Heavy rain pattered against the windows of a police station, creating a sound similar to that of a miniature swarm of insects beating on glass. To the panicking cat women, it resembled millions of flesh-eating beetles pounding away at the thin barrier, hell-bent on seizing their targets. From time to time, lightning flashed a far distance away with a thundering boom so cacophonous that Ellie des Chaton swore in her mind the windows quivered in timidity. Soaked from the rain, she took off her nurse hat bearing a red plus and wrung water out of it. Afterward, she laid it on a nearby chair before wringing out rainwater that her blonde hair had absorbed bibulously. She sighed as she rubbed the moist cat-like ears sitting atop her temple. The frigid fluid also caused her nurse coat and black and white checkered skirt to chafe, so she fidgeted with them nervously while watching her tenacious friend.

Za pleaded with a couple officers to listen to her, but even the panic ringing true in her voice did not convince them that everything the cat woman claimed real was genuine. As the two tried to extract logical explanation from Za, Ellie began to lose hope while fear crept inside to make her tremble. Nobody noticed her gesture of fear, however, because they automatically assumed the forlorn nurse’s shake was from the bitter cold of the rain.

“Ma’am, did you see anybody suspicious?”

“No! I’m trying to tell you! We found her like that! We can show you!”

“Are you sure it wasn’t some illusion from the lightning?”

“Ellie! Tell them it was real!” All three of them turned to look at the cat nurse expectantly. She bit her bottom lip in anticipation, but eventually opened her mouth to speak.

“…She’s telling the truth. When we came into the house, Zoo was sitting at one of the corners. It looked like she… She was dead for a long time. And… And… And…” The cat nurse shut her eyes and shook her head wildly, trying to shake off the gruesome imagery in her mind, “She… She was rotten, and… And… Her… B-b…”

“Take your time, miss,” the shorter of the officers spoke.

“It was like someone dissected her and took her organs out…”Ellie let out after a while.

“You can’t argue with two people!” Za interjected, “We both saw it!”

“When was the last time you saw Zoo?” The same officer questioned, ignoring Za.

“Za and I haven’t seen Zoo for a few days… Oh, we should’ve looked for her sooner…” On the verge of tears, Ellie took a seat next to the one where she placed her hat. She covered her face with her palms and continued to shake her head from guilt. Meanwhile, the two officers glanced at each other, still unsure of the cat women’s dubious report. One shrugged helplessly, so the other turned to Za and sighed.

“Okay, show us the body. You two can ride in our squad car with us.” Relief immediately filled Za, but it did little for Ellie for the cat nurse found herself unable to stop crying. Instead, she started to mumble to herself about how they could have rescued their forsaken friend.

A few minutes later as the car neared Zoo’s home, the officer sitting in the passenger’s seat resumed questioning Za and Ellie.

“And you think whoever murdered Zoo also killed someone else previously?”

“That bitch killed Zu, too!” Za angrily shouted.

“Stay calm, ma’am, we’re listening. When was she murdered?”

“A week ago,” Ellie answered as Za nearly yelled again. She suddenly sniffed, so Za managed to calm herself down to put a reassuring hand on Ellie’s arm. The cat nurse made a small smile but did not turn her attention away from an invisible image at her knees.

“We’re here,” the driver announced while he parked along a sidewalk. They all got out to walk toward the front door. Once three of them reached it, though, Ellie paused, fraught with trepidation. One of the accompanying officers noticed the cat nurse’s hesitation after they had walked a couple meters away from her. Making a sympathetic face, he slowly walked back to her. When the officer reached Ellie, he pulled out a handkerchief from a chest pocket.

“You can stay in the car if you want, ma’am,” he offered while Ellie gladly accepted the tissue. Then she hastily made her way back to the officers’ vehicle, seating herself in the back without a single look outside. The cat woman quietly sighed to herself before looking up at the rearview mirror to examine herself.

“Who would do such a horrible thing…” she asked no one in particular, “How can a person ever do this? Maybe if we’d found Zu and Zoo sooner, I could have done something…”

Thrown into a deeper and darker cavern of despair, Ellie gradually closed her eyes and lay down. As she felt a tiny tinge of disheartenment in fear of the law enforcement being unable to apprehend any suspect, a gentle yet weighty cloud of slumber blanketed her body in likeness of an extremely comforting, lukewarm cloth.

