

[CONTENT WARNING]

18+ obviously. And as soon as you see Redra's name you should know some really dark shit is going to go down.

Also this story is L O N G and has a much bigger focus on character and story rather than fetish since it is straight up an excerpt of the main plot and it gets so dark it's kinda hard to be aroused by much that goes on, but if this is your jam then this is your jam I guess and I'm glad you enjoyed lol.

Contains:

Trampling [boot and barefoot]

Farting

Scat

Branding

Torture

Gore

Death

Crush

Sexual Assault

Non-Sexual Assault

Allusions to Mental Illness

And a really fucked up tone in general

Also probably some shit I forgot to mention I dunno lol
I need to write something wholesome after this one bois

[HATE]

The glowing furnaces hummed and hissed, bathing the rusty metal in orange hues as stray sparks fluttered through the blistering heat.

Redra sat, perched on a massive anvil, fiddling with a few pebbles in her hand, her massive form silhouetted against the glow of the main furnace. The sweat was rolling down her taut muscles, soaking her torn shirt and ratty jeans.

She grimaced as she stared down at her reflection in the growing pool of sweat dripping on the floor from her brow.

She couldn't be this worked up. All she had to do was loosen her muscles, unclench her jaw, and she was sure she'd feel like her usual self.

But it wasn't happening.

The more she tried to relax the harder her heart pounded in her chest and the more she felt the rocks in her hands grind and crack against each other.

She couldn't be this worked up over a human. Over anyone.

Or maybe it was something else?

What would she do when he was brought in? What would she do after that? And after that?

If he was still alive in a week? A month? A year? What would that mean about her?

The pebbles crunched in her grip.

Redra chuckled softly to herself. As if she'd let him live that long. She wasn't soft like some of the others.

Like Callie, who couldn't even look her in the eye.

Or even Brikaina.

The thought of becoming like them made her sick.

But when she finally killed him, how would she do it? What would satisfy her? What would happen after? Would she find someone else? Someone as interesting?

Redra loosened her fingers, letting the fine dust of the crushed rocks fall onto the floor before she scuffed the sole of her boot in the sweat puddle.

"Fuckin' idiot... Thinkin' bout that stupid shit. Just gotta enjoy life. Don't think about what happens after."

The sounds of squeaking wheels and rattling chains echoed through the steam and the smoke.

Redra looked up, her lips stretching back in a wide, toothy grin as the furnace behind her fanned the roaring flames.

Two oni, one with two small knobs for horns, and the other sporting a large single horn above her forehead, stood on either side of a large gurney they haphazardly managed to wheel through the tight spaces between the furnaces.

Strapped to the gurney, a nearly comically small figure, heavy chains covering nearly his entire form and a muzzle strapped to his face.

The only thing visible; two bright turquoise eyes, peering at her, wide with... Fear? Rage? Insanity?

Xander.

Redra tilted her head slightly.

"Kinda hard to recognize him with all the shit you got strapped to him there. This shit really necessary? We even sure he's the right one?"

The oni with the small horns spoke, "He's the one, ma'am, we double checked. But we didn't think we'd need this much to hold him at first either, Captain. But well..."

The oni with the single horn spoke up, "He took a bite outta Rocka when we were trying to haul him here. Right on the neck. Alawa said he nearly tore through her jugular. Whole sector could hear the screams. Little fucker thought it was pretty funny, laughing it right up all the while."

Redra giggled, building into a boisterously guttural laugh that echoed through the room over the roaring flames.

She held her gut, rolling back on the anvil.

"Yeah, I'd say you got the right one! Jesus fuck! Holy shit!

This little pipsqueak of a human's got more fuckin fight in 'im than the rest of the goddamned planet! And here I always thought Rocka was pretty cute! Not gonna stop this little sicko! Out here tryna gnaw people's throats out!"

Redra stood, walking over to Xander, her footfalls rattling the chains that bound him.

Even strapped up to the gurney, several feet higher up than he typically was, Redra still towered above him, able to smother what was exposed of his face in her sweaty cleavage as she grinned down at him.

Redra prodded down at his head as she jeered, "Like seriously, kid, who the hell shat in your breakfast to piss you off this

bad?! Like, I could just fuckin' rip you in half without even meaning to! And your still giving me those fuckin' stink eyes like you thinkin' you're gonna pull my head off or some shit!"

Drool flung from her lips as she spoke, splattering down on his face as he stared, wide eyed and unblinking up at her.

All of her words. Her threats. Her taunts. It was all deafened by the screaming in his skull. The anguished voices of the dead and the tortured. All of them calling for vengeance.

He'd paint this world in their killers's blood.

And nothing this woman said or did would change that.

Redra exploded out another laugh, "Holy fuck! You are creepy as hell, kid! Just blink for god's sake! Feeling like I'm gonna shit myself!"

Redra stood up to full height, her one horn nearly scraping the soot off the rusty pipes above her as she turned to the oni women. "Unchain him."

