hand down to the girl's ass and squeezing it. Prompting a yelp from the bat whacked, the dweller finished with, "When we're done, you'll be wishin' to beg me for more." Then pushed Cait with her down the hall.

As they made their way down, a cloaked man was sipping on his own drink, trying to blend in with the riff raff as he concentrated on the two girls walking. Up on a rooftop, another person, this time in a Brotherhood uniform and a 50 Caliber being set up. "Heading to the back rooms," a radio beamed out for the sniper from the disguised man, "2nd room on the outer wall."

Acknowledging the Intel, the sniper responds with, "Affirmative. This is too easy." Then pans his rifle over to the place the informant said, and inside, he saw a sight to behold.

By the time they were even knocking open the door, Jess and Cait were already forcing their tongues to battle together in their mouths, spinning around without any care in the world. They shoved the hinged panel out of the way and Jess was barely able to kick it closed when Cait pulled her onto the bed. It had a torn sheet and the room was dusty, but so was everything in the wasteland. They collapsed onto the mattress and didn't even give it time to adjust to the bodies before they were tossing each other around it.

Jess oddly still ended up on top, and she was the first to remove clothes. She quickly unzipped her Atom Cats bomber jacket, throwing the thing to the door. Her belt came off next, her guns dropping to the floor with a crash. She then pulled her undershirt up over her body, leaving her in only a bra up top. That didn't last long either as Cait, who had already shoved away her tank top, the Irish brunette's small boobs not sealed by one, brought herself up to pull the offending article of clothing off. She unfastened the straps and it dropped immediately, letting Cait see the bouncing beautiful breasts of her lover.

Not wasting time, she took hold of Jess's tits and took the left one in her mouth, sucking it greedily while she groped the other. The Vault Dweller moaned in lust as her breasts were taken care of, giving her so much love that it was hard to think. "Oh, Cait." She gasped as the girl stuck her tongue onto the nipple, lapping up the substances leaking. But they weren't done, they had to get undressed. So Jess fell slowly forward, allowing Cait to attack her tits while she worked on pants. She reached for her girlfriend's waist first, unbuckling the trousers and shoving them down Cait's legs, bringing her panties with them. She got to her ankles when her arms couldn't reach further, so she simply dropped them and moved to hers.

Taking hers off was much simpler, but she had a plan. As she had to bend her knees to get them off fully, she purposely put the joints on the bed, right next to Cait's exposed cunt. With a smirk, she leaned forward a little more, pressing the cap into the bottom woman's folds slightly, teasing the entrance without remorse. She could feel Cait's moans reverberate throughout her breast, and she saw the eyes looking at her with need. Fortunately, Jess had full control here, so she decided to pull the knee off after she got the leggings off. Cait popped off the tit and gave Jess a look of betrayal, but the General just responded with a face cold as stone.

Cait was about to say something when Jess hopped up on her, sitting up with her slit right at her lover's neck. The eyes that she could see from below her marked only love, and her mouth opened for Jess to enter. The top woman slid herself up just enough, then dropped onto Cait's face, the feeling of her tongue whacking her entrance immediately making her gasp in relief. She tensed up for a second to the warm, wet muscle hitting her, but then immediately relaxed and put a hand on her breast and another in her hair to enjoy riding her girlfriend.

Cait was skilled in this category. She proved that with how hard she probed her tongue up the canal in front of her, plunging deep into it and heard the joyful moans of Jess above. She kept her attention down here though, and took full advantage of her lover's assets. She grabbed Jess's ass again with her hands and fondled it heavily. She even lightly smacked it and let it ripple, making the woman sitting on her gasp at the hit. She learned quickly that Jess loved being hurt during sex, and so after the first few times, Cait got into it. She scratched up Jess's cheeks, poking her nails in just enough to not break the flesh. It was the perfect way to speed her orgasm. And it worked now. Jess howled out in absolute ecstasy as her butt was breaking, and shuddered as she rocked back and forth in orgasm, placing the hand on her tit down to Cait's hair, smearing the milk into her hair as the pussy juice flooded her mouth.

She felt Cait's diligent work lapping up the cum all around, cleaning her cunt with great satisfaction. It almost stirred another orgasm when a loud bang broke through their room, a deafening crack that caused Jess's ears to ring. She immediately pulled her hands up to her ears, when she felt her left one being lighter. She looked at it to look right through a gaping hole, to the dresser beyond it. Wait, wasn't this one on...?

Jess shot her head down, only to see Cait's eye rolled up in their sockets, angling to observe the blasted entrance into her head, splattering mush onto the bed out the crude hole. The sight shocked Jess, and she snapped up to where the shooter could've been. Then, up on a roof through the window, she saw a dark figure, who lit up for a brief moment. Jess only had a second to understand why before something thrust into her head, blowing out the other side and pushing her back. She fumbled backwards, dropping off the bed, when something stopped her. Cait's leggings which were still around her thighs. Jess could barely think now, and died shortly after another shot rang out, this time plunging into her pussy and out the top of her head, obliterating the entire top of her skull and collapsing her head in on itself.

The sniper was smoking just after the three shots, but it worked. Currently, the assassin was looking down the scope at the two naked corpses, their minds blow out as they finish their comprising activity, only for one to never receive the pleasure she wanted. The hunter called on comms again, "It's done, send retrieval team quick. The Brotherhood needs to test out their explosives somehow." Then radioed out, trotting off the roof at his success.

This one was fun, took a bit to the good stuff and it wasn't that long, but I think it worked. Thanks to everyone sticking with me so far, already loving this. Nothing more to say, Captain Grav Out!

# Day 7: Adora Decapitates Glimmer

## Chapter Summary

While in Entrapta's castle, Adora is infected as She-Ra with whatever has control over the system. Unfortunately, Glimmer and Entrapta are caught in the crossfire.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt - Decapitation

Fandom - She-Ra (2018)

Warnings - Decapitation, Neckfucking, Skull Fucking, Futanari

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They were running from the loud noises that engulfed the castle's chamber, the new Princess Entrapta talking into some recorder along the way. Adora (as She-Ra) and Glimmer were in the lead, but it seemed that wouldn't matter as behind them, far in the dark, bright red dots hovered above. They all turned around to see what it was, to find a robot that took up the entire hallway prowling towards them. It was a giant box, with brushes for arms and rolled on a track, seeming to originally be made for large scale cleaning. No matter what, it wasn't doing anything of the sort now, it's instincts only telling it to kill.

A ringing buzzed in Adora's ears, one too harmful to ignore. She dropped to her knees as Entrapta raced forward towards the giant metal beast. Glimmer saw the distraught nature of her friend and tried to comfort her, not seeing that the other Princess launched herself by her hair to the top of the main part of the robot, a platform next to its core where she landed. She tapped her device again, trying to get another reading, when her hair got caught in the exposed gears.

The cries of Entrapta forced Adora back to life. She charged at the monster at full speed jumping up to the same platform. Trying to save Entrapta, and as a desperate move to remove the buzzing noise, Adora sank her blade into the red core, breaking through the mechanics of the thing. It felt this, and began to die down, Adora not noticing until it was too late how the crystal inside the mech began to crawl up her sword.

Unfortunately, it was not enough to save Entrapta. In fact, with the way the gears turned even more rapidly, it acted like a dying heart beat in its last moments, yanking Entrapta off the top and pulling her head into the metal cogs. She didn't even get a chance to cry when her head was ripped up and crushed by the gears, tearing her precious brain apart by the thing she constructed with it, falling limp as it pummeled through her jaw. It finally slowed down and stopped just before it worked its way to Entrapta's collar bone, leaving her dropping out for Glimmer to see her neck stump slipping out a waterfall of blood into a growing pool.

Glimmer nearly threw up at what she saw, but somehow held it in. Instead, she turned to Adora, expecting her to have also watched the Princess they came to recruit lose her head, but she was instead still throwing her sword about around the machine's power. This made Glimmer concerned, especially since the attacks on the core were more savage than normal, just slashing it apart in what was already destroyed.

Seeing what was happening without a reason, Glimmer teleported up on the mech, just behind the raging giant goddess. She heard roars from the woman, ragged grunts as she destroyed what she already obliterated. "Adora?" She called to her as she placed a hand on her friend's shoulder. It would prove a heavy mistake as Adora immediately turned around, her blue eyes turned red as they looked on with a furious expression, and her teeth visibly gritted. The rage emanating from the girl was unsettling, but not as unsettling as how she straight up swung her sword around, shearing through Glimmer's neck.

She didn't expect that reaction, and it happened so fast, she couldn't have teleported away before she could feeling the blue crystal blade make contact with her throat, tearing through it and severing her head completely from her body. Her skull followed the track the sword was on, causing some of her hair to be torn off as she was falling the the side of her quickly unstable body. She could watch as her clothes fell from her neck and popped her teenage breasts out, fairly bountiful for her age. Her body stepped backwards, forgetting where she was, then stumbled off the mech, crashing to the ground with a splat.

Glimmer was losing consciousness fast, as evident by how she couldn't control her jaw from opening in shock and falling slack there. She tried to look up to see her friend's face, but couldn't see past her hips. There was something she did note before her eyes fell too in defeat, replaced with absence. It could've been just her vision dying, but she swore she could see a bulge emerging out of Adora's skirt, a faint of something lifting it up between her legs. Shit, Glimmer thought just before she died, What a way to go. Can't even ask what that is.

When She-Ra was finished with Glimmer, she felt something more primal calling to her. It prompted her to look down below, her large penis busting out of the fabric, hard as her

sword. She turned to the head on the platform with, eyes that just lost all life in them, and felt an unbearable need. Licking her lips, the husk that no longer was Adora kneeled down and grabbed the head, watching as the vision balls rolled in their sockets. She quickly thought of which hole to enter. Her mouth? Her Eyes? Her Ears? She decided to settle on the neck stump, and leaned back on the destroyed console to position her cock correctly.

Once she had the tip rubbing against it, She-Ra let out a grunt, and pushed the skull down her shaft. The warrior gasped in pleasure as she sealed her penis with the head of her friend. She began bobbing it up and down her length with no resistance, her tip popping out of Glimmer's slack mouth every time. She-Ra gripped to the sides of the Princess head, careful not to crush it. She started to even thrust up in it at a dislocating pace, hammering away at the dead girl's throat with great lust.

She howled at the relief she was experiencing, knowing the blue-turned-red crystal on the hilt of her sword was to blame for this. She was a literal animal now, simply a weapon with a raging sex drive to go along with it. She pumped her member through the tight throat with anger, hate even, that was for some reason unleashed after contacting that crystal. It was unnerving, if she had a sense like that to care. But she didn't, only the sense that her cock was pulsing, nearing release.

With a scream, She-Ra thrust her cock out of Glimmer's jaw once again, her cum shooting out straight onto the giant's body. It lathered the gold shine in a sheet of white. The cream sprays the front of the sparkle princess like a fountain, covering her once bubbly face. The corrupted She-Ra took immense pleasure in her release, relishing in the spring of cum she sent flowing towards herself.

The high eventually came down, and She-Ra became more aware of it. She looked to the skull with boredom, desiring something else. Pushing herself back up, she held Glimmer's head by her hair, staring into the dead eyes still. Then, she simply tossed it away behind her, forgetting it as she hopped off the machine. When she struck the ground, she left a small crater at her feet. She got up and looked around.

There were two bodies all for her, both missing their owners' heads. She first looked to the one right behind her, the one of Glimmer's. She landed on her back, having her neck stump facing where She-Ra was now, her breasts exposed and out for all to see. Then there was the one that was propped up against the robot, Entrapta's neck planted on the wall of metal and her ass facing outwards.

She-Ra squatted down, her member still hardened after her first fuck. She tapped her cock onto the exposed throat, licking her lips. Then, she steadied herself, and thrust inside. It was just as tight as her head, maybe a little more so. The forbidden canal was perfectly taking her rod, or at least in She-Ra's book. That being struggling to even take her large dick.

She decided to go slow with it, low momentum as she rammed into the stump with care, watching as the tits bounced in time with her strokes. The cavern was lovely to get used to, being able to feel the cold muscles tighten around her as she hits a sensitive spot, spitting blood onto She-Ra's already stained cock. It made it feel rewarding to hit her next orgasm, groaning softly as she plugged the body's stomach with cream. Once that was done, the giant looked to the other corpse, eyeing it with fascination.

Pulling out of the hole with a pop, She-Ra got up and headed to the clothed mechanic. She had much she could do with each piece, but given the metal clanking around her, there wasn't much time. So she had to just grab Entrapta by her groin and wrench the fabric away. Getting the material away, she quickly shoved her prick into the waiting cunt, plunging into the depths with haste. This time, she was violent with her hammering, slapping her balls against the body as she thrust into it in anger. She was desperate for at least one final release before she had to fight.

With another howl, that possibility came to realization as she pumped Entrapta's snatch full, pressing the body up against the wall straight up. She held to it by the exposed neck, pulling her length as far up into her pussy as possible. Once the orgasm passed, she pulled out without a second thought, letting the corpse slide down onto the floor, ending up with her curled inward and her legs in a split. With that, She-Ra turned around to face the growing steps, her rage still flooding every vein. She pointed her sword in the direction, then charged the moment she saw the red eyes, leaving the bodies to be found by adventurers who would soon meet the same fate by the unstoppable futa giant.

## Chapter End Notes

Aaand, that's a full week of making Snuff stories. I think I did fairly well. If you liked what you saw, just wait. Because we're just getting started. Stay tuned for this month and all it will have.

## Day 8: Catwoman Hanged

### Chapter Summary

Selina has stumbled upon an interesting residence to steal from, but ends up getting side tracked by the owner's taste in film. This distraction costs her.

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Strangulation

Fandom: DC

Warnings: Stangulation, Masturbation, referenced futanari

I tried something different with this one, I hope it paid off.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As night struck, Selina got herself ready. Stripping down in her apartment, the cat lover thought to try something different as she reached her underwear. Normally, she would keep them on, but for some reason, she had a craving to go without. So, with that desire in mind, she peeled off her panties and bra off her body, dropping them on the floor and kicking them under her bed. Then she went to her closet and got out her suit. After Selina put it on, sealing away her nude presence with the black leather and metal zipper, she got out a box from underneath her clothes. Inside were her main tools, her goggles, gloves, and most notably, her whip. She fetched them all and placed them in their places on her body, finishing with fastening her goggles around her head.

While she got ready, she kept her TV on, listening to the most recent coverage on the chaos in Metropolis, of all places. The woman on screen was currently on the ground, dust covering her face as she was kneeling behind a large chunk of debris. She held a microphone, and was constantly looking over the stone with paranoia. "Currently," She began to talk again, panting as if she was running for an hour so far, "We are on the outskirts of the city, where the heroine known as Supergirl has just finished wreaking havoc on the residential district here, killing everyone, including innocent men, women, and children," The screen pans to where the dark haired reporter was looking at, showing as the said superhuman with her tits and cunt out for the world to observe.

She was holding a cowering man with his pants down up to her mouth, sucking his cock and letting the cum go down her throat right before she shot lasers right through his body, falling limp in her arms. Right as she dropped the body, she immediately spotted the cameraman, her red glowing eyes sending bolts straight through his skull and causing him to fall to the ground. The camera was tilted to the right and angled upward, watching as the reporter attempted to flee, but Supergirl snatched her by the neck. The camera cut back to the main station right as the heroine crushed the girl's neck with just her hand.

While it was disturbing to watch, Selina didn't care much to keep looking at it, as she was done preparing herself, already opening the window to leave. So with a shove, she leaped out of her room into the night, ready for some thieving. She launched from roof to roof, running against the tops of buildings with great speed. Down below, she heard police sirens running through the city, an all too common thing to hear in Gotham. Even when they will just stop the moment that signal turns on.

As these thoughts roamed her head, her eyes turned to an interesting apartment. She hadn't seen it before, as evident by how much she was captivated by its style. The outside was lavish, covered in so much decoration of plants and minerals like gold and silver lining the corners. It was a sight to behold to her certainly. It stood out like a sore thumb, but that must mean the reward is well worth that risk. Gotta have stacks in there.

With her target finally locked, she swung to it with haste. She got to the top, and she was fortunate to find that the owner had left their skylight open. *Ignorant billionaires*. She thought as she shimmied her way into the opening. She looked around from above to check, seeing the dark room containing no one in sight. With that secure for her, she safely dropped to the ground. Once she was on the floor, she looked around, inspecting the wondrous place she found herself in. There was a table beside her that had incredibly and delicately carved wooden chairs pushed in, with expensive candles and statues of naked women as centerpieces of the dining piece.

The ceiling decor she had passed while on the way down were intricate, chandeliers and curtains hanging from it. They also showed more depictions of nude women, as well as some with large penises in replacing their pussies. After she looked at that, she blushed heavily, a small wet spot starting to stain in between her legs. *Very exotic ignorant billionaire*. She tried her best to look away, but as her eyes adjusted to the dark, she found that avoiding the naked depictions was easier said than done. It was alluring to her, setting her whip down on the table to look around. There were clay figures all around, with people ramming into each other, with multiple different groups. Some were men on men, others on women on women, and even mixed between the two. They all stood above the fireplace, placed on the top with care for every breast, cunt, and cock able to be viewed easily.

It was oddly arousing, especially when she was fully conscious of the patch forming quickly from her rapidly dampening pussy. In a brief fit of instinct, the glorious Catwoman brushed her hand against the spot, piping up her creeping need. But she had to look around first before she worked on herself.

Walking away from the table, she went up to a shelf that contained several CD cases, spanning the wooden storage across at least three rows. She scanned the titles, and it looked as though all of them were detailing porn videos of some kind. As she studied them further though, it became very disturbing, but all the more fascinating. Her eyes kept seeing words at the bottom of each spin of the cases, words such as: Snuff, Gore, Guro. *A snuff-loving exotic ignorant billionaire*. She felt dirty looking at these, but at the same time, it was something she had to see further. She picked one out, one titled: DC SNUFF: VOLUME ONE. She didn't know what DC meant, but there was a picture of Wonder Woman on the spine, so what the hell?

Pulling it out, she got a good look at the cover. She was surprised by her ability to not be grossed out by it. The title of the contents were there, but behind it, the background was very telling. It was a one-point focus picture, with the walls of a hallway all going towards a spot in the center. That center was a large, red, demonic looking woman standing, a large cock between her legs and completely naked. On the cock, was the head of Wonder Woman, mouth facing the screen with the tip bulging out. In the demon's hands were the skulls of both Batman and Superman surprisingly, both their bodies on the floor hunched over, their neck stumps leaking blood. The walls were lined with other heads of heroes and villains she was quite familiar with, mounted like deer heads. She even saw hers on the left wall, her mask still resting on her face.

That sight prompted her to open the case, hopefully to get that image away from her sight. Unfortunately, the picture was also burned on the front of the disk, her head still in the frame. With a bit of hesitation prior, Selina responded with all of this with a deep sigh, turning her attention to the living room TV. She walked over to the screen and found the player, taking the disk out and inserting it into the slit, the motors taking the CD the rest of the way in. It started to whirr, and Selina grabbed the remote by the couch, turning the TV on and on the right channel. Immediately it showed the main menu, featuring the same art as seen on the case. Taking a deep breath, she went to episodes. There were dozens of separate videos in this package, containing a large quantity of names she's heard of across the board, ones she saw on a regular basis too. The front runners were the top three members of the Justice League, of course, having their videos registered at over 2 hours each. As she navigated down, she kept into account the lengths. Many crossed the hour mark, with bigger players taking upwards of four. Even hers was breaching 45 minutes. Part of her felt weirded out at seeing a version of herself in the thumbnail with her head in the moment of decapitation, and another felt jealous for not having more time focused on her. ]

She spotted one that was a smaller time frame for her convenience though, one of the villains, Killer Frost. It was about 10 minutes long, and showed the cold girl with her own ice spikes shoved through her tits, so at least it wouldn't lack in content. Selecting it, the video started in a recreation of her Belle Reve containment, the teen psycho tied up spread eagle style with a dildo shoved up her cunt. She had a ball gag and everything. Selina watched with anticipation, observing the scene as it progressed into Frost being forced to take three cocks into her mouth at once.

Catwoman absentmindedly put her hand back to her own snatch again, this time holding it there and rubbing it around. She began to moan as she watched the depraved torture of an actor who looked just like the menace. The effects were incredible, and she was loving watching the girl get slashed by ice daggers. She massaged her clothed pussy with confidence, putting one foot onto the seat she had now taken place on and getting her hand better access. She palmed it mercilessly as the scene began reaching to its climax, not taking notice at the feeling of rope around her neck, careful hands working their way around without touching the masturbating woman, who had her eyes closed at the second the piece of material was put around her throat.

She reached down to her zip, throwing it down to her breasts and letting the lobes shoot out into the open air with pride. The cool breeze turned her nipples erect without any contact of her hand, and when her gloved fingers did touch, they squished them with eagerness. Twisting her tit around as she assaulted her covered folds made her super horny, and it got her close as the video began to end. Frost's tits just got impaled by the spikes, and she had fallen dead just a moment after. When the screen turned black, she was sprayed in semen, and Selina buried that image into her brain as she finished her session. She had to think of something to speed it up. Then, something from the video made her think of something. She lightly stuck one of her claws out, and plucked at her nipple with the sharp blade. She stuck in ever so slightly, and it did the trick.

Immediately she bucked, her cunt squirting into her spandex in orgasm. She cried out in glee as she made her breasts spit out some milk, blood trickling from the incision she made. She happily moaned and panted as her fluids chased out of her system, oblivious to the futa succubus behind her. Audrey looked at the spasming girl with wonder, *I didn't even spray this one with gas. She's just a depraved slut.* She smiled, leaning down to the girl's ear.

When Selina felt the warm breath touching her ear, she froze. *Fuck.* "I'm glad you enjoyed watching, because you're about to experience." The voice behind her said as a rope tightened on her throat, Catwoman unable to look at it from her current position. Not to worry though, as she began to rise with it, suspending her in the air as she thrashed and kicked around,

turning her body around as she grasped onto the wire with her hands. The threading definitely felt familiar, and it took her a second to realize it was her own whip she left on the table.

She could barely concentrate as her systems began to shut down, her limbs falling still to her sides as she spun around in the air. She couldn't even get a good look at her killer before she passed, ending with her final thoughts on the person. *Snuff-loving, exotic, not so ignorant, murderous, billionaire with good tastes in porn.* Just before her own self-reflection, *wish I got to see more.*

## Chapter End Notes

I wanted to try to get better at describing scenery with this, and try and show other elements than just the main area. I don't exactly think I was great at it, but it is at least cool. Thanks for reading.

# Day 9: Wonder Girl During Apokolips War

## Chapter Summary

Exactly what it says, Wonder Girl was shown in DCAMU once, but not in Apokolips, so she had to of died. This story shows a way she could've.

## Chapter Notes

Day 9, this one's lovely.

Prompt: Dismemberment

Fandom: DCAMU (Dark Apokolips War)

Warnings: Rape, Underage, Mutilation, Dismemberment, Decapitation

Major Spoilers to Dark Apokolips!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Justice League never returned from Apokolips. Only thing that came through the portal was a horde of monsters the Teen Titans never could've prepared for. If Donna had the time to contemplate, she probably would've changed her stance on the whole operation and agree with Damian on it. An army without killers was no army at all. She should've listened, should've let him speak. He was always the most realistic of the titans.

But she didn't have the time, as she was currently trapped under a steel bar from the tower as one side began to collapse, her suit ripped in several places, one unfortunate spot was her crotch, leaving her cunt and ass out in the tower as she was forced her to look out into the battlefield at the destruction that befallen her teammates. Wally, Kori, Karen, she could see them all dead from here. Kori, their mentor, was split in half with her face in the ground, her once vibrant hair stained with her blood and guts. Kid Flash and Bumblebee were impaled with spikes from the creatures they fought. Just as she finished observing them, one of the beasts came crashing down, Jaime in its claws as it beat the living hell out of him.

She panned upward, both Superboy and Raven were in the air, where she should be. But it was clear they were in a losing battle. Turning her head to the river bank, she witness the bat boys were outclassed by a single raging Parademon hybrid, with the tiger form of that annoying kid lying on his side with green spilling out. Nightwing was tossed away with a

hole in his chest as Robin was kicked into the water, blood trailing up to create a stain in the liquid shortly after he submerged. Her friends she made over the past year, all falling as she couldn't do anything, the few that could having no choice but to run away.

It was so intense, all the chaos that surrounded her. They were so prepared. They had so much going for them. How could it go so wrong? Where was the Justice League? Where was Diana? Knowing her questions would never be solved, and that nothing was left for her here, Donna had only one place in mind to flee to. Themyscira.

Even if she didn't know where it was, it was her only damn hope. So with the target in mind, she used her strength to lift the steel that encased her, getting out just before the room collapsed. Unfortunately, it attracted the attention of the demons, particularly the one that was right below her, that just killed Blue. The beast chased after her with great speed, quickly catching up to the girl. She saw him coming, and was panicking to her core. She didn't want to die. Not yet. Not like this.

She knew going into open water was a death sentence, as the monster was clearly faster than her. So she looked over to the city, good old New York, on fire and buildings collapsing at an alarming rate. But it was still better cover than the ocean. So changing her course just as she was around Lady Liberty, she took a sharp right to the statue, the demon running right into it and knocking the top half to the ground. It kept its eyes trained on the exposed ass of Wonder Girl, the primal instincts only slightly kicking in. But as they reach Manhattan, there was a red figure that both noticed on the ground.