Abruptly, the door closest to her head opened to reveal an imposing figure drenched with rain. Ellie sat up quickly, rubbing her eyes while trying to make out who she was looking at.

“…Za? Do they believe us now?” The person hesitated for a moment before responding.

“…Oh… I think they’ll believe you alright. A tad later than I expected, unfortunately…” Eyes widening and hair raising on their ends, the cat nurse’s entire frame became fixated with fear as a single flash of lightning illuminated a heavily scarred but grinning face.

“NO-MMmmpphh!!!!” Ellie attempted to shout until the man thrust both his hands in to grab hold of her and cup her mouth at the same time. He then swiftly threw her head against the rear windshield. The cat woman heard a telltale crack, so a large sloshing bowl of terminology of possible symptoms and medical phenomena rapidly fired around in pervasive directions within her head. Just as she started to recover, Ellie felt duct tape wrapping around her jaw, soon inhibiting her ability to utter a noise audible to others.

Laughing, the man pressed one of his knees on her cranium while holding her wrists together. Though a small wave of nausea swashed into her mind, Ellie desperately tried to pull her arms away. At the same time, she kicked her legs and swatted his face with her tail.

“Oh, my sweet girl, you looked so feeble from a distance. I should have known not to expect you to be submissive.” He pressed his knee down harder, but Ellie kept up her resistance. Then, shocking the cat nurse to the point where an attempted gasp resulted in choking on her own saliva, the man began driving a thick metal spike through one wrist until it completely pierced her other. Afterward, she heard something being screwed on one of the ends. To her mortification, she realized that once her wounds tried to close themselves up, her arms would be effectively bound together indefinitely unless someone forced the spike out or, increasing her imagined horror, dismembered her arms.

Ignoring Ellie’s building cries, the man forcibly grasped her ankles, this time taping them together instead. He chuckled to himself when he took hold of Ellie’s slender blonde tail.

“Much to my chagrin, I find that tails get in the way. Besides, you have no use for it, right?” Impossibly, Ellie’s eyes widened further as she gave a muffled scream in agonizing pain. She could feel a cold metal blade slicing through her sentimental appendage, its rusted, bloody blade running along her flesh until its serrated sides tore at her blood vessels and muscle. Once the knife reached the end of her spine where her tail attached to, the man fidgeted with the handle until the blade slipped in between two vertebrae. Time seemed to slow down as Ellie jerked her whole body in resemblance of uncontrollable spasms and she continued trying to screech through the tape.

After a final twitch, her tail drooped lifelessly down while its blood drained from the exposed end. Still chortling, the man pulled her feet and hands together. Through her ever amplifying agony, Ellie suddenly felt the obstinate warmth of what her captor currently used to bind her wrists and ankles together. As he looped the makeshift cord around the spike and tied the ends at her ankles, its familiar furry texture brushed against her skin.

“I guess these things have a use after all,” her attacker spoke gaily. What he said next, however, trailed off when Ellie finally passed out.

*Drip… Drip… Drip… Drip… Drip…*

Again and again, the obstinate annoyance continued to drip nonstop like a broken record player. In addition to the cold wet splash, soft gusts of wind whistled around the room, enwrapping Ellie’s shivering body with a coat of intangible ice. It provided the only sound aside from the cat woman’s own frigid breaths and the unknown liquid’s constant dripping, but she could also feel the skin on her back growing tiny goose bumps that raised her body mere micrometers above whatever frigorific metal contraption she lay on.

Gradually, in the midst of the sound of dripping, the cold air swirling around her, and the bitter numbness spread throughout her back, Ellie slowly opened her eyes and blinked a couple times before taking a look at her surroundings. While the sharp low temperature did not go amiss, she found it more astonishing that she seemed to be in a meat locker, completely nude except for her excruciating restraints. The cat nurse tried to mumble, but an odd fabric had been wrapped around her jaw, muffling her voice by seven-fold what regular duct tape could do but somehow still allowing her panicky breaths to emerge in front of her face.

As she began to comprehend what was happening to her, fresh warm tears helped to clear up her vision while she continued to blink rapidly. When Ellie risked turning her head around, she saw large skinned bodies of what used to be 100 kilogram pigs. They hung from an imposing hook without their heads and internal organs, only fueling the cat woman’s fear of what would happen to her soon.

