

QUEEN OF ANARCHY BOOK 1
VENOMOUS VENGEANCE
OF VIPER



BY JESSICA KYLIE
NICHOLS-VERNON

Queen Of Anarchy Book 1:Venomous Vengeance of Viper

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Queen Of Anarchy Book 1 Venomous Vengeance Of Viper

By Jessica Kylie Nichols-Vernon aka HawlSera

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Contact the author at kyle.vernon@gmail.com with any questions, complaints, suggestions, fanmail, to point out typos, etc.

It was October 27th, 2055 and all the children of White Rook, Nevada were ready for Halloween, but Viper was no child, the holiday had little meaning to her or at least, on the outside it didn't. She and her crew were meeting with a rival gang leader, "Bad Wolf", it seemed rather egotistical to her to use your own species as your codename. There was an unspoken rule about the big gang leaders using animal alias and it was considered a sign of bad attitude in most cases to use your own species, it showed that one was incapable of respecting others. Amongst the more idiotic tribes of men though this might be something of a useful trait and was to expected of a wolf anyway. Wolves were one of the two "Golden Breed" second only to Elves in their knack for having privileged lives. Everyone was meant to bow down before the wolves, this had been the case even in ancient times, though the only difference now is that society tries to pretend that things have changed and this just simply isn't the case all while ignoring the obvious signs to the contrary. There was another reason why Viper chose the snake for her name, because after all it is rather difficult to make a gerbil sound intimidating. The bored teenager was listening to this lupine asshole yelp on and on for awhile. All a show Bad Wolf was all bark and no bite, at his

heart he was another wolf with dominance issues who liked to flaunt his illusions of power in front of his boys, or so Viper believed.

"This is going to be the easiest job we've ever had, and with one hell of a jackpot up for grabs! Frankly this bitch and her vermin should be lucky I even included them in it. Right men!?" Bad Wolf screamed showing off his usual self-centered nature, not even trying to be nice to Viper, assuming that his hot-shit attitude was the only one that mattered.

The rest of the beast people roared in agreement, at least the ones that could roar. There were a few species incapable of roaring present who merely clapped to show appreciation to Bad Wolf. Most of them were from his side of the abandoned warehouse, though there were some cheers on Viper's side from the few shaken with fear from Bad Wolf's powerful presence. These stopped immediately as they gained looks from their comrades, if they didn't want to get beaten up later they'd stop. Bad Wolf's half was enough to fill the room with sound as Viper's gang had less than twenty members whilst the wolf had practically a small army.

Viper was half-asleep and wishing that she was the reading kind so that she could be doing that whilst pretending to give the dog her attention. It was always like this whenever she had to meet with this assclown, which thankfully was not very often. Bad Wolf had only summoned the Viper's Vermin gang to meet with him two other occasions. The teenage biker queen heard some horrible things about Bad Wolf and wished to distance herself from him as much as possible. The only reason she didn't blow him off this time was because of his promise to cut her crew in on the "Biggest Job Of The Year", which if it truly was as big as he said; would grant Viper's Vermin some of the street cred that they desperately needed. Viper's gang was often looked down upon due to its recent botching of a bank robbery, the first really big thing they tried to do, but more so because of the simple fact that it was lead by a woman. Men like to look up to powerful males, for a crook to follow a woman was not only laughable, but in the field of crime went against every natural instinct of a pack mentality. If only Bad Wolf would quit yapping and get to it.

"Bad Wolf, are you going to howl at the moon all night? Or are you going to make with the details already?!" Viper asked, herself being a teenage purple haired (on her head anyway) gerbil dressed light in a generic dark red shirt and black jeans, topped off with a fierce leather jacket, complete with a snake

wrapped around the initials "VV" which stood for "Viper's Vermin" sown onto said jacket in purple. The VV itself was made to look like the fangs of the snake and served as her gang's insignia.

A similarly dressed lupine individual with the Full Moon as his insignia responded "Alright skank, here's the score. As we all know that raccoon businessman, the foreign guy, Myameta or whatever.."

"Miyamatio Nook, also he's not a raccoon, he's a tanooki." a deer buck stated, one who was wearing the full moon insignia, standing next to the big buff looking macho wolf, his moniker was Headlights. Next to the venison was a spotted skunk with gold fangs and an eye patch whose nickname was "Roadkill", Bad Wolf liked lame puns almost as much as he hated women. A rumor circulated that he originally wanted him to be called "Stank", but Roadkill objected strongly, some say that's why Roadkill had gold teeth. BW was a bit of a bitch when he didn't get his way. Others say that the name roadkill comes from surviving an attempt on his life by Bad Wolf running him over, explaining the mephit's missing eye. Roadkill has not stated one way or another, it's possible that it was both. Though because he still has a functioning jaw and all his internal organs, he's learned that silence is just about as golden as his fangs and has not told a soul. There's many who wonder if he can even talk in the first place.

"I don't give a shit! He could be a fucking talking walnut for all the fucks I give! But yeah that was his name. He's donated 5,000,000 dollars to the All Hallows Eve's ball that orphanage is throwing. A worthy contribution, this on top of all the other donations these unwanted brats have gotten means we've got us a healthy haul of cash. All we'd need is for all the big guys to make some noise outside to scare everybody, whilst Viper, Roadkill and some of the other smaller pests can sneak in through the back. It's an orphanage, they're broke, won't even have a vault. Like always I'm the top dog, so I get the biggest cut, 2,000,000, the rest of you can decide amongst yourselves. But regardless, it's a good plan. It's on Halloween, so the cops will be dealing with pranksters all night and be too slow to respond to a big heist."

There was a thunder of applause and animal noises from Bad Wolf's side of the room, but Viper's stayed quiet, except for one of the new recruits, a chippendale who just yelled "Easy Money! Alright!"

Bad Wolf was getting tons of praise, an Indian Gavial named Big Mouth patted him on the back and said "Great plan boss, can't wait to scare those fucking brats and give them a Halloween they'll never forget!"

Viper just stared at Bad Wolf for a few seconds before she finally said something "Somebody chincheck that punk for me!" Upon hearing the joyous sounds of the chippendale groaning in pain and a fist connecting with the young one's jaw the gerbil woman continued to speak. "Bad Bitch, I knew you was an asshole, but I didn't think you were this low."

"Don't test my patience! Most of my men just ain't built for stealth work, outside of Roadkill here. I need your Vermin for this, it's easy cash. You aren't finding an easier buck. Take it and I just might overlook that "Bad Bitch" comment." he growled at her, snarling and snapping his jaw in a silent bark, a terrifying sight to those unused to such primal displays.

Viper just blinked at him "That's fucked up you can't fucking steal from kids. Knocking over an orphanage, it just ain't right. I know we aint Robin Hood or shit like that. But there's a line we gotta draw somewhere."

Bad Wolf laughed for a bit "Haha, that's just what I can expect from a cunt like you. You can't see that this is a man's world and you have no business having any part of any kind of gang, let alone a biker gang. The only use for you in this world is selling your ass on the street so that men like me can fund the real work! It's a Dog Eat Dog world sweetcheeks. Runts like these abandoned kids get scraps until they can man up and take what the world 'supposedly' owes them by force! If a runt's got some shiny new toy, you take it away from them. Nice things are too good for 'em! Look around sister, the only difference between us and the ferals is that we have two legs. That's it! One last chance cunt or any of you other little vermin, All Hallow's Eve is going to be a golden night and Bad Wolf wants to make it rain."

Viper scoffed at him, "Waste of our time" and ended it right there not wanting to drag this out further, besides if she let the full force of her feelings on his behavior get out then Bad Wolf would just point out that she was "Being emotional, just like a woman." She proceeded to immediately march out, keeping her eye on Bad Wolf in case he tried something. He's known for taking rejection poorly. Many members of her gang followed suit, a few stayed behind and discussed it amongst themselves.

A badger stroke up an interesting conversation with a mouse boy "Bad Wolf does have a point, it would be easy money.... and we haven't been doing much in the line of.. profitable work."

The gray mouse with whom he had been speaking stood in a red shirt and blue pants on top of that the team jacket they were all wearing nodded in agreement. He and his adopted pig brother were in the gang, well they were both adopted together really. They called themselves "Squeaker" and "Squealer". The mouse had spoken up "And that bank heist didn't blow over too well, you know they're still looking for Squealer"

A lady raccoon named Cat stopped by them "Don't even think about! Bad Wolf's crazy, Viper would kick your ass for even thinking about this. I'm more lenient than that so I'll give you a warning before I fuck you up, and I don't mean with a strap-on either!" the raccoon had a reddish tint to her fur which caused many to mistake her for a red panda, but she insisted that she was a raccoon.

The mouse, Squeaker, shook his head and chattered his teeth in a most furious manner. "My brother's on the lamb because of a failed plan of hers, so maybe I don't want to be in this gang anymore!"

Cat rested a paw upon Squeaker's shoulder, she wasn't just another gang member she was also the co-leader and Viper's girlfriend. "You're just upset. I'm sure Squealer is fine, besides you know how Bad Wolf is, you don't want to trust him especially since you're kinda small..... You know what he does to small people."

The badger merely shook his head "But we need the money, don't we Squeaker?"

Squeaker shrugged and looked over his shoulder "I'll think on it....."

Bad Wolf's ears perked up, he had been listening in, being a wolf his hearing was quite sensitive. "I know you will rodent! I know you will!" and left quietly laughing to himself.

Meanwhile Viper was off for a ride on her motorcycle to get her mind off of

Bad Wolf's stupidity. She thought about ratting him out to the police, but no, that was against her code. Viper was an outlaw, a renegade, a rebel against society. To depend on pigs, no not like Squealer, for anything was laughable. Her kind knew a truth about the world, that the law must be taken into one's own paws. Order was a force that existed only to get the big wigs off. It had no real power to protect anyone. To punish, innocent or guilty, is all that it has ever lived for. Her family wanted her to be a good girl, keep her nose clean and inside of books. "Stop dressing like a slut, don't get violent men hate tomboys, keep your mind on your studies" peh, shit like that is why she became a runaway and even managed to form her own gang. The only in the area lead by a woman, the other gangs of course did not have the best reaction to this. Though it was true women were doing more and more things that were previously male exclusive these days, politicians without a Y Chromosome, at least two have been elected president, Professors from Venus, ho's instead of bro's doing some rapping, soldiers who could birth life as well as take it, and hell with the successes made only twenty years ago in genetic engineering a woman could grow up to be a man if she so pleased, unlike the old days where it was "take hormones, maybe pass". Though it seems of all these new gender bender scenarios the 21st Century had to offer. Organized crime was just not yet ready to become an equal opportunity employer, and how would it? Criminals only know how to operate on basic instinct, the driving force that kept women exclusively as breeding material. There's no such thing as equal rights in crime, there aren't even rights in crime. Hell many argued there weren't really rights in life either. You earn respect through your actions and abilities, until you prove yourself you stay where the boss thinks you'll be most useful and right off the bat it isn't too hard for a sleazebag to think of a "fucking" one of the better uses for a woman. Not all straight men are bad, but the kind who are thugs tend to be.