The small horned oni blinked, "Captain?"

Redra took a step back slightly, "And take that stupid muzzle off his face so I can see him."

The single horned Oni grimaced slightly before turning to the other. "Do as the Captain ordered. He might be crazy, but unless he's suicidal he ought know better than to test his luck with three of us here. Especially now that we know his tricks."

The oni girl slowly made her way to the front of Xander, gulping as she hesitantly reached up to undo the chains around his chest and abdomen.

Xander simply glowered up at the oni, his body still and relaxed.

Sweat was dripping down her face as the chains hit the floor and she had to move on to the muzzle.

Her fingers shook slightly on the latch as she remembered watching the blood spurt from Rocka's neck. How if they had been just a moment later she would have bled out. How the boy before her laughed as he slurped up her blood like a vampire.

And if he were a vampire, it would have been better.

It would have been understandable.

But he wasn't.

He was just a human.

And humans don't act like that.

The oni girl stuttered, "Listen, I know you must be pretty mad, and you're probably scared too. But I didn't do anything to you, okay. Neither did Rocka, so please just..." She didn't know where she was going with this.

Xander blinked, something resembling softness flashing in his eyes as he looked up at her.

Redra rolled her eyes as she peeked around the girl at him, "For fuck's sake, girl! Just take the goddamn muzzle off his face so I can fuck it, already! If you wanna preach at him, do it on your own time!"

The oni girl blinked, again, nearly flinching at Redra's impatience before meeting Xander's gaze again.

"Thank you," she mouthed before undoing the latch on the muzzle, letting it fall to the floor.

Xander stared up at the oni girl, his battered face revealed, still smeared in blood around his mouth.

Redra cooed mockingly, "Aww, isn't he such a cute little sicko! Makes me wanna jus-!"

Xander's eyes widened with rage and insanity as his maw opened wide, his bloody teeth glistening in the firelight just a second before a blood curdling scream ripped through the hellish heat.

Xander's teeth sank deep into the oni girl's hand with a bloody squelch and his fingers tried desperately to claw her eyes out.

The oni shrieked and cried for help as she tried to pull away from him.

Redra laughed, "Yep! He's the one alright!"

The girl fell back, thrashing and screaming until she landed on the floor.

Xander was nearly frothing at the mouth as he wrapped his legs around her chest to stay on her, pulling the gurney down onto them as well.

The other oni, older and larger, grabbed Xander, desperately trying to pull him off. "Leave my sister alone, you nightmare!"

Redra could only laugh over the carnage.

The squelching of flesh being gnawed turned to the crunching of bone as the wails grew louder.

Xannder's eyes widened, he couldn't hold onto her, the oni behind him would overpower him, he could already feel his grip slipping.

The oni woman's arms wrapped around his sternum, as she yanked. But he wouldn't release her fingers from his maw.

The girl on the floor had all but gone into shock, laying still and unresponsive.

The woman behind him cried, screeching in his ear. "Let her go, you little bastard!"

Xander twisted and jerked his head.

CRUNCH!

He and the oni woman fell back, both of them spattered in blood.

The oni woman blinked, staring in horror at the two stumps left where her unconscious sister's fingers once were.

Xander spun his head around, spitting the bloody fingers in the woman's face before going for her neck.

Her eyes widened, she tried pulling her arm up to block him. She wouldn't make it in time.

She tilted her head down to protect her jugular.

Xander's teeth sank deep into her cheek.

At this point she could only groan in horror and agony as she thrashed to get away. Punching at his head and sides.

Redra abruptly stopped laughing, her eyes widening as she saw what was happening.

Redra reached down to Xander, her massive hand nearly wrapping around his entire head as she pulled him off the woman.

Xander growled, snarling like a rabid animal as his grip failed him. She was too heavy, he couldn't hang on as he was raised into the air.

A chunk of her face peeled off her skull as he thrashed.

Instantly he spit it back down at her, showering her face in blood as more of it spurting from the hole in her face.

Redra merely tossed Xander behind her like a doll.

Xander managed to land on his feet, glaring up at Redra. He knew her. His mind raced as he considered ways to hurt her.

Biting and clawing wouldn't work. Her skin was too tough.

Maybe if he got her eyes? No, he couldn't even reach those.

If he had a gun, maybe with enough shells he could blow through her skin? Maybe with some kind of explosive he could tear her body apart.

Redra's eyes narrowed on him as she looked over her shoulder at him. "I'll be with you in just a minute, kid..."

Xander didn't even respond, just staring back at her, unblinking and unflinching as he tried to formulate a plan to deal with her.

Redra turned to glare down at the oni woman, her eyes cold and unfeeling. "Y'know, he's a little animal like that. So I get it, manhandling him like that."

Xander turned to look at the unconscious oni on the floor. Red flashing in his mind at the sight of her.

The woman blinked through teary eyes as she held her face. "Cabptain...?" She blubbered, her face already swelling up. Her gaze lowered behind Redra's towering silhouette, to the sight of Xander beating his fists into her sister's unconscious face.