Audrey always loved messing with people's demise, even when it was coming regardless what she did. Holding a blow dart in one hand and a tube in the other, she guided her shot to the Paradoom chasing Donna, and then loaded the projectile. She took a deep breath, then shot the dart right into the crevice of its neck, the kryptonite tip helping to breach the skin. Her toxin affected the beast immediately, him keeping his trail on Donna, but this time with a large cock forming underneath. Seeing that, the girl was mortified. She tried to maneuver through the streets, avoiding the rest of the force and getting away, but the demon never stopped chasing her, taking the turns at the same speed and reaching her fast.

All it took was her catching her breath to lose the distance. Within seconds of the inhale, the Paradoom snatched her right leg, pulling it off her like it was a lego piece. The tendons ripped and tore apart, leaving the bone pressed to its limits and snapping to bits. The leg was now firmly in the monster's hands, leaving Donna scream as she crash down into the city center. Her impact created a trailing crater in the asphalt, friction causing smoke and dust to

scatter around as she landed. She looks to her leg, seeing the broken bone jutting out where her thigh once was.

Rolling over, she was just in time to see the beast hit the ground with more intent, landing on his feet with the leg still in his palm. He marched forward, stalking towards the crippled girl quickly. She turned back around and tried to crawl away, climbing up the inclined wall of the crater with haste, but was not fast enough. Suddenly, a blunt object slammed against her back, and it took her a moment to realize it was her own leg. The monster beat Donna with the severed limb repeatedly, hammering into her back and tearing her suit apart even further than it already was. Once the limb became more dull with the use, the Paradoom tossed it away and reached for her other leg.

Tearing it off just the same, the momentum of the tug flipping Donna back over, the Paradoom resumed his torment on the girl with her other limb, slapping her in the chest and making her tits rattle. She could at the very least guard from the attack with her arms, however, the blows did their own damage to them. The brunt of the blows landed on her forearms, ripping the sleeves of her suit away and blood quickly emerging. The Paradoom figured the Wonder Girl was no longer in the capacity to fight, so he moved to his next attack.

Throwing the useless limb away into the street where common civilians were also being butchered in the square, the Paradoom got the fresh dick it had right up to the exposed snatch, and Donna yelped. She peered underneath her arms to see the hulking mass rubbing against her, then felt as her arms were grabbed on to. The monster then pried them away from her chest, using them to steady himself inside her. When he thrusted, she howled as her hymen was obliterated, not even a thought for the beast straddling her.

Her cherry just popped and it wasn't even the worst pain she's experiencing yet. If she had the chance, she wanted her virginity lost to Connor, not some grunt for a horde. But that didn't matter now, only the searing agony that occurred when the creature bucked his cock in and out of her tight cunt, and the gushing of blood from her joints where her legs once were. And also the bending and adjusting of her arms were subjected to the giant's grasp. She never had any dick before, but she always imagined it would be pleasant. This was excruciating, and it didn't help with her appendages being ripped apart.

When the beast finally got used to Donna, he began thrusting much faster, going harder on the abused hole until it broke. But it turned out her arms would break before that, as the Paradoom hammered so deep, he pulled her limbs towards him a little too much, popping them off their sockets like a loose screw. The second major ram absolutely tore the flesh

apart, leaving him with the final pieces of extra body parts in his hands. Donna howled as the last of her limbs were taken from her, leaving her as a simple pillow for the creature to fuck.

But that wasn't how she was going to go out, just bleeding out as she was raped to the end. Not if the Paradoom had anything to say about it. Donna looked at the groaning monster in horror for a split moment when she saw him raise her arms in the air, then began hammering into her chest at lightning speed with them. She was beaten like a drum as the beast was nearing its end, unable to stop the agonizing demise in any form. She'd take the stab in the chest Dick took over this. At least it was in battle, trying to save his brother.

But it seemed more Paradooms were attracted to the commotion, and witnessed the brutality of their brother. They weren't focused on sex though, at least, not until Audrey fired shots into each of them, transforming them into absolute fiends. They trampled nearby people and proceeded to rape their skulls, pussies, cocks, asses, and so much more with just the toxin driving them. While that went on, the brute with Donna roared out in climax, opening his jaw and striking down, taking Wonder Girl's head in his jaw. She screamed as he twisted and pulled, but immediately fell silent the moment her skull was taken off her neck. The Paradoom then sat back up as he unloaded into the body and spat out Donna's head across the center of New York, landing right on top of a car.

From here, she could see the havoc being caused. A man had two monsters shoving their cocks up his ass while they poked holes into him. There was a little girl that was impaled from cunt to mouth on one of their spikes. A woman was having her brain literally fucked in as she was split in half. With her quickly fading, she finally indulged those thoughts from before. I should've fucking said something. Damn you Darkseid. Damn you Justice League. Damn you Diana. I'll see you in Hades soon.

## Chapter End Notes

This was fun, always wondered how Donna died in the movie. We only see her in two scenes the entire series, so it's no shot why they didn't care enough to show her death. So I created her stance. Honestly the first half of this could be used as it's own non-snuff story. Anyway, Captain Grav Out.

# Day 10: Noble Six's Last Stand

## Chapter Summary

All alone, Noble Six fights to her last breath, taking out every covenant troop she could. But it was too much, and the Elites that take her down want to take some time to truly humiliate the Spartan in her final moments.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Gang Bang

Fandom: Halo

Warnings - Gang Bang

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With heavy breaths, Noble Six turned to her next target, aiming her pistol and firing a round right into the grunt's neck, throwing it to the ground. She bent down and put her hands on her knees, taking just a second to readjust. She could feel the blood pumping inside her, the boiling adrenaline keeping her from collapsing entirely. How long has she been out here? An hour? Ten? She couldn't find the will to remember. All she was focused on was that they were still coming, and she was still standing. When she looked up, she saw an elite being projected right at the big crack in her visor, making it seem like there were a thousand of him.

She sighed deeply, feeling the pieces of her armor either broke through, or ripped off. A shoulder plate was lost to the fog around her, her chestplate having serious indents that pressed against her exosuit, the titanium alloy bending and breaking like a piece of aluminum. Nevertheless, she persisted. She had too. Just to show these bastards what she had in her till the very end.

So, as the elite came closer, she lifted her magnum up to face it. She tapped the trigger repeatedly, each shot hitting the shields of the soldier, some even getting through after it popped. Then she heard a click. Her screen was so damaged, she couldn't track the ammo, but that sound said it all. And now the elite had his rifle up, firing heated plasma her way. She dodged most of it, the majority either hitting the ground or her unstable shield. One did land on her helmet, creating another rupture in her mask.

But she wasn't about to give in, not over a plasma rifle. So, she aimed at the target again, but this time, instead of firing, she threw the pistol at the elite's arm. It came off as a surprise, and struck the alien right in his trigger hand, knocking the gun out of it. Right as it made its way, Six charged forward, wrenching her helmet off her head to display her long, blood stained brown hair draping to her sides. She held it firmly in her hand, and when she finally reached the stunned elite, she tackled him to the ground, sending the hardened mask into his mandibles. She bashed the elite's head into the ground repeatedly, turning his face into something unrecognizable.

Before she had time to truly relish the kill, another alien came up behind her and grabbed her armor from behind. Normally it wouldn't be much of a concern, but the elite knew the exact latches. The second he was on her, he unlocked her top armor, detaching the titanium and taking the backplate with him as Six kicked him away. Her abused chestplate fell right with the other, leaving her top covered by her exosuit. She gritted her teeth and turned around, snatching the fallen plasma rifle and gunning down the thief. He tried to hide behind her plate, but she just made her way towards him and ripped through the metal, killing the elite on the other side.

She huffed, looked to the side for more when a fist landed right on her face. She stumbled back into a large mass, and her heart stopped. She looked up to face the alien who knocked her back, feeling the swelling of a black eye quickly forming. She saw the zealot well enough, and guessed the one behind her was either the same or an Ultra. Not a chance she could fuck up. So, with her helmet still in hand, she threw it at the red one while she brought her fists up and turned around to face the other one. She struck the elite in the jaw with one hit, but when she went for a second, her fist was halted by a vice grip on the arm.

Another one?! Six screamed in her head when she saw the fingers hold her forearm in a lock, then felt a hard blow to the back of her knees, sending her to the ground. But not before the one in front latched his claws into her suit, tearing the fabric off and releasing her breasts to the warm air. She could barely concentrate when she hit the dirt and came to the conclusion she was surrounded. Her suspicions were confirmed when she looked up and four arched split jaws were staring down at her. She covered her breasts with one hand but she could feel the defeat. She was unarmed, and fighting with her tits out would be difficult. So instead of fighting more, she simply stared stoically into the elites eyes, not letting them see an inch of fear. "Do what you came here to do, you bastards." She spat out harshly.

She was surprised however to see them each reach for their bottom armor. They unfastened the magnetic locks simultaneously, and she was confused until she had her hair pulled back by the zealot behind her, his face right against her ear, "Do not think you will be going out

that soon. We have some... things we'd like to do before that." He growled, then moved further down, lying flat on the ground, trying to shimmy his way underneath Six. When she thought she had a way out, that idea was dashed the moment she felt another mass appear on her back, but with something sticking out like a telephone pole.

The zealot underneath her was taking off her armor and even found her knife, ripping her suit open to gain access to her holes. With the drop or the others' armor plates, Six understood clearly what they wanted. In front of her, we're three, thick, veiny cocks, all bouncing with anticipation and harder than the titanium armor she once donned. It was evident, and for some reason, Six wasn't mortified realizing this was how she was dying. After all, everything here was going up in smoke regardless. What did it matter if she pleased a couple sangheili as she dies?

"It seems you have figured it out, demon whore," the center elite, indeed an ultra, teased her by slapping his member onto her forehead. She glared at him with anger, but remained calm, up until she felt her snatch be breached by the zealot below. She yelped as her pussy was rocked by the large alien, and the elites above hitched their jaws to form smiles, "Better get to work."

At the remark, Six began moving herself up and down the rod stuffed inside her, grabbing a hold on the ones on either side of her face while she moved her mouth to the middle one. Seeing that she had instantly been pacified, the Ultra helped the brunette Spartan get his cock into her lips. Once inside, he didn't have to even do any work, she just began thrusting herself on and off the rod as she stroked his comrades, quite eagerly going to town on the unit.

The one behind her was simply wrapping her hair around his member and fucking it while she went to town on his brothers. The ones to the left and right were getting serviced by the skilled hands of the lone wolf, while their commanders were taking her mouth and cunt simultaneously, the woman bucking her hips to the beats. She felt almost too good of a slut, even if she had the body of one. She was slaughtering their friends just moments earlier, and now she's submitting to them while at the same time holding most of the control. The fucks going on in her head? The elite at her hair was mumbling to himself, groaning in pleasure as he used the threads like a cock sleeve, when he had an interesting idea.

He looked to his commander, thrusting hard into Six's throat with a fury, then whistled to him for attention. When the Ultra looked at him, he began speaking in their dialect, one that the Spartan would not understand, "Does she have to die like the rest, sir?"

The Ultra let the words register, thinking they were obvious, and also trying to chase his orgasm. He looked back to the blue elite, brow raised, "What do you have in mind, Khiza?" He asked, returning the language change.

Khiza raised his hand up, gesturing as he spoke, "She already is serving us, and she's a skilled fighter with information that could eliminate the entire UNSC. What if our group took her, we give her a programming chip, and she could serve in our detachment as a human drone. Then, we can have fun like this with her for a long time, and even raise in notoriety in the Covenant. What do you think, sir?"

As he finished, the rest of their unit also hearing it, they grunted and shivered as they released their cum all over Six, drenching her face in cream as Ultra pumped it full. Khiza stained her hair in his semen and made it incredibly sticky while the zealot unloaded into the Spartan's womb, filling her up all the way. Even as they were cumming, Six kept going at it, relishing in the sperm seeping into her and getting high off the cream. The Ultra looked to the others, all in simultaneous agreement, even the zealot below. Turning back to Khiza, this time so Six could understand, "That sounds perfect," he then moved his sight to the girl hungrily sucking on his cock, hyper as ever, "You want to do more of this?"

The Spartan looked up as she was referred to, and popped out the dick to answer immediately, "Absolutely. Fuck, if I knew you sangheili had such giant cocks, and such delicious cum, I would've thought twice in killing your friends." With the comment out, the group continued their session until they were ordered to extract. By the time they got back, all except their prisoner were exhausted to the core, burnout from the hours of spurting cream into each recess of Six. She was stained all over, her hair might as well have been part semen at this point, and she was gurgling on her recent load before they left, and jizz flowing out both her holes.

Years later, Six would come back from mission with the head of Dr. Halsey, offering it to the Prophets as a trophy with her team. She was the first true human member, and was the direct downfall for humanity. Even with all of these accomplishments, when they were behind closed doors, Six could be witnessed acting as nothing more than a two dollar whore, fucking her new team eagerly and without stop every night they wanted pleasure.

Okay, this one was good at the start, just had conflicting ideas of how I should finish it. Hopefully it worked, even with how jarring it was. That's all for now. Captain Grav Out.

# Day 11: Bishop Caught In Explosion

## Chapter Summary

Kate Bishop is tracking down the new Black Widow, Yelena, after she's been seeing the girl isn't doing well. However, she finds the assassin knows she's following, and wants her to stop.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Explosion

Fandom: Marvel

Warnings - Gore, Necrophilia, Corruption, Decapitation

Okay, let's see how I do.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The hallway that Kate was treading down was scorched and wrecked, paint and tiles dropping from the walls and ceiling onto the floor below. She was currently stepping over the burned bodies of the staff that originally worked here, their bodies in disarray beneath her feet. She held her bow in her hand, an arrow notched on the string. She stuck herself to the wall as she trailed through the catacombs of this place. While looking to be once a hospital, the young archer knew better. This was the old headquarters of the new organization SWORD. She didn't know what they were doing, but from the looks of it, they took great efforts to hide it.

But SWORD wasn't the reason she was in their burned-out base. She had a more personal mission, a favor to call in, if you will. Yelena contacted her again a few months back, and since then they have been... involved, with each other. Mainly over call, and in code, but sometimes they got lucky and were able to meet. It was with one of these meetings where she lost her virginity to the new Black Widow, screaming at the top of her lungs for the entire night. Since that time, they've had more like it, even purchasing toys and putting them in their usual spots to spice things up. Almost every night spent ended with Yelena filling 5 condoms with her seed and dropping the balloons on strings over Kate's spread legs. It was heaven to them both.

But just yesterday, when Kate was helping Clint organize some food for dinner, she got a ping from her phone. From Yelena. She excused herself to take it, and heard sounds of gunshots through the speaker. "K!" The assassin cried out over a crashing noise, "Fuck, I need help! Address is Pillory Avenue in Marshall, Grand Pillory Hospital. Please K, I need-" Then the call was cut. She had to keep it a secret from Clint, knowing after they saved her she would never see Yelena again. Throughout dinner, she couldn't focus, her mind was far off to save her lover. And so, that night, she left out the window and took her motorcycle, speeding off to the town.

She made it to the building in 8 hours, and for the life of her she wished she could've been faster. Now she was strutting down the battlefield that had yet to be considered old, burned out rooms from incendiaries, many officers with holes in their heads, and no sign of Yelena. Kate wasn't a forensic investigator, her mother actively made her turn away from any sort of criminal expert. Guess she can figure out why now. But because of that, she didn't have a clue what blood trail might've been Yelena, or if there was a trail to follow. So most of her search was just aimless wandering and going door to door, finding abandoned labs and bloody fight scenes behind every one she looked.

She finally made it to the end of the hall, and approached a double door with a security lock. It was a hand scanner apparently. She turned right beside the doors, a lying man slumped against the wall, two holes in his chest. She lifted the carcass up and slapped its hand against the reader, Kate holding the palm still. To her complete surprise, the scanner accepted it, the doors sliding open automatically. Shrugging it off, she laid the worker on the ground, then marched forward.

Walking inside with caution, she entered what appeared to be a clean room, with a dispenser filled with sanitation equipment on top. What kind of operation did they have in here? Kate finally asked herself, but kept moving, as the door was blasted slightly open on the other side. Wedging herself inside, she was shocked to find an entire control center, computers and desks all in orderly lines as they went down a slope, a large screen at the far wall. She was in front of a pane of glass that separated the hall from the center, but there were holes all around the place. Shots through the bulletproof glass, desktops smashed and thrown off their tables. Something big happened, and it left one side wholefully unprepared. Bodies also lined the ground, and one was hanging from a sharp spike in the wall right next to the glass. But something was different. The hanging one was a woman, and she was laid open, but she was also naked, besides a jacket that swayed with her arms. It was rape, murder. Something large killed her in her screams to stop, screams that ran silent forever.

Kate had to find Yelena, and quickly. She moved away from the control room and ran down the adjacent hall, seeing another interesting door with a symbol on it. She couldn't tell what it looked like at this speed, and she was not going to find out. She was so stressed and jumpy at

this point, she hadn't checked what was on the floor: a laser wire. She went right through it, and in the next moment, tiles on the floor slid away to reveal mines, and she was too in the moment to notice that she was stepping right onto one. But when she did, she was acutely aware of the small click, her eyes widening in horror for the brief second she was still standing. Fuck!

The next thing she felt was a scouring heat emerge almost instantly from her foot, destroying the entire limb where it stood. Then a loud blast knocked around in her eardrums, replaced with an eternal buzzing. She was launched up and forwards, falling to the ground and just barely missing another mine. Her bow falls out of her hands and down the hall, and she couldn't even hear her own screaming as the soaring pain blinded everything. Every touch felt like another bomb would go off, Kate unable to comprehend the hurt as she landed to the floor. A moment later, her severed leg hit her in the back of the head as it was throw across the room, the scorching limb managing to singe her hair a tad bit as it made its way.

The worst part was that it was also a shrapnel mine, or at least, that's what Kate guessed when she felt sharp, blistering hot metal sink into her. They sliced apart her hand-crafted suit like it was nothing, and dug right into her gut, punctured her remaining thigh, and stabbed into her ass, all parts gushing out her red life juice without trouble. Some clipped her, particularly right on her clit, shearing the clothing off into just fabric and leaving her pink panties out in the air. Everything in her was aching, not taking the chance to move. She lost her care to get Yelena out for the moment, and focused on just surviving until she could get up.

Eventually the ringing died down, and instead was replaced by a set of feet walking towards her from down the hall she faced, trodden on bare skin with time to the steps. The girl looked up as best she could, blood running down her forehead from hitting the ceramic tiles. Stalking towards her, was a large, red giant, naked and exposed without shame. A large cock hung flaccid underneath her as it swayed in time with her immaculate tits, the tip and nipples a dark brown contrast to the maroon skin. She had a tail swiping back and forth behind her, and she had long, black hair behind her back that extended to the bottom of her ribcage, along with horns sticking out of her forehead where the strands came from. Her eyes were a glowing purple that could calm a rabid dog, and a sly smirk that signaled pride.

"Well," she began, inspecting the wounded Kate, "Guess you really are as dumb as they say you are. Pathetic." She spat out, getting up nice and close to the downed archer, stopping just at the woman's bow. She looked down and smiled, then stomped right on it, crushing the metal beneath her foot as she completed her approach. "Should've taken more care of your toys."

"Who the fuck are you?" Kate snarled, holding herself up as best she could with one arm, the other numb from hitting the ground. She tried to appear tough, and for the most part succeeded, but if it weren't for the fact she could literally see her right leg behind her enemy, it dispelled all intimidation from looking at her foe from this view.

"Oh, K," she heard from behind the giant, a voice she knew better than her own. The distinct accent, the exact snarky delivery, her nickname no other person ever said. Her breath hitched as the futa in front of her stepped to the side, showing another figure in the darkly lit hallway, making her approach. Kate was in disbelief when, from out of the shadows, Yelena stepped out, her body not privy to any sort of covering, allowing all of it to be shown. She gasped when she saw the scars in her chest, fresh but healed, her breasts holding a few bullet wounds from rifles that have since been sealed. Her cock was extended out all the way from her crotch, balls hanging as they all pulsed with need. But that wasn't the worst, for when she finally could look up at her face, replacing her blue eyes was the same full purple glow of the demon. She had a sinister smile to her as she reached Kate, "She's the only thing that matters," Yelena started when she was fully in view, "And now, my master."

"Ye?" Kate echoed out as she winced in pain, both physical and emotional. What has this demon fuckwit done with my Yelena?!

"What she was getting at," the demon said, stepping back into sight, "Is that I'm Audrey. I'm from another universe, and I just love exploring other ones for all the fascinating people I can bring to my knees. Speaking of which, you know the Barton family?" She asked strangely, and Kate eyed her suspiciously. Audrey, who has had her hands behind her back up until this moment, moved them so the archer could see them, and the heads that she held by their hair. All with their eyes turned up in their skulls, Kate was in shock to see the whole family in front of her. Clint, Laura, Cooper, Lila, Nathaniel. All were facing her right now, all dead. Tears welled up quickly for her foster family. "Perhaps you shouldn't abandon them for a messed up enemies to lovers story," Audrey prowled over her, letting the girl truly experience the loss, enough for Yelena to sneak around Kate. Audrey then tossed the skulls away after making that point, dusting her hands off as she continued, "Though, probably only would've meant that your head would've joined them. But, after all, you're already about to get there. Yelena!"

With the call, the assassin slammed Kate's head on the ground, kicking the remaining leg away from the exposed panties. "Never understood how such a tomboy like you could wear stuff like this." She took the silky material around her fingers for emphasis. She then ripped the covering off violently, whiplashing the entrance it was shielding as it snapped its string. When Kate yelped at the sting, Yelena chuckled, "Guess that doesn't matter now, does it?"

"Ye, please, you don't have to do this," the distraught archer pleaded, now in tears as the losses sunk in, "Please, you can fight it. You're stronger than this. You can do- ahh!"

Yelena scoffed as she barreled her cock straight into the snatch, no lube to ease the process, "Ugh, so cliché. Where did you learn your hero phrases from? A fucking comic book?" She then proceeded to hammer away on the terrified girl, looking so close to calling her mommy for help. Too bad she's gonna be found dead in her cell by dawn too. "I'm not strong, not to Audrey. I'm just her slut. Once I'm done with you, I'm dying just like you."

She buried her member fast into the howling Kate, groaning in pleasure as she hit all of the spots without effort. She was already breaching the end as they spoke, and Yelena had her orders. Looking to the mine just beside their heads, she smiled at the convenience. She pulled Kate up by her hair as the assassin began pulsing her rod, whispering, "You ready to go, K?"

Her eyes widened quickly as she looked down to the mine that was now below them, and she struggled like an animal, "Nooooo!" She screamed as Yelena put their heads side by side, then thrust down onto the metal disk. The two girls heard the click that marked the end, and both gave out wild howls. Kate's out of fear, Yelena out of release. Both cut off by a blinding light.

The mine blew and absolutely destroyed both their heads, leaving nothing but charred matter and the stumps of their necks. Yelena's body shot back up and began bottoming out in her dead lover, pumping her cum into the snatch for the first time without a condom. Shame neither could enjoy it. Yelena thrust into the body for a few more pumps as she unloaded, then dropped back down onto Kate's back, both their necks flowing rivers of blood out.

Audrey looked at the two in awe. Such a lovely couple, and what a great way for it to end. She took out a remote that deactivated the traps, then walked out of the building without any incident, her next target planned, Eleanor Bishop.

## Chapter End Notes

Thought I'd try more dialogue with this one. Let me know how well it was. I know there wasn't much sex, but I also wanted to test build up. That's all for now, Captain Grav out.



# Day 12: Benezia Punished Liara

## Chapter Summary

During the fight on Noveria, Liara just can't seem to hurt her mother. That action will cost the entire team.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Stabbing

Fandom: Mass Effect

Warnings - Incest, Rape, Stabbing, Futanari Futa/M

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Shepard hid behind cover as the final geth sniper was staring down at her spot, firing rounds of fury without mercy upon the position. She couldn't get out to use any biotics, as the moment she leaves she would be shot dead. Luckily, Kaidan was right there to come to her aid. He had snuck around the side and got right next to the AI body. Then, with a good biotic fist, Kaidan ripped the head off and sent it flying off the platform into the darkness below. Shepard peered out of her barricade when the fire stopped, checking on the Asari on the other side before turning to see Kaidan standing where the Geth was, the synthetic corpse by his feet collapsed.

Smiling, the team got out and converged on each other. They then silently moved around the room to the raised floor where the Rachni Queen was placed. Benezia was up there too. Just as they reached her, Liara took a swift inhale, knowing she would be no good against her mother. Hopefully the others could pick up the slack.

The matriarch was standing before them without fear in her eyes. She raised her fists lazily, "Woo. Good job, bested my pawns," the marines on either side of her had their weapons raised, aimed right at her. Benezia rolled her eyes, then shot a hand out and sent purple mist out her palm. As the bullets were fired, they were frozen in place. And so were Kaidan and Shepard. They kept their hardened stares as Benezia walked right out of the line of fire, neither able to do anything as she took out a knife.

Liara watched in shock, but broke through and tried her best to respond. She ran up to her mother, who was concentrating on the stern faces of the people trapped in stasis. As she raised her blade, Liara grabbed her forearm in desperation, holding on as tight as she could. "Mother! Stop this!" She yelled as she began lighting her pupils up into glowing irises.

Benezia didn't look threatened though, and instead just turned to Liara with a scowl. She then gave a violent kick to the scientist's stomach, sending her stumbling back. "Insolent whore," she growled as she swiped her blade several times at Liara, the maiden unable to defend herself from the stun. None of the slices hit her though, which was weird. When Benezia stopped though, she could definitely feel something falling off. She opened her eyes and removed the arms she shielded her face with to look down. Her clothes were all in shreds, and slid off her body entirely, even her underwear. Her body quickly became visible to everyone in the room, while she tried to rush and cover herself. But then Benezia stepped forward against as Liara crouched down to hide, "You yet that trait from your father." She added before kicking the girl in the head, sending her to the ground. Liara banged her head against the metal and wasn't able to stop what was about to happen to her new friends.