Viper's Vermin were not considered a true street gang by many, simply because they were lead by a chick, a gerbil at that! Most gangs only wanted predators to run with them and any bitches to put their tight little asses out on the street to fund projects like chop shops and drive bys through selling their bodies to any interested parties. Some gangs were smarter and realized that non-predator species, especially women, could be a little sneakier than rushing in claws out, guns blazing and thus catching people off guard. The cops won't as quickly search a woman as they would a man. All she has to do is keep any goods that needed smuggling in her bra or back pocket. Bad Wolf's "Lunar Legends", was really the only gang that viewed women as exclusively hooker material, that puppy was a known womanizer and was very openly misogynistic.

Viper's gang attracted mainly rejects from other groups, there were a few who had it as their first choice, but those were primarily women who wanted to actually stick it to the man instead of having it stuck to them, of whom Viper included there were only six of. The tough image of a gangster was shown as being fairly male exclusive in the media and popular culture, ironic how society even governs the way rules are broken. But the gerbil could care less about gender roles or what some people perceive as an underworld act of feminism she was a Godless Anarchist, a Hell's Angel, a Badass Biker Queen and she loved it. The fact that she had ovaries didn't really matter to her. Her mom always discouraged her from being a tomboy, but fuck her and fuck being a girly girl. Viper lived how she pleased and didn't take any shit from anyone.

Viper was biking through the interstate, it was that period of time where one isn't sure if it's late at night or early in the morning. The roads were empty and barren as the cold deserts of this state of Nevada, especially this close to a major holiday. It was a place for her to think how she did so best, at 70 miles an hour with the wind running through her fur. The gerbil had a medium sized bike to accommodate for her tail, being a rodent she had a pretty big one. Luckily for Viper she was not a rat so it was not too big, but still. Her bike was a dark violet color, she had built it herself from old junk models that had been discarded. She loved to tinker, much like smashing in skulls it was one of her favorite hobbies. Which is why she had placed her hideout in the town's junkyard. Viper was finally starting to get her mind off of Big Wolf's dirty scheme when she stopped to fill her tank up at the nearest exit. Viper had been riding around a lot recently so her tank hadn't been the fullest on these mean streets.

Viper finished filling up her motorcycle and looked through her jacket for a few bills, it was hard to think that debit cards and credit cards used to be the norm and that if the Elves hadn't insisted upon cracking down on the advancement of science back in 2016 all money would have likely been digital by now. After finding a two fives and some change she decided to grab a coffee before hitting the road. Heading for the entrance to the convenience store she never made it inside, everything went black right after hearing the sound a baseball bat makes when it comes in contact with a rodent's skull.

"Hehe, dumb bitch, you should have known better", a voice called out from the darkness as Viper, she found herself bound in a chair, her jacket and pants had been removed, today had definitely turned out to be a good day to wear white cotton panties instead of the biker thong. Her dark red shirt and panties

remained on, but why? If her captor wanted to strip her, why do it halfway? This was only one of the questions she had, though not the most important. The most important being, where the hell am I? who else is here? How long was I out? What is going to happen to me? How did he know I'd be at the gas station? But these would have to wait, Viper could only listen as she was bound by rope. Being a rodent she could easily chew through it.... if her muzzle wasn't gagged. Her captor stepped forward out from the shadows revealed himself to be Bad Wolf who patted her on the head... she couldn't help but notice he wasn't wearing much in the way of clothes, only his pants, his jacket and shirt seemed to be discarded. Viper was admittedly still dizzy from the blow, but she could not think of an adequate reason why she and her captor were wearing things on opposite parts of their bodies even if she had a clear head. If she didn't both despise Bad Wolf and believed her life to be in mortal danger, Viper would have noted that he was a bit of a hunk without his shirt on. One would think he'd look messy, but his mane was actually well combed and groomed, long and flowing, he had a six pack with well toned abs, his fur was even relatively clean. Though the wolf smelled of whiskey, sweat, motor oil, and a hint of cologne oddly enough; it was enough to make one gag, but since Viper spent her days in a junkyard it wasn't anything she wasn't used to. She did smell something else unpleasant, something that smelt remotely of skunk, not spray as those were by law removed at birth, just skunk and assumed Roadkill must be nearby. Bad Wolf's golden lupine eyes stared right into Viper's purely cosmetic purple contacts as he scratched under her chin and chuckled.

"No one says no to Bad Wolf, unless I tell them to. I thought you might let your pussy instead of your brain do the talking, so I had one of my boys put a tracker on your bike, it's a nice ride, well for crap anyway. One last chance cunt, are you and your little rag-tag group of misfits in or what?" The big bad wolf asked as he bore his large slobber covered fangs and began growling.

Viper's head was still clearing up, but she knew she didn't want what the wolf was selling. Bad Wolf gestured to an unseen person who undid the gag around her head, when the tier got close the scent of skunk increased in strength leading Viper to work out just where Roadkill was. The second her mouth was free she spat in the wolf's eye. This action earned her a firm hard smack across the face, Viper responded by spitting again, this time it was mixed with a little bit of blood. Bad Wolf was just as strong as his big beefy arms suggested.

"You're not afraid to hit a lady, I like that, maybe it'll actually be interesting

when I kick your ass!" Viper replied smugly. Of her many talents one of them was that she was a good liar, though her face and voice didn't show it. Viper knew she held no cards in this situation, it was very possible that she was going to die here, she had no one to aid her whilst Bad Wolf had potentially had to ability to call an entire army of sharp fanged delinquents. She could be in the heart of his hideout, even if she managed to overpower Bad Wolf and Roadkill, which wasn't likely given Bad Wolf was twice her size and Roadkill could back him up, she'd have to deal with everyone else whilst half-naked and delirious from a rather serious blow to the head. Not the best of odds.

Viper wasn't usually helpless, she knew Tae Kwan Do and was very skilled with her switchblade, but being tied up, potentially having a concussion, and outnumbered would make anyone worthless in combat. Still, even with these facts, she would not and could not give her kidnapper the satisfaction of getting her to show her fear. Bad Wolf would have just made yet another reference to her gender and given some speech about how a man could take it better.

"I'm not afraid to do far more than that, but we both know you're not a lady, the way you parade your ass around in those tights, your matching tank top, and I've even seen you with the same tights I tore off ya, pulled down to show off your thong. It's a pretty little one too, I haven't seen it yet, but I've heard you've even got yourself a tramp stamp on the right cheek" which she did indeed have she had a tattoo on her rump of a snake eating its own tail. Though it wasn't a tattoo so much as her fur was dyed that way, it's the only way a land mammal can get a tattoo, most of the time it's temporary, but with what is known as Genetic Needling one can have certain parts of the fur be a different color and always grow in that color and pattern after shedding. This is what Viper did, it was expensive as hell to hire someone with a Geneedle, but all serious Lady Bikers have a tramp stamp.

"Bad Wolf gets his way, one way or the other. I want rodents and shit to pull off the heist, someone expendable that I can pin this on if things get hairy. We both know that I've got a rapsheet longer than Great fucking Wall of Motherfucking China. If people knew I robbed a charity they'd lock me up and shove the key right up the big fat ass of the law." Bad Wolf stated, something seemed shaky about this story but the dizzy gerbil couldn't piece together what.

"You were going to use us? I shoulda seen that comin'... Well thanks dumbass, now I ain't got NO reason to help you. Good job." Viper rolled her eyes

"I'm not agreeing to a set up! No one is, I'd rather you kill me than agree to be your fallback bitch."

Bad Wolf chuckled "Well that settles that, but first the rest of our business...."

Viper blinked and froze up, staring at the lupine, she was frightened, if she weren't as hardened as she was she would have wet herself. A confirmation of what she feared, she was going to die here. This however is not why the seventeen year old blinked. No this had more to do with the fact that she was confused. Rest of their business? what was he talking about? If she was going to die, she was going to die with dignity, defiant to the last breathe. But what business could they still have? She then quickly remembered some of Bad Wolf's charges and his womanizing habits, these two things clicked and she wanted to scream, she may have a concussion, but she knew what he has in store for her.

"Oh my dear, you don't understand. You talked to me with your pussy back when you thought this was a real deal. So now I'm going to do some talking to your pussy" Bad Wolf smiled slyly as he quickly removed his belt and threw off his jeans and boxer shorts, Roadkill covering his one eye as his master did so. Bad Wolf was now fully nude, if young Viper wasn't about to get raped and then killed, she might have enjoyed this sight. Bad Wolf was 10 erect inches of barbed doggy dick, a red rocket ready to go off inside of someone. His plump silver-haired testicles dangled with an odd sense of grace, Viper would have loved to service it consensually if the circumstances were different and Bad Wolf wasn't such an asshole.

"Oh grow up Roadkill! I aint got shit that you don't have except a pleasant odor, two eyes, and my man-stick is bigger! Sides I need you to hold the gun in case she tries something." he barked at his minion before getting his knife off of his discarded jeans and tossing it to him. "Cut her free, we took her pants and jacket, where else can the bitch hide a weapon? Her bra? Bitch aint got no titties!" Without hesitating, she jumped on the wolf as soon as she was free, as Viper pushed the button on her switchblade, her funky smelling goo covered switchblade, which she jammed into him, just missing his heart. Viper was about to twist it, which would have hurt a little, but more importantly killed him. However before she was stopped when Roadkill fired his gun, just a warning shot point upwards, no matter what he could never hurt Bad Wolf, but Viper was his master's prize. Oh god no.... He took his eye for defiance, he didn't dare find

out what he would have done for harming his prize.

The warning shot was enough, Viper's head was still ringing to the point where a loud noise was able to disorientate her. Giving Bad Wolf ample time push her off, Roadkill knocked her back out, this time with chloroform, as was decided for their back up plan. The duo did not want to risk her dying too soon and two baseball bat hits to the head in close proximity of each other just might have done that. He went to pull the knife out, but quickly remembered how much of a horrible idea that would have been. The wolf gritted his teeth and growled.

"A blade hidden in her snatch... I didn't expect that... Tie her up and keep her locked down..." Bad Wolf quickly reached for his chest. "I'm going to see the doc... keep her locked up. Only I get to fuck her! Cop a feel if you want, but make sure there's nothing hidden in the fucking back door this time! If she cuts me again with a shit-stained blade you're going to need a Seeing Eye Feral!"

