

Title:

The Vicious Hyena Lady Torments You Through the Bars—And You Can't Escape

[Characters]

○ Yennefer Braun

You (the listener) are a newly assigned guard at a prison where Yennefer—a supremely vicious criminal and a spotted-hyena beastkin—has just been incarcerated. She takes pleasure in sexually assaulting people of any gender and then brutally murdering them. (According to autopsy reports, which comes first—the assault or the killing—or whether they occur simultaneously, varies from case to case.) After killing, she has even been known to devour their internal organs. She regards everything in this world as her own toy, and can only perceive things through the lens of "fun," "not fun," or "boring"—a complete madwoman.

Despite her feral methods, she is also remarkably sharp-minded and calculating, using schemes to torment her prey. Her words and personality seem to shift wildly from moment to moment, but roughly half of it is an act. She refuses to let her prey grasp the whole picture of who she is, planting a fear of the unknown that both saps the victim's will to resist and gives her the pleasure of watching them tremble.

If she went all out, she's more than strong enough to break out of any prison easily, but since she gets two meals a day without having to lift a finger, it's convenient—so she sometimes lets herself get caught and locked up, just on a whim.

[To the Voice Actress Playing "Yena"]

- During normal scenes, please use the kind of voice you'd imagine from a hyena: a "nonchalant, cool older-sister" type. When revealing her madness, please use a slightly lower, thicker voice, like a beast's growl. When quietly threatening, use a cold, fear-stoking voice. Please switch between several different vocal qualities depending on the scene.
- In the script, **only the lines marked with the heart symbol "♥" represent the expression of her true, unguarded feelings**—her real personality (ferocious, ravenous, insane) that she couldn't keep suppressed. Almost everything else is an elaborate performance intended to frighten and torment the prey (the listener / the rookie guard) for her own amusement. (However, because Yena's acting ability is extremely high, please **do NOT make it sound like she's acting.**)
- Lines with no semantic meaning (moans, laughs like "kuku" or "hihi," chewing sounds like "gatsu-gatsu," etc.) are provided as guidelines only; you do not need to pronounce them literally.

- For the insane or fear-inducing lines, please lean less toward an "erotic voice" and more toward something closer to psychological horror or suspense.

○ Supervisor

Your boss. Although she thinks it's cruel to assign a brand-new rookie like you to guard an ultra-violent criminal like Yena, she has no choice but to obey orders from above, and reluctantly put you in the position. Kind and considerate.

[Track 1] — (Supervisor, Day Zero, Morning)

(SE: Knock. Door opens. Listener's footsteps.)

[Direction: front / Distance: far (across the room)]

(Facing away) ...You're here, rookie.

(Turns around, sounding kind) Come on, have a seat.

[Direction: front / Distance: medium (across the desk)]

(Reluctant to deliver bad news—stalling with small talk) ...So. How've you been? Starting to settle in here?

Getting along okay with the senior staff and the inmates?

(Rookie: "More or less.")

I see. Well, it's only been a few weeks—fair enough.

(SE: Sets down a drink can.)

...Here. Have this, if you like.

...Go on, take it. When management's buying, it goes on expenses.

(Runs out of things to say) ...

So... about why I called you in.

(Rookie: "Please, just get to the point.")

Ah, right, the point... yes, I'm sorry, I should get to it...

You're right...

...

(Steels herself and turns serious) Rookie. First, take a look at this.

Yes—an inmate profile. All right, I'm going to read it aloud, so commit it to memory. Here we go...

[Reading from the document — begin]

Criminal under the jurisdiction of the Republic of Bestinia. Inmate Number: Alpha-079.

Name: "Yennefer Braun."

Alias: "Yena." ...However, you are **not** permitted to call her this.

Species: Spotted hyena beastkin. Sex: Female.

Sentence: Life imprisonment.

Charges: Sixty-nine counts of first-degree murder—and those are only the confirmed ones.

Of these, sixty-two were rape-murders involving aggravated sexual assault of victims across a range of ages and genders, with extensive post-mortem mutilation or cannibalism.

Additional charges: attempted murder, assault, intimidation, obstruction of official duties, violations of the Controlled Substances Act... and so on.

On top of that, over three hundred suspected homicides and other incidents where involvement is likely, but evidence is insufficient.

Further charges are still under investigation.

[Reading — paused]

...Still with me? I'm going to continue.

[Reading — resumed]

Psychiatric evaluation: Complete absence of empathy for others, and complete absence of fear.

An extraordinarily abnormal and dangerous mind. No prospect for rehabilitation.

Parole, bail, pardon, and any sentence reduction under Article 19, Paragraph 2 of the Beastkin Protection Act—without exception—are... denied.

[Reading — end]

...

That's the contents. That one's a copy, so hold on to it.

Confidential to the facility—meaning, under no circumstances take it off-premises.

(Gravely) ...

So, rookie. I'll be blunt.

The date is tomorrow.

That... *thing*...

Yennefer Braun—

will be transferred to the special isolation block here. Tomorrow.

...And the guard assigned to her...

is you.