She then turned back to the other two, the humans who invaded her work, took her daughter and brainwashed her. They would pay for their crimes. She approached them from behind, and using more biotics on herself this time, she was able to move normally in the stasis fields she had formed. She first went to Kaidan, and first undid her own dress down below, letting her cock spring forth. The matriarch then took her knife and aimed it downwards, at the tights on the marine's ass. She tore open the clothes by jabbing the blade directly up Kaidan's hole, slicing into his ass as it began to bleed in slow motion. She yanked it out just as fast, then replaced it with her dick, shoving it up the man with little regard for protection. She reached around and took the gun from his hands, then aimed it to Shepard on the other side. Still in the field, Shepard was helpless to dodge the bullets that Benezia fired straight at her, the rounds going in real time and penetrating her brain, causing a slow and dreadful death as her mind shut down.

Meanwhile, Benezia kept raping the butt of Kaidan, she took the time to drop the rifle and cut the L2 right in his nerves, severing the link between his arms and him. With both of them now unable to fight, Benezia released the field, letting everything fall normally. The bullets went right into the container of the Rachni Queen, killing the beast where it laid. Shepard fell to the ground, slumped, and Kaidan had to suppress a moan and pained howl as the matriarch fucked him. Liara was still on the ground, her cock limp on her stomach when she willed herself up.

She turned up to see the depravity in front of her, Kaidan being raped by her mother while blood was pooling underneath her head. Her mother was really going at Kaidan, grunting heavily as she sped up, hammering away into the marine without mercy. All of the sudden,

she howled out, slamming her rod deep into Kaidan's ass. Liara could see her balls tense up as Kaidan groaned, and Benezia's cum soon leaked from his but that was plugged. More kept going, and it was so pleasurable apparently, that the matriarch managed to force Kaidan into orgasm too, holding onto his cock and stroking it hard as it shot cream out. She positioned them towards the corpse beside them, spraying the red head's face in her subordinate's cum.

Both members were squeezing out all their load they could, shooting it in their respective places. Kaidan was feeling the warm fluid penetrate him and flow as he ejaculated on his commander's dead eyes, covering them in a glaze of his spunk. His useless arms swung with each hump from Benezia, the matriarch not stopping until her cock fully ceased its climax. The rod itself was buried very far up, all the way to the entrance to his intestines. He growled at the woman, as words had left his vocabulary at the moment, he was that lost for words. Then a knife came into view, and his heart sped up.

Benezia smiled as the marine saw it coming, feeling her member twitch in its orgasm once again. She hadn't originally wanted to show mercy, but she was in need of those death throes now. Besides, Liara was still there. So after a brief second, she brought the sharp edge right up to Kaidan's neck. She gained a wicked grin, feeling her prize stiffen, his climax stopping, and she swiped. She sliced through his tendons without effort, blood gushing out immediately as he threatened to fall forward. The mighty matriarch managed to hold him upright as the cum flow was replaced with a blood shower, spraying the already cold commander in crimson. His asshole puckered, tightening greatly and milking the rest of Benezia's load hungrily, taking every drop.

Kaidan felt his consciousness rapidly falling as his legs kicked out from under him. He panicked, something the always level-headed lieutenant never usually did. Guess this is what dying felt like? He roared in his booming voice until his vocal cords became dry, and just turned to wheezing. Pathetic for an Alliance Marine. Benezia thought as she felt the man she was inside start to fade. Soon his kicking legs went still, his body supported by only Benezia's strength. Kaidan was getting tired, and soon closed his eyes, his jaw slacked open as he uttered his final breath.

Once he was dead, Benezia pulled out her cock, dropping the soldier to the ground on his stomach. He laid spread against the metal grates, arms above his head as his cock fit perfectly in a hole in the floor, hanging down into the abyss. Cum leaked from his back entrance, flooding out like a waterfall onto the space where the grates and real floor collided. His balls were right under the drooling ass, and Benezia made it her first priority to step on them, squashing the testicles under her heel.

Once she had her fun with him, Benezia waltzed over to her daughter, who had only managed to sit up slightly, putting a hand to her head and hissing at the splitting headache. Liara heard her mother's footsteps and the clang from Kaidan's corpse hitting the ground, but was too much in a daze to defend herself. Why would she even fight now? It was her mother, and her friends were dead because of her. She'd be kicked off the Normandy if she went back at best, and at worst, Ashley would kill her. So she might as well do what her mom will order her to do. She luckily didn't have to look up herself, as a finger brought her chin up so she was facing Benezia, a scowl on her face.

Benezia gripped onto Liara's jaw tightly, then made her change her view to the corpse of Shepard. "Fuck her." She demanded, letting go of the scientist's jaw and kicking her in the ass forward. Liara was fearful of the consequences, so she crawled immediately there. Without thinking, fully on autopilot, Liara grabbed the coverings of Shepard's behind and tore them off, ripping away the armor and fabric to reveal the succulent cooch. On instinct, she stroked her rod and aimed it into the snatch, thrusting her virgin cock into the folds quickly. Her mother looked on with satisfaction, knowing she had already broken the poor Asari.

But one thing made it really set in for Liara. As she made her way in, she encountered a block, Shepard's hymen. Shepard died a virgin? And I'm about to take it away off her corpse. Goddess forgive me. She thought with a terrified mind, then took in a deep breath. With a heavy heart, Liara penetrated the wall and destroyed it with small strain. It felt interesting. As a scientist, she let that part of her mind control her through this, seeking through curiosity to drive her forward. She thrust weakly into the dead canal with a pathetic yelp, her body already closing to orgasm.

Apparently upon learning this through the bond that Liara had no idea her mother opened up, Benezia got up close to her girl. Then, Liara had a brief second to notice until Benezia sheathed her entire dick into her azure, sealing it in and breaking her hymen in turn. Neither would last the next minute, so they quickly hastened their progress.

It became a sequence, Benezia thrusting in the same time Liara did, then pulling out fully. They compressed and decompressed like a spring, pistoning forward and backward without stopping as they came near. Benezia knew what she wanted next. And with her trusty knife, she was gonna get it. Liara closed her eyes as she began feeling her cock pulse dearly, believing to hopefully meet her orgasm. However, what she got instead was a tug on her head, then the look at a blade, pointed at her. She screamed once, then Benezia stabbed right into Liara's vocals, severing her ability to yell.

Benezia screamed maniacally, yanking the blade out and jabbing it in again, this time at Liara's breast. It sank in the fleshy lobe with ease, then ran out just as quickly. With all the need to go slow gone, the matriarch kept sending the knife into her daughter multiple times. She even began to pump her cum in when the punctures sent waves of tension into Liara's azure, shaking her to the core. Blood began to gush out as the light blue alien also unloaded herself into Shepard, pumping the dead womb full of her sperm. Normally, asari cum would hasten the impregnation process to just a day, but unknown to Liara, it worked on dead wombs as well. So she was oblivious to the fact that she just gave Benezia two babies for the price of her.

But that wasn't as important as the holes her mother was leaving in her. She was punctured in the tits, between them, her stomach, literally every space that Benezia could reach was now replaced by a stab wound. It was hard to stay upright, and she eventually fell right onto the body of Shepard, hanging her eyes open as the blood loss went full swing. She succumbed the moment after her cum stopped pumping.

With her daughter dead, and knowing there were two on the way, Benezia roared in triumph as she served her master Saren. Surely the Turian would appreciate the gifts, and perhaps she might take the children under her wing in the rule of the reapers, their light ever bright to her. The matriarch held herself inside Liara's snatch, letting the cum soak in as she was zapped with exhaustion. The use of all her force was tough, and she was tired from the battle and rape that had ensued. So, she laid against her dead daughter's back happily, closing her eyes as she fell asleep among her kills.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, I think I got carried away with Kaidan's demise on this one. I still like it, but it just wasn't what I had in mind while originally planning this.

Though this was my first real test at putting Men in the death toll in full focus. How did you think? Let me know here or my discord.

Also, I would like to give a shout out to MorbidCuriosity. She apparently is taking on my challenge as well. Please follow her as well in this journey. ( [https://archiveofourown.org/users/M0rbid\\_Curiosity](https://archiveofourown.org/users/M0rbid_Curiosity) ) and again, check out TurboDepravity as well in their Snufftober.( <https://archiveofourown.org/users/TurboDepravity/pseuds/TurboDepravity> )

Anyway, that's it for now. Captain Grav Out!



## Day 13: Hera's Clumsy Shower

### Chapter Summary

Hera just wants a nice time in the shower to herself. Too bad her habits make her very clumsy. At least Sabine will enjoy her.

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Unlucky Accident

Fandom: Star Wars: Rebels

Warnings- Neck Break, Masturbation, Futanari

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Your insubordination is unacceptable Ezra," Hera growled in the teen boy's face, letting her venom show in her voice. Her eyes were narrow and targeted her adopted son the moment they made it back to Phoenix Squadron. He lost her fucking ship. He disobeyed orders. He wasn't getting off so easily, "You will be demoted and will not lead missions until I decide you are able to. Do you understand me?"

Ezra twiddle his thumbs from his spot on the couch, with Sabine and Zeb on the other side. They weren't wanting to scold him, rather be there for their friend. They were about to step in when Ezra quietly whispered, "Yes, Ma'am." Not looking at anyone except his lap.

"Good," Spectre 2 stated, her temper not yet satiated.

"What?!" Sabine jumped up from her seat, anger laced in her exclamation. Hera turned to her and returned the gaze that the Mandalorian was giving her, "So he fucked up. He at least put a dent in the Empire. We've made mistakes like that all the time. Don't prowl over him like some righteous general when you're just as bad with orders!" She yelled to her adopted mother, getting in between her and Ezra.

Hera stiffened her posture, trying to say something as a comeback. But she couldn't think right now, it was very frustrating. So, with a frustrating groan, she threw her hands up and walked away, going out the door to her room. Before she made her way inside, she shouted one last time, "We're in an army now, deal with it!" Then let the door slide down, cutting her off from the rest of them. She got to her bed and searched her drawers, fetching out some of her casual clothes. This entire mess made her very dirty, and she found the shower to be the best for her to calm down. However, on her way out her room, she made sure to snatch a small object wrapped in another shirt, then made her way over.

When she made it to the fresher, she closed the door, not bothering to lock, for some reason. She was going to be in here for a while though. She set her new clothes on the lid of the toilet seat. Promptly after, she slipped her head dress off her tendrils, dropping it in a hamper by the towel rack. She then shrugged off her shoulder pads before detaching her breastplate, letting all of it crash to the floor. With the biggest hindrances out of the way, she unzipped her current undersuit, running it down and letting the sides separate. She then tossed her top into the hamper as well, then moved to turn the knobs on the shower. She ignored the cold for the moment, sending the hot tap all the way, then turning the shower colder just a tad bit.

Once she got it started, she moved to finish herself. She pushed her pants down and off, moving past her boots as she tossed it away. She then took off her footwear, then socks. All that was left was her underwear, and it was going quick. Without even waiting, she tore her bra strap off and sent it flying across the small space, only to peel off her panties right after. Now her moderately sized breasts and comfortable cunt were exposed to the quickly rising temperature of the room, she went for the hidden item within the shirt she grabbed. Pulling it out, it was a vibrator, perfect stress relief.

Finally relaxing her hardened frown to a small smile was helpful, letting the muscles stop tensing up as she took the toy in her hand. She managed to purchase it during one trip to another planet, and after Kanan had stopped sharing a bed with her, she had to do something to get through heats without him. And so, she figured indulging in herself was worth it for once. So now, pretty much every time she was in the shower, she was moaning to the top of her lungs as she cummed exactly three times each before truly cleaning herself.

So, it would be the same here. She turned around and stepped into the shallow basin of the walk in, her toy in hand. She placed the thing on a shelf for the moment, letting the water run down her body completely. It engulfed her with the heat, and she loved it that way. She let it drench her skin in water, dampening her senses to focus on just the relief. Once it was all over her body, she got her soap, specially infused with some pleasure heighteners, another impulse buy turned into regular purchase. She lathered the substance on her tits first, pinching her nipples before running the soap down. She spread the bubbles all over her

stomach and waist, sending some right up her holes without regret, eliciting her first moan since she walked in.

After getting it all over, she fetched the vibrator. She didn't lean against the walls, needing the pleasure now. The soap began to make its effects know as every space it touched became more sensitive, absolutely amazing for the Twi-Lek. She moved the stick to her entrance and pressed it against her snatch immediately, hitting the button and letting the thing start on the lowest frequency. Even that was a lot for her, cumming immediately as it started buzzing. She gripped the toy with both hands, holding it firmly as it massaged the juices out of Hera, making it obvious she was a squirter as she shot it out like a sprayer. The pilot wasn't stopping there though, and gradually raised the intensity until it was running load. She couldn't contain the screams as she was shaking at her knees.

She was already drawing close to her next orgasm, when she did something kind of stupid. As she was bucking in close climax, she accidentally shoved the tip into her cunt, and it sent a spark through her body as it impacted her core directly. But with it, she traveled somewhere unknown, and her feet reacted terribly. They slipped and kicked out from under her. She began to fall and there was nothing except the curtain to brace her drop. It didn't help, as her weight simply wrenched the pole holding the plastic shield off and joined her in the collapse.

She hit her neck on the indent between the main floor and the shower, snapping her spine with just that. She screamed the whole way down, stopping the moment her neck was broken. The rod came down right after, slamming into her head and busting it open a bit, blood starting to leak as the rain came down. Her hands had fallen limp beneath her, the vibrator still in her pussy as she faded from life, hearing the faint sound of the door busting open as she died.

Sabine was walking past the fresher when she heard a yell coming from it. Without hesitation, she opened the door and was prepared to help. That was until she saw Hera on the ground, naked in the running shower, her top half entangled in the curtain. She skipped over to inspect it, unveiling the Twi-Lek pilot from the sheet, only to find her dead eyes staring back at her, her mouth wide open in a scream that stopped abruptly. She's dead? Sabine gasped in shock, stepping backwards to get a better look at the scene.

Hera clearly tripped up in the shower, just a clumsy accident that cost her her life. But there was something else she had to find out. What caused her to slip up. She quickly found that answer in the form of the buzzing sound coming from inside the corpse. She trailed the sound to find the white stick inside Hera's cunt, the entrance humming to the vibration. Sabine knew exactly what it was, and couldn't help but smile and laugh, "Dumbass. Trying to get off and instead just get offed." She commented to the dead eyes, feeling her member stiffen inside her suit from the thought.

After feeling that, Sabine got back up and closed the door, locking it this time to enjoy the time alone. She approached the corpse again, dragging it out of the shower and turning the water off. Then, she took her clothes off that she already changed into, knowing she was going to make the most of it. Her breasts were fairly flat, but the cock and cunt below her made up for it, both great for their purpose. The Mandalorian then grabbed the vibrator and yanked it out, moving the still buzzing toy to her own cunt, shaking as it sent its current up her core.

Struggling through the toy's power, Sabine aligned her dick up to Hera's wet camel toe. It was stretched wide from the toy, but still very good to look at. Especially when Sabine thrust forward into the carcass's depths, pushing it forward a bit from the force. The futa groaned as she penetrated her captain's dead folds, bottoming out beyond into her womb. It felt wonderful to be in, and she was getting started. With how good it felt, and from the constant shock from the toy, she lasted only a minute, but that minute was pure bliss to her.

She slammed hard into Hera's body like she was a piston, hammering into the cunt without hesitation. She mauled away as the corpse soon became cold, and roared as she burst her seed straight into the woman she once considered a mentor. Sabine moaned in bliss as she unloaded her cum into the womb, filling it up promptly from her cream. At the same time, the buzzer made her pussy orgasm in delight, covering the head in juices of sweetness. Soon the high died down, and even the vibrator began dull to the hardened soldier.

Pulling out, Sabine stood up, leaving the body where it was. She then let the hanging stick inside her to fall on its own accord, dropping to the ground and rolling away. This was a convenient move for the specters, as now the only competent people aboard is her, Ezra, and Zeb. Chopper wouldn't approve, but they could kick him out. Maybe deactivate his faulty program so he could help hide the corpse. Or maybe just preserve her, it was quite a good toy anyway. Yeah, that'll do.

With that in mind, Sabine turned to the toilet, and the clothes that rested on the seat. Her casual wear was currently drenched from the wet floor, and she knew Hera wouldn't mind

anymore. So she grabbed the towel and dried herself off, then donned the clothes of her fallen friend. Interestingly enough, Hera had no underwear in the pile, so Sabine had to handle having her cock behind only one layer. Before she left, she kneeled down next to the girl on the floor, then spit right in her face, stepping back up and walking out, the steam fading as she opened the door.

After that, she had to convince the rest. Thankfully, Ezra wasn't off the Sith high, so he was on board. And Zeb just wanted to stay on the ground with Chopper while the two left. Now, they are out of orbit, just finishing off the last of the fighters that followed as they breached into Hyperspace, coordinates to wherever they wanted. Somewhere remote at least, gone from the stupid war. They celebrated by spit roasting the corpse in the cockpit, enjoying their new found time alone, and no one to argue with them.

## Chapter End Notes

Again, short sex scene, but I think the overall goal was worth it. This one was meant to be kinda funny with the demise, hope you enjoyed. Captain Grav Out.

# Day 14: Batgirl Guns Down Harley

## Chapter Summary

While in pursuit of the dangerous Harley Quinn, Barbara is struck by something from someone, which alters her strategy enough to scare Quinn for the remainder of the clown's short life.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Riddled With Projectiles

Fandom: DC

Warnings - Gun Violence, Corruption of Characters, Implied Rape and Necrophilia

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Barbara was jumping from roof to roof, chasing the maniacal clown as she tried to make her escape. She was on her trail, and hoped to have her in custody by the time her dad comes home from work. Things have been going on in the realm of Earth recently, and Batgirl has been tirelessly aware of it. Firstly, her girlfriend was now a raging animal and has torn through the entire Justice League, minus Wonder Woman, who has been somewhat absent as of late too. She remembered when she saw Kara on screen as she beat her mentor, Bruce, to death with Hawk Girl's mace, the original wielding on the floor next to them with a massive hole in her stomach, nearly separating her completely. The chaos was undoubtedly related to the other case that Gotham had been subjected to.

She and the rest of the bat family saw as, hanging from Lady Gotham in the center of the islands, was the swinging, naked corpse of Selina Kyle, her body bruised and beaten. Barbara nearly threw up when she saw the white cream that was drooling from the corpse's cunt, indicating a use she played in death. It was horrid, the sight of it, to see her hanging from her own whip, and an even worse realization when they checked the sperm samples. They couldn't identify if it was even human. But it was that same night that Barbara spotted Quinn, fleeing on the tops of buildings. And so, she chased.

The rest were still at the department going over the investigation on Catwoman, but she figured it wouldn't be a hard fight. From the look of it, Quinn had a serious limp to her lunge, and she kept stumbling forward with each leap to the next rooftop. All Batgirl had to do was

keep it up, just keep the running up, and Quinn would soon be out of it. When Harley did see the pursuing bat, she gasped, "Batgirl?! Oh!" She slowed her pace, stopping on the current apartment top. This surprised the heroine, who simply charged the clown and threw her against the the wall of the stair entrance.

"What the fuck have you help cause Quinn?" She hissed at her, holding her by her throat with one hand and readying her fist, "With all the shit that's happened, I suggest you be serious real quick." During the standoff, Barbara had a better opportunity to see Harley in the dim light. Her clothes were ripped, exposing her tits, the relatively large peckers standing out and drizzled in, something. It looked familiar to what she saw earlier.

"Calm down Baterina, I'm not involved in any of this," Harley growled, no deception in her tone, "In fact, I was about to be a victim of it just now, if you could believe it." At that statement, Barbara's fist softened, and with a groan, she set the anti-hero down. Harley dropped to the ground, coughing to catch her breath, while the redhead stalked above, folding her arms, waiting for an explanation. "I got grabbed from my prison transport a few hours ago," she started, rubbing the back of her neck as she began her story, "Don't know who it was, though I got a feeling it could've been a futa." Barbara widened her eyes at that, glancing down to her own crotch, feeling a hidden item stiffen. Harley got up and saw the shift of focus and followed the trail to the indent in the spandex, smirking, but not commenting on it, "Anyway, I woke up in a mimic of my old office, back when that was a thing I did. But I was tied to the swivel chair, and the chair itself didn't have the tiny wheels, so it bobbed around each time I moved. Then my captor came, and well," she gestured to her tits and the fluid on them and her face, "This."

Barbara looked at the criminal part timer with awestruck eyes. There wasn't a lie in that. She could typically tell Harley's tell signs easily, but there wasn't any here. And she had the evidence right on her boobs. She eyed the stream curiously, moving her hand to touch it, "May I take some?" She said as she got out a scanner, "DNA check." She added hastily, realizing what she was asking. She could see the cheeks of Harley redden a bit, but she shrugged, fine with the offer. Barbara reached and plucked some of the cream off, the consistency immediately recalling the cum in Selina's pussy. She grazed the breast with her gloved palm, eliciting a moan from the clown. Barbara then drop the substance onto the device in her off hand, letting it do its thing. There was just one thing she had to ask Harley still, "If you were taken, how'd you get out?"

Harley laughed, "That's the thing, that part seemed really sketchy. The crook first of all left the room, leaving her gun on the table, in my range. Here." Harley started, fetching a pistol from a pocket and handing it to Barbara, "But, she kinda just left and let me leave. I figured she was giving me a challenge, but I just wanted to get out of there. So here I am, running." She then put a hand to her head as she leaned against the wall, feeling the cold metal knobs of

the door right on her shoulder, "I think that bitch drugged me with something. It's making me all dizzy and makes every touch feel intense. You nearly made me cum by brushing my boobies just then." She blurted out at the end, making Batgirl freeze in her place, only resuming when she heard the ping of her scanner.

"So," she hummed as she observed the results, "Seems we are indeed dealing with a common enemy. I guess we should-"

"You shall do nothing," a voice came from behind them, and Barbara turned around in attack immediately. In the shadows was a figure, standing tall, at least 7 feet, but unclear from this distance. It was hard to tell, with the only thing glowing being the person's purple eyes, bouncing off of faint hues of red around her skin. When she did come into the light, marching strong and with a smile, Barbara noticed immediately the other features. She was entirely naked, her tits massive and the dick between her legs so big it was the size of a horse's. Barbara's concealed dick pulsed when she saw it. The red woman with horns had a grim smirk on her face as she finished her line, "Except please me."

Quinn heard the voice and immediately pressed herself against the wall, clutching to the bricks terrified, "That's her! She raped me."

"Oh, please," Audrey chuckled, stepping forward casually, not threatened by the stance of force from Batgirl, "I'm sure Barbara here has seen what is 'rape' with me. If intended to do the same thing to you, you'd currently be in the morgue sitting right beside Selina." At the mention of her name, Barbara stopped breathing, and Audrey saw that. "Yes, Batslut, I know your name. I also know Bruce Wayne, Dick Grayson, Kate Kane, Stephanie Brown, Helena, Damian, and everyone else in that culture you call the Bat Family. You really should've brought them here, that way they could at least fight with dignity."

Barbara's eyes widened further, turned to rage, "I swear if you laid a hand on any of them, I'll-"

"Relax," the succubus interrupted, getting right next to Barbara, the secretive futa so focused on her face she didn't notice the shift of Audrey's hands, "I've already touched many versions of them across thousands of Earths, but this time, I want to try something different. I won't do a thing to them, but you will." With a wicked grin, Audrey shoved a device into Barbara's face, spraying her with a gas that immediately sent the heroine into fits of coughs. Batgirl hit the ground, ripping her suit at the knees as they landed, and her cock became increasingly

harder, eventually tearing through the fabric of her panties, threatening to go through the spandex, "Courtesy of the Batman Who Laughs, with my own personal modifications." Is all Audrey added before she left from the rooftop, leaving the struggling futa and scared clown alone.

Quinn slowly approached the woman on the ground, hearing her lungs try to reject whatever entered her system, failing miserably at it. All of a sudden though, Harley heard a change to the coughs, and it shook her. It was low, quiet, but easily heard from where the clown was. It sounded like... laughing? Harley was more worried for the heroine, and put a hand on the woman's shoulder, "Bats?" She asked timidly, filled with concern.

But what happened next, she did not anticipate. Barbara turned her head swiftly to meet Harley's eyes, and they were wide and dilated. Her mouth was wide, and the laughs became more obvious and loud. Her lips were as far separated from each other as possible, and threatened to tear at the edges. It looked so much like laughing gas, but from what Harley could recall, this was not something it did. The sight made the clown retract her hand quickly, stepping backwards as the heroine turned around, the gun she gave her in her hand, her finger in the trigger well.

Harley put her back to the wall again, shaking in her knees, "Bats? Barbara, was it? What's going on? Snap out of it!" She rambled as the laughter continued, Batgirl standing up and turning around like an animatronic. She held the pistol in her hand, stretching it out just as much as the erection down below, easily seen by Harley, but right now, was not the focus. The booming laughs never stopped, and only amplified as she aimed right at the clown. "Barbara, your code! You can't let it do this! Barbara, please!" We're the last words Harley said before the cheering bat unleashed her fury on her.