Roadkill said nothing, he simply nodded. As Bad Wolf left, Roadkill began to pull down Viper's panties and spread her asscheeks apart. His one good eye giving a good look inside of her brown one it was far too small and tight to conceal anything as he could barely get his finger in. Viper's sexual exploits were unknown to Roadkill, no one really knew what her bedroom adventures included as she didn't talk about that kind of thing very often. Even if she did Roadkill and Viper didn't speak to each other on a regular basis, or at all really, he would not know. It was actually widely believed that she was a lesbian, but one thing outside of her innards he could put his finger on, she had definitely not experimented with anal. Afterwards he swallowed his shame. Truth be told that unlike some dogs he knew, Roadkill had a sense of decency. It made him very uncomfortable that he had to watch Bad Wolf try to rape someone, the image of his dangling testicles and his rock hard erection would be stuck in his head for awhile. When this was over Roadkill would have to invest in some brain bleach. Especially since both he and even the unconscious captive were aware that it would in all likelihood not be the worst thing that he was going to witness this night. Roadkill felt very sorry for Viper and pondered if he could do anything for the bound rodent. He couldn't let her go, Bad Wolf would be pissed and might pretend that his eye socket is the gerbil he wishes to forcibly mate. Roadkill had encountered a similar scenario to this one once before, and wondered how many times he'd see it again.

Some time had passed when Viper finally came to. The window in the small room was letting in sunlight. The sunlight had told her that she had been out for several hours, given that it was pitch black earlier. Viper had met with Bad Wolf around midnight and it was 2am on the 28th of October when she had stopped for gas, meaning she had been biking for thirty minutes. The meeting had lasted an hour and a half. Judging from what she could see of the sun, she assumed it was the afternoon, the blinds were down due to the ludicrously illegal activities that were being taken place within. Viper knew better than to scream, that would just tell everyone that she was awake. Roadkill was tasked with watching her, he was asleep with his one eye shut, she almost did not realize he was still here. Roadkill looked like he was snoring and yet no sounds whatsoever were made. Viper looked around some more, trying to find a way to escape. She assessed the situation and found that cliché enough, the chair she was tied to was quite old. After struggling around a bit the chair Viper was tied to finally fell to the floor, shattering the chair into multiple pieces. Viper was able to slide out of the ropes and reached for her gag, which she considered stuffing into Roadkill's eye socket.

"Naww, might wake him up" she thought to herself, daring not to make any noises... She had been out for quite sometime and was a little dehydrated. She had been fixing to get herself a drink when she was kidnapped. The gerbil put her back to the door and listened, she heard the pitter patter of biped feet, this was definitely a hide out. She could hear soft sounds as opposed to louder stomping, which told Viper that someone was barefoot and without claws, or with short ones. Sounded like "Bruce" from the sniffing, he had a problem with that. Viper was curious as to why he wasn't called "Tourettes", though Sharks were rare in this part of the country or any nation above water for that matter, so referencing an old movie worked. Viper wasn't ready to swim with a shark, she looked out the window instead and Jackpot! This was a part of town she recognized. The abandoned office building in the poor part of town. There was a gas station across the street, surely Viper could get help there. She wouldn't call the cops. She's not that daft, you get your boys before you get the cops, just how the rules go. Viper grabbed a piece of the chair and threw it through the window. The sound attracting Bad Wolf's men.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!?!", Bruce yelled. Viper grabbed another piece of the chair to use as a weapon and hauled ass into the strangely familiar gas station. Viper quickly ran inside not looking back as Bruce was likely behind

her. She looked towards the counter and saw someone with black paws that she assumed was male, It was hard to tell what was behind the counter as he or she was reading a newspaper.

"I need to use a phone..." Viper said to the bear

The man lowered his paper, he was a black bear. The bear looked a little taken aback "Why are you in your panties? There's children in this neighborhood girl!"

"No Shirt, No Shoes, nothin bout pants. Phone... now!" Viper would rather not mention her being in trouble, he might get the cops involved. She rubbed her throat "Gonna need a drink too." this she thought to herself. She had no cash, her money and cellphone were taken by Bad Wolf. She'll just have to steal one. Not so easy without a coat and likely a pervy ol' bear looking at her heart shaped ass, but fuck it, she was quite thirsty.

The bear chuckled "Well you have me on that technicality mam. There's a payphone just by the restrooms to the side there. Emergency Calls are free on those. I know they're old tech, but I'm a stickler for classics" he pointed nearby, Viper nodded silently thanking him. She picked a payphone, planning on calling collect.

The ursine was already on the move, he picked up a baseball bat he kept behind the counter for thugs and walked up to Viper who turned around hearing him come closer "You fucking ni..." was all she managed to say as the bat was already in the process of being swung. Viper quickly ducked, not falling for it this time. "You work for Bad Wolf!" She had placed down her piece of the chair to make the call, she picked it back up and hit the bear with it. The chair leg broke and served to do nothing her attacker just shrugging this attack of. The chair was older than she thought and the bear far stronger.

The bear smiled "Purely under the table Miss. Nothing personal, just business" blocking her passage with a claw... Viper tried to bite said arm.. but the bear jabbed her in the stomach with the bat. "Can't afford protection money per say, so I do the odd job to keep my station running... But I can't help it if I happen to.. hehe.. enjoy it..."

Viper kneeled over being small, frail, and hungry didn't give her much

resistance from a bat to the gut. The bear was about to crack her skull with a hefty hindpaw to her head, when suddenly Roadkill walked in.

Roadkill freaked out and grabbed his head-fur, and quickly reached for the nearest thing he could find. Some lighters from a display in order to throw at the bear to get his attention.

"IN A SE... Oh.... it's you, the silent one. I was just about to kill the runaway." The bear grumbled

Roadkill was thinking "By Tseranade's Rivers! What the hell is wrong with you! A fucking clerk in broad daylight? Killing a captive in a public place?" in addition to "If she dies, we're both dead! Get your foot off of her you retard!" but said nothing, just shook his head no and pointed at her, gesturing over with his other hand.

"You want this bitch?" he asked with a delirious look in his eyes. Whatever happened to this bear had definitely pushed him over the edge.

Roadkill nodded, getting some rope from a bag he had on him. He walked up to Viper, who resisted at first, or at least tried to. But he gestured to the crazy bear who picked Viper up by the arms, the gerbil continued to kick the bear only got annoying him with these efforts.

"I'm not scared of this fat fucker you mute fucktard!" She cried out "Badwolf'll kill me far less pleasantly anyway. Better to go out fighting you asswipes!" before proceeding to try and bite the bear, which didn't work because the bear just moved one of his paws to her throat and held her head up choking her. She began kicking even harder as she grasped for air.

Roadkill looked at her and sighed, getting some chloroform and knocking her out again. He got the bear to toss her into a big box and the two walked back to the hideout. As Roadkill was a skunk, not a bear, and thus does not have the enhanced strength needed to carry someone.

"You don't have to throw lighters at me, especially if I'm TRYING TO KILL SOMEONE!" the bear screamed.

Roadkill blinked his one eye and gestured "Shush".. He couldn't believe this

guy, he was a regular berserker YELLING plans of MURDER in public, AT DAY!

"...Don't shush me stinky! You know if you spoke up you might be more than an errand boy. Make yourself heard, not just seen." The bear snarled, not getting it whilst opening old wounds. "Imagine if you missed, that girl would have been DEAD, GONE! SKULL CRUSHED IN! Dunno if you noticed this, but we bears are fucking huge!"

Roadkill bore his solid gold fangs. If this guy gets so rowdy just from a little bit of action he might either be perfect for the Lunar Legend gang, or get shot. It depends on who he shows this side to and how. Roadkill was thinking about doing something, but decided he wasn't going to cap a bear in broad daylight. The box was violently dropped in the window Viper escaped from. Which caused Roadkill to slap his own face with his paw. Roadkill earned one more snarl from the possible serial killer as he pointed back to the gas station and gestured "Good Bye" to him.

"Later Asshole...." he said before growling and returning to his store to prevent his rage from building, alone.

Roadkill took Viper to a different room with less windows, tying another rope around her connected her to a hook on the wall somewhere in the lower levels of the facility. It was a lighter dose of chloroform this time, so Viper woke up 3 hours later. She groaned a bit before licking her lips. She had gone almost a full day without eating or drinking anything, her body was going nuts. She was in what looked like some form of parking garage, no not quite... but it had that kind of feel to it. Her arms were tied up to a hook as she dangled. All she could do was think, she looked around. Headlights The Buck and two others, a lion and that gavial known as Bigmouth from earlier playing cards.

She followed the game for a while, the lion was as short tempered as Bad Wolf, continuously swore, kept accusing Headlights of cheating. She didn't recognize the lion and sort of recalled Bigmouth. Viper didn't know everyone in the gang, mainly just Bad Wolf and Roadkill, a few others too namely Bruce and a cheetah known as Courier. They weren't even betting money, so it was hilarious to see them get all steamed up over this. This might have been her only means of entertainment, but it was damn funny. She didn't see anyway out of this pickle of a situation, she was considering asking for a drink. Viper couldn't be

seen as weak in front of a rival gang, as they already thought she was, but there was the very high chance that she was going to die anyway. Die with dignity or beg to make it easier. A tough call for the poor girl, though ultimately she decided not to give the satisfaction. No one was going to risk their neck for a gerbil already dead anyway.

Eventually the lion threw his cards down, "We've got a dangling dame just over there, why are we playing cards... Let's have some fun"

"Ooh not a bad idea, I love to hear them squeal. Keeehhhh" Big Mouth stated in a raspy voice with a shriek of delight at the end.

"I guess we've got nothing else to do... Why not?" Headlights stated with a sense of apathy to his voice.

Viper muttered at this, she began to bare her sharp rodent teeth as the trio approached her.

"Hey babe, just hanging around? Eheheh" The Lion said, getting up close to her.

Viper hadn't been talking too much, throat was very dry causing her to sound raspy. "Touch me and you lose a fang." her voice was quiet and sounded very pained and hoarse, licking all around her mouth in a vain attempt to hydrate herself with her own saliva.

The Lion laughed, walking around her, looking at her tight ass in white panties. She was small, but she had a fat little rear. Heart shaped and sizable, yet small and tight. The lion was thinking of just how wonderful it would feel to open her up. He snarled before giving her a firm smack on this enticing rump. He laughed and returned to the front of her. Roaring in her face after checking through all his teeth by licking them over with his tongue. "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWR... hehe, dumb cunt. Your precious lil booty doesn't seem to make me lose fangs. You think you're a wizard or some shit? We know you ain't one of those damn mages!"