(Rookie reacts with shock)

...I don't blame you for being shaken. I'm sure you have a lot of questions.

There's only so much I can answer, so let me tell you everything I know up front.

One: "Why is someone like that being sent to a backwater prison like this?"

The bigwigs in the capital say it's because worsening public order has left them short on isolation cells.

(Seriously) If you ask me? That's nonsense.

Most likely, she's so dangerous that some upper-class bureaucrat in the capital panicked about keeping her nearby, threw a fit, and got her shipped out.

Two: "Why is a rookie like you assigned as her handler?"

This... is hard to say, but it was a decision from the upper brass.

Officially,

they wrote that a beastkin guard would trigger her same-species hostility and predator instincts;

that a veteran's intimidating presence would only provoke her further;

...and so on, a whole list of reasons.

But they read like flimsy excuses to me...

(Suppressing her anger) I mean, no matter how stubborn those old beastkin lords upstairs are,

if they had an ounce of sound judgment left, they wouldn't do something like this—

quadrupling the worker's compensation payout just to issue—

an order assigning a single human rookie to a criminal this dangerous.

...

(With resignation) Rookie, I'm sure you already know... something about this is wrong.

And still... I have no choice but to give you this order.

Alpha-079... Yennefer Braun's cell watch, assigned to you alone.

...I'm sorry. If only I had... a little more authority...

...

(Aware of how little she can actually do) At the very least, let me do what I can.

If things get hard, if she does something to you—don't hesitate, tell me.

I'm on your side.

If you ask for help, I'll... find a way, I promise.

So... I'm counting on you.

[Distance: medium-far / Direction: right]

(Turns her back, reaching for principle) ...Rookie.

Ever since the beastkin revolution, things have only gotten harder for us humans. But...

at the very least... let's take pride in this work of ours.

Detaining criminals. Managing them. Making them reflect on what they've done...

In this prison, in the work of a guard.

[End of Track 1]

[Track 2] — (Yena, Day One, Afternoon)

(SE: Heavy door opening. Reverb-laden footsteps.)

[Distance: far / Direction: slightly below front (she's seated on the ground)]

(Sleeping inside the cage. Chained to the back wall — or pretending to be)

Zzz... zzz...

(Reacts to the scent of food, eyes opening) ...Sniff, sniff...

...

(Nonchalant, showing no sign of having just woken up) Oh. This time they sent a *human*. Hmm...

(Rookie's footsteps stop)

...Heyyy. What're you doing standing over there?

That's food, isn't it? What kind of meat? Smells good. Hand it over, come on.

(Rookie approaches slowly)

(An unsettling pause) ...

(Still nonchalant) ...Hey, come on, hurry. You've gotta come closer, or else...

(SE: Sounds of her writhing against the chains.)

See...? You can tell, right? I'm all wrapped up right now.

Bring it close to my mouth. Pretty please?

There's a stick over there, right? Skewer the meat with that. Feed me.

[Distance: far to medium / Direction: front (listener cautiously approaches)]

...Yeah, that's it. Just like that. Come on.

(A smug "gotcha" satisfaction beginning to leak through) ...Yes. Close to my mouth. Closer. Closer still...

That's it. Don't move, okay...? I'm going to eat now...

(Suddenly tears free of the chains, lunges with blinding speed, grabs the guard through the bars and slams him against the cage.)

(SE: Violent crash against the cage — "CLANG!")

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front (pressed against the bars like an embrace)]

(SE: Guard struggling.)

(From here on, full predator, serial killer, psychopath mode. We want to make a strong first impression on the listener.)

...Hhh♡

Aha. Caught you. ♡

Aw, how cute. Squirming like a little bug.

And... *sniff, sniff*... humans really do smell amazing.

Such a delicious smell...

(SE: Stomping on the chunk of meat — "SQUELCH.")

(Cuts off the ecstatic tone, drops into a cold command. Terrifying.)

You're louder than a slab of meat. Way louder. Shut up.

(Satisfied that her prey is under her control) Hff...

(Rookie: "What happened to the chains?")

? Oh, you mean these?

I broke them. They were cramping me.

This cell is cool and dark—that part I actually like. But...

being all tied up is the worst. It's boring.

(Five seconds of quiet breathing) ...Uh, what were we talking about?

(Nonchalant again) Whatever. Let's kiss.

Gotta start with that, y'know.

(SE: Face pressed into the cage — "CLANG.")

Nnh. Haaah—

(Rookie recoils from the smell of the hyena's breath)

(With exaggerated offense) Huh? Hey, what do you mean, "it stinks"?

I'm a *girl*, you know. That's mean.

(*Amused*) ...Just kidding. I know, you don't have to tell me.

Humans hate it, right? The smell of a carnivore.

(*Licks his face*)

Slurrrp... *slrp, slrp, lrp*.

Heh, *kukuku*. You can't run away, you know?

Come on, face me.

[Kissing — begin]

Mm... *chu, mchu... mph... chup*

Nre... reru, nyuru... rero...

(*He bites her tongue*)

Nyuru—

[Kiss — interrupted]

Ow...