Loud cracks sounded through the air as blinding lights flashed, indicating the amount of bullets that Batgirl has unloaded into her target. Each shot hit the frozen deer of Quinn, never hitting the same place twice. She checked before she ran with the thing, but it had at least 20 round in it, and now 20 rounds were going into her. Three shots hit her breasts, two going straight into her nipples as another hit the side. Another 5 went right below it, hitting her stomach right in her belly button for one and the rest scattering around the clothed area, one busting right through her womb. 2 hit her thighs, while a third went smack dab into the top of her cunt, shearing through the covered part without problem. Barbara turned the pistol up and fired another 6 into each joint of her arms, blasting them open to fall uselessly to Quinn's sides. One sheared off her left ear, leaving the girl hearing the ringing for the rest of her shortening life, while one was aimed at her mouth. That one was lucky, or planned, however, as the bullet mostly impacted her teeth, the small chompers stopping it's trajectory short and sacrificing themselves for the whole.

Not like the whole mattered much now, as once the firing stopped, Harley slid down the side, leaving streaks of blood on the bricks as her legs gave into the sudden tiredness. She landed on her butt, her face filled with pain that was quickly consuming her. Not the death she ever pictured herself facing. Originally, it was dying happily around the people she helped recover from Arkham when she was a Psychiatrist. Then it was laughing with Joker as she died in his arms. Then it was with peace surrounding by her fiancé, Ivy, and the rest of her team. But never did she think she wouldn't leave this world without a smile.

She saw a little bit as Barbara came near, certain the girl was still laughing profusely. That brought her back to reality, and she realized something. There was only 19 shots fired, but twenty in the magazine. She didn't use one on the way, so what was the point in leaving the last one in the chamber? That problem solved itself when she looked up to see the corrupted Batgirl, only to focus on the barrel right above her forehead. "Batgirl." She sighed, accepting her defeat, looking beyond the gun to look her killer in the eyes, the wide eyes that were still on her face, shown through the mask confidently, and insanity that not even Joker could manage. Then she felt the shake of the gun, and stopped thinking after that.

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Nightwing followed the trail that Barbara left for her, the red head always making sure she could be followed. He heard the loud shots, and he chased the sound with haste, fearing the worst. Or, at least what he could've guessed was the worst. He heard loud laughter once the bangs stopped, only to hear one more decisive one as he jumped. Then he got a call from Alfred, stopping for a moment to catch his breath. They talked for a bit, but the anxiety inside him had grown, and he cut the conversation short and continued to the final couple jumps.

When he spotted her, he landed on the opposite side of the rooftop as she was on, facing towards the wall. He strode lightly, hearing a soft giggling from the girl, but seeing no signs from here she was harmed, "Babs?" He called out, and that got her attention. She turned around slowly, her head drooping so her hair was slightly in her face, the red strands loose from her hair tie. She was laughing hard, and that raised Dick's concern. But it didn't raise it more than the gun that she dropped as she faced him, or her suit torn open to present her cock and tits. And none of that gave him more chills than the corpse of Harley behind her, slumped to the ground with her back up against the wall, holes in her body drooling blood and.. something else white.

It didn't take him long to connect the dots, but it wasn't fast enough to prepare for the grenade Barbara threw at him, the force enough to knock him off the side, plummeting to the ground

below. There was a fence line surrounding the building, one of those ones with spikes on the top of each post. Through the entire trip, when he was falling, the moment he hit the spikes, and as he bled out from being impaled on three of them, one in his head, the other two down his torso, he heard only one thing besides the ambient sounds of the city and his blood running down the pikes. He heard the roaring sound of Barbara, laughing to her dearest delight, continuing even after life left behind Nightwing's mask. The laughter of the heroine that would soon become the sound that brought Gotham to its knee. Down on their knees to die on the cock of the Batgirl who Laughs.

## Chapter End Notes

Grav: Okay Audrey, we need a conversation.

Audrey: Oh, C'mon! Tell me you didn't like it.

Grav: It was good, but do you got to interfere with all my challenge days.

Audrey: Hey! Not all! Hera tripped up all on her own.

Grav: argh, nevermind

Audrey: mhmm. Just you wait, 28th comes around and your up.

Anyway, posting this late, but still on time. You ain't getting me yet. Audrey might later though. If you want to check it out, see my calendar on my discord. (

<https://discord.gg/9aphJZ3EJs> ). Also check out both M0rbid\_Curiosity's and TurboDepravity's challenges, keep them wanting to do them. That's all for today, Captain Grav Out!

# Day 15: Kate Kane Plays With Her Gun

## Chapter Summary

The legendary, and somewhat mythical, Batwoman has survived a tragic event, but not unscathed. She decides to test her luck truly using the only thing she has, her gun.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Suicide

Fandom: DC

Warnings: Suicide, Suicidal Thoughts, Masturbation, Gun Violence

This is a work of FICTION! If you have any of these thoughts at all, see someone immediately! You are not alone. This is meant for morbid entertainment purposes.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The city of Gotham was burning, the smoke able to be seen from the manor. It was alight, but no one was celebrating it except for the maniacal laughs that reverberated through the city streets. The Batgirl Who Laughs was at the police station now, taking her own father's head and shoving it down her cock like a sleeve. But Kate couldn't see that from here, and instead could only see the fire and smoke, the end of Gotham as she knew it.

She looked over from the balcony covered with her robe, leaving only her mask on as a symbolic gesture as she watched in distraught as the city she grew up in was coming down. Everyone else was dead. Damian and Helena were the first to respond to the death of Dick. Now they were riddled in batarangs, Helena's head on Damian's cock, posed like an even worse version of zsasz. Cass and Stephanie didn't last long either, tied up by their capes and filled with Barbara's jizz, their mouths hanging slack from the struggles. Jason and also Starfire tried to talk sense into her, and try to avenge Dick, but now Kori held a hole in the front of her head, with a larger, more gaping one out the back as Red Hood had his face bashed in with his own helmet. When Alfred saw Tim's monitor go dead on the computer, the boy having his head blasted off by a shotgun, the butler had a heart attack and fell out of the chair right there. He's still there, as Kate refused to enter that cave again, fine with leaving it as a memorial and tomb for her fallen found family.

Her father was long dead too, she watched as the chuckling maniac gunned down the Cafe he frequented, with him still inside. When she saw that, after everything else, she ran. She made herself scarce, trying to find anywhere to hide. Then she got to the Manor, played sidelines with Alfred until he bit the dust too, leaving the mansion even more silent than it was before. All the while, she could never get away from hearing that dreadful laugh, coming from a long time friend.

Behind her, there was two news segments being played. One was the current state of the city, from a helicopter above with a reporter warning the crowds to stay in doors. The second, instead used to be similar, except for Metropolis. It was a still frame on the ground now, showing the valiant Supergirl firing lasers into her male counterpart, burning through Kal's head and ending the final Leaguer who decided to show up, still no appearance of Diana.

It was all a mess, and Kate just rested against the glass railing, her only clothes being her gown and mask, not caring about being modest. Barbara was going to be here soon anyway, so what did it matter? At least be naked of her own accord. In fact, might as well end it on her own damn accord too.

With the idea firmly in her head now, she turned away from the city and back inside, fetching the remote and turning both feeds off. She then found where she left her suit, the torn and blood stained spandex draped on a countertop. On top were the only things she could trust now. Her pistols. She had been forced to use rubber bullets by Bruce, but he never stopped her from carrying two sets of live rounds. She still didn't give much shit for the code. And right now, they would prove a use. She had swapped to revolvers a little prior to this, and she was glad she did. Useful for what she wanted to do now.

She strode back out into the open air, comfortable enough to have this as the last thing she can feel. She sat down on one of the couches out here, ready to make the dark blue cushions soon have red splats added. She spread her legs on the sofa, stretching herself to have her warm cunt feel the breeze around her, her entrance throbbing slightly from arousal. Turns out, seeing her friends all covered in cum and the naked blonde and redhead tearing up everyone they cared about really tickled her in a deep way. And being so close to death, she might as well act on them now. So, taking the guns, she set one down, one being good enough for her, and unloads the cylinder. Once the fake bullets were out, she put in the other one's, letting each set in carefully. She made sure to leave one without a shot in it, deciding to make it a challenge.

She jerked the cylinder back into the gun, closing the pistol with the five shots it held. She then moved the revolver down her body, flipping the barrel around to face her. She bit her lip

as the tip of the pistol reached her cunt, pressing the metal against her entrance. It was pretty cold, the notch of the sight touching right onto her clit and sending a spike of adrenaline up her body. Just the touch gave her a low moan, and she became more and more sure of how she was going to go out. Right before she inserted the shaft into her, she shot her other hand down and spun the cylinder around, randomizing which chamber would go first.

She figured that if the first shot was the empty well, she'd fight Barbara when she comes here, and die with dignity. But she desperately hoped it would never come to that. So, she shoved the gun into her lower lips, stretching the folds below beautifully. She shivered when she buried the metal impromptu dildo into her canal, letting the cold barrel meet her warm snatch. Once she bottomed out to the end of the shaft, she began to thrust harder, causing the ridges on it to scratch against her core. Kate laid spread on the couch as she began to hammer the gun into her cunt, her head on the arm rest echoing bouts of lust.

While she fucked herself with the revolver, Kate trailed on with her thoughts. Renee, the detective she met. She was supposed to be on her second date with the lady tonight, before everything happened. Renee informed her well of the time she would be off, and she did catch a glimpse of her when they found Selina and brought her to the station, trying hard not to stare and give herself away. But she was still at work when Barbara broke, so more likely than not, she tried to defend the station valiantly, only to be viciously murdered by the laughing bat. IT panged her that her interest was almost confirmed to be dead, and she finally set it end, and when she was masturbating to her last orgasm no less. But at the very least, she'd meet her soon.

Her breath became more ragged as she sped up to the thought of Detective Montoya, remembering the one time they did have together on the woman's bed. Turns out, the silent cop was quite the dominant girl, and Kate found out quickly she had a kink for being a submissive slut. They rocked against the mattress eagerly, using Renee's handcuffs to pin Kane to the top of the bed, assuming that it was a major misuse of police property, but a little to in the moment to care. She could feel the gun start to hit her g spot, running against it like it was grinding it down. She hitched her breath and shouted out a long moan as she came ever closer to release, dreaming of her time with the officer.

As she came in the vision, Kate rocked in reality, shooting her juices onto the tip of the revolver in her cunt. With that, Batwoman regained her focus, seeing her task was finished. She hadn't even realized she was groping her tit the whole time, but took her mind off to complete her challenge. She pulled back the hammer, and pulled the gun inside her as far as she could, then fired.

The bullet was quick, and Kate was grateful for it not being the empty shot. It tore through her Abdomen and drove itself into her ribcage, ripping through her lung. It eventually blasted out of her chest, the small bullet leaving a giant hole in her body, left gaping open. She dropped immediately, overcome by both the high of the pleasure, and the fury of the pain, molding into one. She won the game. Or lost it, since she was dying? Oh well, it didn't matter.

But she was still alive, so she had to fix that. With the strength she had, Kate grabbed the pistol sunken in her ruined snatch, the barrel drenched in blood. She brought the revolver up to her face, pressing the reddened shaft onto her chin. She winced in pain, but closed her eyes with a smile, inserting her finger into the trigger well again. Then, as soon as she squeezed the trigger, everything went blank.

Audrey watched from afar as the Batwoman sat on the sofa and blew her brains out, the gore and grey matter blasting out the top of her head, popping out from the covered top and tearing the ears of her mask off in the crack that sounded through the air. The entire time, the succubus was jerking herself off using the now dead woman's crush, Montoya forced to watch as Kate killed herself right before Audrey sent her down her entire shaft. It broke the detective's spine and caused her eyes to drop immediately. With a smirk, the futa laughed. This world was going to be a fun experiment.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, how have you been enjoying the series so far. I hope you've liked most of the work. And honestly, any of these works could be turned into a full series, like the DC works that I've connected together. If you would like to see a series like the one that has been interconnected in this challenge, let me know. That's it for now. Join my discord if you desire, Captain Grav Out!

# Day 16: Miss Martian's Living Head

## Chapter Summary

M'gann tries to get through to Barbara and talk reason to her. Unfortunately, the Batgirl Who Laughs isn't interested in talk, and only manages to find out a secret about Martians.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Extended Life

Fandom: DC

Warnings: Head Explosion, Gun Violence, Decapitation, Futa/Futa, Explosions

I spent a while on this one, hope you enjoyed.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Okay team, welcome to Gotham," M'gann told the two behind her, both riding passengers in their car. The other two were Artemis and Arsenal, both keeping their gear in check as they moved into the ruined city, passing by the abandoned bridge filled with vehicles. Those cars weren't empty though, and instead filled with holes and the people inside dead. Men, women, children. It didn't matter. They were all absent from life. They rode through the desolate bridge with caution, staring in shock at the atrocious state of Gotham, the main city they were inbound on already in flames that could be seen from Teen Tower.

The team, that they still have no real name for, we're some of the last defense against the onslaught that has occurred. Nobody has much more than what was on reporter cameras before the people filming met the same fate, but from the radio chatter, they had a good idea where she was. The Batgirl Who Laughs, that is. It still pangs Megan to know that they are going to take their friend down, lost to her own mind and killing her whole family. She and Kara have been wreaking havoc on their respective cities, and costed the Justice League all of their finest. They're in hiding now, underneath the cities and outside, keeping a weak quarantine that would no doubt be broken once both maniac turned heroines were finished inside. That's why the team is being sent in now. That is, in both cities.

Megan organized them, with the absence of Dick, the death still heartbreaking to hear about, she had to lead her force fully. And so, she comprised a plan. There would be two convoys of the team, two vehicles each. Connor would take the Metropolis team, filled with most of the major superhumans. Star Girl, Rocket, Zatanna, Blue Beetle, Beast Boy and Cass, Wonder Girl. They were sent to deal with Super Girl, and Megan severely hoped her husband wouldn't could himself with emotions, though at this point, it was an impossible feat. His best friend, his DNA father or brother, and their cousin, all either dead, or at a fate so much worse. The other Connor was there too, though he took a back seat to the defense line with the other Roy and Captain Marvel.

Megan would've joined her husband, but there weren't many to lead the second team. Plus, she owes it to Dick, Tim, and Barbara to be here. So here she was, with the original Roy and Artemis right behind her, along with Donna in the passenger seat, controlling the stabilizing parts. In the second APC was Bart, Thirteen with the Fate Helm, as well as Raven. She would've gone with the Metropolis team if it weren't for Starfire's presence in this and Damian. Hearing both of them have been killed made the empath break down before they went on the move. Megan didn't blame her, but had to remain focused.

They parked the transports at a diner about another mile into the city, getting everyone ready. Barbara's tracker read that she was only another couple blocks away, so at the very least they don't have to go far. Megan got up from her seat, Donna following right after her, "Hey, Meg," she grabbed the Martian's shoulder, causing her to turn around to meet Donna's oddly concerned eyes, "You sure you should be in the thick of it here. That fire is raging pretty bad."

Megan looked beyond Wonder Girl to stare out the windshield. She saw it before, and had shivered when she knew she'd be feeling that heat. She kinda regrets putting Kaldur on the defense right about now, instead of him being here to clear the intense fire. And indeed, the flames from rooftops and down on the streets were nothing to tread lightly in. Still, she had the mission. So, she grabbed Donna's hand and squeezed it, moving it off her, "I'll be fine. I've dealt with far worse fire before," She assured, then turned back around toward the other two heros, holding their weapons at the ready. They nodded to her, and she shifted to the door, rotating the latch and pushing the metal slab open.

She opened it to the murky air of the chaotic city, glass all over the ground and dead bodies each way you looked. It was unsettling, to put it lightly. Megan dropped to the ground from the suspended frame of the vehicle, Artemis following her lead. The Tigress girl was scanning the area, keeping a watch with an arrow tucked in her bow at the ready. She stepped where Megan stepped, letting Donna slip out, then Arsenal just simply sat inside the frame, waiting for the whole group to be ready before he left the safety of the APC entirely. Wonder Girl decided she would stay with the lethal amputee, preferring to not keep one member

alone. Megan made it to the second truck, parked up right behind hers, and banged on its door, prompting the empath to open it immediately.

"Are we clear?" Raven asked through the crack she left in the door.

Megan smiled, glad that she was committed to protocol right now, "Clear as day. C'mon, let's go." With that, Raven moved the door open all the way, stepping out just in front of Megan as she turned around and went back to her truck, ready to get the rest. Raven followed suit, with Thirteen filing out right after, with Bart still at the wheel trying to get up, forgetting about his own seatbelt. He quickly learned, and began to make his way out. Megan was now in the center of most of the team, and began to brief them on the situation, "Okay, our target is close, so be agile and quiet once we move out. We need to-"

She was interrupted by a strong, loud whistle zipping through the air. The team jerked their heads to the sound, seeing something zoom through the wind and into the second APC. It hit the ground right at Bart's feet when the projectile immediately ignited, catching the speedster off guard and engulfing him in flames. The fire blasted out the truck door and knocked Thirteen to the ground. The team immediately go into position, only to see another rocket charging towards them. Megan ducked as it whipped above her, shooting straight toward Roy and hitting him. The moment it touch, it exploded and threw everyone in disarray, sending pieces of Arsenal flying around them. Donna also took the brunt of the explosion, being thrown into the neighboring car smoldering, but somehow still breathing.

"Roy!" Megan yelled as she got back up, her ears slightly buzzing as she turned to where she saw the rocket come, and there she was. On a rooftop above, down on one knee with the launcher in her hands, was the wide smile of the Batgirl Who Laughs. She got back up and stood tall, looking directly into the Martian's eyes. The gaze she had, absolutely insane, made her shiver at the sight, though she immediately attempted a connection to the corrupted girl. Barbara! Stop this! Your mind has been damaged, but there's still hope! Just-

But even the link had been interrupted when a loud and constant laughing filled Megan's head. It sheared through her defenses and sent her to her knees, screaming in pain as she meets a force she can't comprehend. Do not fear me! The voice of Barbara finally said through her chuckles, through the mind tap, I'm here to help. I'm the Batgirl Who Laughs! The laugh that followed was more dreadful than the last, and filled her mind, distracting her from the fight.

Artemis immediately shot her arrow towards Barbara, not letting the fact that she used to be her friend disguise the fact that she needs to be stopped. She sends three arrows in quick succession at the bat, but she throws smoke down and vanished from the roof. Both Raven and Artemis huddled close, not keeping their backs to each other as the nerve began to ache, the air filled with the crazed giggles of their old friend. Thirteen managed to crawl her way over to the helmet she dropped, picking herself up and lifting the gold above her head. But just as she was lowering down on her head, something pressed against her head. Breath came up to her ear and whispered, "This should ricochet." Then she heard a loud crack as her neck was blown out, then her brains out the top of her head. The bullet bounced inside the helmet and stuck into the girl again from the back and out her mouth.

Thirteen fell back to the ground, Barbara catching the Fate Helmet in her hand before it dropped. When the others heard, they turned around to face the sight, their biggest gun dead, her weapon in the enemy's hand, and the enemy's state of dress. They shouldn't've been surprised she was naked, given how they saw Kara on TV. But what did catch their eyes, at least the hurting Megan and Raven, was the hardened cock between her legs, desperate for release. Weird, this girl never showed this about her, he'll they didn't even know she had one. But they couldn't worry about that now, and Artemis didn't, raising her bow once again. Unfortunately, Barbara swapped to her other pistol first, and she grinned, knowing the exact bullet she had next.

The hand cannon fired, and the bullet went straight into Tigress's skull, the round so heavy it simply made a hole from the top of her eyes to her top jaw, leaving only a hole in its wake. The shot just barely missed Raven, and the panicked demon casted a spell to protect her, then running away, already seeing the battle lost. Before she made it to the alley, Batgirl shot at her with the regular pistol, hitting her leg and making her limp as she made her escape. Luckily it had a tracking round, but she would get her later. Right now, she still had two more to take out.

By this time, Megan and Donna had finally gotten up, their fists up to attack. Donna roared as she charged, and Miss Martian shot out her hand and formed a tentacle to whip the futa. Neither attack landed, with Barbara doing a flip to dodge the Wonder Girl whose clothes she didn't notice were burning away, and stepped right on the vine like arm grown to attack her, causing a pained groan from Megan. Donna turned around when she met the second truck, and readied herself for a second charge.

The charge was quickly stopped by the incoming golden helmet, hitting her at full force. It squashed her entire skull and pulverized everything between it and the metal behind her, splattering brains and blood and bone where it hit, the helmet firmly stuck in the wall of the vehicle. She didn't even have time to scream, and her body was falling forward, head blown

off and her uniform being burnt away, exposing her body to the air. And it almost made Batgirl Who Laughs cum.

"Nooooo!" Megan cried as she saw Donna's face disappear behind the mask, leaving her body to collapse without it. That got the attention back on her unfortunately. Barbara jerked her head back to face the Martian, who changed to her more enraged expression. "Mother fucker! I'll fucking kill you!" The green girl shouted with tears running down her face, wrenching her hand away before she flew directly into Barbara, managing to actually hit and send the bat into the diner wall, sending her through to the inside.

Megan finally reverted back to her violent ways, but this time, she did it for what was right. She grabbed the girl and tossed her into a table, Barbara managed to regain her footing instead and hop on top of it. That infuriated Megan, who flew straight to the bat, who began laughing again filling the room with the dreaded chuckles. She pointed her pistols at the charging Martian and began unloading, Megan simply phasing herself to fly right through them and through Barbara, yanking the girl by her cape and sending her into a pillar.

The insane futa wasn't done at that though, and right as Megan was about to strike her with a sudden gorilla fist, she ducked and took out another from her growing belt equipment. Deathstroke's sword. She slid the blade out of its sheathing and chopped off the arm from Megan's body, causing a scream to emerge from the woman as she stumbled back, her limb quickly trying to regrow. Barbara wasn't going to let it though. So after she swiftly brought her hand up to her mouth at the busted lip she sustained, spreading the blood across her face into a smile, she charged the stunned Martian girl and tossed a small bomb that only released a spurt of fire at her legs.. That fire was enough though, causing the Martian too much pain to bear, she had to lower her guard.

That was exactly what Barbara needed, running right up to the girl and sending the sword straight through Megan's neck. Next thing the Martian felt was pain, and then it was mostly gone. Even the fire wasn't an issue to her anymore for some reason. But why couldn't she move her body? Why couldn't she feel her body? She learned that answer when she started to slide from her next as her body beneath her collapsed on her knees, tipping off her torso as if she wasn't attached.

And she wasn't. Blood spurted from the revealing neck as the her head fell off of it, Barbara quick to snatch Megan from her full free fall. Down below, she made Megan watch as her body fell forward and twitched and tosses her arms around as she began to die. Batgirl also watched as she began to soil her clothing, passing herself right in front of her old friend.

Barbara lifted her head up and whispered in her ear, "Isn't cool!" She laughed, letting the Martian head the ability to see him.

Whatever happened to you, She heard Megan say through the connection, Barbara turning her head immediately to look at the one in her hands. She retained a living skull of the person she just decapitated, Megan in anger with a brow towards her killer, I'm sorry.

An idea popped up in the Batgirl Who Laughs, and it got her cock leaking. She lowered the head down, loving the idea of a reverse blow job with a working tongue. "Take me, Green Bitch!" She howled as she shoved her prick inside Megan's neck stump. Megan saw what was happening and tried her damn best to not let it through. But it was too late for her neck, the pipe was already folding it open. And soon, the cock would bust out of her teeth, sealing herself onto the futa dick with ease. With her anatomy, it seemed only her brain was required, letting her survive the decapitation without incident, besides the blood trailing down the shaft plugged into her.

She bobbed up and down Barbara's member with speed, the girl really wanting to finish quickly. Eventually, the bat ended up sitting down in her body's lap, the corpse offering her a good position to hammer her new toy through her cock. With the green blood for lube, Barbara forced the Martian to taste her own life juice, the bitter tasted causing Megan to wretch. It vibrated Batgirl's dick and made her buck as she unloaded the first load of cum, shooting up like a fountain and spraying her, the corpse, and Megan's living head in sperm.

As the semen started to lather the two in white, Barbara started to become aware of something poking at her back, and it struck her curiosity. She kept on bucking as she shot cum, but can't help but wonder what Megan could be hiding under there. After her cock stopped spitting, Megan looking sufficiently tired from the pulses in her mouth, she shifted herself to where she could unveil what was underneath Megan's pants, grabbing the cloth and ripping it. Megan looked from the dick she was mounted on with her thoughts ringing, No! When Barbara revealed her giant green cock extended far out, hardened like a log.

It was out, there wasn't any hiding it, even in death. She was a futa, and one that apparently was turned on by her death. Hell, the more she thought about it, the more she realized she focused a little too much on her friends' deaths, seeing their brains meet the walls and their bodies drop to the floor, seeing the stains of urine that were left from them releasing all their fluids at death. She remembered her dick pulsing when Donna's head splatter, imagining her final thoughts, even though she could remember them clearly. Fuck! Was all it was before her head was destroyed. That sparked something inside Megan, realizing that she loved gore, and now wishing she got to experience it more. Guess she got her unknown wish.

With that now idealized in her mind, all it took was to get Barbara on board. Hey, Mistress? She asked through the link, the change of tone curious to the Batgirl.

"What?" The futa laughed to the head, "Ashamed you got exposed by your own corpse?"

Megan tried to shake her head, but after remembering she couldn't, simply replied, No, I want to mount it. My dick. Put me on my dick and I can serve you. She pleaded, now ready to see what she's been missing. The words shocked the laughing girl, but nevertheless, she surprisingly complied, grabbing Megan by the hair and pulling her off, then mounted her the same way on her own cock. She was facing Barbara now, and the girl was licking her lips at what she had done to her friend.