She tensed to get up.

She had to protect her.

Redra lifted her heavy boot off the floor as the woman froze, staring in dread. "But punching and shit isn't just fighting, it's pain for punishment. Just so happens he's not your pet to punish. He's mine."

"My sibshter, pleash, jusht helbp my sibshter-."

Agony exploded through her face as the sole of Redra's boot slammed down on her face, grinding rocks and the rough treads into her bloodied wound.

She groaned under Redra's boot, sputtering blood as she listened to Xander continue to beat her sister's face in.

Redra's voice boomed, "Your lucky your mouth is all bloody like that. Even more lucky I'm so horny for that little pipsqueak over there that I'd rather skirt on your punishment so I can get to him sometime today. Otherwise I'd fucking shove my foot so far down your throat my sweat and toejam would be all you'd taste for the rest of your stupid little life. Hell, I might've even shat on you and your **sibshter** for fucking with my goddamn toy."

She could almost feel her skull creaking under the pressure, as if her eyes were going to pop out of their sockets. She would have apologized, but she couldn't even speak anymore.

Redra's boot lifted off her face and she gasped for air, coughing and sobbing.

Redra turned to Xander, grabbing him by the hair and pulling him off the battered oni. "Now take your sister and get out. Take the fingers and maybe Alawa will be able to bolt 'em back on." She chuckled as Xander snarled up at her. "...Yeah, gonna be a busy day for her."

The woman stood, her body shaking as she approached her sister. Blood soaked the floor so much it was hard not to slip in it. Her bones stuck horrifically out of her torn flesh. The mangled fingers feet away.

Her face, a black and blue, swollen mess.

She choked on a sob as she picked her body up and carried her out of the furnace room.

Xander stared down at the pool of blood. His bloodied lips peeling back slowly as he giggled.

Redra clutched him haphazardly beneath her arm as she walked toward the furnace, "Sick little fuck, aren't'cha?"

Xander laughed loudly now. His victory over them was so clear.

Redra laughed with Xander now, "Jesus christ! You think ya pretty funny? Ya right! Almost makes me feel kinda bad I gotta shit on ya little parade."

Xander's voice squeaked through his teeth. "It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter what you do. What any of you do. Even if you torture me to death. Even if you do the same to every human on earth. Even if you drown me in boiling shit. Nothing's gonna save those two fuckers from a lifetime remembering that. Their wounds will always hurt, even if it's just a little, and they'll remember my face even as they march into hell."

Redra's eyes widened slightly as she stared down at him. Her heart was beating harder now. Holding him felt like holding a hot ember. Either she needed to crush it or throw it away from her.

"Thinkin' like that... You're not like before, like last time. You're barely even human anymore, are you?"

Xander turned to look up at her, glowering from beneath his brow. "Only a human... Could hate you monsters this much."

Redra's eyes narrow on him, before tossing him onto the floor in front of the furnace. "Hmph... Too bad I still gotta pay you back for that whack you gave me back in the arena."

Xander kicked at her shin, even though he knew it wouldn't even scratch her.

Redra didn't even flinch as she reached into the furnace to pull out a long metal rod, white hot on the end, the heat distorting the air around it.

"Usually I don't do this with my toys. Usually they don't last long enough for it to be worth it. But you're just..." Redra shrugged, trying to find the words as she waved the glowing metal in his face. Giving him a good look at the hot crest that would mark him as her property forever.

"I guess after being such an assache, you're just... special."

Xander grabbed a handful of soot off the floor and threw it up in front of him, it was all he could do to fight back.

Redra lifted her boot above him, planting it down on his face.

Xander grunted and thrashed beneath her weight. But it was pointless.

Redra grabbed his shirt in her fist, "C'mon, let's get rid of this fuckin' thing. Bet you look best with nothing on anyway."

The fabric bit and burned into his skin as she roughly tore it off him.

Redra blinked as she saw a large scar on his chest, right above his heart. It looked like whatever left it went deep.

"Ay, the fuck is that?"

Xander nearly jumped as he felt her poke the scar, thinking it was the branding rod.

"Oh fuck that's gnarly!" Redra chuckled. "Did you get ya heart torn out or some shit? That's cool as fuck!"

Redra drooled through her wide grin as she prepared to thrust the hot metal into his chest.

"Even cooler that I'm finna gonna make you mine forever, kiddo! Isn't it fuckin' romantic?"

Xander thought he could already feel the metal pressing into his flesh but it was only the heat radiating off from it.

He could only scream and shriek into the rubber treads of her boot when the brand sizzled into his skin next to the scar, boiling his blood around it as he felt the vaporized flesh form bubbles in his flesh.

Redra laughed above him, "Don't you humans do that stupid marriage thing? Think of this like that? Yeah, we're just getting married. You left your mark on me, now I get to leave my mark on you. Told you it was fuckin' romantic."