Hey. Just now — did you *bite* my tongue?

You bit it, didn't you?

...*Hff*... *hff*.

...Cute.

(*Her true nature begins to surface. Suddenly, as if a drug just hit, she's rushed into a state of excitement. She forces down the urge to rape, kill, and devour him on the spot. She speaks as though something is lodged in her chest.*)

So cute...♡. So cute... *hff*, cu... te...! ♡!

(SE: Repeated slams against the cage.)

Aah, *hfff*... *hff*... cute...♡!

(*Too excited to finish "makes me want to kill you"*)

So cute I... *hh*, ki... ♡, wa-wanna ki— *kugf*♡... *kuk*... *kukuku*... *aaah*♡... *aaah*♡...!

Hey, I'm gonna kill you, y'know...♡. If you keep doing such cute things...

(*Closing in more and more*)

Wi— with, with these claws ♡, that cute little throat of yours, ♡

just *schlk*... *shhhk*...♡, *slrg*, *slrrgh*... ♡!

Hey... hey...♡! Kk, kuku...♡!

Hff, hfff...♡!

(Barely manages to rein herself in) Hff, hfff... okay...

(Returns to her nonchalant self) Aaah... haah... no, no, no. I always do this.

Gotta play properly with you... right?

Toys have to be played with *properly*... that's the rule, right?

Nfu... Come on. Open your mouth. Let's kiss some more.

Think you can do it right this time? Kfu, hehe...

(Suddenly cold) ...Open. Three... two...

(Back to normal) ... (grins)

[Kissing — resumes]

Amh. Nyuru, nyura rero rero... reru, nyuru...

Nrero, nmu... nyuru nyuru, nuryu, rero...

Repu, nuru nuru, pure, emu, rero rero, pmu, ryu...

[Kissing — end]

Pah... phew... yummy.

Why is it, with humans, every part of your body, everything that comes out of you—it's all so tasty? Hm? Kukuku...

Haah... where should I taste next... hff...

(Rookie invokes the prison rules)

(A flicker of irritation)

Huh? What are you muttering about?

"Regulations," "violations" — I don't know what any of that means.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: left (spoken toward the ear — note: because of the cage, it's not quite in the ear)]

(Lower voice)

So shut up. Keep talking and I'll kill you, 'kay?

(Rookie puts on a desperate brave front)

(A "heh" — still resisting, huh? Time for a little demonstration.)

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

...

Heh.

(Back to nonchalant)

Look, since you keep playing tough, let me teach you something.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: right]

Hmm... your back... right about... here'll do.

(Drives her claw in)

Hn.

(Genuinely entertained)

Ku... kuhaha... that hurts, right? How deep do you think it's in right now?

You can't tell, can you? It's in your back, you can't see it, and you've probably never had anything like this happen... but don't thrash.

If I pull it out as-is, it won't be a serious injury. But just... a *tiny bit* deeper...

and your lung pops, and then you're just... kuk, kukuk!

Scared? Hi, hihi.

What were we talking about...? Oh, right.

(Uncharacteristically serious — whether it's really sincere is anyone's guess)

I have one rule I live by. Just one.

I promised it to myself.

I. Never. Lie.

Got it? Unlike you, I don't lie. Understand?

So... when I say I'm going to kill you, I'm going to kill you. No exceptions.

Remember that.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

(Back to nonchalant. Tongue out, moves in for another kiss)

So, here—one more. Eh.

[Slow, sticky kissing — begin]

Hamf... *nchu*.

Nmu... *rero... nuryu, picha... rero, nyuru...*

...Mure, *pah*.

[Kiss — end]

Aha. You remembered the claw was still in you the whole time? Nice endurance.

Barely, though.

(Pulls her claw out) Hn.

(Looks at her bloodstained finger)

Haah...♡

[Licking her own finger]

Nm... *chupa, rero... pchu...*♡

[Rolls the blood around on her tongue]

Nm... nn... ehh...♡

[Low voice — a small climax]

Aah... ha, aaah...♡ haah...♡

[End]

(Her appetite is about to break loose — excitement surges again)

Haah... haah...♡ *jrl*, haah... haah, haah♡ no—

(To keep herself from killing him right now, she shoves him away) No!

[Distance: medium / Direction: front]

(Slumps against the cage)

Haah, haah...! Not yet. I still wanna... play some more, so...♡

Hff, hff... Aaah...♡

(Can't settle down, still floating)

Haah... ah... oh yeah—that food you brought me... right.

Hff... Hey. Stay there just a little longer.

If I eat this while looking at you, I think I can hold on a bit longer, so...

(Gaze shifting between the meat and him)

Haah... haah...,

[Ravaging the meat like a beast — begin]

(SE: Sounds of meat tearing, etc., as accompaniment.)

(Mix in cat-like breathing and growls — something like "fshaa," "fgyao")

Gau, gaff, ugha, gatsu-gatsu, gatsu, buchi-buchi, nngu...

Haah, agu, *gucha*, *gok*, *kabu*, *gichi*—

(Clamps down, shakes her head, tears and swallows)

Hagu, *gwaaaaah!* Ngu, fuff...