Now, with a solid brow furrowed in a seductive gesture, Megan simply told Barbara, Now, Batgirl Who Laughs, show me why I shouldn't fear, and what your here to help with. And with that, Barbara surged forward, going down the cock in front of her and kissing the head of her old friend, now it seems twisted toy lover, as they began a rather long session of play. They had no rush. Not like anyone else was coming for them.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, I might've cut it short for time sake. And my own sanity, because if I went at this for another hour, I would have to just make a whole separate series on this already. Let me know if you guys would want that by the way, to see the Savage Supergirl and the Batgirl Who Laughs in their own story. I did leave room for that to happen in this one a lot, and there's so much I can do. If you would like that, comment it or tell me on my discord. Anyway, that's all for now, I'm going to work on something else. Captain Grav Out.

# Day 17: Yuri Cuts Too Deep

## Chapter Summary

Monika has been experimenting with Yuri's code for a while, and now wants to see what happens when she has the purple haired girl take another step in her unhealthy practice, while Monika watches the whole thing.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Self-Harm

Fandom: Doki Doki Literature Club

Warnings: Self-Harm, Breast Destruction

Just like the Suicide prompt, this is a work of fiction meant for entertainment purposes. If you or a loved one is harming themselves in ANY way, get help immediately. You are not alone.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Monika was just enjoying another day of altering her world as she tried to fight for the Player. She had no idea what his real name was, or even if they were a guy. But, she refused to call them wrong when she was away from where she would be involved in the script. Those places, she could do whatever. Originally, there were more characters that the Player was supposed to meet through the school, probably to make it less of a wasteland of only 4-wait, she means 3- girls deciding to be here. There was the debate club, where she was the president a long time ago, but they weren't just removed by Monika. Instead, she made their code much more... provocative. Outside of the Literature clubroom, she turned what essentially she considered the sex drive codes way up, having the debate team be more focused on large orgies than actual arguments. Or, if they were determined enough, they would begin to debate the best sex position or best way to receive cum while they were banging each other. All of this was to Monika's enjoyment, the girl fingering herself outside the door of the room as she watched. Suffice it to say, that was the main reason she was late multiple times to her own club.

But today, she wanted to try something different. She wanted to test out her skills on one of the main girls. Unfortunately, *Śayōri* was unavailable at the moment, not even her self made noose existed at this point. So she set her eyes on the tallest member of the group, Yuri.

Natsuki was fine, but there was nothing like causing Yuri to cut herself more than she already did. So, with full pleasure, she touched Yuri's file, knowing exactly what to do.

The next day, Monika made sure to head to the club late. She was going to follow the girl to the bathroom or wherever she decided to run off to. Luckily, she knew she would, as she made sure to also turn Natsuki's anger to a higher level, and the screams from the room as she approached certainly told her it was working. She hid behind an open door and waited, not too long though as the door to the club was shoved open and with it, Yuri was running down the hall. Perfect.

The door closed back automatically, Monika sneaking by to keep up with Yuri from a distance. The long haired beauty strode down the hall with a bag in hand, her head locked to the floor with shame. She didn't even check where she was going, knowing she had memorized the route since she was a sophomore. She threw herself into the restroom, getting into a stall and closing the door, locking herself in as she got out her knife. Monika stepped very quietly, making sure she didn't interfere with what was about to happen. She made sure to not wear any panties today, and decided this time, she was going to jerk herself off. So, she quickly coded in a cock at her waist, and gripped it as she huddled down at the wall, listening to the sounds soon to come.

Yuri unbuttoned her uniform promptly, letting her peckers drop into the air. Insults my boobs when hers don't even have a reason to hold a bra yet. Fucking selfish asshole. She grumbled as she brought her knife to her chest, moving a hand down to her clit. She was never a fan of penetrating it, unless it was one of her knives, so she just rubbed the outside of the covered cunt as she pressed the sharp edge onto her tit, blood immediately spilling out.

She hadn't tried to do it to them before, but something about her mood wanted something different. So quickly, she began slashing at them, hitting the lobes and making them jiggle, bouncing on the knife and causing more damage. She sped up her rubbing, already chasing an orgasm when she might've took it one step to far. With one strike, she chopped her left nipple right off, the bud falling onto her chest and dropping from there into the toilet water below. The pain was too much, but so was the pleasure.

She angled her knife toward the same tit, breathing hard as she neared. She then, with a moan, shoves the blade directly into her breast, impaling the fat on the metal. She bucked and moaned, letting the blood stain her clothes as juices ejected from her snatch and onto her panties, then through to her hand. She was high off the harm to her body, loving how it felt.

But something was off, why was she feeling more light headed than usual. She looked down, and realized what she had done. Fuck! She screamed internally as she saw the crimson dripping. She grabbed the blade again, yanking the item out. Big mistake, as she hadn't realized a vein was hit. Suddenly, a gush of red came from the wound, splattering onto the door and making a pool of blood below her. Monika watched as the girl's fluids hit the ground, stroking her dick heavily as she was also in complete bliss. But then she heard the click of the door unlocking, and she smiled at the opportunity.

"Someone, help!" Yuri screamed as she kicked her way out of the stall, only to see Monika on the floor, holding her foot out and making the girl trip, falling to her knees. The woman slammed her joints onto the tiles, the shock of pain sending an unwanted amount of pleasure now, while Monika stood up, getting around Yuri to see the damage. Yuri blushed when she saw the rod beneath her leader's waist, understanding that she heard everything and was turned on to it. That was especially clear when Monika was still stroking her member as she moved into Yuri's view, then posing it towards her. "M-monika?" She called to her, not sure what was going on.

Monika smirked at the wound. An entirely exposed hole in her tit that can be used? Yes please! She didn't respond to the girl, and instead lowered her cock to the remnants of where her nipple once was, sticking her tip in and thrusting inside, feeling all the fat mush around her. Yuri yelled in pain, cries that would not receive any aid, as Monika shoved herself into the hole in her tit. What was even worse, she could feel the tip pressing against her heart, knocking the organ back and forth as it sped up to climax, the shot coming quick.

Monika unloaded deep into Yuri's breast, filling it with her cream as she shot the heart enough for it to be severed off completely. Without her life organ, Yuri immediately fell limp, dead against Monika as the lady shouted out her cries of release. Once she was done, she popped out of the cooling corpse, letting Yuri fall to the floor, blood and drool spilling out her open lips. With a humph, Monika walked out, finding a new kink. She realized, why appeal for a gamer, when I have a hive full of whores and boys to fuck. With that, she decided to reset the world, allowing the other girl to come back and watch from the sidelines, knowing she has full control over every character off screen.

## Chapter End Notes

Not my longest, but I think I earn that after yesterday. I wanted to test out Doki Doki, as well as breast penetration, as both can be very good ideas for later projects. Let me

know how it turned out. Captain Grav out!

# Day 18: Ketsu and Sabine Funtime

## Chapter Summary

Sabine meets up with Ketsu after years and decided that they need to catch up. Preferably, with Sabine below her blood sister as she has a strap on shoved up her ass. Too bad Ketsu has a bounty to collect, and her target is being this submissive.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Anal

Fandom: Star Wars: Rebels

Warnings - Electrocution, Beheading

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Garell was pretty quiet this time of night. Sabine strode down the streets calmly, making sure to conceal her armor just in case a squadron passed by. She was in a cloak, with her helmet left at the ship. It would raise suspicions if it was found, but luckily everyone was asleep, so it was all good. She traveled to the apartment that Ketsu said to meet up at, Sabine hoping that she knew where this would take them. When she got into the apartment, she immediately headed for the stairs.

On her way up, she kept thinking about the last time she saw Ketsu. The two were still roaming the galaxy, taking names and kicking ass. They had a small crew as well, until of course Sabine split with them. She remembers the nights she spent with Ketsu, toasting to their achievements and ending it off with the two naked and covered in sweat, sleeping together as the lights dimmed. It hurt her heart having to leave them all, but it was for a better cause. She just wishes she could've brought them along before.

But now, she has a chance to set things in the right direction. When Ketsu showed her face at the civilian port, she nearly froze in her tracks. That was until they had to immediately start fighting. They stood each other down, Ezra and the Gonk droid behind the Mandalorian as they readied a duel. And then Stormtroopers came. And hell ensued. They ended up fighting together against the buckets, but then separated again when it came to the Droid.

They did luckily manage to strike ground once more, and got back to the rebel ports safely, Ezra there with Hera to meet them. The embarrassing look he dawned when Ketsu told him that Sabine detailed who he was, was just satisfying. Worth every cheap flirt she received from the boy. To see him redden and bolt away. After that, Ketsu and Sabine hung out for a bit, until Ketsu had to depart. But not before she gave Sabine a needy kiss, and a card. When she left, Sabine looked at the slip of paper, showing an apartment and room number, as well as a time. Smiling to herself, Sabine spent the rest of the day in her room, preparing herself.

And here she was, in front of the door with the number plaster on it: 1018. She held her hand in a fist and was about to hit the metal, until she suddenly stopped. Would she still be mad at me, she pondered, No, we resolved this issue, she wanted to see me anyway. So, with a timid smile and long breath, Sabine tapped on the steel, the metal reverberating the hits down the door. She immediately put her arms behind her back, clasping them together in restraint. She kept her eyes on the door, hearing a lock flip.

The door opened inward, and showed Ketsu, half her body in the frame, leaning against it and the wall with pleasure. She had a wide smirk on her face, "Hey Sabs. You know there was a doorbell, right?" She asked, her eyebrow raised. That made Sabine turn to a concerned gaze, shooting down to the side of the door to a control panel. She really wanted to slap herself right now. "Hey," Ketsu called, bringing her focus back to the mercenary, "No harm. Now, get in here." She nodded behind her, opening the door all the way and walking back inside the room. Sabine carefully followed.

She turned around and closed the door, and as she did, was immediately pressed onto it. Sabine tried to turn her head around, but a hand stopped her, planting her on the cold metal. "I missed you," her lover said before she ripped Sabine's cloak off her head and latched her mouth onto the olive-colored neck. She was feral greatly, and sucked and bit harshly, just at the limit of the skin before it could break. The pain sent a surge in Sabine, and she relaxed into her role immediately. As lips were on her nape, hands gripped to her waist, digging into the clothes that covered her and working to loosen them. Sabine clutches the fingers and holds them still, then turns herself around to meet Ketsu, and meets her soft lips with her own. They press themselves against the door for a moment, with the two resuming the Mandalorian's disrobing right after.

From here, Sabine realized why Ketsu only let her top half be shown through the door. That was mainly because she was naked everywhere under that. Except, the only covering being a long, glistening black strap on at her waist, buckled over her cunt and ass for steadiness. With this, she knew immediately there would be no conversation. And she was completely fine with that. They eventually threw themselves around the apartment, pressing against the kitchen next to the door, then the countertop, knocking over a chair or two, then making it to

the long couch. Ketsu drops into Sabine and onto the cushions, forcing Sabine to take the bottom. Where she was always meant to be. Ketsu thought grimly in her mind.

By the time they got their, all of Sabine's armor was off her body, the only remaining factor being her jumpsuit. And they weren't in the mood to simply take it off. So instead, Ketsu struck her hand down to her groin, and made sure she grabbed the right amount of space, then yanked. Without the armor, the suit was just meant to keep her clean. So it was incredibly easy to tear the fabric, exposing both her cunt and ass. She layed in a missionary style as Ketsu tossed the piece of clothing over the course, strewn with the rest of the items once on her.

When they were ready, Ketsu tapped on Sabine's snatch slightly with the dildo, but was just egging it on for a surprise. When she saw the bottom girl hold back a moan, she went into action. She lowered it far down, passed her cunt and straight to the ass, making Sabine yelp in surprise as she was taking in her rectum. With a moan from both, Ketsu began to thrust into the loudening girl below, turning into a hammering into her partner with passion.

They remained in that position, as neither wished to risk separating themselves. Sabine because she couldn't bear to lose another friend, Ketsu, because she didn't want Sabine to get away. Either way, they kept going at it, rutting against the soft, yet kinda cheap, furniture. Pretty much only worth what little Ketsu offered for the residence, under an alias of course. That way it'll be a while before anyone suspects a thing in this room. Out of sight, out of mind.

But for now, she could indulge on the needs of her old friend, banging into her with every fiber of her being. It would be quick, but this was going to be the best orgasm she ever had. That's mainly due because the didlo responds to her own climax, and when the juices spray the sensor, that strap on turns swiftly into a electro staff tip and shocks Sabine, cooking her alive. So with that, Ketsu best enjoyed her time as much as she could.

She slapped her hips onto Sabine's, the girl underneath deciding to lift her legs so they were over Ketsu's shoulders. The pace was mighty, and she couldn't wait to finish. She held onto the legs and lit her ass up, ramming the dick so far up Sabine's canal. She felt it jerk in and out with speed, the Mandalorian in a daze as she was relentlessly fucked not two minutes after entering the room. With the force of an automatic blaster, Ketsu slammed into her, completely driven by sex, that she was drowning in it, salivating over the ability to bring Sabine back into her place. Already, Ketsu seemed to close in on that limit, roughly breathing as she rutted against the Mandalorian.

In the room, screams of bliss and moans of lust filled, suffocating the ladies in their passion, with the only cognitive part of either of them being Ketsu, knowing the moment her walls tighten, it rang death for Sabine. The pair held each other by their hands as the mercenary thrust violently into the back entrance of the Mandalorian, the girl knowing that this type of sex was considered heavily scandalous in her culture. If her mother found out about this, she'd be doomed for life. But with the way Ketsu was ramming her, she didn't give a shit, a rebel to the end.

The mercenary was close, literally a step away. So with a scream, she yelled into Sabine's face, "Sorry Wren! This isn't personal. Just awfully Convenient." That's when Sabine saw Ketsu hitch her back and straighten up in orgasm, and the dildo inside her get unusually bigger. Her juices hit the sensor perfectly, drenching the system in so much of her cum. Sabine barely had the ability to comprehend what Ketsu said before purple electric sparks lit up her ass, making her fry on the outside. When she tried to scream, the energy zapped her vocal cords beyond repair, leaving her voiceless as she spasmed heavily.

Ketsu wanted to watch it, how the strap on functioned in action. So she looked down, and saw Sabine's body flailing around, a violet glow coming from the base of the fake cock in Sabine as she tried to struggle her way out. The electricity made her lose all motor functions from her brain, causing piss to leak from her cunt. She kicked and threw her hands aimlessly, her body out of her control. It seems the electricity heightens with more cum on the sensor, as when she pressed again it again, putting her pussy right on it, the sparks became more powerful.

But then, she decided it was enough, and the dildo shut down. She unhooked it, preferring to leaving in the now corpse as she moved off the bed. The body had smoke coming from it, like a well cooked steak, Sabine's eyes appearing in an eternal panic. She smiled, knowing what came next. The bounty asked for her head, and they were gonna get it. So she got out her razor wire, and after a minute, she now had Sabine's skull in an unsolicited bag, while she fetched for her clothes once again.

Once she was fully dressed, she got her com, tapping the instrument and the person on the other line immediately responded, "Is it done? The way I want it?"

"Yes, Mistress Audrellia," Ketsu replied with extreme pride, heading out the door and locking it, "Had so much fun prepping this for you. You'll have it within the hour." She walked out carefully, heading to the window to sneak out that way. She figured the crew wouldn't notice

until noon tomorrow, so she needed to move. So she escaped Garell, with the head of Sabine in her lap, and the body laying where it died on the couch, only to be found by a poor, poor landlord, who would first be horrified, then intrigued by the possibilities of a lonely naked corpse on their property.

## Chapter End Notes

That's good for this one. Glad to keep this challenge going. Captain Grav out!

# Day 19: Black Canary Taken By Atlantians

## Chapter Summary

While patrolling the defense for Gotham with Kaldur and Mera, something hits their section and causes Black Canary to watch as her friends and cadet turn savage, with a thirst for her.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Drowning

Fandom: DC

Warnings: Rape, Corruption, Suffocation

Another installment to the beginning of the Audrey DCverse. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As the trucks rolled through, Canary waved to her old students, all going to fight a threat they haven't faced. On the other side of the checkpoint, the convoy disappeared through the smoke, Dinah barely able to see the lights as they rolled into the darkness. She wished she could've gone with them into the crippled city of Gotham, but they didn't have many people left. With Supergirl still ravaging the main members in Metropolis, the league was not prepared to deal with another catastrophic event in Gotham. Especially one that took all their major leaders and fighters out. It was hard to think about it, so many dead, by the hands of two individuals.

Dinah was at the far end of the bridge, hearing a faint ring in the distance, towards the manor of Bruce Wayne. Shrugging it off when another sound came from that way, Canary went back to her post with the others here. She had to get the Atlantean team. Kaldur and Mera were looking off into the distance, sentries keeping their eyes out for problems. The queen was clearly trying her best to keep herself together, coping with the loss of Arthur. The fact she was 3 months pregnant didn't help the situation either. She shouldn't have to be here. Dinah thought, remembering when she had her kid, and Harley making sure she didn't harm the baby with a fight. She still couldn't understand that clown, even now.

But the three were the main standing force keeping the monster inside Gotham from leaving, along with a couple other armed guards. They patrolled the landing they were on all the time, making sure each spot was perfect. Suddenly, as Dinah was walking back down the barricades, Kaldur dropped. She ran to him immediately, "Aqualad!" She called, grabbing his shoulder as she heard a loud groan come from the boy's mouth. She saw something on his neck, a dart, and it had something on the tip. When she tried to take it out, she heard another sound, looking behind her to see Mera collapse to all fours, crying out in pain.

They began to twitch and shift around hard, until the hand Canary had on Kaldur was snatched by the man, and she was swung over him and into the concrete barrier. She lost her breath for a moment, coughing fiercely as she watched the eyes of both Kaldur and Mera turn from their original hues to a glowing purple, anger laced in their gazes. Aqualad harnessed his tools and charged Canary before she could question a thing, having to evade his fist as it slammed against the wall she was tossed at, sending his fist straight through.

She lunged away from Kaldur with a hand gripping her stomach, trying to refill her lungs. That hit took her main two powers from her, so she needs to recover at least one very quickly. So she started running, and it was around this time the other soldiers saw what had happened and began to fire upon the Atlanteans. This provided Dinah with a decent break to recover, but it left the rest open to the onslaught of the two savage titans. Three tried to rush Aqualad, and they ended up all being sliced in half by his blades. Another fired from afar, only to get an ice spike through his mouth, Mera with her hand behind his head. The entire checkpoint was being butchered by the strongest they had left, and it was clear it spelled doom for the rest of Gotham.

When Canary was finally able to regain her breath, she surged back into battle. With a staggering step, she sent out an incredible caw, knocking back everything in its range. The two Atlanteans shot their hands up to their ears, their much more sensitive hearing nearly bursting at the sound. They yelled and groaned as the woman stood her ground, facing the warriors of the sea without fear in her eyes. That was, until she noticed that her noise only enticed certain areas of their bodies, and a tap on her shoulder. She turned quickly around to see who it was, only able to see a blur of red before Kaldur broke through the spell and ran right at her.

He grabbed hold of her and charged. As she was carried away, she felt a claw-like hand swipe over her chest, ripping her shirt and leaving her tits open to the strike, staining the cloth in blood. Kaldur didn't give her time to react before he jumped off the bridge, sending Dinah with him into the water below. They dove in, and Kaldur kept heading downward, another splash coming, indicating that the queen made it down as well. Once they were a good distance under the waves, Dinah trying desperately to hold her breath, the two Atlanteans

began to tear away the rest of her clothes. Holding back gasps, Canary felt as her body was stripped crudely, leaving her sleeves and jacket on her and torn at the edges.

With her skin exposed, and the parts they wanted, Kaldur immediately wrenched away his lower garments, exposing his cock to the open water. Mera also began to form an ice dick, so she could enjoy the fun too. With both of them ready, Kaldur positioned himself at their prey's cunt, while the queen took her ass, and they both shoved in at the same time. Not wasting time, and like the new brutes they were, the two went fast and hard, slamming into Dinah faster than the waves could slow them down.

When they began hammering her, Canary immediately tried to send out a scream. However, all that came was a flood of water flooding her mouth and soon her lungs. That one breath cost her her life. And so she began to panic. With no other thing to prevent the inevitable, she tried to kick the Atlanteans off her and press up to the surface, but she wasn't as adept at the sea as her residents. So Dinah was forced to take both up her holes as she began to fill up with water. And it seems the warriors were committed to efficiency, as Kaldur was already pulsing, orgasm evident.

The corrupted Aqualad pumped his load up the spamming girl, too overwhelmed by the tensing of her cavity to care about length. He drilled into her as she stressed out, and he could see that behind the bird, Mera was also getting off, happy to be fucking Canary with her own hand-crafted dildo. Once Aqualad was finished filling, he pulled out and let Dinah free, the screeching heroine having a lifted sense of determination in trying to escape.

Desperately, the girl pushed her body through the water, cutting through it to the top. But her mind was fading, and it was harder to cup water and stroke at some point, having her just kind of have her limbs going limp as she raced. She nearly made it to surface, had a hand breach, but then the drowsiness took over. She batted her eyes, her struggles stopped, and she began to simply drift, her body leaking white from her pussy as she reaches the top of the water with her face in the water as the cum and blood began to stain the area around her, the girl losing all life as the Atlanteans left, off to their city most likely, to bring this chaos to one more city to tip the scale further.

Okay, this one was hard to find out how to do it. So I just went for it. Thanks for reading. Can't wait for tomorrow, Captain Grav out!

## Day 20: Pre-Graduation Sex at Snuff Academy

### Chapter Summary

Grace Green is about to make her mother, the Major, proud. She's about to finish her survival and education at one of the most orgasmic and dangerous school in Serene. Her hard work was finally about to pay off. But not before she gives one last boy the ride of his life before she walks to her seat.

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Quick/Quicky

Fandom: OC(Biyan)

Warning: Underage, Public Nudity, Neck Break

Another in my Biyan world. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The crowds outside were cheering the students on, each one in an open gown and their mortarboard. While they were all talking and clapping, Grace Green was clapping in a much different way. She was currently being pounded in by her newest lover just backstage, a poor freshman who just wanted to have thus time before Grace went off. So, after a week of seeing his gaze, Grace finally obliged, the teen girl having her clothes rocked as she was fucked by the guy quick.

"Hey," she told the boy, Trevor, who was currently on her tits, sucking them. When he heard the call, he looked up at her with a questioning stare, "Hurry it up. I don't got all day."

Trevor just looked at her and obeyed, starting to slam his body inside her at a lightning pace. Too bad his dick was so small. Grace tried to pretend to be aroused, but honestly she has taken horse-sized ones from demons before. This is just pathetically comical, the poor boy trying hard. She's already had at least 2 babies, one at 15, the other at 16. She's 17 now, and this boy might just make her 3rd. At least, if he could shoot his load.

"Seriously, I can't stay any longer," she warned, "I don't take my seat soon, this hat will take my brain."

"Sorry, I haven't cummed before without feeling death throes on a person." He explained, feeling more like an excuse to her.

One she intended to correct. She gripped to either side of his neck, and quickly said, "Then you'll have to cum to your own!" Before she twisted his head all the way to the back, his hair facing her as he dies. Through it, his cream finally ejects, though sadly, it never reaches past where her hymen once was. So sad. Oh well. Once it was done, she hadn't even orgasmed, and she didn't really want to right now. She slid the boy off, and continued the path she had earlier, this time with a small bit of cum running out of her cunt as she entered the stadium, heading to her seat with her friends. She turns her head to a specific seat, and sees her mother and futamother up their, holding her children in their arms, knowing they were just going to turn them into snuff slaves in a couple years. Smiling at her mom, the Major, Jane, smiled back, proud for her daughter's education in this city, learning how to be the best slut she could.

## Chapter End Notes

This one is meant to be really short. It wouldn't be quick sex or snuff if it went on forever. Plus, I am mainly experimenting with my world again, doing my best to keep it going. There will be one more of Biyan in the month, so I hope you enjoy!

# Day 21: Alex Tries Exploring an Outpost

## Chapter Summary

Alex has been venturing for a lot longer than she really should, running out of most of her supplies and food. She's desperate, and then she finds an Outpost up ahead that might just solve her problems. Unfortunately, she might not be that well equipped.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Sliced In Half

Fandom: Minecraft

Warnings: Starvation, Heavy Gore, Mutilation

Been wanting to try Minecraft stuff, especially since there is a long of weird stuff you can do. Let me know if you want to see more.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alex's dinghy row boat struck land, the oak raft covered in scraps and holes and just barely functional. The green shirt girl hopped on land quickly, and watched as her boat sank to the bottom. Sighing heavily, she turns her head the other way, towards the land she found herself on. There was a spruce forest with some Foxes playing in the berry bushes to her right, and to her left was an open field. Those bushes nearly gave Alex hope, but then she looked closer, and found that the berries were all picked by the foxes. Well, fuck.

She had been on this adventure for the past three days, and her resources reflected that. She didn't have time to traverse land during day time to find any animals, and instead had to contend with rotten flesh from Zombies. Not her first choice by any means, but league's better than spider eye. She ran out of regular food the first day, and her thinking it would be no problem, kept going. Now here she was, low food, damaged leather armor and stone tools nearly broken, and a boat that is now no longer available. She was thousands of blocks away, so she didn't exactly have a better way to leave besides just dying. And she has at least 30 levels, so she would prefer not going that far.