Xander stopped thrashing, stopped screaming. His body went limp beneath her.

Redra pulled the branding rod off his chest. Tearing bits of charred and burnt flesh with it as the smell wafted through the air.

She pulled her boot off him, the imprint of her treads pressed into his face.

He'd passed out.

Redra growled in frustration. "'Course you'd fuckin' do that to me."

...

Xander forced his eyes open. He knew where he was. He knew he needed to get out. To kill them. He couldn't do that in his sleep.

The room was dark, but not dark enough to not see the mess it was in. Clothes and armor strewn across the floor. The massive mattress barely held together with duct tape patchwork and halfway fallen into the bedframe.

Even the walls managed to be a mess, with holes punched into it and stuffed with even more clothes to patch them. As if it were drywall, but it was very clearly brick.

Xander took his first conscious breath, the horrifically familiar smell instantly invaded his lungs. Redra's sour, earthy sweat.

Xander looked around, gagging as he saw the piles of boots and dirty socks and massive shit stained underwear that had been placed around him.

His muscles hurt, held in an awkward position. His joint creaked and snapped as he tried to move.

Then he realized the position he was in. Chained into a crude pillory.

Xander began to thrash, gauging how sturdy it was.

A familiar voice mumbled and cursed from across the room. But not booming like usual. It was soft, but frustrated.

Disconcertingly quiet.

Redra sat hunched over a desk at the far end of the room, wearing a ratty, stained wife beater and what looked like pajama pants.

Xander only glared at the back of her head in silent contempt as the burn on his chest stung beneath a thick gauze bandage.

Redra turned to look over her shoulder at him, a pair of thick reading glasses over her eyes.

For some stupid reason, this gave Xander pause for just a second. Seeing this monster, this symbol of horror and evil that

had raped and killed more than she could likely count, sit there in thick reading glasses and pjs in a dirty, disgusting room. It was such an unexpected image.

And it was pissing him off.

Xander spat at her, he would never be able to reach her, but it was the thought that counted.

Redra's lips curled up slightly. "Little shit, waking up nice and eager, huh? Jus' gimme a minute to read through this stupid paper Alawa gave me."

Redra turned back to her desk, "Fuckin' humans can't just be convenient and heal like normal. Noooo, gotta sit here and make sure ya wounds all dressed properly, cleaned, and rubbed with whatever this stupid cream is. Probably gonna tell me I gotta kiss it to make it feel better or some shit too."

"Sure it's gonna be a problem? Plan on keeping me around that long?" Xander sneered at her.

Redra's heart dropped. Her eyes narrowed on the words in front of her.

Was this anger? No, she felt too understood, too relieved to hear her conundrum put into words, to be angry. Like a weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

Was that it? Relief? Understanding? Thankfulness?

No. Her muscles were tensed. She felt like she did back in the arena when she felt the chill of her blood down her face.

This had to be anger.

Redra stood at the desk so fast it nearly flipped and she stomped toward the captured boy.

Her footfalls rattled the room, vibrating Xanders bones as she came closer.

Xander did not flinch, instead keeping his eyes locked onto her's.

Redra stopped in front of him, nearly brushing his face with her pjs. "Oh, I'm gonna play nice and rough with you, don't worry. We'll just see how long you last. Wouldn't have much hope for a pipsqueak like you normally, but you've been pretty full of surprises. Besides, last thing I want is you dying a nice death of infection or some lame shit. I wanna be the one to do you in. Not some stupid germ or whatever the fuck."

Redra squatted down in front of him so she could look into his face. "Before we get to that though..."

She leaned in, going for a kiss.

Xander turned his head best he could to deny her.

Redra chuckled. "The fuck you think you're going?"

She grabbed his hair roughly, causing Xander to let out a slight yelp just as second before Redra's large lips collided with his own.

Redra began to breathe more heavily as her other hand rubbed against her crotch through her pjs.

Xander groaned in protest and continued to try and get away from her.

Redra laughed again as she pulled back slightly. "Just wait, you're gonna wish you were only kissing my mouth when I'm through with you."

Her maw opened wide, nearly big enough to fit his entire head inside, before her tongue came out, bright pink and fat, dripping with hot drool.

Xander shuddered as she dragged it slowly across his visage, feeling the texture of her tastebuds on his delicate skin until she plunged it into his mouth.

Xander gagged and sputtered as her tongue went right down her throat.

Redra pulled his hair even harder as she moaned into him, her chest rising and falling as she got worked up.

She pulled her tongue back into her mouth with a chuckle as she stood back up. "Alright, enough of that lovey-dovey shit! But before I fuck your face into the next realm, I wanna know what your name is."

Xander glowered up at her, "Eat shit and die."

Redra laughed again, "Idiot! That's your job. Or did you forget our little date at the arena? Now what's your name?"

Xander stared at her in indignant silence.

"If you don't give me a name I'll do something that'll hurt you." Redra threatened, grinning widely. Somehow managing to be threatening even in her pjs.