Beside the frozen meat, icicles and frost blanketed the entire room, leaving no room for colored detail except for the wall to Ellie’s right. There a door stood embedded in the wall, dark gray with a swept path in front of it as if it had been opened recently. The uncovered trail led to Ellie, so the sight caused her shake more profusely in an attempt to release herself. It was to no avail, however, since she lay at a fairly flat angle and she found it extremely difficult to maneuver with her limbs bonded together.

Suddenly, the door creaked open; its acrid squeaking pained the cat nurse’s ears, so she flattened them against her hair. The movement took quite some effort when Ellie found that the cold stiffened her muscles and that she could barely feel her ears. She blinked a couple more times before cautiously studying who came in from her peripheral vision. Fearing that any visible movement might cause her kidnapper to kill her quicker, Ellie forced herself to remain as motionless as possible.

“Ah, awake at last. You would make a poor actress; you’re supposed to shiver at least a little bit unless you died before I could have my fun with you.”

A lukewarm pat to her freezing shoulder sent Ellie reeling and gasping at the same time from the abrupt sensation. She quickly turned her head to look at the same man who had taken her from the others, hatred causing her expression to change and rage discernable in her eyes.

“Oh, a little upset, are we? Don’t worry, I have some… *exciting…* activities we can do to pass the time until they get here.”

He had kept his hand on Ellie’s shoulder, so he used his other to pull something from his shirt pocket. It turned out to be a small remote, and, once her pressed a few buttons on it, the cat woman heard something crank above her. Reluctantly, she gazed upward, seeing in horror a massive hook that stretched horizontally twice as far as the hooks the pigs hung on. In the likeness of extruding every milliliter of fear and pre-felt agony from her, it slowly crept downward, taking nearly half a minute before it lowered down to a spot a few centimeters away from the table Ellie laid on.

Grinning, the man lifted Ellie with ease, again shocking her with their obscene temperature difference as he pressed her back against the pointed end of the hook. Frantically, Ellie shook her head sideways as tears flung from her eyes to instantly freeze wherever they landed. The man seemed to ignore her despair because he kept a firm grip on her body with one arm while using his other hand to grasp the hook.

Unimaginable pain shot throughout her body as the hook penetrated her skin, forcibly sliding in not with ease. Ellie made an audible but muffled scream through her gag while the icy metal froze whatever insides they came into contact until its end protruded out of her front, just below her chest. Only one centimeter of the metal managed to poke out of her skin, however, almost relieving Ellie until she remembered that her healing properties would essentially bind her body with the hook. Meanwhile, the man started to laugh, a sound so noisome in Ellie’s ears that she screamed again and again until her throat grew raspy and tired.

When the cat nurse finished her quieted screeches, her kidnapper unscrewed one end of the bar locking her wrists together. Already feeling weak yet unable to faint because of the constant agony, Ellie did not think to flail her arms about once the man freed them with an extremely painful pull on the other end of the bar. Two gaping holes replaced where the metal once was, and due to the cold mixed with Ellie’s ability, flaps of meat and blood bonded her wrists together once more as they desperately attempted to restore what was lost.

Ellie was reduced to whimpers, so she looked away to keep her eyes pointed at the floor, though at the same time, she went through an arduous and tortuous test of mental endurance with all the pain she experienced. On the other hand, her kidnapper pulled her arms apart to move them behind the cat woman’s back. Once he positioned them where he wanted, the man took two spikes from his pocket and drove them through different spots on Ellie’s arms, nailing them to her back. It invoked a short scream, but Ellie’s consciousness began to wade in and out…

The next time Ellie woke up, the room felt somewhat warmer, heated up enough to prevent Ellie from completely falling to hypothermia but still keeping the pigs frozen. With what thinking power she could muster, Ellie managed to tell that she should be dead and that the only reason why she hadn’t gone insane or frozen to death was because someone knew how to keep her core temperatures up even though she was without any protection from the cold.

“I thought your healing ability would also give you a stronger-than-average fortitude; perhaps I was wrong…” she heard from behind her. The same man walked back around her and looked at Ellie eye-to-eye, “I managed to hold off the horny bastards for a little while longer, but I can’t keep denying them your… Precious *virgin* body.”

To Ellie’s disgust, he stroked her hair and felt the texture of her cold skin with a very meticulous hand. He then moved his head closer to her bosom, eventually licking her left teat. The cat woman gasped, weakly trying to shift herself away from him.

“Oh, don’t try to deny me, dear. I have a feeling that your body will be very delightful… And of course, it would be a shame to die a virgin, wouldn’t it, Doctor?” If Ellie had been more hydrated, sweat would have formed only to freeze into a thin ice sheet to further cool down her body.