Viper just smiled and put her hindpaws on him, pushed back and managed to swing and knock him in the face. The rope wasn't too sturdy either, much to her surprise it gave way with her landing right on her soft tush. "Erf...." she groaned,

not expecting that as she got up and chewed through her bondages, her rodent teeth perfect for this, freeing her paws as she stretched for a bit, hearing satisfying cracks from her legs. The Lion was knocked back from the kick, Headlights having caught him.

The Lion immediately got back up before growling at the buck "Hooves off me fag!", he turned to Viper "Nice try bitch, but I have all my fangs still!".

Viper was in the middle of popping her spine when the lion tried to pounce on her, likely trying to follow his instincts. Viper predicted this action from a cat and casually stepped to the side. Afterwards she stepped onto his back and positioned a hindpaw onto his head before he could get up.

"We'll just have to remedy that now won't we?" she spoke more confidently, fueled by her fighting spirit, no longer noticing the intense thirst, before stomping as hard as she could. She was ready to work out some frustrations. There were three of them and one of her so she wasn't feeling too cocky but after a day like this. Getting her paws dirty seemed as enticing as an ice cold bottle of Ginger Ale.

Viper being pretty light, had stomped a few times before the lion chipped his fang on the concrete floor. He had been trying to say "Get this crazy cunt off me you idiots!", but it came out more like "Get this c...AHHgrrghrggh" she then ran off like a rat out of hell. She couldn't take all three on directly. Viper tried, but couldn't find an exit. Normally these kinds of things had stairs leading downward. After exploring for a bit she realized that this was an indoor skate park, not a parking garage like she assumed which explained the utter lack of a draft.

Headlights took a whiff of the air, "Looks like Viper's heading the wrong way.... Big Mouth you stay at the door, come on Grease we can replace that fang if the heist goes off well... help me find the rodent."

The lion, whom was codenamed Grease, due to the amount of care he put into his mane, slowly got up. "Muh fuing fan! Muh fuing fan....!!" Bleeding profusely from his muzzle. He said unable to do much else.

Headlights rubbed his forehead. "Up to me then." he said to himself as he ran, being a buck he was naturally swift and was able to catch up to Viper quite

easily. Headlights earned his name not only for being a deer, but thanks to his skills at faking injuries. He was fast enough to fake being hit by cars without being hit by them. A little extortion to keep people's insurance out of it and the deer was able to afford himself a lovely rack. He made so much that he actually had his antlers replaced with silver prosthetics. They don't fall off in the winter, but he never liked that his antlers fell off, made him feel emasculated. He wasn't a macho testosterone fueled rape-machine ala Bad Wolf, but he didn't like to feel girly. Made him feel unclean and horrible. The buck quickly caught up to Viper with ease.

The gerbil rubbed her throat and quickly turned around, licking her lips. She dryly said to her chaser "Hey shiny head, get me the exit and you save yourself the trouble of being beaten by a half-naked Gerbitch..." Viper panted from her dehydration, she was feeling pretty dry and wiped out. It was great that she had finally gotten a chance to move, but all this running around without fluids wasn't doing her any favors.

Headlights grinned and tried to gore her with his antlers "I don't take orders from BITCHES!" Viper grabbed the antler, it didn't break but she was able to redirect his attack to the side of her.

Viper smiled slyly "I don't even get the appeal of headgear.." her voice breaking again and rubbed her throat a little before finishing "It just... gets in the way"

Headlights got up, the bull impersonation maybe wasn't the way to go, Viper's too smart for that and he knew it so he went with the more blunt approach and smacked her. Leaving a nice bruise on her arm. Hooves packed quite a punch, so much so that boxing leagues actually had a separate league for hooved-kind, except for "Hoof Vs Paw Matches" which were very popular on pay-per-view. They still used boxing gloves anyway defeating some of the point, but it had fans.

It hurt like hell, Viper rubbed herself, she was even bleeding a little and before she could do anything she got smacked across the face. Big Mouth was watching, being a sadist, he was pleasuring himself to this. The pain and agony his gang caused was his reason for staying. He was open about both his sexuality and his depravity, Bad Wolf didn't like that but "As long as he fucks shit up and keeps his dick away from my ass!" as he crudely put it. He wished he could be

helping him kick her ass.

Big Mouth giggled to himself, getting lost in the pain as Viper was kneeling on the floor. Getting kicked by his hind hooves. He loved it, Viper was actually crying and trying to get up. The first time she's cried since she was a kid. "uh... no.... more..." she said..

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Big Mouth said, his pants around his waist, his big scaly cock almost at the point of ejaculation.... he came at just the wrong time as Bad Wolf proceeded to come in... the timing was horrible. Big Mouth ah'd as he released his seed... which landed on the terrible tyrant's arm.

"What the fu..." he looked at Big Mouth, caught with his pants down. "I told you to cut the gay shit!" he growled averting his eyes from the croco-cock. "You better have a DAMN GOOD EXPLANATION FOR THIS, BEFORE I HAVE YOUR SEED SHOOTER MOUNTED ON A FUCKING WALL!!! MAYBE EVEN USE YOUR NUTS AS FUZZY DICE IN MY FUCKING CAR!!!"

Big Mouth looked panicked, stepping back slowly, quickly pulling his pants back up. Visibly sweating, he groveled "I'm sorry... it's just... Viper and... Headlights..... and...."

Bad Wolf quickly remembering Big Mouth's fetish and was able to put the pieces together "YOU IDIOTS COULDN'T FOLLOW A SIMPLE ORDER! I SAID NO ONE TOUCHES HER BUT ME, OR THAT PUSSY ROADKILL!" Bad Wolf looked over to where Big Mouth was gesturing and growled. "HEADLIGHTS YOU GOD DAMN FAGGOT! YOU BETTER NOT HAVE BRUISED HER TOO FUCKING BADLY OR I'LL TELL EVERYONE WHERE THAT DOE TOY OF MINE WENT!!!"

Headlights froze in place, he had a dark secret, he needed a loan from Bad Wolf for a GMGT, a Gender Modification Gene Treatment, that's part of the reason he even joined his gang. To help pay it off. He's been one of his closest men, as long as Bad Wolf knew... no... it was horrible that even he knew. No one could know, if they did, he'd never be taken seriously as a criminal or even a man.

Bad Wolf examined Viper... just a few bruises, she'd be fine, but he looked incredibly pained.

In a cruel irony Viper now appeared the way Bad Wolf had always pictured her in his mind's eye: Weak and frail, something that could be exterminated without any effort. "Get up bitch!" he said "I know you can fucking stand."

Viper did nothing, just spit blood at Bad Wolf before lapping at her wounds to make effective the healing property of saliva. "Thirsty...." she was in far too much pain to think clearly.

"I can't trust ANY OF YOU IDIOTS! ROADKILL FALLS ASLEEP! BRUCE CAN'T GIVE CHASE THROUGH A FUCKING WINDOW! THAT GAS STATION ATTENDANT CAN'T GO FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT KILLING ANYONE! And you three fuckers, Big Mouth I can usually trust, he's practically my right paw man, and I catch him jacking off to the torment of MY PRISONER... AND JUST WHERE THE HELL IS GREASE!?!?" the lupine followed both the smell of lion's blood and the moans of agony to locate Grease, still flailing over his chipped fang.

"Aww... tooth problems" Bad Wolf asked, displaying an uncharacteristic level of affection.

"Uh huh" Grease responded, with a look in his eyes reminiscent of that of a cub. He was taken quite aback by this, Bad Wolf was acting completely

Bad Wolf smiled, putting on his most caring face. "Oh well don't worry Papa Wolf will go get you some soft candy and call the doc for his widdle wion. Won't that be nice? The mean ol' gebrie werbie can't hurt you anymore."

Grease looked shocked, that was a very odd thing for Bad Wolf to say, he'd never known him to show compassion to anyone, let alone to turn into someone's dad... mom even, that was the most tender thing he had ever heard. Bad Wolf really cared this much about his men? Who knew there was a soft side to him "Bad Wolf, Boss, I had absolutely no idea you could be sOOOOOOWWWWW..". He had been stomped right in the stomach by a big booted hindpaw.

The kind demeanor seamlessly melted away and became a face that was rage incarnate "REPEAT" he stomped with great force with each word "AFTER" he stomped once more "ME" and again "SHE'S" "JUST" "A" "GIRL"

The lion's lungs were crushed and his ribcage cracked... "She's... just... a girl..." and clawed at the ground. "Ughh... what the fu.."

"Sleep it off asshole, Headlights, tie her up.... I better get down to FUCKing business." he performed a vulgar pelvic thrust upon saying the word fuck "Put her in my ride, if there's even one more additional scratch on her and you all die. I will fucking bury the rest of you where I ditch this bitch."

Big Mouth and Headlights carefully put her in the car and left the area, Bad Wolf was pissed at them, not a good thing for him to be if one likes being alive or at least not intense pain. So the two took on a policy of out of sight, out of mind. Normally Big Mouth liked it when people got rough with him, but Bad Wolf knew he'd like that too much and might jump to something more drastic than a savage beating. Viper was barely conscious when Roadkill showed up taking the time to express something. Roadkill was a lot like Viper in many ways, the money wasn't too important to him either. Roadkill didn't like bullies, it didn't matter who they were and with the way the world was set up it was hard to tell who was a bully and who was truly good, signing up with Bad Wolf was a big mistake he knew this already. True badges and criminal records don't mean anything when considering one's TRUE morality, but.... Bad Wolf was just that, a bad wolf. Roadkill had been asked to do many deplorable things, but this Viper business was crossing the line as far as he was concerned, Bad Wolf did shit like this before, does it all the time, and Roadkill knew it, but not someone this young.

Roadkill didn't say anything as he looked around making sure no one was around, he looked Viper in the face, mostly bruised, it wasn't as bad as it looked earlier and there wasn't TOO MUCH blood, but quite a considerable amount of cuts and bruises, with a black eye to boot. She looked like hell and smelt as though she hadn't bathed in a while. Though to be fair, she smelt of motor oil and sweat even before she was abducted. With no one in sight the skunk pulled from his jacket a bottle of Clear Cola a popular soft drink resurrected thanks to a critic known as Brad Jones, but this is not his story. Viper looked at him with an odd look and refused to take it. Roadkill sighed silently and propped her mouth open, pouring the liquid down her throat. Viper snatched it, somewhat aggressively, likely from a combination of Roadkill's routine reminding her of a mother feeding a baby a bottle and her own distrust of anything associated with the Lunar Legends, The gang that was the cause of her certain demise. Viper downed every last drop, not only was she parched, but in the off-chance it was

poisonous he was only doing her a favor by killing her before the indignity and shame of having to put out for Bad Wolf.