"There's nothing left you can take from me. I got nothing left to lose. You have nothing to threaten me with."

Redra's eyes narrowed on his, "You? No. Clearly you ain't scared of pain, certainly not death. Besides, I have a feeling after taking that branding, trying to torture you like that'd be pretty boring. But fuck around and find out, I guess."

Redra walked back over to her desk to rummage around the mountains of junk food and empty sake bottles. Finally she pulled out a large, cumbersome looking apparatus and held it next to her head.

"Bring me an extra toy, up to my room... Yeah, a cute one... Doesn't matter... Yeah, that's great, a real sob story. Hehe." Redra slammed the apparatus back down on the desk before spinning back around to stare Xander down from the other end of the room.

Within a minute Xander could hear stomping footsteps outside the room.

Redra flashed him a toothy smile as she moved to the door.

The sounds of quiet whimpering sobs and rattling chains echoed through the dirty room as Redra hauled a young woman across the floor.

The woman looked at Xander for a moment, her eyes filled with terrified tears as her knees shook pitifully.

Xander could only stare back in silence as Redra circled her, leaning in close to size her up.

Redra bent down until she put her face next to her's, giving Xander a good look at both of them.

The woman could only stare back at Xander not wanting to acknowledge the cruel beast breathing in her ear.

"What's your name, human?" Redra asked her, brushing her hair out of her face.

The woman stuttered on her terrified whimpers. "C-Courtney... Courtney Kai-."

Redra chuckled, her voice barely above a growling whisper, "Hmm, just Courtney is good enough."

Courtney nearly jumped as she felt Redra's hot tongue press against the side of her face, whimpering as she dragged it across her features.

"And tell me how you ended up here... Who are you really?" Redra asked, her eyes going from Courtney to Xander and back and forth.

Xander felt his heart sink. He knew what she was doing. It was plain to see what was going to happen.

Courtney steeled herself as she prepared to speak, blinking through her tears. "I'm 27 years old. I'm a single mother to two boys, twins. I work- ah, I worked a job managing a grocery store. And sometimes I like to paint in my spare time."

Redra stood up to full height, towering over the two of them as she peered down at Xander. "See pipsqueak? Normal people get

scared. Don't have to go through this whole show to get 'em to do as they're told. Course, you gotta act like a little sicko..." Redra cracked her knuckles loudly, "Eh, but fuck it. I wouldn't have you any other way."

Redra grabbed Courtney roughly by the throat to throw her onto the clothes covered floor.

Courtney screamed loudly, crying as she curled into a ball.

"Wait..." Xander spoke, his voice low in resignation.

Redra paused, turned to look at him over her shoulder.

Xander looked at Courtney, "What happened to your kids?"

Courtney blinked at him, hesitating. "...They... got evacuated with the schools, several days ago."

Xander sighed, his eyes softening. "...Good."

In the grand scheme of things, two kids getting out of this hell meant very little. It wouldn't change anything. But it was just a bit of hope. A bit of reassurance that there was still things out there to protect and fight for.

Redra laughed, "We gettin' a bit off topic, aren't we?" She slammed Courtney down on the floor.

Courtney yelped, "No! No! I did what you said! Please don-!"

Redra slammed the sole of her slipper down onto her face, the impact rattling through the room.

Xander's eyes widened as his heart sank. He knew why she was doing this. He knew it wasn't the woman's fault. It was his fault she was brought up here in the first place. It was because of him that this was happening to her.

Courtney continued to shriek beneath Redra's sole, desperately thrashing and struggling as she begged and pleaded and tried to reason.

Redra laughed as she pulled her pjs down, "Yeah, you've been a good little toy, Courtney."

She pulled her foot off the woman, giving her a good look through her desperate tears at her naked lower half.

Courtney froze in horror. She must have seen what this meant before.

Redra turned, hovering her massive ass over her face, easily big enough to fit her entire head and upper torso into.

The behemoth of a woman grinned sadistically over her shoulder as she spread her asscheeks before letting them clap together as she taunted her.

"And now you're gonna die like a good little toy too!"

Courtney could only let out a brief scream of horror as she begged and blubbered pitifully for her life before Redra slammed herself back. Landing her ass on her face so hard Xander gasped and cringed at the force of the impact.

He could have sworn that impact would have been enough to kill. But the woman still managed to scream and cry beneath her, thrashing her limbs and kicking up the layer of clothes covering the floor around her.

Xander grunted as he struggled against the device that bound him, he could feel his heart beating against his chest, he could hear his blood in his ears like war drums as he snarled.

"Stop it! Stop it, you fucking pig!" He shouted, his voice cracking.

His vision was starting to blur. Were these tears?

Redra pretended to ignore him, but she couldn't keep herself from grinning as she heard his anger and desperation. He'd tear her apart if he was able.

But he wasn't.

And he never would be.

She'd make sure of that.

Redra lifted her ass just slightly to make sure he heard the woman's screams.