Seeing what was left of her resistance fading, the man took hold of one of her large breasts, squeezing it and looking as if he were professionally examining the object. After a couple seconds, he took out another spike, a thinner one than the ones driven through the woman’s wrists, but frightening to the cat woman none-the-less. The man grinned as he rubbed the tip of the spike along her breast, causing her to violently shiver and shake her head “no” more furiously. She tried to whip her tail around, quickly switching to kicking her bound legs when she realized that the fifth appendage was what tied her legs together. Amazingly, the strength she gathered enabled Ellie to kick the man in the groin. He gave a grunt in response, but a moment later, he forced the new spike through the cat woman’s breast.

“MMMmmfff….!!!” She kicked again, but this time the man grabbed her legs with both hands before crouching down and admiring them.

“I think you look more fantastic when you’re nearly frozen to death; why, your skin tone has paled to a very subtle one, giving the impression that you are silky smooth and dream-inspired to the touch.” With that said, he rubbed his palms on her legs, still keeping a strong hold so that Ellie could not kick anymore. Adding to her feeling of helplessness, the man began to lick her legs, his tongue somehow impervious to the cold while he tasted her body.

Afterward, he took out a somewhat large pair of clippers from his back pocket, slowly waving it in front of the cat nurse with the same vile grin glued onto his face. Then, to Ellie’s disbelief despite what he had done to her already, her kidnapper took the clippers and cut through her frozen tail. She quietly moaned through her gag, trying not to wonder what came next. However, the man responded to the cat woman’s unspoken grief by pulling her left leg to the left and raising it. Burning sensations inflamed her hip as the man lifted her leg higher and higher. Once it nearly reached a horizontal angle, the man took out his remote again to press another couple buttons. This time, a smaller hook came down, so Ellie’s kidnapper grabbed it and positioned its tip at a spot just below the cat nurse’s ankle.

“Mmmfff… Mmm-mmmfff….” Ellie pleaded, knowing that he would understand what she tried to say with her muffled voice.

“Don’t be such a bad sport, Doctor. This won’t last forever.”

By the time Ellie comprehended what he meant, the hook impaled her foot, invoking another muffled scream though this one seemed weaker. She carelessly flung her free leg around wildly in reaction, not caring that it caused her to swing and, in effect, caused the hooks she hung from to tear into her deeper and more messily. On the edge of passing out yet again, Ellie continued swinging for another minute before the man walked to her other side and repeated the procedure with her other leg. The cat woman could not find the strength to resist anymore, so she fell to a despondent pose, lowering her head and refusing to make any movement aside from blinking away her cold tears and sniffing.

A flash of pity glimmered on her kidnapper’s face, but it disappeared as quickly as it arrived. He gently held Ellie’s chin with one head and raised her head to look her in the eye, though Ellie pointed her pupils away, repudiating him stubbornly. That caused the man to grimace, so he let her head fall back down before leaving the room. Once he left, Ellie tiredly looked around herself again, frantically thinking of any way she could escape. It proved futile, however, as the search for an impossibly possible escape distracted the weary cat nurse from noticing the *clink* and *clank* of metal sounding behind the only door in the room.

Like a mixture of various screeches and other high-pitch noises, the sole door began to creak open again, but it took Ellie a moment before her tired senses noticed the disturbance. Gradually, her head turned to see her kidnapper with armfuls of random bits of metal.

“Mmff…” the cat nurse wearily mumbled, though what she said even she could not tell.

“I’m going to help warm you up Doctor… I’ve been wanting to try this a *long* time, but I never… Found a test subject as suitable as you.”

After shutting the door, the man dumped his eclectic collection on the cold table beneath Ellie. Before he picked of them back up, however, he once more ran his coarse palm along the cat woman’s curves. When he felt satisfied, he grabbed a thick iron rod from the middle of his stack. The man pretended to admire it for a few seconds, allowing Ellie time to furiously ponder through her failing consciousness what kind of horrors this new device would bring her. As if in response, her kidnapper took another piece off the table, this time a battery-powered drill.