So, with nothing going right for her, Alex chose not to have to go through the forest and possibly contend with more monsters, settling to head along the plains, and hope to find an

animal. She began marching, trudging through the flat field aimlessly, no idea where she was going. Her compass and map were lost as well, both left at her last campsite. She had to leave that one in a hurry when she took two arrows to the chest, lucky that she still had some flesh that night on the boat to heal up, but the arrows took their toll on her clothes. She had removed her armor to go to sleep, and now her green shirt has been ripped enough to be essentially a crop top. And after a while of walking in the damp pants, Alex decided she would be better without, so she tossed them away into the tall grass of the plains.

She strode through the grassy land for a while, not spotting any animals around. It was about this time where Alex had to stop running, as her hunger was far below what it should be. She stumbled on a small stone jutting out and fell forward, catching herself by her knees and hands. She held herself up on the ground for the moment, catching her breath from the fall. It was then when she heard a wisp of an arrow, then an impact. She jerked her head up, and just a distance away, she saw a large tower, showing itself among the flat land. There were people there, illagers. An outpost? She got closer to see, and it looked like a small group was guarding the place, keeping it under watch.

Alex watched as the crossbow shooters and the ax wielders prepared themselves for something, grabbing their weapons fresh from a grindstone and fletching table. They seemed almost ready to head out, and that gave Alex something to think about. At the top of those outposts, there was a chest. It usually housed all sorts of junk and crossbow items, tripwire hooks and all that. But to her, she remembers them holding carrots and other food. And it got her desperate.

She decided to sit still and wait, letting the team of pillagers leave the site before closing in. When the coast was clear, the pale hostels disappearing in the forest next to them, Alex went in. She got there, and saw they had a Golem and some allays locked in a cage. The disparity of them had Alex change course for a moment. Still ever so slightly diligent and morally lifted, Alex went to their wooden boxes, and got out her ax. “Don’t worry, I’ll get you guys out of here,” She said before she struck the fencing, chopping pole after pole of birch wood off before it was able to fit the Iron Golem through. The mini-giant turned to Alex and nodded in thanks, stepping out and into the free space, lingering around the base with nowhere to go.

“No problem... uh,” She stuttered when she looked down, seeing the golem’s outstretched phallus. It was massive, the length of Alex’s whole arm. The girl blushed profusely at the sight, recalling she had heard about some golems like this before, with cocks that could make you lose your mind. With a nervous chuckle, Alex addressed him, “G-guess that’s two reasons now you have your nickname, big guy.” Honestly, just seeing it made the adventurer nearly forget why she was here. She could feel her remaining undergarments turn damp with

arousal. Her tits became more peckered, going erect at the giant's dick. It made her want to take it now, but then her stomach grumbled again, telling her to get food.

With an agonizing groan, Alex turned away from the Golem, marching to the entrance to the fort. The moment she made it in though, she wrenched away her stringy underwear, the soaked cloth peeling off with some effort. They were useless now, so she tossed them out the door of the outpost, heading up the stairs with one less piece of clothing she came in with. When she made it to the top, she ran to the chest, impatiently throwing the lid up to see what was inside. There was quite a good haul, a horn, some arrows and a crossbow, but she threw them aside once she saw what she came for. Three carrots, orange and popping out with contrast. She grabbed them quickly, taking one directly in her mouth without hesitation.

She bit down and tasted the vegetable, relishing in the amount of energy she gained just from that one piece. Ravenously, she proceeded to gulp down all three carrots without stopping. She was satisfied once she finished the final one, laying on the ground with a smile like she had just orgasmed. She hadn't, and that got her thinking. I have nowhere to go, and that Golem should still be out there. Could make this an Eat and Fuck stop! With that in her mind now, she willed herself up, getting up and heading down the stairs eagerly, ready to satisfy two urges in one stop.

When she got out however, she found a surprisingly lack of Golem, at least right when she got out. She looked to where he was before she left, but he wasn't there. Just when she was about to call out, she felt a huff above her, and when she turned around, the Golem was there, standing above her menacingly, her slimy underwear on his head. Turns out, Alex threw the panties with enough force to deal damage, and since she threw it, the Golem has turned hostile towards her, only focused on her demise.

"Ha-h-ey Big Guy," Alex muttered out with a nervous tone, smiling with a look of fear on her eyes. I'm fucked! And not in the good way. She started to walk backwards, but the Golem was ahead of her. He grabbed hold of her by her legs and arms, raising her up to his eye level with her body horizontal. He then began to pull, and Alex felt as each tendon was stretched to their limits, breaking as the tearing surpassed them. She screamed, pleading with the Golem, The Iron Golem did not relent. He kept pulling, Alex feeling as her torso was being pulled in two directions and breaking apart to go those two ways. It was all happening so fast, blood flooded out violently from rips in her flesh, the giant not stopping.

Suddenly, he relaxed, bringing his arms and the body they held back close to each other. Alex nearly breathed a sigh of relief, believing it was over, before the Iron golem violently yanked her back into the strain. This time, however, the strain could not help her. In a matter of a

second, all connection between her halves was gone, the middle splitting apart on a jagged line below her shirt, which had been turned up to expose her tits. The next moment, the golem held both parts of Alex, her bottom half by her legs as it spilled out her digestive tract, along with the remnants of the carrots that hadn't fully broken down in her stomach yet. In the other, the rapidly fading Alex and her top half, blood and guts also falling from her chest, though her heart and lungs surprisingly remained attached, keeping her alive for the agonizing pain and allowing her screams to be heard from the bank of the sea she came to the land from.

Once she was bisected, she looked down, seeing the bloody remains of herself and below that, the hardened cock that still was on the Golem. It turns out, this model wasn't just keen on killing enemies, but making sure they got the pleasure out of them. As evident when the Golem brought her open wound side right up to his cock, and plunged forward, impaling the girl on his member. Alex was surprised by this notion, but given she knew it was hopeless to fight back, and how much need she had in her, she let it happen. Now, she had a large rod through her top half, out her mouth, being stroked up and down it like a cocksleeve. In all honesty, that was exactly what she was now. And it was how she was until the hearts all fell, the girl soon falling limp and passing out from the blood loss.

Next thing she knew, she was back in her bed at home, opening her eyes to the familiar wooden roof she had yet to fix. She got out and yawned, stretching her new legs that were once again attached to her. She looked out the glass window, seeing the farm she had set up and the Golem she had made out of all the iron she could acquire. Part of her was bummed out that she lost so much experience, but then again, what was she going to use it for out there. At the very least, She said while licking her lips, taking off her new clothes and walking out the door completely naked, heading to the golem, I have found a much more vital type of experience than enchanting could ever give me. Number one, don't under supply yourself on long adventures. And Second, have healing potions next time I get split in half by a golem, so I could live through the domination.

## Chapter End Notes

Honestly had a cool idea to play a minecraft world and record it as a corrupt snuff work here. Like go through it and do all the things, but with a certain twist of smut, snuff, and more depravity. I might try that a some point, if anyone would be interested.

That's it for now. Captain Grav Out!

## Day 22: Harley and Ivy in a Haunted House

### Chapter Summary

Harley spotted an interesting looking haunted house online, a high cost per ticket, but from her thievery, she has accumulated that. She drags her girlfriend Ivy along to see this attractions, and only when they get inside after signing the wavers, did they think it would've been a good idea to read them.

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Haunted House

Fandom: DC - Harley Quinn

Warnings: Gore, Fear, Piss, Forced Nudity and Orgasm

This does not tale place in the same universe as Batgirl Who Laughs, for obvious reasons. This also took a lot more energy than I wanted to use in making it. Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Sounds interesting," Harley commented as she scanned her laptop, looking at the tab she currently had open. It was a website for a haunted house, and it had some pretty good stuff shown. It listed the venture as an hour long terror trip, sure to make you scream. The name of the place was "The Twisted House of Mystery!" The runner of the show was surprising, none other than the magician herself, Zatanna. It was very costly, but Harley could manage it. It would be a fun trip to take. Better than Joker's Funland ever was.

So with that in mind, and a little convincing, she persuaded her lovely girlfriend, Ivy, to come with her. It would be a wonderful date, being able to laugh at cheap contraptions and dumb jumpscare together. So they set out alone, Harley skirting there on her harley, Ivy holding onto her back as they zipped through the hills. The place was about 10 miles out of town, and when they got there, it was an unusual lack of cars for something like this. There wasn't much of a wait time until Harley and Ivy reached the front of the attraction. There, Zatanna was there to meet them.

“Why, hello criminals,” The magician greeted with a smile, “I have to say, it was surprising to get your money, and I don’t really want to know where you got it all, but I’m not going to complain.” She was at a table just beside the entrance, with a stack of papers beside her.

“Hi Z!” Harley returned with her usual excitement. She held Ivy’s hand, dragging her to the desk with the tickets in the other hand, “Yeah, didn’t know you had a spooky house you run before.”

Zatanna laughed a bit, reaching for the papers and grabbing the top two sheet off the stack, “Oh, no. This is actually just the first time I have made it. Decided I could make something with all my powers. Now, I will need you to sign the waivers. Each of you.” She slid the sheets over to the pair, both looking down to read it. Neither went through the whole thing, Harley not bothering to scan all the words, and Ivy bravely mistaking that Harley had already seen it and it was fine. Once they signed their respective papers with their signature, Zatanna took the papers and put them in a file, “Alright, well, if that is all, let’s get started, kindly head inside. I’ll get you all set up.” With nods, Ivy and Harley turn to the house's entrance, and walk through the door. “Enjoy!” Zatanna says before the door closes.

When they make it into the first room, they see that it looks oddly like a dressing room, with compartments for various clothes, some drawers filled already. There was also another desk with more items of strange purposes the two did not fully know about. Before they could ask anything, a screen right at the second door lit up, Zatanna’s face appearing on it. "Okay ladies, this is standard procedure to enter," she began in an instructional and commanding tone, "Strip yourselves of all clothing, coverings, and any extra accessories."

At the command, Harley raised a brow, but obliged, directing her hands to the hem of her tank top. Ivy, the more level head of the two as always, stopped her and turned to the screen, which had a camera on it. She stared directly into it and fiercely defended, "What? Fuck no, not what we signed up for, Magic Perv." She folded her arms and kept looking at the screen, only seeing the grin on Zatanna’s face.

"Quite the contrary, Miss Isley," she said calmly, reaching offscreen for something and bringing it to the frame. It was the waiver, "You signed up for it perfectly, literally upmost of 2 minutes ago. And, before you do anything stupid, if you leave, nothing will be refunded, also from what you signed." She held it up to the exact words, and Ivy was shocked. It actually said both of those, as well as, 'The Client must obey all orders regarding dress and items on body.' That gave her an odd sense of uncomfortableness that that was a separate thing from the other two. Once she saw that, she tried to do something, summon some plants

to aid her in attacking the screen, but all that happened was her hand busting it, the shards stabbing right into her knuckles.

"I made sure to cast spells all throughout that place before you arrived," Zatanna laughed through the undamaged speaker, and from another TV that came through the ceiling, "None of your plants can help you. Currently, you're just the female version of Green Giant needing to lose the outfit. Now." She says with a hiss, prompting the infuriated Ivy to scream. "Oh, and also," the magician adds, "What's currently stuck in your fist needs to come out too. No bandages."

Ivy roared again, looking to Harley to convince her to leave. But when she looked, she was met with the clown's tits waiting for her. Above them were innocent puppy eyes, ever needy to stay here. And she couldn't resist them now. So with a sigh, she calmed herself, yanked the glass shards out of her knuckles and undressed. Once they both had finished, they placed them in compartments that were marked for them, taking the time to notice that there were more notable names who had come, or are coming to this place. The ones that are here were: Batgirl, Hawk Girl, Wonder Girl. For arrivals, there was Black Canary and Wonder Woman already marked in respective drawers.

Once they stashed their clothes, Zatanna gave them the next order, "Okay, you see those contraptions over on the other side? You each need to stick one far up your cunts, so the challenge of this place can begin!" Begrudgingly, Ivy marched over with the overwhelming Harley to grab the items. Right as they nearly made it to the other side, Zatanna spotted something, "Quinn, love the piercings, but you need to remove them before we can begin." At that command, Harley looked down to her nipples and the rings impaling them. They decided that for their engagement rings, they would instead have Harley wear them this way, that way it would be just hotter in bed. But now, they were only a nuisance to her fun, so carefully, off they went. She set them down at the desk they were heading towards and snatched one of the pieces of equipment, leaning against the wall and letting Ivy see her fully as she slid the phallic object into her cunt.

That gave Ivy a bigger blush than usual, and she instead tried to focus on her own device. She took it inside slowly, adapting to its size and shape. "Alright ladies, listen up," Zatanna announced just as the devices each locked themselves into both their snatches, "The main challenge, as also written in the agreement, is simple. Don't piss yourself during this experience. Those devices have detectors that will pick up your urine and have the nearest part of the attraction respond, and those specific parts will kill you." She plainly said, as if it was normal. When both of them heard kill, they widened their eyes, "So, simply, don't piss yourself, unless you wish to become part of the attraction. Oh, and," Zatanna snapped her fingers, the two girls feeling as the items inside them start to buzz lowly, "When you scream, that intensifies, and if they detect pussy juices, then you will be injected with some

Scarecrow fear toxin, making your job even harder. And yes, this is a stronger version of it, so not even you, Ivy, can resist it." When that was explained, Harley instantly regretted the teasing she gave Ivy, as now she nearly orgasmed right there. Once Zatanna was done with the rules, the door to the rest of the house unlocked, "Have fun girls!"

With a weary step, Ivy took the lead, walking with Harley through the first section. It appeared to be a simple mirror room, with corridors filled with their reflections as they strode on through. It seemed like this was going to be simple, right until they turned the corner. Turns out, there was a person there, not reflected by the mirrors. He had 2 long teeth and lunged forward at them, causing a small yelp coming from Ivy, who immediately felt the buzzer start to increase speed as a result. Harley instead laughed at Ivy for the quick jump, the sound not registering as a scream for her.

When Ivy caught her breath to turn her nude frame to Harley, she saw something behind the Clown, and it made her grin. "Harls, if you think that's funny, turn around." The girl got confused, then did as told, meeting with the hanging body of a red head, wearing nothing but the same apparatus as them. At the sight, Harley shrieked and fell backwards into Ivy's arms, the device inside her spamming itself against her walls instantly, turning the cries into a hint of moaning. They looked at the dangling corpse as it swung around, her eyes turned up and tits fully erect. It appeared the woman also had something she must have kept hidden, a long, rock hard cock protruding outward from her cunt.

After a nervous laugh, they turned back around, only to not be faced with the vampire anymore, but instead the halls of what looked to be a prison. As they walked through, it only took a moment of reliving the atmosphere and smelling the uncanny stench to know where they were, or where this was based off of. Fucking Arkham. They trailed through the halls, seeing that it looks to be a near perfect replica of the site, including recreating the dread they always got coming here. But they had to persist, but it seems that Harley might need some help. That scream ramped up the intensity surprisingly well, making her nearly panic at the thought of the fear toxin. But at the same time, she nearly fell to the pleasure and climaxed right there. She did manage to stop it from coming though. Only until she felt Ivy's hand brushing her shoulder, and it all went loose.

Harley fell to her knees and cried as her orgasmed was drenching the device in her, the fear itself driving it. All of a sudden, she felt needles prick her, and something flowing out into her core body. She had her back facing the ground as she rode out the orgasm, her eyes closed as she screamed, the sensation only increasing the pressure on herself. She then heard something. Someone, call her name. "Harls!" A voice cried, but it didn't sound like Ivy. No, when she opened her eyes, standing tall above her, was the grinning face of Joker.

"No!" She yelled, backing away, unaware of the incoming piss she was about to take. She crawled away from the clown prince fast, wanting to stay away from him, be in Ivy's arms. When the yellow started to stain the sensor, the room immediately picked up. Once she moved one step closer to an open intersection of hallways in the asylum, a cart starting rolling towards her flat finger. The wheels had spikes on it, and it tore right through her neck as it made its way through, killing the girl and leaving her with an absolutely shocked expression.

"Harls!" Ivy screamed, managing to ignore the sensation that built up over both calls. She kneeled next beside her girlfriend's body, checking for signs, only to be met with the face of terror on the pale eyes. It all happened so quick, barely even moments upon entering. And the worst thing was, Ivy could feel herself start to gush when she saw Harley trampled. The plant girl was always into watching those death based porn shit. Loved watching humanity killed itself in an exotic way. And so, to watch it right in front of her, she barely needed the device.

She got up and leaned next to the tiled wall, bucking in orgasm. Another thing she was doing, was laughing, just like the clown would. She did this to cope with hurt, and Ivy grew into the habit. Now she was chuckling hysterically non-stop, inadvertently peeing herself as she did. Now, a slot opened up behind her, and she only heard the faint click of a gun before a bullet fired from behind the wall. The shot went directly through the back of her head and out the front, killing her brain instantly. She followed the pull of the bullet, falling forward on the ground and smashing her nose on the floor, blood slowly pooling out of her naked body's head and staining her red hair.

With a laugh, Zatanna watched it happen so fast, not impressed. Only fucking Hawkgirl has made it close, only to give in and masturbate on the floor for an hour and get a pile of arrows shoved down her throat. She still has that picture. Oh well, she has something to do now. Once she drained the two new guests' bank accounts, as per the agreement, she got back out into the air, waiting for the next car to pull up, only to find another bike coming towards her, Dinah holding a solid smirk as she raced. This should be good.

## Chapter End Notes

That was, very rough. Anyway, I hope you will stay for more. Only 9 left and I'm done. Next time, I will have a better attitude while making it. That's all. Captain Grav Out.

## Day 23: Shepard Overloads Liara

### Chapter Summary

Whenever they have sex, Liara just can't get Jane to cum inside her. Until now, where she changes the game plan at the last second, only to find out the reason quickly.

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Cum Overload

Fandom: Mass Effect

Warnings: Excessive Cum, Drowning/Suffocation, Incorrect Anatomy

Yes, I know the idea isn't entirely realistic. Luckily I don't give a shit and I just want to make a hilarious death. Oh, and it's a Futashep. Just so you know. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Fuck, yes!" The floor to the cabin was cold to Liara, feeling it as her breasts were squished into it. She rattled to the savage beating of her ass as the giant rod inside it pistoned in and out, without stop. The owner of that giant cock, was none other than Jane Shepard. She was pounding into the Asari scientist's rear with great speed, her hands pressing Liara's back to hold her still as she was ravaged.

Goddess, did Liara love this. When she first met the Commander, she was simply ecstatic to hear her interest in her work. She was also very curious about the Prothean artifact and what Shepard had received from the beacon. It became infinitely interesting to her, and she wished to get to know Jane more for the mission and to get to know her as a person. Turns out, the stone cold demeanor was just what was attracting Liara to the woman, and soon, she got access to her mind. She tried her best to only focus on the vision, but it was so intense, she hadn't realized she traveled into Jane's deeper side until it was too late. And that meld made her painfully aware of a little, or very big, secret the Commander had in her pants, and it made her want it desperately.

So, a little while after that meeting, Jane made her usual rounds to Liara's closet, and the timid scientist brought up the details she got. She then became more, aware, of the instrument that was only a foot away from her, and as she explained, she could see it create a significant

indent. Liara then made a quick implication of experiencing it for herself. She didn't expect anything of it, but the next moment, she was up against the wall, being lathered in strong, sweet kisses and clothes quickly coming off. They became closely wrapped up for the next hour, and Liara got a good peak at the monster cock, as she was throating it and being pierced through her azure. By the time Jane had put her clothes back on and left, giving Liara a wave, the scientist was panting on her cot, the sheet flooded in semen, the maiden drenched in white.

Since then, they have had plenty of time together. Since then, Liara had moved her gear over to Jane's cabin, spending most of her time there. Most of the time to recover, but after the first week, they had made a schedule for it. It was glorious. She was on missions regularly with the incredibly high stamina Shepard now, and Jane decided to provide her with an incentive to not suck at fighting and to be eager to go on assignments. She had made sure she won every reward, able to touch the cock every week if she completed it.

And today was nothing different. After a week of missions, here Liara was, relishing her reward generous. Feeling as Jane hammered her will as much might as a horse. And from the size of the cock, it was hard to tell the difference. Her ass was stretched so much it was hard to comprehend it tight, and she knew it would be the gaping hole for the rest of week. But one thing has bothered her since they started. Shepard had never blew her load inside Liara. Even before they started this session, Liara commented on it. "You can't handle that," was all she got in response, and the fucking began. But still, it was just so damn enticing, her blue skin was covered in enough cream to make an ice cream shop. But her insides, she wanted them painted permanently with Shepard's cum.

She could hear Jane grunting heavily, approaching her next orgasm. Third of the day. Liara could feel as Shepard began to retreat from her to hand job it out. But then, on complete instinct and filled with pleasure, Liara wrapped her legs around Jane's back, holding her steady and unable to pull out. "Argh, Liara, don't!" Jane kept attempting to back away, but all she managed was allowing Liara to be able to continue thrusting.

"No!" Liara shouted in defense, moaning in bliss, "I want to take it all inside. All of it!" She yelled as she bucked on Shepard's thighs, running herself into the rod and feeling it begin to pulse.

"Liara, no. If you do this, I-I c-can't... Ahhh!" Jane tried to warn, but it came. Suddenly, Shepard pressed her length balls deep, going as deep as she could and letting her load release. It shot out like a hose, filling the rear hole she was probing in with her fluids. She groaned

and grunted heavily, uttering one last phrase before losing all her inhibitions, "Stupid Asari whore!"

All of a sudden, Liara felt as Shepard's tits were on her back, and her arms wrapped around her chest as she pressed her entire weight on the girl. The cum that flowed inside her was intense, shaking her body as she took every drop. She didn't know why the change of pace for Shepard with this, but holy shit would she never complain. Hopefully after this, they'd be able to do her cunt, or mouth. Her intestines started to fill from the wrong side with cream, flowing into her at a great speed. "Yess!" She cried as Jane humped into her.

"Fine," Jane said with no remorse, "You wanted this? Then you'll get it! It was nice using you while you lasted. Take it all, you Asari slut!" She roared and used one hand to grab onto Liara's tentacle head, wrenching her up to face the wall. The fluids that were invading her track quickly dissolved any kind of other fluid as it made its way through. It devoured the acid in Liara's stomach with ease, quickly ascending up her throat. The scientist was in pure joy, full of cum, enjoying her treatment. That was, until the cum reached her esophagus.

At the feeling, it startled Liara, only to feel as the semen kept going up, clogging her air holes. Quickly, the cum started to drip out of her mouth. Seeing that, Liara panicked. It went all up inside me?! What? It was getting hard to breath as she couldn't get the air passed the white, and so she thrashed. "Yes! Struggle as you suffocate! Makes my cock harder for next round!" Jane shouted into the back of Liara's head, "Courtesy of the Alliance Genetic Experiment AU17!" She barked as the cum kept puking out of the Asari's mouth, the girl reaching as she slowly drowns.

Now Liara found out why Jane told her she wasn't ready. Now she knew what she was hiding. Now she knew not to fuck with what you got. Now she knew that her lover was just trying to keep her alive. And she didn't listen. Before she could fully pass, her chin was gripped onto, "All you are now is dead meat. Another whore for the test my government makes me conduct. Once I'm done with you, I'm getting the nearest officer to come and take your place. Die, you peanut brain Asari." And with that, Liara died, knowing that her life was expendable, and that she would not be missed. She very much doubled even though her mother would care for her. And so, her eyes faded forever.

As the Asari fell limp, Shepard let her drop to the floor completely. Her cock was forced to pop out, the thundering size of a breeder dripping semen still. The corpse beneath her was still quite warm, as it would for a while. Her cum took a while to cool off. With a sigh, she tapped her com, "Hey, Kaidan?" She asked through it, the Lieutenant answering his commander, "Yes, could you come to my cabin for a bit. I need some help relieving stress.

Liara's asleep right now. Alright, see you soon." She ended the call and looked to the dead eyes of Liara on the floor. "Thanks for everything you've done, useless dumbass." She laughed before getting behind the door, ready to surprise the Lieutenant.

## Chapter End Notes

Got this one pretty good. I do like pushing realism aside for a moment just to have fun sometimes. I hope you enjoyed. Captain Grav out!

## Day 24: Punishing the Weakest

### Chapter Summary

After a very close win, Beth and the rest of the team gather in the locker room around the most incompetent player they had, rich girl Chloe, and show her her daddy's money wasn't going to save her from being a cunt.

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Sports

Fandom: Original

Warnings: Gang Bang, Rape, Decapitation

If you can't tell, I don't know how football works. Don't spam me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With the winning touchdown, Beth watches as Reina crossed the line with the ball in hand, and the time was over. They had won! The announcer was rambling through their microphone as the team all converged on Reina, cheering around her as the opposing team walked away with disgrace. They knew what was coming for them. Mutilation High didn't treat failures well, and they would most likely be seen tomorrow stripped of all their clothes and nailed to their field goals. But that was to be expected, when fighting against the legendary Snuff Slut High Brigade.

As the team celebrates, Beth keeps her eyes on one particular thing, that being the rich girl on their team. Chloe. That bitch had practically let the enemy score three points, not bothering to guard anything except her ass. She was a dud the entire match, in fact, Beth can't even remember if she actually participated other than being here. When she looked at the scoreboard, that confirmed it. The team was listed from best to worst player of the match, and at the very bottom, was Chloe. She had taken the most breaks, broke the least amount of sweat, and didn't even touch the ball. That kind of laziness was not needed here, and Beth wouldn't allow it.

When they reached the locker room to undress, they all tore away their apparel. They all saw the scoreboard, and knew the target. So when the oblivious Chloe stepped in, she was

surprised to find the entire team's helmets being thrown right at her. She hit the door she came in hard as the masks bounced off hers, punching the wind out of her and sending her to the ground. When all the helmets had stopped, she looked up to see Beth in the middle of the crowd, naked with her cock out. "C'mon bitch," the captain beckoned, "You got one chance with me."