It was not poisonous, but it was probably the best soda of her whole life given that she had gone more than a day without drinking anything. Viper downed it and said to her new found friend "Thanks, mind letting me out? Kinda gonna die otherwise." she said, sounding rather depressed and worried, she wasn't even pretending to be tough anymore the girl full on knew she was going to die and nothing was going to stop it. She's far too bruised to move very fast and if the bear was working for Bad Wolf, who else was? She couldn't trust anyone, if she ran down the street screaming "RAPE, SOMEONE IS GOING TO RAPE ME!" how could she be sure she wasn't going to get shot.

Roadkill seemed to realize this and shook his head no, Viper rolled her eyes. "Can you really not talk or do you take that legendary vow of silence REALLY seriously"

Roadkill looked around again, and motioned like he sighed, but sound came out, he tried to speak to no avail. This display of silence is all he managed to get out when Bad Wolf burst through the door. Roadkill looking very worried and covering his muzzle

"Roadkill my quiet little sidekick, getting one last BJ before I break our new favorite toy?" he said smugly as he walked up to the spotted skunk. "A shame she didn't know her place, the smaller ones are actually kinda cute in a way. I prefer the ones with big fat ol' titties, but still, a certain charm to the scrawny bitches."

Viper heard these words and licked around her lips checking for any unwanted funerals. "What did you do to me you stinky fuck!?!?!"

Bad Wolf smiled whilst Roadkill gestured "No" frantically, the lupine laughed as he got in the car "That's right Viper, I've let my closest boys had their way with ya, provided they didn't touch that tight lil pussy of yours. Roadkill's pretty fond of getting his meat wet. He's also very into giving foot rubs." He howled a little as he flexed his hindpaws. "Part of the reason I keep him so close to me. He's damn good at it and seems to like giving them. To each his own I always say.. well if he happens to be me anyway." he snarled and laughed a bit. Roadkill rolled his eyes and put on a face as if to say "Oh please", adjusting his

eye patch for added effect.

Viper had wondered why her foot paws felt really good upon waking up, she had to admit even amongst the turmoil her pawsies felt pretty nice, she even blushed a little. "I swear by the Snakes Of Anarchy you will fucking pay for this, BOTH OF YOU! No soft drinks going to fucking change that."

Roadkill frowned and looked down at himself, Bad Wolf merely beckoned Roadkill over to him. "Not sure what the hell you're talking about Vipes, you're going to die and your imaginary dykes ain't gonna help ya. Well maybe they might, you might BEG to work for me as a call-girl when you get a taste of what REAL dick is like, real wolf dick anyway. Am I right Roadie? Eh heh heh! Tell ya what, if you enjoy it, I'll let you live" Bad Wolf was of course referring to the rumor that Viper was a lesbian, which was only partially true. "Though that soft drink shtick reminds me, did you get me a Clear Cola like I asked you too."

Viper called out in an uncharacteristic display of emotion "Oh.... Roadkill you didn't?" before the skunk got a second of the amazingly delicious beverage and handed it to his leader. "Figures..." she stated in her usual cold angry monotone.

Bad Wolf took a swig and licked his lips "I used to drink this shit all the time, glad they brought it back, anyway Roadkill, these past two days you've taken a..."

"TWO DAYS!?!?!" Viper shrieked

"Yeah slut! Two fucking days!....A liking to her, wanna see her go?" Bad Wolf asked

Roadkill nodded slowly and got into the passenger seat. He put up with various lewd comments from his boss about Viper as they drove, Viper had stayed in her seat. Bad Wolf probably would have just beat her... though she did attempt to get out in a desperation maneuver when the car reached the outskirts of town. But Viper couldn't open the door.

"Sorry babe." Bad Wolf said with a laugh "I'm afraid this car has child safety

locks. Don't want you opening the door from the inside. They're usually on, this ride is unmarked. That's right bitch. I keep this ride specifically to drive to this spot. Someplace in the near desert where I like to keep the walking dead. Even if you got away you'd never make it out alive. Only saying this so you don't think you're getting the VIP treatment. I've done this before and I'll do it again, and again, till I retire. I'll never die though, pretty sweet gig owning the cops. This little setup isn't even for money, might have said this earlier. But the cops won't actually TOUCH ME, what I said earlier about robbing the charity and the law's ass, a lie. All I want are weaklings like your gang eradicated. I kept you drugged up so you wouldn't try getting away and so you wouldn't hear anything. I know how you rats are."

"I'm a Gerbil, not a rat! Do I have any fucking scales on my tail?" Viper said rather ill amused, yes somehow this was more insulting to her than being called a bitch or being murdered. "Also rats are emo punks thinking they have no greater suffering, how the fuck is that anyway how I is!?"

"Same thing" Bad Wolf said with no hint of emotion to his voice. Clearly only half-listening.

She was going to die anyway, why not make the best of it she thought as she spoke up "So you take people here all the time eh? Always stick your puny pecker in em?"

Bad Wolf laughed "You would have made a good man with your snide attitude, but no, I usually bring the gator up here for the males, sometimes we'll double team the herms, depends on how much I've had to drink and how much I can tolerate that freak."

Perfect that gave her the opportunity to hit a soft spot "A three way where everyone has a dick. Sounds like you've got something to hide. Tell me, who's pitching, whose catching? Giving that ferocious mouse cock of yours I'm willing to bet you take it up the ass for him. I have ears ya know. I bet you liked that cum on your arm. I bet you licked it off slowly, savoring every moment of that salty shit. Bet his croco-spunk was tasty. Haven't sucked a reptile off myself. That was on my bucket list, but apparently you feel SO threatened by one little girl that I can't ever do that. So tell me, how was it?" Roadkill covered his mouth to try in vain to hide his giggling, a pointless gesture as he could make no sound if anything it seemed to make his boss notice him even more.

Bad Wolf growled as he violently and suddenly slammed on the break, causing Viper to roll forward. "I think we're here"

Roadkill gasped and had a look of "Oh shit" on his face

"I'd think you'd know better than to laugh at my expense Cyclops!" Bad Wolf growled, gently gesturing towards Roadkill's one good eye. "Untie her before I pop this bubble!"

Roadkill shook his head no, then yes, Bad Wolf growled "That's what I thought!" as Roadkill ran to the back seat and carefully untied her, legs first before being kicked in the face. Roadkill smiled and blushed at this, rubbing the spot where he was kicked.

Bad Wolf sighed "Pathetic" and pulled her out, tearing the rest of the ropes off. She was going to DIE why should he care if she got rope burn from this action. He literally pounced on her, allowing his animalistic side to surface, as she began to run away. He held her down with a single paw as he began to undress himself. "Why didn't I do this BEFORE I let you out..." he asked himself out loud

"Probably because you're as quick to jump the gun as you are quick in bed." Viper commented as she began biting his arm with her sharp rodent teeth. Bad Wolf swore in pain.

"FUCKING BITCH!" he growled as he proceeded to slap her across the jaw, holding her head down as he used his sharpened claws to create a hole in the crotch of his jeans allowing his already hard lupine dick freedom, the little guy was eager already poking through his owner's boxers... Bad Wolf leaned back, as much as he could, his paw sliding downward towards her chest. "Something aint right here..." He noted, as he groped her breast and felt something rough and, well not hard, but it certainly wasn't soft either. He ripped her shirt up with the same savage ferocity that freed his mighty member to reveal...

"I should have taken a peak earlier and saved myself the disappointment.." he muttered as he pulled off her bra and removed wadded balls of paper from the gerbil's barren and flat chest. She was simply not built like her younger sister, or like most women in general it seems. The wolf pinched her nipple, which earned

a glare from Viper who struggled a little harder to no avail, and sighed. "All the trouble just to fuck an A-Cup, no wonder you're a fucking dyke, I bet your hymen ain't even broken." The Wolf dragged his muzzle down to betwixt her legs, literally biting her yellowish panties off, pouring yellow drips onto himself as he threw it over his head with his jaw, licking his muzzle before speaking. "Have an accident, Viper? Hahaha"

Viper was very disturbed by this, did Bad Wolf just lick drops of pee from her soiled panties? True he was in the process of raping her and she was likely not going to see the sunrise, but, something about that seemed squicky. Viper had made peace with this during the car ride. She was going to die. It had been a short ride, but a fun one, she formed the Viper's Vermin gang in Middle School, they started out taking candy and in High School she and a female friend whom she had been experimenting with, though part of the lesbian encounter was to piss off her religious father, took it up to a more serious level. In her Junior Year she dropped out, she quickly ran away from home never to return shortly after this. She and Catherine The Cat-Burglar, her ex-girlfriend raccoon friend, traveled to the old town junkyard and with some ghetto-rigging made the home for them and a few gang members. Viper was 17 now meaning it hadn't been long since she went "Pro" as she called it. In a short time she built a haven of misfits, misfits who would either cave due to her absence or be bullied into helping Bad Wolf. There was no hope for her survival, she could only hope that Cat would be smart enough to escape Bad Wolf and continue the rebellion against a world of standards, a world pushed into a mockery of order by the over reactions of a fearful society afraid of change to people like her.

Meanwhile in the present, Viper continued to struggle, trying to distract herself from the present with more jokes. "If you like how my piss tastes, then I've got some brownies I think you'd be really into aaaagghhh." the young rebel began moaning in pleasure as her rapist began lapping at her pussy like the dog he was. She even giggled a little as the tongue entered her flesh. "Gaaaaaaah.."

She felt ecstatically euphoric as Bad Wolf eagerly entered her orally with ease in his eros. She needed a good eating out, albeit not from Bad Wolf. BAD WOLF! It suddenly clicked, Bad Wolf was doing this and from an angle at which he was vulnerable at, it also clicked that it was Bad Wolf who was doing this to her. She was lost in the pleasure and imagined it was someone more attractive, not physically, but mentally, physically he was very handsome, but his looks were the only thing attractive about him. An easy thing to do when you

really don't want to be in the situation one has currently found herself in. This was her last stand, she decided as she kicked Bad Wolf in the face and ran off as he loosened his grip.

Bad Wolf ran towards her and began stripping, Bad Wolf stopped halfway through and yelled for Roadkill. "Shoot her!", the skunk lifted his pistol and swallowed. Even without depth perception he was a damn good shot, but still he couldn't and threw the gun to Bad Wolf, gesturing "No" with his forepaws. He couldn't harm Viper, but he still could not allow himself to be harmed, which Bad Wolf would do if she got away.

"Pussy" he muttered before firing off wildly, missing every shot except for the last hitting the poor girl right in the spinal cord right above her tail, instantaneously paralyzing from the waist down. She really began panicking now, she reached forward, trying desperately to pull herself away from the duo in vain. Bad Wolf catching up to her shortly, walking for the fun of it. Stomping on her leg as she still crawled forward, unsure why she wasn't moving, completely unable to feel Bad Wolf on her leg.