(Pounces on a piece that flew away)

Gyau! Gatsu-gatsu, *gucha*, *gichi*...

(Lifts her face, chews a couple times, swallows)

Gnyu, *kucha*, *kucha*... *gokn*.

[End of meat devouring]

(Basks in the post-meal haze. Licks around her mouth and fingers)

Hafu... hafu...♡ *pero... chupa*♡

Nfu... aah, that was fun. First time in a while. You can go now.

(Rookie can't stand, his legs have given out)

Huh? Kuk, kufufu... Can't stand up?

Aw, that's a problem. I still need you to bring me dinner, y'know.

(As if it's the most natural thing in the world) ...Yeah, you're the one who'll bring it.

And when you do, we can play again. Nfu...♡

(Rookie tries to crawl away)

[Distance: medium-far / Direction: left-rear]

...Hey. Wait a sec.

(Rookie turns back)

[Distance: medium-far / Direction: slightly above front]

You're misreading things again, aren't you?

I didn't let go of you so you could escape.

(Rookie — confused)

Don't get it? Nfu... after we shared such a *hot* hug and kiss?

(Rookie: "Don't tell me—")

Ff... yup.

Your body's got my scent on it, loud and clear, now.

A quick wash won't get it off—

that human lady you were with might miss it, but for a beastkin? They might smell it from a few steps away.

...I came on to *you*? Ahaha.

You really gonna try selling that to your coworkers?

Did you forget? I was—look. I was supposed to be all tied up.

In chains, to the wall.

(Delighted)

So, like. Here's an idea. What about this story?

I'm a vicious criminal, restrained tight in a one-on-one, extra-security cell.

You take advantage of that—you, the guard—and rape me.

"Stop, don't touch me!" "Someone, help!"

...Something like that? That's how they all say it, right? Kuku...

And then, fighting for my life, I break the chains...

and I gash your back as you're pinning me down.

...Kuku... fu, fuh.

'Course, I'll keep quiet about it.

I don't lie. Remember?

So even if it all comes out and you end up in hot water...

I'll keep my mouth shut for you.

(A "I've won — this one's mine now" laugh. If possible, please reference a hyena's laughing-style vocalization.)

...Kuhihi... ahah, ahhahaha...♡

Fufu...

...So, I'll see you at dinner. Waiting.

Nfu.

(Yawns, curls up on the spot, drifts off to sleep)

Faaah...

Zzz... zzz... zzz...

[End of Track 2]

[Distance: medium-far to medium / Direction: slightly below front]

(SE: Chain-rattling.) (SE: Rookie's approaching footsteps.)

(Idly chewing on the chains at her wrists)

Gaji... gaji... hagu...

[Distance: medium / Direction: slightly below front]

(Notices him. Pure delight that he came back) ...Oh. Nfu... you came. Aha... ahaha♡

Hey, just leave the food over there.

Right now, I wanna play with you.

Come on, over here.

(Smiling — eyes not smiling at all)

Quickly.

[Distance: medium to close / Direction: slightly below front → front]

Nfu, kuku...

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

Ca—ught—you.

Kukuku...

Heyyy... you did what I said. Good boy.

(Intonation like "You're a good boy, aren't you? Aren't you?")

Right? Good boy?

(Licks his face)

Mrehh, rero. Nfu.

...

(Five seconds of breathing as she stares at him silently)

What? I'm thinking about how to play with you, so be quiet.

(Gradually her breathing takes on a grin)

(Five more seconds of silent stare + breathing)

Deci—ded.

(Not fake-erotic — more like a child curious about a toy)

Show me your cock.

(A touch lower) ...You heard me, right? Your cock. ...Show me.

(Like a parent cutting off a child's escape route) ...It's okay, y'know? I could open the front for you, instead.

I'll tear it, rip it apart, and force it out.

Then you could tell all your buddies what kind of games we played together.

Kukk...♡

Come on, hurry up. Your hands still work, don't they?

(A flash of anger — real-looking, at least)

...Huh? You can't?

Haah... *tch*.

Humans really are hopelessly weak—

(On the last syllable, she grabs his hair and slams his head against the bars)

This is getting old. *Tch*.

(SE: Head slamming into the bars.)

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

There — now your arms work, don't they? Better open the front before I crack your skull.

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

(Waits, mildly annoyed) ...

(Looks at the rookie's penis — it's not as bad as she expected) ...Oh. Ohh...

(Grabs it firmly)

Hn.

(SE: Rookie flinches.)

(Delighted)

Kkh,ahaha. What? I just gave it a squeeze.

You're the one who exposed your most vital spot to *me* — what're you complaining about?

(Genuinely having a great time)

Hehehh...♡ Oh wow, you're really hurting, aren't you?♡

If you wriggle too much, it might just go *snap*, y'know♡

...

(Suddenly, she chills all the way out)

Get it hard already. You're not impotent, are you?

(Meeting his resistance with a grin — almost like dialogue from a Hollywood movie) ...Take it from someone with experience.