“This may get a bit messy…” Without an ounce of strength left in her body, Ellie could only moan in despair as the drill started. As soon as the tip of its unbelievably lengthy bit touched Ellie’s belly button, her skin tore and shredded violently, her fat twirled and sprayed outward, her muscle twisted and ripped away, and her blood spilled and scattered everywhere. Immense waves of pain shot throughout her body again at levels unbearable compared to what she endured so far. Ellie’s consciousness began to fade in and out, knocked out and woken up from the sheer agony at the same time. Each time she would jolt awake, a muffled scream accompanied her desperate jerking.

What seemed an eternity for the cat nurse actually took place in a period of two minutes. The man forced his drill out of Ellie’s already healing wound to inspect his work. Damage to her body remained evident, more so distinctly once her body attempted to repair itself. Ragged ends of torn muscle and shredded skin hung loosely inside while blood that had managed to escape stained her pale skin with a bright red hue whose color already commenced to dull from the frigid temperature. Smiling at his raw work, the man placed the drill back on the table before positioning one of the iron bar’s ends at Ellie’s new tunnel. Then he shoved it in, stretching the wound wider due to the minute difference in size.

“That’ll keep your belly nice and warm. Now, let’s see about your breasts, hm? We wouldn’t want those plump fruits to go bad in the cold.”

“Mmff…”

“You still wish to speak, Doctor? Alright, I’ll take that nasty old rag out, but promise you’ll make your screams worthwhile, okay? I like them nice and loud; makes me feel better about what I am doing.”

Taking out his remote again, Ellie’s kidnapper pressed a smaller button. Slowly, the cat woman’s body lowered three-quarters a meter down before the man cupped her chin in his hand. Still smiling at her, he gently kissed her nose. Afterward, he untied Ellie’s gag, quickly removing it and shucking it to the side. Ellie gasped from the cold air suddenly entering her mouth, but she thankfully took in a large gulp-ful of air while drool oozed from her mouth to drip onto the floor. It instantly froze, complementing the cat woman’s rapidly falling core temperature.

“W-why…?...” she managed to utter before her kidnapper could do anything next.

“Why?” The man made a thoughtful posture, “Well, for one, it’s entertaining, and two, you and your little buddies forced me to do it.”

“…F-forced…?...”

“Of course! The five of you always pass by me, tempting me with your beautiful bodies and otherwise teasing clothes.”

“…F-five…?... Pass b-by you…?...”

“Well… Four of you anyway. The fifth would make a nice tool to utilize.”

“I… D-don’t under-” Ellie winced at a sudden jolt of pain, “…Stand…”

“Ah, I would love to explain everything to you, but the boys are getting impatient… We don’t want to keep them waiting, do we?”

While the man fidgeted with some chains and palm-sized devices, Ellie took a slow glance at the door. As she continued observing the stoic, supine object, her imagination flared to create possibilities of what these “boys” would appear as. At one point, she shuddered from an image of voracious wolves gaily snacking on her ravaged body.

Her movement did not go unnoticed for the nurse’s kidnapper turned back around, holding a thin chain in his hand. Without a word, he commenced to tie two pieces of chain around both ends of the iron rod. Afterward, he took the other ends of those chains to hang them on the hooks that pierced Ellie’s wrists.

“Have you ever seen anyone being electrocuted?” the man casually asked as he hung two other chains on the hooks holding Ellie’s ankles up. While he tied those chains to the same iron bar, he picked up a spike similar to the one in Ellie’s left breast. Unlike that one, however, the spike he held had a tiny contraption resting atop of it. Once he finished securing the chains, the man prodded Ellie’s untouched tit with the new spike.

“…Please…”

“It is quite amusing, actually,” he continued, ignoring what Ellie mumbled under her breath, “To see their bodies wriggling like an emulation of theatrical puppets. I have always wondered what it would be like to be near someone electrocuted. Oh, the thought of smelling your burnt skin, hearing your chorus-like screams, and watching your virgin body spasm uncontrollably… I better hurry up and finish setting this up before I get too excited.”

“N-no…!...” the cat woman begged, though her effete self failed to produce a voice with considerable volume. In response to her enervated state, the kidnapper laughed in a mocking manner while he drove the spike through Ellie’s right breast. She caterwauled wildly, no longer restrained by a gag. Her shriek echoed within the room, hurting the cat nurse’s own ears until she could not howl anymore. At the end of her screech, Ellie quietly cried and whimpered sadly.

“Oh, don’t cry, yet, Doctor. We are far from done.” Her kidnapper grinned. He then lifted a mail suit from the table, one of the last objects he brought, “It is a little cold in here, so I brought you some clothing. You should thank me, my dear sweet *virgin*.”