"Can't feel anything? a shame, now you won't enjoy this as much." Bad Wolf taunted, beginning to mount the gerbil's rear end as his young victim started crying. She had thought she accepted her death before, but now it was staring her in the face. She had some chance earlier, maybe something would have happened, maybe her gang would find her, maybe Roadkill would grow a pair of balls and pop a cap in Bad Wolf's ass. Maybe she could have gotten away, but now she can't even fake it. Her death was literally fucking her in the ass.. Viper cried her poor little eyes out, the only solace was that soon it would be all over.

"Stupid cunt!" Bad Wolf called out "Can't even feel it... what a bitch." plowing into her backdoor until he reached his climax and poured his seed into her rectum. He thrust a few more times before grabbing her head and pushing it into the ground, rubbing her face into it. "Last meal, dirt, and now you can't tell Thanatos that I was mean to you hahahahahahaha"

Bad Wolf chuckled for a bit, there was nothing left to do but to end Viper's crying. A quick hand motion was all he needed. A crack was heard, followed by the sound of Viper's bowels emptying themselves. The poor girl lasted 17 years, but now she was dead. It was all over, her short life was at its end. There was no escaping Bad Wolf, there was no escaping anything anymore.

Roadkill fell to his knees and punched the sand, he didn't want Viper to die. There were a lot of things he wanted, away from his terrible boss, tons of money, a girl with small hindpaws, to find out why the police were so corrupt, to know his loved ones could sleep soundly at night, but not Viper's death. The spotted skunk grabbed some sand and watched it fall through his claws much like Viper had.

"Oh stop it drama queen, between Big Mouth and Headlights I have enough faggots in my crew." Bad Wolf told Roadkill as he got back in his car, honking the horn. Roadkill got up and returned to his passenger seat. He said nothing as usual, this time though, it was because he had absolutely nothing to say. An innocent life was taken and Roadkill did nothing to save her. Maybe he could have wasted that bear, wrote a suicide note, and let Viper go. Maybe instead of making sure no one played with her like that despite Bad Wolf's wishes, he could have just let her go. He was pretty sneaky, he could have done it whilst Big Mouth was watching her, Bad Wolf hated Big Mouth anyway and that scaly freak was far from innocent, he'd even get off because Big Mouth was one of the few people licensed to practice magic in all of White Rook, Nevada's criminal underground.

"Kinda in the mood to kill something else, something with more fight in it. How about you?" Bad Wolf asked his indentured servant, who was just looking outside the car, pondering to himself if there really was a god. "You really did like that bitch? Dames as feisty as her are hard to come by. Forget it, she's not worth your time unless you're into necrophilia"

"Like you are" Roadkill thought to himself, not daring to say that out loud, or anything really. Bad Wolf growled a bit as Roadkill only looked worse "I'm dropping you off at your house. Get hammered or smoke a bowl, whatever gets your mind off shit. She's dead, you're not, be happy about it." True to his word he did and Roadkill went straight to bed, beating up his pillow. For the first time in his life, Roadkill felt not only dead inside, but at the same time far too alive for his comfort.

Meanwhile, back at the desert Viper came to, feeling refreshed and awake, even able to walk again. "I'd say what a horrible dream..." she said cracking her neck and spine, especially the spine, that bothered her the most. "...But something tells me that wasn't no dream." she looked up and around, nothing but

desert and stars, she looked behind her and saw something that made her have a double-take. She saw a mostly nude 17 year old gerbil with a profusely bleeding spine, fresh defecation coming out of her backside, a gerbil who looked just like her.

“What the hell am I doing there?!” she screamed. The world felt cold and unnaturally hollow, as if she was the last living thing in the husk of a shell of a completely dead planet.

A feral vulture landed on the body of the gerbil who looked just like Viper and started pecking at her, more showed up, one of them tore her eye right out of her socket and chewed it up. She tried to shoo them away, but they did not even pretend to notice her.

“Well there’s pleasant sight” Viper said sarcastically. “I guess I’m a ghost” she said trying in vain to put her paw through her stomach, but only feeling fur. “but shouldn’t my paws go through me while I’m able to fly or somethin’?” she shrugged feeling sore all over, but she couldn’t just stop here and watch herself being eaten, she had to go think of something. She took a long walk heading back towards town, hoping to find something or someone that could help her. Hours into the night, oddly enough not getting tired keeping at her same stamina, though her back was still sore. Suddenly. while nonchalantly continuing her walk beginning to believe the walk would be eternal. a ghastly apparition appeared before her. A goat skeleton covered in purple flame, the glow hurt her eyes a little, but she felt oddly comforted by his presence.

“Do not be afraid, for I am Zulos one of many reapers and I have finally found your soul Valerie” the goat creature said, whose name was apparently Zulos.

“No one calls me that anymore!” The gerbil hissed “One of many? I thought there was just one Grim Reaper.”

“Alright, then I shall call you by Viper. There was one Grim Reaper known as Thanatos, God Of Death, but he has recruited others over the Milena. For you mortals have bred far beyond your intended numbers. You had your neck snapped, there is one reaper for every single way anyone has ever died. Thus you got me, the skeletal one your popular culture has deemed the sufficient one.” Zulos said, in a dreary monotone voice with no emotion whatsoever. “You are

stalling, there at least 5 others tonight who have died from a bone related injury and so I must send you to the council.”

“Alright, just one question. What’s the Death in charge of people who die from smoking pot like?” Viper pondered settling an old bet with her mother.

“There is no Death like that, it is impossible for marijuana to kill you, you could suffocate on it, but it would take a chain smoker of legendary proportions. It fights cancer and is intended as a plant of healing, why your leaders see otherwise I have no idea and it reeks of stupidity or corruption, likely both.” Zulos answered.

“Called it! Whelp, just one more thing to say.” Viper looked over her surroundings, reached for a rock which she just phased through, and quickly attacked Zulos while pantomiming that she was holding said rock. “You aint getting me without a fight, I still have to get ba.....” Zulos slashed at her with a scythe that literally materialized out of the air causing her to vanish in a purple flame.

The gerbil reappeared in a small gray circular room with no walls, instead of walls she saw flashes of things her mind could not begin to comprehend as anything other than pink colored dark spirals that she felt somehow made up the fabric of the multiverse. “The council recognizes Valerie Godwell, who wishes to be addressed as Viper.” a voice called out, it sounded asexual and monotone, almost robotic.

The room became less dark and the voice continued, becoming more female and taking on a level of emotion needed to convey the seriousness of a situation, whilst still trying to reach out and assert a calming aura.

“Viper darling, you’ve been killed and ssshamed by a wolf and been ssssentenced to damnation for your sssins” Viper looked up and saw a giant woman who towered over her, well, at least womanish... the top half was definitely female, her black hair was all done up, with a reptilian face and even more noticeable mammal-like chest was definitely not masculine, She was scaly and reddish, her bottom half resembled that of a snake’s. A Diamondback from what Viper could tell, she was accompanied by two other nags a Queen Cobra, a Python, and a another woman who looked like a Rattlesnake, the room was spinning, yet staying still. Viper could not truly come to terms with what was

going on. She felt herself the center of attention suddenly and the center of the room surrounded by the snake women. The floor felt like it was moving, it felt scaly and rough, much like a snake. Upon looking down Viper realized that even the floor, consisted of one giant snake woman, an anaconda whose long tail made up the floor.

“Okay I get it, I’m dead. Wasn’t there supposed to be clouds and Saint Peter telling me how bad of a girl I’ve been?” Viper said, trying to gain some kind of bearing, as she began feeling dizzy.

“You are not Catholic Viper so, you don’t get St. Peter’s trial. You devoted your life to the symbol of snakes, so snakes you get. You failed to make your life meaningful in anyway. So Sister Anaconda shall take you to the lower realms where you won’t cause such a clutter. If you have a case to make we suggest you make it now. It’s much harder to be promoted from the lower realms than from the Earth-world you were just in.” The Cobra of the triad spoke up.

“Like I give a damn, I just want to start a riot, lay down with cold 40, and stab some prick who’s been pissing me off. You send me to hell and you’re getting a bunch of bruised demons, send me to heaven and I might pluck some angel wings if they bother me with those harps. Sides, I was doing things with my life. Fighting the power! Standing up for the little guy, sticking it to those damn pigs, the cops I mean.” Viper piped up in rebuttal, before trailing off into a tangent. “Like... yeah cops, I got nothing against pigs. I didn’t mean for that to be a racist statement.. I just..”

“Your aggression is found humorous in this court, most aren’t quite as brave as you Viper. Though you do make a point, you were murdered whilst you had plans. Plans you have no real idea how to pull off, plans you could always put off till the next day.” the snake women closed there eyes and began to glow. “If you have any arguments make them now or we judge you to be worthless.”

“Eh, well the right opportunity never showed itself. Bad Wolf, Kitsune King, Proud Lion, they all got lucky breaks.” Viper complained, slamming down her fists. “I’ve been hunting for the right opening to rock this world. Can’t blame me for that!”

“You did nothing but indulge, excusssssss do not become a lady, no matter what her professssssion!” hissed the Queen Cobra.

Viper knew in her heart that Queen Cobra was right, her bad attitude could hide the truth from everyone except her, she hadn't done anything with her life. There was always someone to point a finger at, her parents, her teachers, the elves, the wolves, the government, the police, Bad Wolf. Even when they did, if Viper really was a badass like she claimed, why was she letting these things control her life? She couldn't show it, but this is what was going on in her head as she stood in defiance, defiant even after the end, towards the snakes.

"You have a lot of passssssssion, but our words pierce you more than you'll admit to us, we can see into your sssoul." The Queen Cobra exclaimed.

"What the hell does that mean!?! " Viper asked, still very much on the defensive from these strange, terrifying, and yet, captivatingly beautiful snakes.

"It meansssssssss, that we have decided to give you a ssssssssssecond chancccccce." Queen Cobra stated, as she looked toward her sister, whom both nodded in agreement.

"So whenever someone gets murder, the victim goes back up and kills their killer?" Viper scoffed "Not sure how wars ever end then, anyway, I'm not one to laugh at a sweet gig I'll take you up on it."

Sister Rattlesnake rattled her snake tail and laughed "Hehe, it is a rare opportunity. You must have a pleassssed a far higher power than even ussss. You're the first to get this chance in a long time, we see potential in you young Viper, do not squander it again."

Viper sat down on a chair that materialized as she desired it, the gerbil looked down in confusion "Alright, well... let me go then.", this seemed a little too easy, she had to ponder the catch to this situation, though didn't want to risk reminding them of a stipulation when she could get off scot-free, all she had to do was kill herself a wolf.

Sister Cobra spoke up "Not sssssso fasssst, to enssssure that you won't die again, you sssshall be granted power of the Ssssnake Court and become a true Viper"

Viper shook her head, half confused, but "I'll be fine, the snake thing is a

little sexy in a weird sort of way, but makes it hard to bike.”