"Being in the mood" or "not in the mood" has nothing to do with a male cock.

I want to play. All you have to do is go along with it.

(SE: Zipper being pulled down.)

Here, I'll show you my tits. Look. Here.

...

(Rookie: slight erection)

Aha. Easy to read.

So you're the kind of pervert who likes tits?

Or a pervert who likes tits with fur on them?

I — *(licks her lips)* — like both.

...Kuku.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

...Well then. Time to jerk you off.

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

What kind of face are you gonna make? Nfu...

[Normal-speed handjob — begin]

(SE: Dry stroking sounds.)

...

Nhh?

(Theatrically) Hmm? You were so scared of me earlier, but now you look plain-old *good*, huh.

Kind of disappointing, actually.

(Reasserting that she's in charge) ...Fufu. But that's fine.

I'm in the mood to play with your cock right now. That's all that matters.

(Ten seconds of quiet breathing as she strokes)

(A smile that leaves no room for objection) ...Hey. Look at me.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

My eyes. Watch my eyes.

Don't look away, okay? ...That's right. Staaaare. Kuku... Just like that.

(Ten more seconds of silent breathing as she strokes)

Hey.

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

(From here on, she's using this to frighten him — she's implying she knows everything about him)

You look all serious and straight-laced, but... you do this to yourself pretty often, don't you?

And this hand—you use this hand a lot for it.

Not because there's someone you like, or for any particular goal—

you jerk off like a daily chore, like letting poison out.

Aha.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

I'm right, aren't I? You don't have to hide it.

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

Doesn't matter how much of a stiff front a guy puts up—

once I see his cock, I can tell he's just an animal like the rest.

Cows, horses, humans. All the same.

(From the heart) And I love that.♡ If I'm gonna torture a male, I want one like you.

(Tormenting tactic — end)

...

(SE: Slightly wet stroking sounds.)

Oh — getting wet. Maybe I'll tease the tip too.

(SE: Hips pressed against the bars.)

Don't pull your hips back. Bad boy.

(Ten seconds of quiet breathing as she strokes)

(Nonchalant) Nfu. So soft. So smooth...

My palm feels better than yours, doesn't it?

Humans call these "paw pads," right?

"Pads of meat." What a lame name.

(SE: Stroking stops for a moment.)

I mean, if anything, shouldn't *these* dangle beneath the cock—

(Grabs his balls)

Hn.

—be called the "meat pads"?

(Truly enjoying herself) Kukuk, *squish-squish~*

(SE: Rookie squirms.)

Kuhaha — nope. You're not going anywhere.

...

Kukk...

(SE: Stroking resumes.)

...

(Intimidating) Relax, I'm not gonna crush them or rip them off. *Right now*, anyway.

If I did that, a male dies, right? And dying without bleeding—boring. Total waste.

(End of intimidation)

...

(Stroking, completely straight face — unreadable)

Hey, you know?

If you want to kill someone, you look for ways *not* to.

Humans are so fragile.

Slit the throat, they die. Puncture a lung, they die.

Crush the balls, rip off the dick... yeah, they mostly die.

There are so many ways to kill. Look for them, they're everywhere.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

But—methods that slice without killing?

Ways to punch holes without it being fatal?

Those — surprisingly tricky, until you get the hang of it.

(With a subtext of "Don't underestimate me") Put in too much force, they die on you. Pull back too far, they stop taking you seriously.

You get what I mean?

...

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

(Keeping the same energy)

...Now then, time to cum.

[Fast handjob — begin]

(SE: High-speed stroking sounds.)

(Twenty seconds of breathing while stroking fast)

(Back to nonchalant) ...Oh, right. I forgot to figure out where you'd shoot.

Uh... hmm.

(SE: Zipper pulled down further.)

Mm. My stomach. Splash it on here.

Kuhi, do you like stomachs too? Your cock just jumped.

Kukuku... Okay, cum. Go on, shoot your sperm inside my uniform. ♡

Nfufu...

.....

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

Cum.

[Climax]

[Kissing while milking him — begin]

...Hamu... *nyuru... chupa, amu... nuryu-nuryu...*

Ero-rero-re, nmph... *nyupu, nyuru... mchupa.*

[End of kiss + handjob]

(Savoring the fact that everything's gone exactly her way)

.....

...K... kukk, kufuhihi!

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

(Half joke, half threat) ...Well, you've done it now. You've gone and *soiled* me. Ahaha!

This smell won't come out with washing. Wonder what'll happen to you if someone catches it?

Kukk...!

[Distance: close-medium → medium / Direction: front]

(SE: Yena's footsteps retreating.)

(Yawns like someone who's just finished killing time)

Kuaa... All right, I'm gonna eat now.

(Treating him with total indifference) You can scram. You'll be back, right?

(Intimidating) ...Or, if you want to watch me eat, you can stay there.

Just... I might get the wrong idea.♡

[End of Track 3]

[Track 4] — (Yena, Day Two, Night)

[Distance: far to medium / Direction: front]

(With an unsettlingly friendly tone) ...Heeey.