“Y-you’re… *\*pant\* \*pant\** …You’re not human…”

“Oh, I forgot that it will be difficult to put this on you now that you are already… Wearing some accessories. I suppose I will have to secure this on you in some other way. Ah! How about some nails?”

Ellie continued whimpering, unable to keep a clear head to think of a retort, so her kidnapper shrugged his shoulders. He then draped the mail over Ellie’s shoulders, making sure all of her hair lay outside of the cut-out hole for the head. Having finished that, he picked up a box of nails from the table, looking over the cat nurse’s body carefully. A second later, he began to press the suit against Ellie’s skin, making her shiver from the metal’s chilling surface. She whimpered again, so the man quickly pressed a nail through a miniscule hole in the suit against her right shoulder. The cat woman yelped when he drove the nail in, but she offered no resistance.

He placed the last nail in Ellie’s left thigh a few minutes later, so he took a step back and admired his work. Strips of mail covered every square centimeter of Ellie’s body aside from her feet, hands, buttocks, and head.

“You honestly look very sexy in that,” the man remarked. On the other hand, Ellie’s head drooped weakly, but she still managed to whimper in agony.

“Don’t worry, I’m almost finished. Just one more thing.” He raised a metallic butt plug below her eyes, allowing her to see that the plug was attacked to a small generator with insulated copper wires.

“Your virginity isn’t mine to take. I do not care for vaginas, but I do have a certain affinity for your arse. Do not despair, though. The others will help you rid yourself of your virginity once and for all.”

After walking around Ellie, the man crouched and placed a finger on her anus. The cat nurse gasped from the cold touch, but he continued prodding the orifice until he penetrated it. Once he successfully inserted one finger, he quickly placed another in until his fingers were a dozen centimeters inside. With the plug in his other hand, the man stretched her anus open and pressed the tip of the plug inside it. Ellie’s internal sphincter immediately clamped down in reaction to the invader, but the tormentor gently rubbed the walls of her anus until, to Ellie’s horror, her last defense opened up. Smiling, the man pushed the butt plug in while pulling his fingers out. The cat woman squeaked loudly, not from pain, but from an unusual sensation. After giving her butt cheeks a pat, the man stepped away to walk toward the generator.

“Are you ready, Doctor?” Without waiting for an answer, he pressed a switch on the miniature device.

Almost immediately, Ellie began twitching as a continuous stream of electricity coursed through her body. It jostled around in her body, jerking her muscles around like an invisible puppeteer and crackling along her flesh. In an instant, her figure heated up to a blistering temperature in the midst of the cat woman’s spasms. Several times electricity jolted across Ellie’s panicky heart while its small tendrils tickled the nerves spread throughout Ellie’s brain and spine. It threw her mind into a state of morass, each thought zapping into existence a moment before melting away for the next. The cat nurse could not think straight as random, wild signals shot throughout her confused body to pound her head with incomprehensible information. A tiny reserve of adrenaline kicked in, but the boost only escalated the fury of Ellie’s torment.

Meanwhile, her kidnapper laughed in content, barely able to contain his pleasure in watching Ellie suffer. Though scream after scream came howling out of the cat woman’s mouth, he did not seem disturbed for he turned a dial on his machine to increase the voltage coursing within Ellie.

After a couple minutes, the man finally turned off the generator. Almost immediately, Ellie went limp as steam barely visible to the naked eye continued to emerge from her skin. She panted from the exertion she gave in her uncontrollable struggle but moaned whenever one of her limbs twitched by itself. Ellie still could not think straight, so she focused on the light blue hue of the floor below her while she waited for the heat and the pain to ebb.

“That was fun,” the man abruptly remarked, “But it’s time to get a little hands on with you.”

“P…p…”

“What was that?”

“P… Peace… Shop-p-p…” Ellie became frustrated with herself as she tried to utter what she wished to say, but the man walked toward her before she could say anything else.

“I don’t understand. Speak clearly,” he whispered in her ear before placing his own near Ellie’s lips.

“Pea… Pleee… Please… Schlop…”

“Oh, ‘please stop’?” he taunted, “But I’m only getting started!”

The man took out his remote again and pressed a small button. Ellie’s body lowered another meter until her skin just brushed against the floor. After that, the kidnapper stepped behind the cat woman and placed his palms on her thighs. Slowly, he raised Ellie’s rear toward him until her anus lined up with his waistline.