Courtney gasped for breath through the few centimeters she was given.

"PLEASE! DON'T! Don't kill me! I JUST WANNA GET BACK TO MY KIDS! PLEA-!"

BBbPpTtTRrrrPppTtt!

Redra moaned in mock relief through her fit of laughter as Courtney screamed and spasmed, coughing and choking on the horrific smell.

Xander gagged even from feet away as he felt the humid heat waft around him.

He couldn't watch this.

He couldn't just watch this happen to someone again.

He had to put a stop to this.

"Please... Get off her... I'll tell you..." He weakly pleaded as he coughed and wheezed.

Redra's eyes narrowed as she heard Xander's words, hesitating for just a second before leaning back again, trapping the helpless woman back in her ass as she pretended not to hear him.

Redra chuckled as she snatched one of Courtney's thrashing hands out of the air. "Aww, you closed your mouth this time. That's fucking boring! The mouth is one of the best places to play with."

Redra pried open the woman's clenched fist and grabbed her pinky.

CRACK!

Courtney screeched in agony over Redra's jeering laughter as her finger was forcibly bent backwards.

"Stick out your tongue and eat my shitty, greasy asshole or I'll go for the next one! And if you're really stubborn like that little pipsqueak I'll start pulling 'em off! Then I'll start busting up yer'-..."

Redra paused for just a second.

"Ooohh, yer' already doing it! Good little toy! Might even make me feel a little bad when I have you choke to death on my shit!"

PpppBbbLLooRpptbT!

Redra exploded out into laughter again as she began to rub her ass back and forth on her face. "Which may just happen sooner than you think! That one felt wet enough to drown in! Hahaha!"

Xander seethed in front of Redra, every one of his muscles taut, his face contorted in a look of such pure rage and hatred there was barely anything human left in his eyes.

Redra blinked, freezing for just a second as she made eye contact with him.

That look.

She couldn't pretend and play like she could ignore it.

The sight of it nearly pulled her heart into her throat.

He looked more like some kind of nightmare rather than a human.

"Get off of her." Xander said plainly. His tone even, almost soft, even as his eyes nearly bugged out of his head.

Redra's eyes narrowed on him as she steeled herself against him.

Was this feeling in her chest, was it fear?

No.

She had no reason to be scared of something so small and fragile. Not while trapped in her chambers. Not while fighting to the death in the arena.

"Or what?"

Xander felt the chill of blood dripping down his fingers as the restraints of the pillory bit into the flesh in his wrist more and more as he pulled.

"Or else I'll pull so hard these restraints will rip right through my veins and you'll only have a few minutes to get me to whatever doctor you got here until I bleed out. And you wouldn't have even learned my name."

Redra hesitated for a second, considering in silence while Courtney's struggles grew weaker and weaker beneath her.

The massive oni growled, "You human's *can't* be that fragile... That you'd bleed out from... what? A couple paper cuts. And in a couple minutes. Gimme a break."

Xander pulled harder as the bloody flesh squelched. "Wanna find out how fragile we are?"

Redra grimaced and rose off the woman with a seething sigh.

Courtney gasped for air, her body still twitching as it fought to stay conscious.

Redra walked slowly toward xander until she loomed over him, peering down at him from behind her glasses. "Well, let's hear it. What's your name?"

Xander still huffed on the anger tightening his chest, even his voice shook as he spoke, "Alexander."

Redra grinned as she rubbed her clit above his face as her pussy dripped on his cheek. "You humans have more than just one name,

right? I wanna hear all of them."

Xander stared up at her from underneath her bush, "Alexander Loki Cunningham."

Redra laughed, "God, that's a fucking mouthful. Like hell I'm calling you that every time!"

Xander growled as more of her juices soaked his face and hair. "Then just use my first name..."

Redra blinked in confusion for a second. "What?"

"The first one I told you. My first name."

Redra chuckled, "Oh... Jesus christ you humans make shit fucking complicated! Yeah, but no, fuck that. Still too long. Yer' gonna have to shorten that shit up."

Xander growled more, biting his tongue for the sake of the woman still gasping for air on the floor.

"Then figure it out yourself. You were the one who wanted to know so bad."

Redra blinked, stepping back slightly as she wracked her brain for something short and sweet to call him. *Alexander* just didn't fit him. And it didn't roll off the tongue like how she wanted it to.

She could play on the name *Cunningham*. Make it something about cunts just to fuck with him.

Loki was pretty good. Short and it felt nice in her mouth to say. But he said it like an afterthought when he mentioned it. It wouldn't mean much to call him that.

She had to shorten that first name, she'd already committed to that and-.

Redra laughed as she grabbed his hair in her fist, turning to shove her ass into his face.

"Hahaha! You really got me thinking about some real stupid shit there! Tryna figure out how the hell to fix your stupid, long-ass human name! You'll prolly fuckin' die by the end of the week anyway! Toys don't last long with me!"