In response, Chloe laughed, "You whores. Once my father hears of this, we'll be feasting off your corpses as he fucks your decapitated skull, Beth."

"Well, daddy ain't here, Chloe," Beth remarked, arms crossed, "And by Snuff Slut High Brigade Rule 3 Section 84, you won't be allowed to leave this room unless you compete against me in a full contact fight to the death." She grinned as she saw the shock on Chloe's face, "So get your ass underdress so I can fuck it up."

At the words, Chloe wearily picked herself up and took off her clothes. She eventually joined the team in nudity, being the one with the objectively largest cock out of each of the futas, ranging at about 8 inches. When she got to her helmet, she got smart. Right as she looked to be placing it down, she suddenly changed her stance to throw it, tossing it right at Beth's unshielded face. The impact threw her back onto the floor, the team knowing they couldn't interfere until the very end. When she dropped, Chloe charged downward, slapping her cock into the captain's pussy as she smashed her head into the porcelain.

She smashed against Beth's gorgeous fold fiercely as she used her long nails as claws, scraping against the captain's cheeks and letting scars be left. The woman screamed, but went through it, grabbing Chloe's arms and wrenching them off. Quickly, Beth shot up and bit right into her opponent's neck, trying hard to break the skin. At the same time, she beat Chloe's breasts like drums, mauling them without restraint.

Chloe roared as she forced herself away from Beth, trying to get her off her neck but unsuccessfully making herself the bottom in this. Now, Beth's miniature dick compared to hers was being slapped against her chest as her captain took the whole length inside her with pride. With that Chloe realized that this battle would take a whole lot more to win. Thinking quickly, she drove her knife like claws into Beth's tits, penetrating and digging into her fleshy lobes. The pain hinders Beth, and she loses her grip on the throat to scream, but she hasn't given up yet, not with Chloe so close to orgasm.

So with a fury, she aims her fists higher, to the bite mark at the neck. She slams into it, throwing all the air out of Chloe without effort as she strikes again and again, forcing the big dick girl to climax, Beth relishing in the victory as she becomes pregnant from her worst teammate. The cum flooded quickly, and stopped surprisingly quickly as well. Once it was done, she got bored and pulled away, the nails in her tits taking a good chunk of them as she rose up.

With her standing and Chloe on the ground, she knew exactly what to do. She was essentially just playing with the girl up until now. But now it was time to show her true fangs. So she raised her foot high above the exasperated Chloe, she angled her big toe and slammed it into her right eye, popping it out impaled on the toe. It flung across the room and onto the gear, leaving Chloe to scream excessively as it was torn away. With a smirk of victory, Beth waves the rest over, "C'mon girls. Rule 1 Section 10, must be able-bodied to play, including having both eyes in. Fight's over."

Chloe tried to get up after Beth moved away, struggling to see with only one eye. When she got to her knees, she was met with all the futa dicks of her team. "Ah fuck." She muttered before five came converging on her. Beth went straight for the mouth, letting the girl choke on her cock as Grace and Nancy propped themselves at her eyes, plunging in without hesitation and busting through the fragile pieces, Nancy able to skip the whole eye as it was 3 feet away. Harlot and their only Dragonborn, Hailey, took position at her ears, plugging them with their cocks and ramming into her brain at the same time the others did.

Chloe's attitude shifted immediately, due to brain damage of course. She was much eager with the cocks implanted in her brain, reducing it to mush. She couldn't comprehend anger anymore, and was thrilled with being raped to no end. Their two females had their tongues lathering her own dick, stroking the long member fiercely as they brought knives to it.

All and all, when they left the locker to head home that day, Chloe was left in a puddle of cum and blood, her eye sockets and ears leaking the white cream. Her dick was the only thing to leave that night, shoved up Beth's ass as a toy. Turns out, when her daddy heard the news, all he asked for was the body back, and the two females of the team to become his new daughters. Just another day in Biyan.

This was alright. Was hard to do, but I like that. Nothing much to add, working on the Queen's Order, Reign of Queen Shepard, and other projects. Check it out on discord, Captain Grav out!

# Day 25: Korra Alone Drops Dead

## Chapter Summary

Korra's been pushing herself away from everyone you can think of, leaving her alone in a shifty town. And she doesn't realize, that poison she received years ago isn't fully gone, and it hasn't stopped working to kill her.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Drop Dead

Fandom: The Legend of Korra

Warnings: Necrophillia, Light Selfcest

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Korra reaches in the sink of the shifty bathroom, the foul stench inside hardly comfortable. She dabs the water into her face, splashing it into her hair and making it damp. She turns up to look in the mirror, and see the look of the bruises on her cheek. She really took that bad of a beating tonight. She could barely stand, leaning against the sink and hoping it would hold. She looks into her own eyes with distance, wishing she was staring at anyone else. Even her old, young and rebellious self would be preferable over this sack of depression and pain. She turns away in shame, thinking this mirror doesn't want to handle reflecting her.

She opened the door into the air, not exactly fresh, but it was how most of her life went now. She carried down the street, holding herself as she struggled to make it around the corner. She was coughing profusely as she limped on, stumbling around like a drunken sailor. Her green wraps were torn in places, scars from the fight. When it was over, the winner took her leggings away as a trophy, leaving her to walk in her underwear. And again, the walk was more of a limp, and she tried desperately to just head to her current home.

That was until she felt a shift in the air. It became cold at her lips, and she collapsed to her knees. She held herself together barely as she heard the daunting clank of chains. She jerked her head up, and there lied her painful recreation of herself in the cave. Her avatar state shone through her white eyes, and her loose hair swayed in the breeze. But it wasn't the same breeze around her, purposely simulated. The chains around her legs and arms dangled below. Korra,

for many years, denied that creature. But now, she felt, it wasn't worth fighting her anymore. Especially since she will be the one with her till the end.

The past Korra steps forward, and Korra feels her heart pump. It was rapid, and only amplified with each footstep. Another bare foot struck towards her, and her chest was sore from the excessive pain that resonated. She realized something as she watched herself approach. It was a little comforting to think about. The chained woman wasn't to be feared. She was just trying to help. The only one who could stand to stay with her. Feeling that solace, she started to smile as the being knelt in front of her, grazing a hand on the side of Korra's head.

Her chest was thumping furiously, and it was getting too loud. She was having trouble focusing. And that's when she looked deep into her old eyes, the glowing spots calming her nerves as the being closed in on her. Her own lips collided with hers, and she accepted them graciously. They weren't the ones she had always wanted to have, Asami still owns that title. But this version of hers were not bad either. Besides, from the way her heartbeat was suddenly nowhere to be found. In fact, her body felt absent, but that didn't matter. Her spirit was alive, and she was making out with herself.

While her spirit was taken finally, Korra's body dropped forward to the concrete floor. Her eyes became vacant, her life fully evaporated from her corpse. Right after her last breath was echoed, Ravva emerged from her open lips, ever sorrowful for her latest carrier. Poor child, suffered so much, just to die alone. She thought as she looked at the sad body, stripped of her pants and her top torn at places where parts of her breasts were visible. It was appealing, the way she was just splayed out. Almost enticing. No! That's wrong. And I need to go find my newest host anyway. She reasoned with herself, but, for some curious reason, she couldn't just leave her here.

So, with some reprieve, Ravva wrapped her tail around the slouched corpse, and carried it up to a rooftop. It was fairly flat, and she set the girl down on her back, only now realizing that, while in flight, her underwear slipped off, revealing her lower lips to the immortal spirit. Oh goodness! Where did those go? She stared with wonder at the entrance, somehow enraptured by the sweetness it appeared to be. Something changed in Ravva as she watched it, such an intrusive thought. I've existed in countless women. Existed in countless men who pleased women. But I've never truly explored... Before she knew what she was doing, she had unconsciousness slipped her tail into the folds, feeling the cool spot as she shuddered.

I shouldn't. I really shouldn't. But she was doing it. Entering her tail into the snatch of her dead avatar, penetrating her womb without stop. She could feel it still having the wetness it

contracted in death, whether an orgasm or piss, Ravva didn't know for sure. But it felt good sliding into the snatch, thrusting in experimentally. She unknowingly began to form into the dead lady, at least, a figment of Korra. She turned to the woman, with one exception, a appendage at her crotch that was inside the corpse of the person she was mimicking.

She went faster with the body, pushing into it with more will power this time. She's sure that if Korra was fully aware of herself right now, she'd see how Ravva was handling her corpse as it cooled in the death. Ravva reached for the breasts and unveiled the wraps on them, cupping them in her hands. She didn't know what caused this reaction in her, maybe the age of Korra. Not centuries old and crippled when she passed, still young and spry. Or maybe it was how she became after being restarted by Korra. But either way, she was enjoying the newness of this, after millenia of the same shit.

She was going as her first time, so she didn't last too terribly long. She groped the tits of the cold body as she humped into it, imagining how a climax would feel with a scream. Once the magic of desecration was wearing down, she flew away, still in her nude, futa Korra form in search of the next Avatar. Maybe I can do new things with this one. When they come of age, of course. Over the next few centuries, when Avatar's died, they were particularly young, and Ravva made sure to study each of them in detail in death, feeling up all ends.

## Chapter End Notes

This was interesting to write, and I changed a bit from the original outcome. Hopefully you enjoyed. Can't wait for more. Captain Grav Out!

# Day 26: Diana Disected

## Chapter Summary

Dr. Poison and Cheetah have kidnapped the might Wonder Woman, and intend to make her suffer during their desire to get in with Savage Supergirl and the Batgirl Who Laughs. Will they succeed?

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Disembowment

Fandom: DC - Original Audrey DCU

Warnings: Heavy Gore, Excessive Cum, Gun Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Diana's eyes fluttered as she began to wake, hearing the sound of footsteps around her. She was groggy, and tried to lift herself up, only to be stopped by something. They were on her arms, legs, and even her neck, and it didn't take long for her to understand what they were. Restraints designed to keep her locked up. The majority were metal, based on just the coldness of them, but one at her left foot was not. It was more flexible, a rope most likely. She had her back pressed against the slab she was laying on, staring up into the darkness that covered the ceiling, only one overhead light projected above at the same place as her stomach. She tried to figure out where she was, and why she couldn't break the cuffs.

She then heard a cough, and looked over to her right. Waiting with her arms folded, leaning against the wall, was none other than Cheetah. She was grinning with pride, her curvy body holding a posture signalling victorious. She watched as Wonder Woman spurred awake, and immediately tried to break free to touch her. But with all the unique drugs she has taken, and her own lasso at her foot, she was hopeless to get out. Cheetah laughed at the pathetic struggle, "How adorable. You believe you still have authority here," she chuckles, moving closer the the woman, "Especially when you got your... special assets down below out." She set her hands on the table by Diana's side, directing attention towards the Amazon's hips.

Diana still couldn't tilt her head that way, but she could feel it now. Her cock was limp at her waist, touching the table as she began to realise she was naked. She could feel the air around her, with the only coverings being the restraints she was pinned with. She stared into the eyes

of her nemesis after a moment and tried to show a fierce display. "What the hell happened, Cheetah? And why don't you touch it?" She growled, unable to stop the last part from escaping her lips. Her eyes went wide as she realised what she said.

Cheetah also didn't expect that reaction, given how she stepped back and a blush crawled on her face. She glanced at the massive member, astonished that the woman could conceal that in the first place. She also got to watch as it hardened out of embarrassment, Diana's face red like an apple. Her primal sense took over for a second, seeking some need. But she shook it off for a brief second to truly answer the heroine's questions, turning back to a smirk, "Well, what happened is you let your guard down. Plus, a little lead we got gave away your identity quite well, Ms. Diana Prince," at her name, Wonder Woman gasped. Who gave it away?! The look she showed Cheetah made her laugh, "Oh, and I might just take you up on your offer." She stated, hopping up on the table, her ass facing Diana's head as she trailed to the log.

"Yes, please!" Diana hollered, unable to fight her way out, "I need you to suck it." Why couldn't she lie? Why couldn't she resist? Why did she feel the need to display all her desires?

"Heh, guess that lasso on your leg really does work," Cheetah commented as she stroked the rod, letting Diana click the pieces together. That was why that restraint was different, it was her own Lasso of Truth. No wonder she couldn't break out. That thing could make her powerless. Cheetah leaned in and licked the tip of the 10 inch wonder with lust burning, Diana unable to suppress the needy moan that followed, "Tell me, Diana: How long have you gone without getting this thing off?"

She tried to stop it, but the lasso was too strong. The magic forced it out of her, "5 years! And it was when I was asleep and my pupils were wanting to mess with me!" Her heart wasn't allowing her to feel hate, she had none to give right now. It was a delirious thing, feeling her own tool acting against her will. She could feel as her body was acting in ways she never acted, but have always secretly wished it did.

"Anything else you want at this time, Diana?" Cheetah asked with a cocky grin, waving her ass in the Amazon's face.

"I want to taste your cunt!" Diana screamed, and it all came out, "I want to lap it all up as you take my cock in your mouth and suck it off until you swallow my cum! I want you to call me Wonder Slut as you move around to slam your snatch on my rod, and I want to feel your

claws as they leave scars on my muscles! Please!" She begged like a child, all her attempts to stop failing.

With a good smile, Cheetah reached for the rope and shouted a command, "Then open your mouth, Wonder Slut!" And Diana left her jaw wide, waiting for the next thing. Laughing, Cheetah sank her ass down on the warrior and felt the tongue plunge in her cunt immediately. She cooed as the wet appendage slid in her folds, swirling around with surprising expertise for what she thought she would be capable of. Quickly, Cheetah turned back to the member, the rod pulsing fiercely and sticking in the air. She took the tip in her mouth, and slowly, bit by bit, went deeper with each bob of her head.

With pride, Cheetah depthroated the dick like a champion. She ran her hands along Diana's abs, meticulously slicing open wounds from her claws. She was diligent, cutting at the exact points she was informed to, and the parts that she knew would get the most reaction. And indeed, it got those reactions. Diana bucked her hips and moaned into the recesses of Cheetah's entrance, vibrating the canal as the feline was forced to take more of her cock.

It was getting very heated, but just by how the dick seemed to be getting comfortable in her mouth, it was not going to cum anytime soon. No worries for Cheetah, as that just meant more torture. She swiped her nails into Diana's thighs, Wonder Woman responding with a gorgeous pained moan that both of them found to be blissful. At this time, the rope had done enough damage, there was no point in hiding it. She was a whore, just like many of the fiends she had faced. Cheetah enjoyed feeling as even the small restraint that Diana had on herself be stripped away and replaced with someone just eager to fuck and hurt. When she knocked her out and brought her here, she didn't expect for the rope to break her in just a few minutes. Seems this was something the warrior must've dreamt lots about. Fuckign self-righteous bitch. Just wanting to fuck her enemies and such a big pain slut.

As the heat dragged on, Cheetah herself began to get more and more aroused. Like the kitten she was, she also had to deal with heats, and this apparently triggered one. Now, she took the full cock with as much satisfaction as she could, drowning in the pleasure as she wanted more. She threw her head all the way down the rod, managing to go balls deep and choking on the meat. That gurgling seemed to spur it on, but not enough. Cheetah was impressed, few people would last as long as Diana was now with her ability. And she was doubly surprised when she felt herself releasing juices onto the futa's face instead. She jerked away from the dick and let out a loud moan, closing her eyes and relishing in the pleasure.

Diana just kept eating her pussy, licking the folds generously as Cheetah held her cock in her left hand as she caught her breath. The feline-girl was about to turn around when a lower shot

sounded, and a bullet busted into the back of her skull and left a hole between her eyes. She couldn't process what had happened until she fell to the side, rolling off the table and collapsing on the floor. Following the bullet trail back, Diana's eyes fell upon Dr. Poison, holding her gun out with the barrel smoking. "Such a shame," she bitterly stated, "I told her not to compromise your potential orgasm. At least she cut in the right places." She walked over to the side, stepping over the corpse of her mercenary and placing the gun on the table.

"So, Diana Prince, what do you know of the world up there?" She asked initially as she slid a rolling cart over with a bunch of tools, of which Diana couldn't tell what.

"Nothing," Diana answered plainly, "All I know is that I was there."

"It's all gone to hell," the Doctor said, picking up a scalpel and lining it up with one of Cheetah's cuts. She spliced into the wound and opened the hole up, sliding from the bottom of her waist and going up to the center of her breasts, talking as she went, "Your friends in the Justice League are all dead. Dead to their own heroes. First it was Supergirl," She reached the point as Diana screamed in pain, and in pleasure as her cock was pulsing quickly with need, "Out of nowhere, she went completely insane. Then Batgirl. The redhead one. Seems she's massacred the entire Bat Family and runs Gotham. And even the Atlanteans have gone berserk, taking out the only checkpoint keeping the Batgirl from moving out of the city," She opened the cuts to reveal the pristine organs of Diana, all pumping in tune to each other. Her cock was throbbing with release.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Oh, you poor Wonder Slut," Poison sighed, "I'm joining in on the fun," she put down the scalpel and grabbed some tweezers, "You, will be my vessel in all this. My Wonder Slut. I will make you into the killing machine you should be. Then I'll drop you in any place I want. My master wants. The Watchtower," she started listing off places as she gripped the standing cock, moving the pliers to the ballsack, "D.C., London, Moscow, Themyscira. You name it. She orders me to send you there, you will go there," she explains, then aims the dick slightly different, "But for now, I need to hollow you out. Nothing like your own semen to do the job." She grinned, and squeezed down on the handles.

The tweezers pinched her sack with a vice grip, and with all the pain, she came undone. Diana howled as her cum shot up like a fountain, spraying directly into her open torso. The salty substance was so strong, it began to feel like her insides were boiling. And indeed, they

were. They were bubbling as the fluid touched them, each failing quickly. She looked into Poison's eyes just before her heart burst. And she wasn't staring daggers at the calm Doctor, or hating her guts. She was smiling, happy for her own demise.

## Chapter End Notes

So close. Not getting me yet. Not when I'm almost done.

# Day 27: Wasteland Futa Mutations

## Chapter Summary

While helping Moira Brown on the newest entry in her book, Holly stumbles upon an injured woman in a heavily radioactive area. When the Wanderer attempts to save her, she finds that the radiation has caused several new mutations already, and she isn't quite prepared for them.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Mutation

Fandom: Fallout 3

Warnings, Double Dick Futa, Dissolution, Rape

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After Holly got done with what she needed to in Megaton, she immediately went for the radioactive pit that Moira had assigned her. She's already finished the first book, and now wants it to be a series. The first main thing of this one was the effects on direct radiation exposure and how different types of attire and drugs work best to combat it. Sounded interesting, and if she already was a guinea pig for the crazy shop owner, why not keep the chain going. So here she was, marching down the decrepit road to the place on her map. She wasn't a cartographer, but it seemed she was close.

She made sure the hazmat suit she was wearing was tightly secured again, about the 6th time she has checked. Hopefully she wouldn't be unprepared for what came at her. She strode through the wastes until she had come upon an area where the trees started to not be around as much, houses completely blown away, leaving only the foundation remaining. Her Geiger counter began to spike. Guess she found the area.

Now she just had to keep moving, heading to the center. That's where the map stated to go, and also where the radiation would be the worst. So with a big sigh, she walked forward, moving with caution to not rip the suit. She traveled a good 25 meters inside the zone when she had found the sunken crater she was looking for. Looked like what would happen if the Megaton nuke ever went off. Luckily she defused that shit. Where she got those skills, you'd have to look to the SPECIAL kids book and the GOAT. Anyhow, she made her way into the

radius and saw the green and yellow fog that blotted out the light from outside, replaced with itself.

Holly eventually reached the center of the crater, filled with a pool of chemicals. She sincerely hoped she didn't have to stay in for long. She slid down the slope to a terrace just above the vat. She stumbled on the surface, the soft dirt easy to be manipulated. She scanned the area, and her counter was buzzing, just a flat noise at this point. Even through the suit she could feel the terribleness of the place. It was as she checked her pipboy, something splashed in the chemicals.

She jumped at that, some of the water hitting her as she drew her gun. As she aimed it, she saw a figure emerge from the vat, but not like a monster or ghoul. It was a woman, clearly, with long, dark hair that was damp with the green liquid. She was quite curvy, and was almost dancing in the pond as she turned to face Holly. She looked at her with a great smile, all innocent and happy. She was waist deep in the vat, with her top half completely naked. The wanderer's jaw dropped when she saw the nude form, and the large breasts that bounced as she walked towards her. "Hello stranger!" She waved with friendliness.

Holly waved back, stashing her gun, "H-hello madam," she responded, watching as the naked woman approached her, getting further and further above the water line as it became shallow, "What are you doing in there? How are you in there and not dying?" She began to ask, and she got a chuckle back from the mysterious woman in response.

"Oh, I'm just here bathing," She began to explain as more of herself became exposed, "I have a rare disease that makes me immune to radiation, you see. Well, most of its effects." She added, finally getting to where she was revealing a secret part of herself. Holly nearly crumbled when she saw not just one, but two, giant cocks hung from the woman's crotch where her cunt was supposed to be. She was frozen as the double futa made her way right next to the wanderer, now only ankle deep, "I did get this interesting mutation," she laughed as she grabbed both rods with one hand each, letting Holly get a good view on both of them, "It was very jarring at first, but after what happened with my family, I got over it pretty quickly and adapted my new lifestyle."

Her dicks were so long, they reached Holly's stomach as the futa swung them around. She was unable to think, it was so daunting. The fleshy rods also had dripping radiation that directly touched her suit, making her feel uncomfortable, but remained calm. She was massive herself, even a couple inches below her, they could see each other eye-to-eye. But she did see one thing in the last thing she said to ask about, "W-what happened to your family?"

"That's simple," the futa said, changing her tone slightly, "I fucked each of them to death. First my dad, then my mom and sister were taken together. Once I killed them, I moved out here," that reveal was shocking, but didn't affect Holly as much as the next thing she said, "And this mutation does have one more side effect. I don't need to eat, but I have an never ending hunger for sex. And you just so happen to be the nearest sleeve, so, sorry." She then had a visceral reaction, releasing her cocks and grabbing onto Holly with both hands.

Holly screamed as she was moved to face away from the futa, then felt one hand come off her hips and to her crotch, the covering being torn away to expose her nude holes underneath. She felt herself being lined up with the tips of both now erect cocks and promptly shoved down, roaring as she was pulverized. The futa gripped to her waist with one hand and began thrusting hard into Holly, the Hazmat woman unable to stop her as she slammed her other fist against her helmet. It smashed into pieces and the hood fell down with nothing to stop it.

The unknown futa was rocking Holly up and down her rods, using her as the most pathetic sleeve that could fit in her hand. She moaned with relief as she accidentally caused Holly to tip and have her head fall in the radioactive bath. When that happened though, both holes spasmed greatly, and she was happy that she was going to go fast. She always did with dying people. While she was immune to the heat, Holly had no such luck. Her skin melted and her bone fractured, dissolving in the incredible hot pool until all that was left was what the suit had protected.

When the unknown futa finished herself, diving deep into both recesses and pumping her loads, she lifted the body out of the water, only to find it without its head. She never did see the face of the girl, clouded in that mask. And guess she will never now. She finished with her and tossed her in all the way, the corpse getting destroyed until all the remained was the suit floating in the waste. She used it as an easy sock, jerking herself off with it until the next foolish person came to her abode. The Futa of the Waste.

## Chapter End Notes

Not as well made at the end, but I'm saving myself for tomorrow. Fuck I'll need it. If you want to find out why, ask me on discord or find my schedule there. Enjoy. Captain Grav Out.

## Day 28: Audrey Earfucks Grav

### Chapter Summary

Okay, this one will be interesting. If you haven't read the title or learned on the discord, just get ready...

### Chapter Notes

Prompt: Earfuck

Fandom: Original

Warnings: Not Realistic, Futanari

Note: This is my character I play, not an actual profile on me.

Name: Elizabeth Grav

Alias: Captain Grav

Sex: Female

Pronouns: She/Her

Sexual Orientation: Bisexual

Species: Human/ Kamino Clone

Occupation: Arc Trooper Captain of the 501st, Writer, True Controller of the Universe

Hair Colour: Natural Violet-Red

Hair Style: Long, Usually Draped over the right shoulder

Eye Colour: Blue

Skin Colour: Tanned

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Are you ready, Grav?" Audrey asked as I planted my forehead on my hands, resting on the desk as I looked at my writings. I turn to her and watch with one eye as she shakes her dick around by the side of my head. She had a grim smile and was all joyous in the world, knowing what was coming next. And it would be her, in my head.

With a tired sigh, I push myself off the chair and stand up, "Yeah, can't wait!" I remark, not wanting to hide the sarcasm. I start to kneel down, getting myself in position. I could hear the bitter laugh of Audrey as I went for my crop top and took it off, tossing it away into the

darkness. I don't wear anything else besides shorts, so my boobs were freshly seen without trouble. No real reason to be modest in the world you fucking created. I smile, giving away my true excitement a bit as Audrey nears, "Getting myself brainfucked. Not how I imagined this hobby would go."

"Yeah," Audrey chuckled, planting one of her hands on my head, digging in to wrap my hair around her fingers, "And I never expected you'd be the one to suggest it. Let alone let me do it." She touched my ear with her tip, lining up the entrance to the lobe as good as she could. Pre-cum dripped in my canal, stuffing it up with the Succubus' fluids. I groaned in relief as the wariness seeped in.