The Cobra chuckled “You misunderstand, you could not even fathom the true power of the Viper, Viper. You ssshall be only half blooded of the sssisterhood. Able to asssssume our sssacred form fully by night only. Your eyes shall be changed to mark you usss one of our own. There will be a few other goodiesss that you will discover on your own time.”

Viper tilted her head sideways “Why would you help me this much?”

the yellow Sister Python, who had been fairly silent up, delivered an explanation as needed “Because you have lived without religion, but mostly followed in your life the way of the Snakes Of Yig a sisterhood started by Lilith The First Mother. Your tramp stamp is marked with our symbol, how this slipped your mind we have no idea. But more so, even without our guidance you have embraced Anarchy in your life. We are curioussss to ssssee your potential. Do not fail us again or the consequences will be most dire for all of ussss.”

Viper looked behind her trying to gaze upon her own thick backside, her ass being the only part of her body that wasn’t small and scrawny. She was able to have a slight glance at her tattoo of a snake eating herself, she was surprised that it was glowing an off-blue color in the presence of the snakes, but with everything that happened so far it wasn’t too shocking. She thought to herself that it might be a good idea to look up the Snakes Of Yig. Magic was real and almost everyone knew this, but Viper didn’t put too much stake into mumbo jumbo. It’s not like she was skeptic, only an idiot would be after the Magic Civil War of 2012, it’s just the willpower needed to cast a spell required a lot of work and not too many people were willing to put in that much effort into it, and even those who did found it difficult to do much of it. The United States Of America had a highly controversial policy not found in most other nations, at least, it wasn’t as heavily enforced in other nations. Only a government approved mage, one who shows high potential and is singled out by the elves because of it, can practice magic in any form unless one could prove that their magical abilities were a gift from the divine. Otherwise they are brandished a danger to society for their powers. A Senator in Texas thought it up, Viper recalled learning about this in school.

Viper heard chanting in other languages, various ones as she felt a strange water-like substance wash through her sweaty and naked uncleansed body.

Wetting her fur, but she did not feel wet, she looked it, but she felt oddly dry. She literally experienced an orgasm and began fingering herself as she felt a wave of pleasure override every single ounce of her being. She moaned and squirmed in pure body melting ecstasy. She felt numb, yet whole, she could feel none of her body and yet all of everybody anyone could possibly or even impossibly have. In this moment she was fat and thin, small and big, male and female Absolutely everything, every single sensation. Chilling, burning, shivering, joy, fear, anger, love, happiness, hope, joy, sorrow, depression, euphoria, every single thing there was to feel. Viper was simultaneously everything and nothing. And by god, even the negative emotions felt wonderful. She was at an ultimate high, the best point, nothing could feel better. It felt like an eternity and yet was over in the blink of an eye.. Viper found herself awake in an alleyway very different from the desert in which she was murdered. She found herself wearing a very revealing red dress on her body, it didn't fit very well though. This dress was made for someone slightly taller and even then the bra she was wearing was fairly loose on her. She stumbled a bit trying to get her bearings, her head was a little dizzy, the world was spinning around, but it stilled quickly. It had been a few seconds but it changed from noon to night faster than she could blink, finally coming too. It was pitch black when she finally got to leaving the alleyway. She saw Bad Wolf and Roadkill who were discussing something, well Bad Wolf was anyway, Roadkill was being silent as usual. Using nods and head shakes to reply to his master.

“The Ex-Viper's Vermin are in place and ready to move when you get the signal, our guys will then swoop in and warn security. After the cops arrest the vermin, you go into the vault's real location then we steal it. COMPLETELY eliminating both the dead cunt's cool kids club AND the orphanage funds. Just like we discussed earlier.” Bad Wolf reminded his henchman, rubbing his paws together in anticipation.

Viper thought for a second and then had another surge, suddenly she felt a tingling sensation in her body and she took on a certain degree of thickness to her shape, her fangs elongated, the dress began fitting very well as her breasts ballooned up to a large size, she wasn't scrawny anymore. Infact she was a little chubby, but not enough to look unhealthy, she was a fully figured woman in red. Viper felt herself and found that the sides of her curves and her middle section around the belly button were composed of purple viper scales, her eyes although she couldn't tell where a natural purple made up her irises instead of a fake contact trick, they looked straight up like snake eyes too. Even her hair had

changed from her wild half-purple, half-green dyed head-fur to pure blood red, from a mohawk to long-medium straight well groomed and flowing bit of hair. Something that says “I’m Dangerous and Beautiful.” more than “I’ll cut you! I’ll cut you!”, it was still trouble, but a more sensual and subtle kind of trouble that draws men instead of leaving them cowering.

“God damn!” Viper said, noticing her now forked tongue, her voice sounding older, yet naturally more seductive. She looked completely different. With her new body she had an idea for a new approach. Viper knew that she’d have to take Bad Wolf out now, only this time he’d have a gun on him, Roadkill too, and neither would recognize her this time, not with this body or the fact that she’s supposed to be dead. Having the sudden equipment of a temptress she’d have to do something she despised, something that would make her sick.

“Hey, boys...” Viper said, walking up to the two, pretending to drag her feet. Trying to give of the appearance of intoxication “Cute costumes, you look just those dudes on that one show. Especially you wolfeh...” she gave an uncharacteristically girlish giggle and although on the inside it made her sick, she rubbed Bad Wolf’s exposed chest. Bad Wolf was wearing a jacket without a shirt, but a silver bullet for a necklace, in attempt to show off his macho form no doubt, but he laughed a little.

“A little drunk are we? Roadkill, put the plan off for a bit.” Bad Wolf said with a huge grin as he squeezed the rump of the disguised Viper, she scowled for a second but quickly changed her facial expression “I see you have an eye for studs miss, lemme guess, with the orphanage party.”

“Ya got me, just a stickler for a good bash, that coon in there didn’t spend any expense with the wine I’m drunk off my round and horny ass! You know a wolf once gave my rump quite a ride it was life changing, maybe you’d like to be the one to top him” Viper played into her drunken prom queen act until Bad Wolf went in for a make-out.

“I’ve got places to be, things to do, but I think I can bump you to the top of the list, you’ve got enough T and A for me to spare a few minutes.” Bad Wolf gave a savage growl before he went in for a kiss, his paws all over her. After giving the half-snake half-gerbil some tongue for a good while as Bad Wolf groped all parts of her body, wagging his tail all the while. A sickened Viper eventually stopped and proceeded to bite her “lover” in his neck.

During all this Roadkill watched, rolling his one eye, he thought there was something familiar about this woman his boss was wasting time with, but he couldn't put a claw on what.

Bad Wolf growled and rubbed his neck "Into the kinky shit I like that... I'll have to see about getting your number. I don't normally ask sluts this, but, what's your name?" but almost immediately he felt a sharp stinging sensation that brought him to his knees, he felt nearly paralyzed as a strong stiffness enveloped his whole body making it difficult to stand up. "Gaahh.. what the fuck!?!?"

"Viper." she said calmly, before laughing sadistically as she kicked him in the face

"Bullshit!" Bad Wolf screamed, struggling to regain control of his limbs "I killed you! Had a nice time fucking your brains out! TWO DAYS AGO!"

"Yeah Hell sent me back, said it was more of a place for scum like you." Viper took the paralyzed Bad Wolf's gun from his holster, the wolf unable to do anything to resist. Viper was careful to not to leave any fingerprints as she forced the gun into Bad Wolf's paw and then in his mouth and pulled his finger back, blowing his brains out, killing him instantly with the gun in his paws. Forensics would see what Viper wanted them to see. She heard an unexpected voice call out.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT! He's dead... and you're not... I... I'll do anything.." Roadkill spoke aloud, for the first time since losing his eye, he spoke. "Listen Viper, I did all I could... I... I wa-wa-wasn't even the one who shot you in the back, I thought he kikk-kkilled you... What's with the jugs? Did someone only offer to drive you back to town if you let them gigigi... give y-ou a boobjob?"

"Your first actual question is about my breasts, the first question I have ever heard you ask....Wow, men really are all the same." Viper said somewhat sarcastically, earning a nervous recoiled look from Roadkill.

"It's a long story, I'll tell you later. My new girls may or may not last that long." Viper gave herself a quick feel, she had to admit, it felt a little nice not

being a member of the itty bitty titty committee, the new weight was a little much, but she wasn't quite too sure why the more well rounded members of her gender said they were painful. Of course she was wearing support given from Snake Goddesses. She rather liked how they felt on her paw, like she stuck into her cleavage, her endowments felt like a big warm bowl of jello. "Either way. The signal you is giving my crew is that the whole thing is called off. You do that and we straight."

Roadkill shook his head "Yes mam.... I'll go do that and.. later run the idea of an alliance between our gangs by... whoever our new leader is.." the spotted mephit rubbed his neck, it was a little sore. The skunk hadn't said much of anything in years. He started to run off when Viper found a lollipop in Bad Wolf's back pocket as she was going to relieve the dearly departed of any cash he had on hand. She removed the sucker from Bad Wolf's back pocket along with his wallet, his cellphone, and her cellphone. Viper was about to unravel when she quickly remembered who this belonged to, provided Bad Wolf did not steal it from some baby.

"Yo Roadkill! Is this laced with anything?" she asked, not wanting to risk being killed a second time, especially not by a poisoned sucker from a dead statutory rapist's back pocket.

Roadkill stopped and looked back "No mam, thaaaa--aa-a-at was in-ten-in-ten.... a... as a.. job compl..etion.. present to hi..hi..himssself"

"Awesome!" she said unwrapping it and plopping the candy into her mouth "One more thing Roadkill."

"Y-yes ma..mam?" the skunk asked

Viper kicked the wolf corpse, grabbed herself one more time, bouncing her chest around manually a bit before finally saying with a smile. "Happy Halloween"

"You too Viper" Roadkill said with a faint smile, he was over-whelmed with positive emotions. It was going to be a Happy Halloween indeed. "Listen if you need a place to stay for awhile.... I-i-i-i defifififinitely owe you due what my gang did to you..."

“Can it with the friendly act Roadkill, I ain’t got no reason to trust you!” Viper said acting defensively, there still was that blowjob business that Bad Wolf had mentioned.

Roadkill swallowed “I’ll just go ttt-ell your gang you’re okay...”

Viper nodded and got out her cellphone and dialed the one number she so desperately needed to call, a voice that her ears demanded, and ears that demand her voice. A cycle of longing and passion had only between truest of true friends, true friends who had played around with the idea of being something more. Two hearts going back and forth like a pendulum over the warm burning fires of sheer romance. Bad Wolf was right about some things, maybe not entirely, but to a degree. The phone rang, Viper’s heart racing, each ring seemed like an eternity.