Did you bring the stuff I asked for?

[Distance: medium to close / Direction: front]

Feline-grade conditioner, and the strongest liquor you could find.

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

...Oh. Thanks.

They gave me conditioner when I got here, but it didn't agree with me...

it was the canine kind.

(Not really bothered by it) People get it mixed up a lot, but my kind is more on the *feline* side, y'know...

(Voice drops a notch — an amused threat) ...So... *this*. How'd you get your hands on it?

You didn't go through inspections or approvals, did you?

You're *my* designated guard, right? Is doing this, uh, *allowed*?

(Back to nonchalant) ...Kuku,ahaha. Kidding. But you still make that face, huh.

You still think you're a normal, decent person?

After what we did? Kinda late for that, isn't it? Kukuk...

How many humans work here anyway — just you and that one other, right?

Besides that older human lady, I'm impressed the other beastkin haven't figured it out yet.

Sniff, sniff... you've been working hard on scent-masking, too.

Just for me, huh... kuku...

No need to be modest. Fufu...

...Honestly, the world's a great place these days, isn't it?

The beastkin revolution? I couldn't care less. But—
thanks to it, this cell's got no cameras, no mics, right?

"Inmate privacy rights" and all that.

So I can play however I want here, and I get two meals a day for doing nothing—
(*Not particularly interested in the food*) ...Oh... right, the food. Just put it over there somewhere.
I'll eat when I feel like it.

(*Smiles sharply*) More importantly — let me try what you brought me.

[Distance: close to point-blank / Direction: front]

Fufu... pocket flasks are basically a fashion accessory now, but—
days like this, you're glad you have one, right?

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

(*Poking at his guilt*) ...I mean, that's why you picked it, right?
So you could hide it in your clothes to smuggle it in here. Kukuku...

(SE: Sound of the flask being uncorked.)

...

(*One sniff*)

Sniff...

(*Takes a sip*)

Mm... mmh...

[Sudden liquor-flavored deep kiss — begin]

Nmh... *jru*, nmh... *nyuru*, *nyurru*... *mph*... *pahh*.

[Kiss — end]

Nfu... mm. Delicious. Better taste than I expected.

(*An unplaceable, unsettling stare*)

(*Confidence that there's no way he can refuse*)

Want a reward?

...You do, right? A reward.

...Kukk...

So — strip below the waist and I'll blow you.

(*Seeing he doesn't move, cuts off mid-sentence and drops into a cold "Hey."*)

We're both drinking, so if I blow you, it'll be hot and feel *amaz*—
Hey.

(Terrifying, deadpan) I'm in a really, *really* good mood right now.

...Do I have to say it again? I'm in an *excellent* mood.

And I'm offering to suck you off. You get that?

.....

(SE: Rookie removing his lower garments.)

(Delighted that it went her way)

Kfu, fufufu.♡ See, you really did want it after all.

[Distance: point-blank to close / Direction: front → front-down (moves into blowjob position)]

Kukuku...♡

[Distance: close / Direction: front-down]

(Opens her mouth, moves her tongue, showing the inside)

Ehh...♡ *ere-ere-ere*...♡

[Blowjob — begin]

(Instantly-technical, tongue-wrapping blowjob)

Amu... *nyuru-nyuru, nyuru, niryu, nicha, nuryu*...

Rrehh... *nicha, ero, rero, rero, rero... reru-reru-reru-reru*...

Hamu, *nyuru-nyuru, zuryu, zuryu, zuryu*...

Nyuru, chu, churu, chuchu... chupo♡

[Blowjob — interrupted]

Haaah♡ haa...♡ Kukuku♡ Hot?

[Blowjob — resumed]

(Shifts to stroking blowjob)

Hamu, jupu, jupu, jupu, jupu♡

Nyupu, nyupu♡ *Nyupu, nyupu, nyupu*♡

Jupu, jupu, nyuru-nyuru... jupu, nyupu♡

(Stroking only the head)

Kupo, kupo, kupo, kupo...

(Licking all over with her tongue)

Gupo... nyuru-nyuru-nyuru... guchu-guchu-guchu...

Nyupu, nyupu, nyuru-nyuru, nyupu, nyupu...

(Pulls off briefly)

Zurru... pah♡

[Blowjob — interrupted]

(SE: His hips slam into the bars.)

(Grips the retreating hips to keep him against the bars)

Hehh...♡ Don't pull away.

Haah...♡ Feels good, doesn't it? A beastkin blowjob.

(Can't help intimidating even now) Especially with our kind — we've got long muzzles, good for sucking.

Just gotta be careful not to bite through.

Kuku, kukukuku...♡

(Light licks)

Reroh...♡ picha-picha, picha...

Oh. Let me lick your balls, too.

[Ball-licking — begin]

Rero, kopo, rero-rero, rero-rero, nicha...

Rero-rero... ere-ere-ere...

Kapu, chupo... hamu... nyuru-nyuru, chupa.

[Ball-licking — end]

Haah...♡

(Slightly devilish) Now then, let's make you cum.