"Oh, not a soul could replace you from me, Audrey," I told her, trying my best to keep my eyes on her but only seeing her leg. So, this is it. I'm about to be literally fucked out of my mind. That's just great. Should be interesting though. I looked around one more time, keeping an eye on my work station for another second. I then take a sigh of resolve, "Punch it." I commanded, and Audrey didn't waste anymore time.

She was quite experienced in this maneuver, I wrote her that way. Just never thought of it until this month to do it to me. She shoved the tip of her cock in so fast, it was like the space between my ear and my brain didn't exist. She thrusted in once, and she had shot a hole right through the side of my skull. She wasn't careful in her efforts after that, proceeding to hammer away with a great vigor. And the pleasure was immense.

Right after the tip burst through and touched my brain, I came in an instant. My shorts quickly grew a wet patch as my jaw fell open, unable to control itself. A great moan escaped my throat as Audrey humped her way into my mind. She was rampant about it, and I knew she could last a while if she wanted to. Fuck, similar to Jack in Reign of Queen Shepard, all I can utter is a couple words, "Fuuuck Yes! Yes! Yes, Fuck! Ahh!"

It seemed my noises egged my futa succubus on, as she hammered much more quickly after I began the loud muttering. She bucked my head side to side, her cock busting a hole through my entire grey matter. She ended up going out the other side and peaked out my other ear, and after that, I was just a non-stop climaxing machine. The patch became so damp that when I slumped down, it ripped the fabric, exposing the juicy cunt to pour down in a pool on the ground. And all that time, I couldn't stop moaning as my mind was being damaged beyond what any human's brain should be.

I get pummeled hard, Audrey starting to pant. I could feel her member throb with desperate need as she sped up. It wouldn't be long now. Seems my cranium is a pretty good cock sleeve. I twitched rapidly as she bucked her hips, my nose cracking in the crossfire. My eyes begin to close, relishing the bliss, but Audrey shakes me back awake, just for a moment as she roars and pulls back a bit, spilling her seed into my head.

The process isn't like Eve's, instead, the cum floods around what wasn't destroyed, filling the hole I have in my brain with white fluids. The cream begins to flow out of my ear like a faucet, only for the semen to spread more, into my eyes. All of a sudden, tears of sticky cum leaked from my sockets and dripped down my face. I spasm and struggle as everything goes white, only for my only support, Audrey, to pull out and let me fall to the ground. Damn, that was good.

Audrey looked to my unconscious body, then looked to the reader, "Well, looks like she's out for the count. Grav will return soon, I hope. Enjoy the rest of Snufftober!" She waves, walking away from my body, allowing me to get some sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, Audrey here. It seems that I may have gone a little overboard on Grav, and she's currently out right now, trying to recover and regenerate her brain. So, I'll take over in her place for the rest of Snufftober. We have just finished our last full week, and I can't wait to close out. The second work poll is now on discord, place your vote there for what Grav will do next for Poll Votes. That's it for now, Audrey is Out!

# Day 29: Raven In Gotham

## Chapter Summary

After narrowly escaping the massacre at the APCs, Raven wanders the streets of Gotham alone, wallowing in the deaths of all her friends. But the Batgirl Who Laughs isn't keen on letting her survive, as she didn't realize a tracker was on her back, nor that she was about to be hit.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Night

Fandom: DC - Audrey DC

Warnings: Rape

Hey guys, Audrey here. Hope you enjoy another torment on the DC universe!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Heroes are dead. Villains haven't stood a chance. And only one person managed to massacre the entire Team and Bat Family. That person was none other than the insane Barbara Gordon, who everyone has now referred to as the Batgirl Who Laughs. It was a death sentence for the Team when they rolled into the city. Now, all that is left is the turned Megan, and the Demonic Raven, currently just walking down the way torn streets as she let everything sink in.

She's lost everything. Everyone. She doesn't know the status of the team in Metropolis, but she wouldn't pit it against herself to say she was the last remaining member not corrupted and alive. And what did she do. She ran like a coward, leaving the rest to die alone. She remembered her father again. She ran then, ran now.

Now she is going past some of the shops of the criminal city, eerily devoid of activity. It was the dusk of night, people were strewn around, bleeding, mutilated corpses, with some naked and filled with one futa's cum. She's been hiding for the entire day, keeping herself alert and ready by having her eyes on the road. It was all very hard to witness, so many lost, and nothing gained. How long would the checkpoint hold out? Raven bowed her head in defeat, knowing it was hopeless to defend.

As she trailed down the sidewalk, something clattered behind her. Her heart sank when she turned around and saw the grinning face of Barbara. She was about 10 feet away from Raven, and stood calmly, her suit still severely torn to reveal her pleasant cock and tits. The look of hunger she gave Raven sent chills down her spine, the empath putting on a brave face and readying herself. She projected her fields of magic and stood valiantly, prepared for her last stand.

But then, something grabbed her from behind, holding her arms still. She face back the other way to find her leader, Miss Martian, restraining her, a very obvious line at her neck. She looked at Raven with a smile, just like Barbara's, though a little more sinister. Raven tried to pull away, but Batgirl already has closed the distance. She was now pinned between two futas, and Barbara kicked her in the stomach, sending her ass back towards Megan's bottom and her head in the Batgirl's breasts.

With the demon filth stunned, Barbara took out one of her dull batarangs. She uncovered Raven's head from her hood, and pulled her back by her hair. At this time, Raven felt as Megan's cock tore through her clothes and entered her pussy, a place she once only reserved for Damian. Now, the team's leader was up her snatch and thrusting inside hard. She opened her eyes to see Barbara, who had a smile very wide, and it had blood stains as lipstick. She then waved the batarang in Raven's face, the empath unable to fight back as the redhead brought the blade onto her right cheek.

Barbara sunk it in the flesh, but not too deep, this was meant to hurt. She then began to carve letters into the cheek, making the empath scream as the muscles were torn apart. Batgirl Who Laughs wasn't that concerned with precision, and simply made the amount of letters she could before moving to the other cheek. She did the process until she was satisfied, and Megan was loving the tensing of the canal she was sealed in with each swipe, pushing her to a quick orgasm.

Barbara stepped back to admire her work. Raven looked at her lazily, the last time she had sleep over 20 hours ago, and too tired to continue yelling. On her cheeks, the engravings spelled: DEMON WHORE. Raven didn't even have it in her to ask, and she wouldn't as Barbara approached once again with the blade, and put it right in the girl's mouth. Then, very joyfully, she sliced in between the lips to make a smile, ripping through and making the last abilities to speak distant to Raven. She now adored a wide mouth in a crooked grin.

Happy with her work, Batgirl took the empath and aimed her head for her cock. But not in her mouth, no. It broke right through her skull and penetrated the brain, ripping right through the center of her forehead. She moaned as the grey matter caved around her dick as she slammed against the pale head. She came quite quickly, and turned the demon brain to a slush as she fell limp. The duo left the corpse propped up against the wall of a storefront, leaking jizz out her head, left with a forced smile. Any desperate survivors would roamed down the street, finding their heroes left in horrid states of disarray. Quite the world that is quickly forming.

## Chapter End Notes

This was quite rushed, but I feel it was pretty good despite that. Only two more left, Audrey Out!

# Day 30: Zombie Girl in a Corn Maze

## Chapter Summary

A sorority group of girls spend time at a pumpkin patch and go through the Corn Maze, only to come out very different.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Halloween Monster

Fandom: Original

Had to rush this one a bit. If you made it this far, you know the warnings. Fuck off if you complain, the past 29 works didn't ward you

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hey Liz!" Megan yelled at the dark redhead from behind as she was picking up a pumpkin. Liz screamed and dropped the gourd, the vegetable exploding right at the girl's feet and shooting chunks onto her pants. She looked at the blonde in the hoodie with anger.

"The fuck, Meg?! You scared the shit out of me!" Liz barked, shoving the girl slightly to show her irritation.

"What can I say," Megan shrugged, not worried in the slightest, "It's the day before Halloween. Gotta start someday scaring people."

Before Liz could say anything, another person shouted, this time from the pumpkin patch's checkout table, "Hey! You girls better pay for that!" The farmer's wife shouted, the crazy woman running through the field to get to them. Both of them looked at each other and nodded, making a run for it. They booked it through the patch, hopping over the pumpkins as quickly as possible.

They made it out and ran into their other friend, Yana, who stopped the two for a second. She threw concerned gazes at them, "What the fuck did ya do this time?" She growled, her dark skin creased with judgment. The woman in pursuit of them cried out more violence as she was almost out of her field, carrying a rake with her as a weapon. Once Yana saw that, she understood it wasn't the time, and immediately changed her stance, "C'mon, Jade is in the Corn Maze. We can lose her in there." And with that, the fleeing girls turned to 3, and they headed for the entrance of the maze.

When they dove in, they took one of the winding paths to the right, the thick stalks of corn making it impossible to see the outside once they turned. The wife went in right after them, trying to follow their movements as they quickly ran down corridors and sneaked into corners. When Liz and the others got a good distance away, they decided to try and find Jade, the Asian girl they knew always having her Snapchat location on. They tracked her to somewhere in the center of the maze, but the map didn't show the maze itself, as it never stuck around that long. So they were on their own to find the girl.

They roamed down the channels carved into the field with the only aim being the middle, going down the paths that looked most likely to get them there. It seemed the coast was clear of the wife, so they could breathe a good sigh of relief at that, the adrenaline still pumping in their veins. As Megan looked around, she took into account the trail, seeing just how far they were in this maze, and how hard it would be to get out. Definitely a nightmare for after they finish hiding and regrouping with Jade.

The group of college girls came here for some fun on the town, getting super drunk before coming here. It was amazing they didn't crash, with Liz taking the wheel while the other three drunks smoked some of the weed they got from the dispensary. When they got to this adult based attraction, they decided to split up and enjoy the night. That definitely went well, as now they are lost in this overly complicated forest of corn as they search for Jade and try to outrun one of the owners of this place.

But according to the tracker, it seemed they were only a turn away from Jade now who hasn't really moved since they first checked. They could hear some munching near them, Yana rolling her eyes as she imagined the girl eating some of the corn. She groaned, "That better not be her. How fucking hungry can that bitch get." The rest of the group nodded in agreement, ready to see if they could spook the girl on the other side of the corner.

Peeking around the bend, however, they found a different lady down on the ground kneeling, eating something viciously. She had black hair that ran down her back and interesting clothes that clearly didn't cover much of her body. Megan, being the dumb blonde she was,

approached the woman carefully. Liz checked the tracker, and indeed, it was right where the girl was, so either she stole the phone or Jade lost it right next to her. And in the night, it was hard to tell from the distance they were at, but the sounds definitely didn't feel like it was corn the person was chewing down.

Yana came out behind the corner to look closed, keeping Megan in between her and the crouched woman. She decided to get out her phone and turn the flashlight on. The blonde finally had the courage to say something, "Excuse me Ma'am, have you seen an Asian girl around here?" She asked, and it called the woman to their presence. When Yana finally got her light on, she wanted to almost turn it back off completely.

The girl on the ground began to stand up from her meal, the light revealing that it was none other than Jade herself being the food. She had her entire face ripped off, and in a splayed out hand, her phone resided. Her glasses were shattered and the glass in her dead eyes. When the woman turned around, she was covered in blood and flesh from her victim, her lips sucking up a piece of meat as she looked at the blonde. Her terrible clothes were ripped and torn, slash marks exposing her skin. Her left breast was hanging out from the useless garment, along with her pants separated to reveal her glistening snatch. But that wasn't what got them the most. It was the eyes, yellowed like she was dead, her pupils a dark red as she stared with hunger.

It was then that Megan screamed, "Holy Shit!" And backed away a little too quickly. Yana did her best to hold back some vomit as she kept her eyes on the situation. That lunge backwards was enough to spur the decrepit girl on, and she immediately tackled Megan to the ground, her claw like fingernails latching right at her breasts and tearing them away. They broke off violent as she hit the ground, dirt quickly getting up in her hair as she simply screamed to the top of her lungs. She only stopped when the crazy woman leaned down and sunk her teeth into her neck, tearing out her throat and silencing the cries, along with causing the blood to sputter onto her mouth like a spout. She let it splash as she held the meat in her teeth, scarfing it down quickly to finish Megan off.

She raised her fist and hastily slammed it down into the depths of the stump where her left tit was, fetching for her heart. Once she had her arms around it, she yanked it out without a second thought, Megan dying immediately. Yana and Liz watched in horror as it happened so fast, frozen in place and unable to do anything. The black girl kept her light on the scene as the redhead just hid behind the corner, only for them to see another terrifying site. All of a sudden, Jade, hollowed out by the attacker, groaned and stood up, a hole in her chest so deep it was out her back, with some miracle her spine wasn't destroyed, and she carried the same eyes as the unknown chick.

Both her and the main undead girl then looked up to the pair that remained, and it gave the two chills. Yana moved her flashlight to begin moving towards Liz, and they immediately charged. She dropped her phone as the two Zombies rushed her, pinning her to the corn maze wall behind her. She turned to Liz and shouted, "Run!" right before Jade slit her throat with her claws that just extended, letting the blood spray onto both of them as the black girl died. The black-haired zombie turned to see the redhead through the dark following that command, sprinting away and not turning back. The girl smiled, and ran right after her. The moment she left, Megan stood up and searched for her own tits to eat.

Liz ran down the corridors as fast as she could trying to get away, cursing herself that she didn't keep track of the path they went down. She forgot all about the lady that chased them in, and focused solely on getting out. Behind her, she could hear the crushing of leaves and hay as the undead sped up to her. She turned down another channel through the maze and couldn't see what was down it until she got right up to none other than the farmer's wife. She stopped short just of the woman, her firm body standing as a barrier for the rest of the maze. She had a scowl on her face, and held the rake with one hand, "Hey bitch. You crushed my pumpkin and tried to run," she announced to the redhead, swinging the wooden shaft of the rake into Liz's side and sending her into the stalks of corn. She tried to struggle her way out, but she realized quickly she was stuck.

The wife watched as the young adult threw her legs around and shook her ass, a evil sense awakening in her. Liz, meanwhile, turned her head as far as she could to talk, "Wait, we need to get out of here! We're in danger!" She cried, not able to truly explain what she saw.

To respond to that, the wife slapped her ass, grabbing the jeans afterwards and holding them still. She then dropped the rake and got out a knife, proceeding to cut a hole into the pants and panties beneath. "You certainly are in trouble, young whore. You're in trouble with a psychotic woman who has extreme measures of punishment." She growled as she unzipped her own jeans, letting them take her underwear to the ground and sliding out of them. Out came a hardened cock, 5 inches long and perked up fully. She smirked when she got right behind Liz and started stroking her member, "Now, let's pay for that pumpkin."

"No!" Liz retaliated, "You don't understand, someone is killing and eating people in here. She took my friends. She made them turn undead or something."

"Oh, you met my daughter," the futa lady gasped, turning to her left where the redhead ran from, hearing the footsteps, "Yeah, gave that bitch quite the job here. She needs her meals and friends to play with, so it's a win-win," she laughed as she aimed her member at the

entrance, "Now, lets see if I can cum inside before she comes around the bend. Time to face the wrath of Flora Maniaca"

At that, Flora thrust into Liz's cunt like a sledgehammer. She barreled through with extraordinary pace, slapping against her ass as she went. She wasn't the best at endurance, and the tightness of the cunt is not helping. As the night settled, Flora did successfully cum, and she rewarded Liz with the false sense of survival. When the morning broke, the redhead's head was planted on Flora's cock while her limbless body became the new scarecrow in the field, her appendages working as her daughter's breakfast.

#### Chapter End Notes

Audrey here. I'm tired, and the ending was rushed. Doing this job is a lot harder than I expected. I'm gone now.

# Day 31: Catradora Trick or Treat

## Chapter Summary

In an alternate universe, Adora and Catra are two teenagers that go out for Halloween. They go through the house's and collect as much candy as possible. That is, until they meet one homeowner that lures them inside.

## Chapter Notes

Prompt: Trick or Treat

Fandom: She-Ra (Modern AU - Some Powers)

Warnings: Mutilation, Beheading, Disembowment, Brain Removal, Body Desecration, Gun Violence, Extreme Gore, Anal, Futanari

Audrey here, thought that if this is the last one, might as well make it feature as many of the previous elements as possible. Hope you enjoy the final send off!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Catra was struggling to hold her girlfriend back when they made it to the next house. She was holding the costumed girl as hard as she could, careful to not tear away the white and gold cloth. Adora chose to go as her magical super princess She-Ra, making the sword into her bucket that was nearly overflowing with candy. Catra went as herself, but how Glimmer described her as in a group chat without realizing the feline was in the call. Catra just laughed and took note of it. Now, she was in the puffy dress and the scarf around her neck, her face pampered with makeup. She was going to give Sparkles hell in the form of her own interpretation, and as much teasing as possible.

But before they could meet up with the rich girl and Bow, Adora wanted to get sweets immediately. So they decided to stop by a couple houses in another neighborhood, making sure they weren't recognized. They told the rest of the Best Friend Squad they'd be here, and they had a tracking system set up on their phones, so it was easy to find them. So while they waited, Adora got them moving.

Adora went through house to house, the teen child's only concern being the sweets filling her basket. Catra had a bag herself, not ready to tell Adora how a plastic bag would be able to

hold more than a bucket. And the bucket went well with Adora's suit. It seems that she was forming her clothes to be different than her regular hero dress. It was more revealing, more tempting for Catra. Guess she also picked up on the seductive nature of the cat's dress and mimicked it. Catra had to admit, the sight of Adora's muscles fully exposed did make her secret anatomy bounce a bit.

The pair made their way up the next lawn to the house that rested at the end of the trail. It looked like it was Halloween themed all year round, with decrepit shingles and windows that were dark. The porch light was on though, and a car was in the driveway, so Adora just focused on the fact that they could have candy. Catra tried to be reserved about the place, even mentioned to Adora how it was a bit too off, but it was mostly shrugged off. Nothing bad could happen right, especially when they were together.

They made it to the dark house, the crimson door shining in the spotlight. Adora led Catra as they approached the wooden entrance. It didn't have a bell, so the blonde girl raised her fist. She proceeded to pound against the door in 3 consecutive taps, then returning her hand to her bucket. They both stood solemnly as they heard shuffling on the other side. The light on the porch turned off right then, so sudden it made Catra jump a bit. Just as she was about to get Adora's attention to leave, however, the door opened a bit to reveal a woman dressed in a red cloak, her face covered by a mask with exquisite designs engraved. She held the door with one hand, and had a small bowl in the other.

She was clearly disturbed, her stance showing she wasn't enjoying the interaction tonight. But all Adora did was hold onto her bucket and cheerfully announced, "Trick or Treat!" With the energy like a five year old.

The woman just stood there for a moment, then a chill ran down both of the teens spines as she opened the door all the way. She simply said, "Oh, I think I'll try a trick for once." On the other side of the door, two stun guns fired right into both girls. Adora was struck first, getting hit right in the stomach and the shock zapping her unconsciousness. She fell to the ground, her bucket landing on its side and spilling out the candy. Catra managed to evade it and dove at the woman, dropping her bag and tackling her. But the house seemed to act against her when she tried to run, as it shifted and threw Adora inside, the door slamming shut.

She stepped over the blonde's body to tried to twist the nob, to no avail.

She then grew a long growl, and turned around to face to woman. "What the fucks your deal assa-" She stopped right when she saw the shine of metal. Through the dark hallway she was in, she saw the cloaked figure in front of her, pulling back the hammer on a gun and

firing directly at her. The shot went right into her forehead and exploded out the back, leaving a nasty load of brains and gore on the door as the feline slumped against it. She slid her butt down onto the head of the knocked out Adora as her eyes fell slack. She could feel herself cum in her dress as she died, the pain loving freak getting off on it one last time in this life.

The house hid the sound of the gunshot, and went to work retrieving the candy and containers that were left outside and luring them to the living room, where Shadow Weaver also was dragging both bodies, the room already fitted for her needs. She carried the small frame of the dead magicat over her shoulder, not caring about the brains that were falling out from the large hole in her head. Less she had to scrap out anyway. She dragged the huge body of She-Ra with her other hand into the middle of the room, a guillotine was set up. On the end table by the couch, the candy was piled and the bag was in the trash, the large bucket serving as the basket for the head chopper.

Once she got them inside, the next objective was to undress them. She figured she would have about an hour until the other two members of the group were here, so she would have to work fast. Luckily, her house was more than willing to help, and worked on the jewelry and accessories for Adora as Shadow Weaver disposed of Catra's main dress. She nearly chuckled when she felt the wet spot and the hardened rod underneath, sensing that the animal did indeed have a knot. She dumped the blood soaked attire in a hamper, knowing she would have that filled by morning. Once she was done with that, she moved to Adora and stripped her down as the house used the floorboards and decorative lights as arms to remove the heels and other gems from the dead feline.

After they were thoroughly naked, Weaver dragged Adora to the guillotine. She latched the teen in at the wooden lunette, then closed it and tied the blonde's hands to the top. She then went back to Catra, snatching an ax from the table on her way, and readied it perfectly. The next moment, the blade struck into the ground and the cat's head rolled as it was separated and pushed away. Blood spewed from both ends, but the body didn't twitch. It was going cold quick.

Weaver had to set the body up first. She first used a spell to preserve both the head and the body. Then she carried the corpse over to a machine, which she placed it in. Right before she did, however, she cut off the entirety of Catra's cock and balls, the member still stiff in death. She then shoved the rest of the body in the machine and allowed it to do her work for her. As she made her way back to the head, she stopped by Adora. She bent down and shoved the severed penis directly into her ass, making the blonde gasp awake. Weaver put a spell on it so that it would thrust in and out by itself, the knot struggling to break through. The sudden moans that followed made her heart swell as she resumed her track to the nearly emptied skull, picking it up and moving to sit on the couch.

"Ah, fuck!" Adora cried as she was violated by her girlfriend, unaware that Catra had already lost her 9th life. She was unable to see behind her, just the sound of balls slapping against her and a whirring sound coming from the left. As well as a pumpkin scraper scraping something. Weaver cleaned up what was left of the grey matter and slammed it into the bag Catra had, her fallen gaze forever immortalized by the witch. She got it all done, then put a small plug at the base of the neck, fusing it with the stump as she snatched some of the candy. She poured what was in her hand into the skull, filling it up nicely. "What is going on?!" Adora screamed, to which Shadow Weaver gave no reply. She just kept putting sweets inside Catra's head until it was full, the hole that she had widened in the back having a pile just above her hairline.

Once the first one was made, she set it down on the table. She heard the machine beep, indicating it was finished. Getting up, she walked over but stopped at her living victim. She looked to be on the verge of climax, and Weaver thought to give her that. Make for a good look as a candy bowl. She cast more magic and made the cock go all the way, fitting the knot in Adora's rectum and causing the blonde to cry out. The dumb teen relented and made the most orgasmic face ever, her jaw wide open as she moaned out. That was the time, so Weaver cut the rope and let the blade fall, passing through the neck like it was air. Her head fell into the bucket and the witch quickly preserved the face as the girl died, watching out as the corpse went berserk and shot out her juices from her cunt and flailed around, her fresh stumps for hands throwing themselves up in the air as the body couldn't operate without the brain. The body kicked and twisted around, falling on its side as it jerked around to death.

Weaver paid it no mind however, and strode to the machine, going to the output slot. Out came her brand new rug, made entirely out of the magikat she shoved it. It gutted the body completely and processed her into a carpet for where the guillotine is, which will soon be removed. Luckily her house was onto her, and worked to move it into the corner, still able for use. She'll need it in about... 50 minutes after all.

The house slid the body away and moved the bucket over to the couch for processing as Weaver laid the rug down, the flattened flesh fitting perfectly in her living room. Once she finished that, she sat back down on the couch and worked on Adora's head. Unlike Catra, she had to carve the hole herself. Not any problem for her blades, as she plugged the neck and slid a knife into the top of the skull, carefully leaving her poof still up to be recognized. She made a perfect, large circle that came out very good, easily able to be used as a lid. It was easy to get the brain out since it was still fully intact, Weaver making sure to preserve it perfectly to make her own clones of Adora. The house made a stand for it, and Weaver placed it there, letting the building take it to another machine that would do just that.

Next, she decided to get rid of the standard plug, and instead fetch the cock she stole off Catra's corpse from Adora's dead ass. She then shoved the prick up the neck and allowed it to exit out her still blissful mouth, the tip of it exposed perfectly for pranks of making the cock cum and spray on unsuspecting people. After she finished with the seal, she tossed the candy in without effort, letting it fill to the brim. She set the skull bowl right next to the other one, then got out a small clip and an index card. She got a marker and wrote on the card, then took it and the clip over to Catra's head, her ears drooping to her sides. She put the card on the clip, then attached it to the entry hole from the bullet. On the card, it read: Take as Much Candy as You Need!

Once both new bowls were ready, Weaver decided to uncover her cock and stroke it herself, jerking off for the remaining time she had. She eyed the dick in Adora's mouth, her headless and handles corpse, then she remembered something. She cast magic to send the hands over to her, and she made them go to work. One stroked her dick as the other went below her balls and into her pussy, fingering it to the fullest. She knew that she didn't have long, and she intended to make the most of it. By the end of the night, she would have four bowls on her porch. Four teens would be missing, and a search would occur. Maybe more friends of hers would show up around Christmas. She came that night thinking of all the things she could do to the Princess Alliance. So many depraved things, so many victims. This was going to be a fun couple of months.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay guys, this is Audrey. I just want to say this, on behalf of the still dazed Captain Grav, thanks for all your support this month. We have nearly reached 50 members on the server, and have skyrocketed in viewership. Thanks for the support, now me and Grav will be going on a nice break. See you on the flip side. Audrey Out!

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