Redra couldn't help but shiver in ecstasy as she thrust his face up between her ass cheeks, feeling his features scrape and dig into the caked on shit and greasy sweat.

She'd wanted this for so long.

She'd needed this for long.

Ever since the arena.

Redra could almost feel his skull ready to crack, she was squeezing it between her cheeks so hard.

"Rim me, little *Alexander*! Or else I'll fuckin' stomp that little bitch over there into a nice bloody paste!"

Xander felt her asshole grinding against his face, the shit and sweat stinging all the scratches on his face as her prickly pubes rubbed against him and made more.

It felt like his brains were going to burst out his ears as she began squeezing, and he could only growl and grunt and gasp for air as the pressure kept building.

He heard her words and thought he was gonna be sick just considering it. The words he knew were coming since he was brought here.

No before then.

Since all the way back in the arena.

That night.

The night this nightmare really started.

Even if he complied, there was nothing to say Redra wouldn't just kill Courtney anyway. That's what these monsters did, afterall.

That's all they did.

Rape.

And kill.

But he needed to try his best to ensure her safety.

He couldn't handle another ghost gnawing at the edges of his soul.

Xander retched and gagged as his tongue made contact with her greasy asshole. It was so awful he could almost feel it corroding his tastebuds.

Redra yanked his hair, pulling him in harder. "More! And if you get any bright ideas about pulling it out of me for even a second then I'll make sure this bitch out here goes from a solid to a fuckin' liquid!"

His tongue was thrust right up into her asshole and he couldn't help but softly whimper as her toxic shit coated his tastebuds.

Redra's bowels growled.

Her lips stretched into a wide grin as she looked back at him.

"Aww... Now, you know what that means... I know you do. Remember last time? Our first little date? When I fucking soaked you in

hot, stinking shit? When I told you I'd be back to fuckin' feed it to ya?"

Redra licked her drooling lips as she savored this moment.

"Well... It took me awhile. But now that I got you right in there again, it's time to make *real good* on that little promise. So I hope yer' hungry, *Alexander*! Cuz it's fuckin' dinner time!"

Xander could feel himself begin to panic. He could feel it tightening his chest and poisoning his thoughts.

He had to kill them.

He needed to watch this monster die in agony.

He needed to soak the earth in their blood.

But if he died choking on this monster's shit... Like the other's that went out like this... Like how-...

No. That was why. Even if he died here. Even if Courtney died here. Even if all of humanity died like this. At least they could die doing the one thing these monsters couldn't.

Being good.

Doing everything in their power to protect their fellow man no matter how painful it was.

Xander could feel his body shake in terror as her asshole pulsed on his lips and he felt her pushing.

BBrbrPPppBbtbTttbppT!

Instantly he erupted into cries and sobs of horror and revulsion as her rancid, scalding gas and slimy, acidic shit flooded around his tongue before shooting over his tastebuds and down his throat.

Redra's eyes rolled up in her head as if she came over and over in one instant. Still, she couldn't keep herself from laughing as she felt him spasm and cry in her ass.

"OooooHhhooohH... FUCK! Yer' doin' it! Hahaoohha! Yer' actually doing it! Keepin' ya tongue in there as I unload fuckin' toxic waste down ya throat."

Xander gagged and sputtered as his body refused to swallow, splattering his face with even more of Redra waste and it burned on his skin. The stream of liquid shit was forcing it's way down his tightened throat even as his body struggled to gag and cough it up to reject the agonizing poison.

And it wouldn't stop.

There had to be gallons of it.

It was filling his cheeks, pushing down his throat, and clogging his windpipe. And it still wouldn't stop.

Xander couldn't breath. He could hardly even hear anymore.

He was fading.

And he really hoped he wouldn't die.

Redra's eyes narrowed on him. It had been awhile since he had thrashed with any real vigor.

Was he dead?

Did she really kill him on the first night?

There was a pang in her chest. Something that didn't set well with her about that.

Redra pulled her ass off of him, the shit and sweat making a sickening squelch.

Xander felt himself spasm back to life, screaming and crying as his body furiously expelled all of her shit and gas back out through his mouth.

His mind was racing, his eyes bulging out of his head. And all he could do was scream. Not horror. Not relief. Not pain. Just primal screaming.

Redra smiled back at him.

Something lifted in her chest. Like the pressure was suddenly gone when she saw him still alive.

"Hahahaha! Jesus christ! 10 minutes and 12 fucking orgasms! Two fuckin' records! Busted! And yer' still fuckin' kicking! What kinda drugs did they give you?! You can't be a normal fuckin' human!"

Redra lifted her ass back up and wiped her shitty crack in his hair as he continued to scream, but shorter and shallower now. "Fuckin' little badass, aren't'cha? *Alexander*? Wonder how many times I can get away with doing that to ya...? Ya gotta kick the bucket sometime, right?"

Xander's mind began to focus little by little even as his body continued to shake in his restraints.

Redra stood back to full height as she peered down at him sadistically.