You can come right in my mouth, okay?♡

[Blowjob — resumed]

Hapu, gupu, gupu, gupu, gupo, gupo, gupo, gupo♡

(Moving toward climax)

Nmu, jupu, nyupu, gupu, gupu, gupo, gupu, gupu♡

Gupu, gupu, gupo, nyupu...

[Blowjob — pause]

(Pulls off just before climax to make him cum below)

Mrehhh~...♡

[Climax]

Nn, nfu...♡ Nfu—...♡

[Blowjob — resumed]

(Doggedly sucks up every last drop)

Nmu, chu, chu, chuchuu♡

Nyuru-nyuru-nyuru-nyuru♡ chupo-chupo, chupu-chupo♡

Mchu... chupa♡

[End of blowjob]

Haah...♡

(Washes it down with liquor)

Nmh, nn... gok♡

Pah♡

(Lets out a contented breath) Hafu...♡

[Distance: close to medium / Direction: front-down → front (stands back up)]

(Stands. Loses interest in a snap)

.....

...Gonna take a shower.

(SE: Yena removing her clothes.)

(Peels off her prison jumpsuit)

Nn... Nn...

(Tosses the jumpsuit at him)

...Ff.

(SE: Fabric hits the floor.)

(SE: Retreating footsteps.) (SE: Built-in shower turning on.)

[End of Track 4]

[Distance: medium-far / Direction: front]

(Heat cycle has come on suddenly — irritable, restless, horny)

Haaaah... haaah... ahh... damn it...

(Smacks the bars)

Gwaah!

Haah... haaah...

Ah... you came? Haah.

(Imposing)

Get over here. ...Now. Over here. Now.

[Distance: medium-far to close / Direction: front]

(Rookie approaches slowly)

Haah... haah... haah...

(Slightly out of breath)

Dinner. Just drop it over there.

Haah... hff...

(SE: Yena grinding her hips against the bars.)

(Brooking no argument)

Suck it.

(Genuinely starting to lose her temper)

...Haah... I said—

Suck my cock. Now. I'll kill you if you don't!

[Distance: close / Direction: front → slightly above front (reverse blowjob)]

Fhhh— fhhh— fhh...!

[Reverse blowjob (rookie sucks Yena's phallus) — begin]

(Her irritation recedes)

Aah... aah... haah... haah...

(Masculine-flavored reactions)

Aah, yess... nn. Settling down... hff...

Stay like that, keep sucking... hff...

I was rock-hard, felt like I was gonna burst...

(The comfort of sinking into a hot bath) ...Yeah. Good. Teeth touch me and I rip your jaw off, okay...

Hff... haah. Nice, just like that...

(Taking it for granted) Aah, I'm glad you're here. Heat is *such* a pain.

This feeling of wanting to kill somebody—any body—just wells up out of nowhere.

Oh, right there... I'm gonna push into your throat...

(Grabs his head — half-irrumatio posture)

(Like food tasting amazing — no regard for the human's dignity)

Uah... haah...♡ Amazing — you're just... the best toy.

...There's barely anyone in this place, right?

Getting fed for doing nothing is great, but that part's a bit of a letdown.

But with you here... yeah, I'm glad.

(Teasing) Nn, nfu. That was actually pretty good. Have you sucked cock before?

Haah... kuku. Nn...

(Chats casually while he sucks) ...You seem to have a knack, so let me teach you—
how to lick a female hyena's cock properly.

See, our cocks — nh... they turn into pussies.

...The thing you're sucking right now, hff...

it softens up, and flips inside-out — *guh, gu* — and becomes a pussy. Got it?

...So while it's still hard, you lick around the outside,

and suck it like a normal blowjob. *Jupo-jupo*.

Do that, and it gets softer. Once it's softened up—

then you push your tongue into the hole in the middle and lick inside.

(Rookie tries to push tongue in right away)

(Interrupts her own sentence — training a pet)

Once you do that, it'll gradually get used to it and flip easier—

Ah-ahh, not yet. *Not yet*. My cock's still hard, the hole's still tight.

Once it's softer, then you can... nfufu.

(Back to "Good boy, aren't you? Aren't you?") You listen to me so well. Good boy, kuku... Good, right?

You really are sharp. They say humans are smart, but you're something special.

(Speaking like a malicious prince) Males who do what I say... I *like* that.

(Ten seconds of breathing as he sucks her)

Nn... hff... ahh, getting softer... should be good now.

Tongue. Try putting it in.

(The relief of knotted hips being unknotted)

Nnh...♡ ah, that's it...♡ yeah, good...

Stay, move your tongue, lick the inside... hff... nn...

Nn, you're good at this... kufu.

Might be the best I've had suck me, actually...♡

Oh wow... nfu, that's it...

Slowly, deeper, take your time licking...

This is where your cock's gonna go, after all...

(Calm breathing, relishing it)

.....nn, nfu... hh.

(Releases his head)

Nn, that's... enough. Okay, off.

[Reverse blowjob — end]

[Position: backs off slightly]

Hff... watch. Watch my pussy finish forming.