Meanwhile, in a bush in the backyard of the orphanage someone’s phone rang, this person was Cat The Raccoon, co-leader of Viper’s Vermin, who looked at her phone. Cat had panicked at first due to the phone’s incessant blasting of an Ay-Lay Song which she uses. whilst this person panicked, knowing the phone would give them and their teammates away. However, Cat then when she saw the name Viper. This person’s eyes grew big, and a paw clicked accept on the phone’s touchscreen as fast as they could. “Viper! Please tell me it’s really you!” the dialed party had said, half-expecting it to be Bad Wolf’s voice, that guy was fond of sick pranks without any real rhyme or reason.

“It’s me babe.” Viper told the person on the other line, a chill went through them both. Not a bone curdling chill, but a calming aura of serenity “The wolf’s wasted, that skunk who doesn’t talk much is gonna tell ya to abandon the job. I’d go myself, but I don’t really look like me right now.”

“Viper! Oh Osiris let it really be you. The wolf had told me you were wasted!” screamed the ecstatic voice of Cat, a red raccoon who was co-leader of the Viper’s Vermin gang. Cat loved Viper’s attitude and lack of caring about anything back in High School, the two shared an english class and have been inseparable since. Though their relationship has been on and off in the few years they’ve been together, the two have been close regardless. “What’s this business

about you not looking like yourself? Did he scar you up? If he laid one finger on you...!"

"He's dead, anyway. I'm fine, it's hard to explain. But all ya need to know is I'm fine. Gonna lay low for a little while. This shit's given me a lot to think about. Make sure no one fucks the gang up." Viper ordered

"Oh Roadkill's... I've got to move our guys out. But you stay in contact with me! I thought I lost you!" the tearful raccoon cried out.

"Willll do babe" Viper said, looking down the alleyway in the direction that Roadkill left towards. Pondering the world, her line of work. She had wanted to stick to the man and fight the power at any cost. However she was not too aware of the cost. As tough as she was, Viper was only a teenager she thought she knew the road, that things would never happen to her. She had discussed with Cat the possibilities of her shenanigans getting her in trouble, but she never thought she'd get kidnapped, raped, killed, and then brought back to life. Just one of these things would make someone wrong in the head, but all four happened to her in the span of a single night.

"I love you..." Cat's frantic voice called out from the other line.

"I know" Viper replied before Cat gave one final "Stay in contact!" before hanging up to focus more energy on moving the gangstas out. She stood in the alley leaned against the wall, and thought to herself. "Could the world be darker and colder than even I thought possible?" Sure, Bad Wolf was dead. But it was this world that spawned him, this world that created him. Viper's thoughts were interrupted by Roadkill's return

"Need anything else, Miss Viper?" he said, stuttering a little.

"I'll take that place to stay, and any books you have on the Snakes Of Yig" Viper replied. The two got into Bad Wolf's unmarked car after Roadkill took the

keys out of his ex-boss' pocket.

“Siii siisters o... wel.. Al...right, but can you have s-s-s-s-someone haul this car away? I don't want cops bugging me about a car they can't sca..scan sitting in my dddddddriveway.” Roadkill politely cautioned, he was referring to the year 2055's cops. A different breed of law enforcement than yesteryear, cops now have identity concealing armor and scanners that can get an entire dossier on anyone caring a valid idea on them just by looking at their face. As a result, having one's ID was mandatory and started as soon as a citizen turned 8. The scanner does the same for license plates, so it would look very fishy, not to mention illegal for one such car to be in one's yard.

The car ride was short and sweet, but an awkward silence filled the vehicle. Roadkill tried asking Viper some questions to get to know her better, but Viper wasn't in too talkative a mood.

“So..... That raccoon girl you were talking too. You and her close?” the skunk asked, but Viper was silent, not wanting to let on any potential weaknesses. Sure Roadkill was trying to help, but he was not doing much of anything back when her spine was had a bullet in it and she was crawling for her life. “Huh... well... how l-l-l-long are you go-o-oing to be cra-a-ashing?”

“Not long.” Viper said coldly, as she yawned “Do you have any books on the Sisters Of Yig?” she demanded to know.

“N-no.... I..i.. ha-ha...ve... ne.. never hea..heard of that parti..p... particular se-su.. sect” Roadkill stated, he sounded a little nervous, his voice was also high pitched with some spacing in between. Which was to expected of someone who hadn't spoken a word in ages. Viper was visibly annoyed at his answer. “Yig..gg.... tha..that's a Lo-o-ove CRAFT ian... Snaake Daemon riii-ight?”

The two finally got to Roadkill's abode, which appeared to be a Beach House. Roadkill got out of his car and opened Viper's door for her like a

gentleman should, but Viper just scoffed at him. “I’ve got a new body, it’s my first meal going to be?”

Roadkill gulped, his Adam’s Apple felt like it was throbbing as he adjusted his shirt collar. “Well it’s... like 5am, I was thinking about hitting the hay, but I’ve got some snacks... what do gerbils eat again?”

Viper blinked and gave the skunk a funny look “You’re kidding right? I’m a rat with a hairy tail, I can eat anything!”

Roadkill yawned, thinking it was a bit weird that Viper had called herself a rat when she snapped when Bad Wolf had called her one a couple of days ago. He didn’t put much thought to it though, after all she did so “rat with a hairy tail” and not just rat. In her head maybe there was some distinction between the two. “Well alright, help yourself to anything Ms. Viper, I’m going to go catch some Z’s.” He let his company in and quickly walked to his bedroom.

Viper looked around the living room the furniture was cheap and for a beach house the place seemed rather small. It seemed more befitting for a poor college student on financial aid than anyone else. Viper had noticed that in his tiny kitchen the size of a small hallway or a large closet he had nothing but snack foods and instant noodles. The freezer was full of mini-pizzas and TV Dinners, the shelves stocked with canned soups. Something told Viper that Roadkill both didn’t cook much and wasn’t here often. Especially given that the furnishings were so tacky and low-quality, the TV whilst High Definition, was barely used and not even set up for “Emersion Gaming”. There was a gaming console hooked up, but it appeared to be an older model with some launch titles that was covered in dust. Though from a pamphlet on the floor she was able to note that he did at least have Digital Cable, a 3D HD TV and Movie Stream, though these were rather basic things in the year 2055.

Viper grabbed a bag of trail mix and browsed her host’s bookshelf, which had indeed one book with her tramp stamp on the spine. A book which read “The Anarchical Sisterhood” on its cover as she removed it from the very expensive looking agarwood shelf, a shelf likely worth more than the whole house. The tome was old and musty, a dark green color with the ouroboros symbol on the cover in shiny gold plated text. It looked very much like a bible, but its text would be far more meaningful to Viper, she was sure of it. A sense of dread and

wonder stirred within the gerbil-snake as she opened it, she found herself hypnotically drawn to the text. Viper felt her energy sapped as she read from pages that seemed to glow. Her focus was all on the book as she read vigorously. The text was strange, it wasn't in English, but at the same time she could still get the gist of it. The young woman took breaks to snack from her bag of trail mix as the minutes melted away. After twenty minutes she decided to check her phone and found a text saying "Good Night Viper! Love you! -<3 Cat", and quickly went back to the book. Though after a few more minutes, the drain of energy was getting tiring to her and she quickly found herself asleep on the couch with her muzzle in the book.

Viper awoke around noon to a sight that bewildered and amused her
"I thought you only had one eye" she stated, looking at a two eyed spotted skunk all dressed up in office-wear. A Red tie, khaki tan pants, a white button up shirt with the collar popped and all completed with a name tag that said "Tom Arlen:DMV"

"I... it's.. glass... I... got..gotta go... ah. al...ready late..." Roadkill said hurrying out the door, stopping for a bit to take a second look at Viper. He had noticed that the busty snake gerbil he had seen last night was once again the innocent gerbil girl whom he had unfortunately and regrettably helped abduct and murder. The skunk blushed, though it could not be seen through his fur as he made another observation.

"Vi... vipes... yo.. your dress... do...esn't fi... fit anymore" It, he said as he hurried out the door, Viper looked down in surprise and disappointment as she saw her breast showed, her old breast that barely deserved even the support of a bra. What laid ahead for him would be an interesting experience. Roadkill would have to face the day as Tom Arlen, but not just any Tom Arlen, one that had not faced the world in some time, not since Bad Wolf had taken his voice and his eye. A Tom Arlen who can talk, and being a worker at the DMV he would speak to many people trying to get their identification and driving permits to run as smoothly as they could. The reason for his nervousness was not because he was unhappy, he was truthfully ecstatic, but at the same time ashamed that his voice sounded so childish in comparison to the proud elegant voice of a strong masculine adult that he used to have.

When he left, Viper looked around the couch for the Anarchical Sisterhood

book, but strangely enough she found it nowhere around her. Did Roadkill put it back on the bookcase? After checking, she saw a book there that looked similar but it was a bible. Christianity although not as popular as it used to be, still had quite a popular following in the PRA. She sighed and decided to look through Roadkill's clothing, although he was a bit taller than her there had to be something around that fit.

For Viper and Roadkill, a whole new world was still trapped within the womb of fate, waiting for her mother to give birth.

About The Author: Jessica Kylie Nichols-Vernon aka HawlSera is a transgender woman born and raised in Wilmington, North Carolina. Having lived on disability her entire life and worked several jobs below her education due to rampant LGBT Discrimination. She is an outspoken advocate for LGBT rights (ESPECIALLY the often overlooked T) and a supporter of Bernie Sanders. Religiously speaking she is a practicing spiritualist who likes to combine her magical

Viper:Queen Of Anarchy or just Queen Of Anarchy was written out of Jessica's feelings of frustration with the world around her, feeling as though the deck was stacked against her from the beginning. A common feeling shared by LGBT Millennials growing up in poverty in a nation that despite being wealthier than most other nations refuses to use any of that money to do so much as guarantee the rights of citizens to see doctors (Which basically every other country in the world does as well). The character of Viper was inspired by a young man named Johnny Locklear. A young man who by 16 had seen the darkest things this world had to offer. Very little will be shared about Johnny Locklear, the only important thing that the reader should know is that without him Viper wouldn't exist and that the young man is going through incredibly difficult times. I ask for anyone reading this to pray for him.

If you have any questions about the Viper series and its future, please email Jessica at kyle.vernon@gmail.com.

Jessica K. Nichols-Vernon is a Male To Female Transgender has worked on various stories on shifti.org including the Paradise and FreeRIDERS series, published Feet On The Ground and is working on its sequel Head In The Clouds, and wrote various stories for MetamorKeep.com which she continues to work on today. Writing being her favorite hobby.