“Don’t fall asleep yet, dear. That would be a very rude thing to do,” he continued to speak while pulling out the butt plug.

Ellie’s eyelids lowered, however, from her exhaustion. The cat woman resumed panting as she allowed herself to slip into sleep. Not a second later, though, Ellie felt something poking at her anus. Whatever this object was, its wide girth spread her buttocks apart as it prodded Ellie’s orifice. A moment afterward, Ellie’s eyelids flew wide open when the man’s penis penetrated her anus. As if it utilized some non-existing momentum, his cock continued to slide in further, uninhibited by Ellie’s powerless sphincter. Again because of its size, the penis stretched Ellie’s intestine to the point where it started to tear. In reaction, she screamed in agony, although her enervated state made her helpless in the situation.

“Nice and tight. You feel much more desirable on the inside than the outside. What’s that phrase they use? ‘It’s not what’s on the outside that counts; it’s what’s inside that matters.’ This is very true with you, Doctor.”

Chuckling to himself, the man proceeded to thrust back and forth, coating his appendage with a thin coat of blood as he raped the cat nurse. Ellie’s stomach area bulged and depressed with each of his pushes. Small droplets of tears formed at the corners of Ellie’s eyes, but they immediately froze when they tried to trail down her cheeks. At the same time, the cat woman’s large breasts painfully flopped forward and backward with every thrust.

This went on for another twenty minutes until the rapist sped up enough to create a distinct slapping and noise whenever his waist slammed against Ellie’s buttocks. A disgusting squishing sound also emanated each time he gave a thrust. At the end, the man grunted while Ellie sobbed. The kidnapper’s muscles tightened and his cock twitched along with his scrotum. A stream of sperm shot out of the tip of his penis with enough force that Ellie’s body shifted forward. The man struggled to maintain his balance as Ellie’s body shot forward away from his cock. As he continued to come, sperm messily spewed everywhere to coat the wall in front of the man and Ellie’s legs and back. Some of the sperm splashed against the cat woman’s breasts as well, sending them flying forward and up to slap Ellie’s face to mark her face in a red pattern similar to the chain mail.

Afterward, the man stepped away to let Ellie’s figure slowly swing back and forth, panting in satisfaction. Ellie, on the other hand, remained still save for her tired panting. While she tried to recover her wits, the man walked back to her to pat her on the shoulder.

“There’s a good girl. My, my. You made me make a big mess, so you should help me clean it.”

As he walked to Ellie’s front, the door abruptly opened to reveal four anxious and energetic youngsters. They quickly gathered around Ellie’s rear without a single look at the man and proceeded to lift her rear back up.

“So impatient these children are,” the kidnapper grinned, “Still awake, Doctor?”

He held Ellie’s chin and lifted her head to look at her in the eye. Although she felt tired enough to fall into a fitful coma, the rapid movement of her body caused the embedded metal in her body and her flesh to rub against each other, providing just enough pain to keep her conscious. When the man saw that she would stay awake for a while, he promptly stood up and shoved his penis into Ellie’s drooping mouth. She gave no resistance as he continued driving his cock in deeper to clog her airway.

A few seconds later, the cat nurse’s diaphragm desperately contracted and expanded while her throat stretched to nearly three times its size. Even when Ellie shut her eyes, various spots of color flashed in her vision. She heard herself weakly choking and felt her brain panicking from the lack of oxygen. After a minute, Ellie des Chaton heard and felt nothing.

In an arid, windless room, a cat woman sat on a chair, her limbs bound to the object with duct tape. When she woke up, she smacked her dry lips and ran her dry tongue around in her thirsty mouth, desperate to hydrate her tongue with any kind of moisture. She felt a dirty bandage wrapped around her head. The cat woman also felt a cool breeze swirling around her nude body. Luckily, her mouth remained uncovered, so she yelled as loud as she could.

“HEEEEEEEELP!!!” In response, a faint sound echoed throughout the room.

Afterward, a metallic door creaked open. Someone large and bulky stepped into the room before shutting the door behind him with a slam. The same person then walked to the cat woman, purposely letting his boots fall heavily with each step.

“Wh-who are you?!” the woman frantically demanded.

“Wha… What’s going on… Stop yelling…” someone else moaned tiredly on the other side of the room.

The cat woman heard the large man crouch next to her and felt him press his lips against her cold cat ear.

“Who I am isn’t important… But who my other prisoner is may be… Welcome to my home, Za.”