"Too bad I'm still gonna kill the bitch..."

Xander still couldn't even make his body obey enough to speak, to try and negotiate for her life, even though he knew it was pointless.

All he could do was look up at this monster and stare her down.

Redra looked back down at him.

She couldn't help but grimace slightly.

The look in his eyes. It killed her vibe with the abruptness of a lightning bolt.

Tormenting him.

Taunting him.

Hurting him.

It wasn't fun anymore.

It felt like a slog through mud now.

Redra couldn't help but continue to stare down at him as she tried to figure out what he was doing that was fucking with her like this.

Her mind drew a blank.

All she knew was that she didn't like looking at it.

Redra spun around, walking over to loom over Courtney.

The woman was still fading in and out of consciousness, just able to barely grab for the hem of Redra's pjs. "Please... Please..."

Redra's face twisted as she looked down at her.
And then back at Xander.

She was hesitating.

This wasn't like her.

Why wasn't she able to enjoy this?

Maybe she just needed to be reminded how good it felt to split someone's skull and play with their brains underfoot?

Redra forced a smile and a slight chuckle as she yanked her slipper off, revealing her bare foot as she loomed it over Courtney's face.

Courtney's tears soaked the dirty clothes as she stared up at her. "...please. I don't wanna die... please."

Redra slammed her foot on Courtney's face, letting her choke and sputter on the sour stench as she forced herself to look back at Xander to smile mockingly at him. She wanted to say something. She had words already picked out.

But she lost them as soon as she made eye contact with him.

Godammit. He was doing it again.

Was she just going soft?

Was that really it?

The thought sickened her.

She'd killed.

She'd killed plenty.

If she started going soft now there'd be nothing she could do to reconcile that if she went down that road.

"...Yeah, I'm gonna stomp her head into paste." Redra said, her voice low and dispassionate. Simple and matter of fact.

Those weren't the words she had picked out.

Redra turned back to look down at Coutney as she lifted her foot back up to prepare to crush her skull beneath it.

Redra stared the sobbing woman in the eyes, still feeling Xander's gaze like a beam of light through pitch blackness. She didn't want to do this.

FOOM!

The room rattled as Redra's foot connected with Courtney's cheek and she felt her cheekbone buckle and break under the ball of her foot. While her nose crunched and was pressed horrifically up into her skull underneath her arch.

She could feel the blood dripping, stretching out in strings as she lifted it again.

Courtney gave only soft, pitiful screams of anguish as she writhed.

Redra didn't want to hear it.

CRUNCH!

Her foot came down hard and quick. Dislocating the woman's jaw and snapping it in two at the chin.

More screams.

More blood dripping from her foot.

Xander watched with silent hatred as Courtney reached up, unintelligibly begging for her life.

He imagined a million ways to kill this monster. To kill them all.

Redra raised her foot again.

SPLAT!

Courtney's skull finally split beneath Redra's sole.

Her blood splattering her pjs and soaking through the dirty clothes around her.

Redra stared down at the mangled brain matter as she squished it between her toes.

One of the woman's eyes had burst out and stuck to her pant leg.

Redra picked it off her as she forced herself to laugh for no other reason than to convince herself she enjoyed that.

She flung it toward Xander as she lifted her foot again.

SPLAT!

SPLAT!

SPLAT!

Over and over Redra stomped Courtney's remains.

Each time shaking to room.

Rattling Xander's chains as he stared down at the burst eye on the floor in front of him.

...

Xander could feel Redra's body pressing against his as the moving city hummed and whirred around them, it's wheels and treads softly crunching the desert rocks a hundred feet down.

Redra had ordered some of her subordinates to clean up Courtney's body. But the entire room smelled of chemicals after. So she hauled the bed onto the balcony.

The night was clear and cool.

The bed, despite being barely held together with ductape, was soft and comfortable.

Even the monster that had him bound and gagged with her own rancid underwear for her amusement, and then forced him to lay with her as she slept. Even she had just showered to get Courtney's blood off.

Xander only stared off at the moon as he continually, obsessively, fiddled with the restrains that bound him.

Redra.

This animal.

This monster.

She was sleeping right behind him.

Cuddling up with him like he was just another pillow.

She was the most exposed she'd ever be.

Right now.

If he could just get these restraints off.

He'd somehow get this bed to go over the side of the balcony and take this scum with it.

Then he'd watch as her body was crushed and grinded into a bloody smear beneath her own base's wheels.

Xander smirked slightly.

Yes.

He liked the thought of that.

The ghosts did too.

Now just a bit louder as another joined their ranks.

Xander struggled, slowly managing to turn his body in Redra's tight, suffocating grasp.

He wanted to stare into her face.

He wanted to stare at her to imagine her face as she went over the side.

As she screamed in agony as she was pulverized beneath a million tons of steel.

He'd kill her.

He'd kill her for what she did to Courtney.

He'd kill her for what she did to everyone.

He'd kill them all.

He'd kill them.

He'd kill them.

END