(Turns her phallus inside-out into a vulva)

...Nn, nf... *nh!*♡

...And done.

(Still nonchalant, still brooking no argument) ...Let's fuck.

Stand up.

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

...Cock out.

(SE: Rookie lowering his clothing.)

...Hff.

(Inverted "You can put it in" — it comes out as "Put it in — you can.")

Go on, put it in.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

(Intimidating) ...Put it in. You are going to fuck me. Got that?

If you understand, hips. Now.

(End of intimidation)

[Insertion]

...Nn, hf... hh.

Yep, it's in. Nn, your cock's not bad, actually?

(Savoring the feel in an offhand "hm, okay" way)

(As if it's perfectly natural) ...Thrust.

[Slow thrusting — begin]

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

(Genuinely loving playing with something weaker than her)

.....nfu, kukuku...

That's it. Kuku... good, just like that...

Pathetic hips, pumping away at me...

(The situation gets her off more than the physical sensation)

And I'm... really, really... ♡

satisfied with that... ♡ hafuu...♡

Haah...♡ haaah...♡ hff—♡

Maybe it's a hyena thing... I can go both ways, sure, but...

the sight of a male, hips thrusting away so helplessly—

that's the thing that gets to me most. Really sets me off.♡

(Still nonchalant, still wickedly goading)

Come on, come on. Push deeper. Kuku...♡

Nn... hff♡ haah... hh...♡

Hff...♡ nfuu...♡ haah...♡ kufu.♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front (pressing in)]

Aaah...♡ your face. The face you're making right now — so good.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front → right]

I'd peel it off your skull and keep it at my bedside. That's how much.♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: right → front]

And at the same time... I want to break you.

Melt you more, wound you more... make a total, beautiful mess of you.

I want both.

I'm selfish, hm?

[Kissing — begin]

Hamu... *churu*, nmu... *rero*, *nyuru-nyuru*♡

Rero... nmu... *chupu*, *mnyu*, *chupa*, *ero-rero*...♡

Hamu... *mph*... *rehh*.

[Kissing — end]

Haah... your hips are slowing. Come on, *work* those hips.

[Medium-speed thrusting — begin]

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

Nfufu... kuku, *ahaha*♡ nn... that's it♡

Hff...♡ hff...♡ haah... nfufu...♡

(Like she's hypnotizing him)

Hey. What do you think you're moving your hips for?

What are you shoving into my pussy for?

...Nfufu.

To protect yourself? Or... to make me happy?

Maybe both?

Kuku... you're beginning to realize.

Ramming your cock into a pussy —

it serves no purpose for your survival at all.

No matter how hard you pound me, no matter how much effort you put into it,

if I decide to apply even a *little* force — you're finished.

No matter how hard you keep yourself hard,

if I suddenly decide, on a whim—

"I'm going to kill this one right now" ...

(Truly delighted) ...even then, you can't stop.

Your hips move on their own.

The instant you see a hole through these bars, you *have* to fuck it. Isn't that right?

I know. I know.

...♡

(In a scheming tone) So — when I just pull my hips back, like this...♡

[Tip-only thrusting — begin]

(Trembling with amusement)

Kfu, aha, ahaha♡ kukuk...♡

Frustrating, isn't it? Lonely, with just the tip?♡

Kukk...♡

C'mon, press your hips against the bars, thrust out that cock as far as you can.

If it slips out, I might not let you put it back in. Hm?

Ahaha... AHHAHAHA...♡

(Peak enjoyment)

That face, all teary. What's so sad? What're you unhappy about?

Tell me! Aha, AHAHA!♡

Kukk, fufufu...♡

.....

(Calms a touch)

Fuuuh——...

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: right]

(Licks his face — begin)

Rehh... *rero*. Eroo, *rero*.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: left]

Picha, rero...

(End of face-licking)

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

Fu, kukuk♡... Wanna cum?

Wanna shoot?

Aah, don't say anything. I already know.♡

All right, I'll move for you.

(From here on: dead-serious, "milking him dry" mode)

.....

Hff...

Nn...

[Fast thrusting — begin]

(Fifteen seconds of breathing as she rides him fast)

(Moving toward climax)

(Five seconds of fast breathing as she rides him)

[Climax]

(Still deadpan — muted reaction)

...nn, hfn... hh...

...hh. Fu, nh... ..

...Haah... nn... nh.

...Aww. I just got filled up.

(End deadpan mode)

Fufu... kufufu.

(Back to nonchalant, offers unsolicited information)

It's okay. Even in heat, human sperm doesn't reach deep enough.

(A satisfied exhale, treating it all as routine) Suu—haah, all better. Hff... that was fun, I'm satisfied.

Okay, my heat cycle usually runs about a week.

You know what to do.

...You can leave.

[End of Track 5]

[Track 6] — (Yena, Day Four, Night)

[Distance: medium-far / Direction: front]

Oh. You came? Good work. Come on, a little closer.

(SE: Rookie falling onto his backside.)

(Horror-film tone) ...Nfu. What's that reaction? You find it *strange* that I broke the cage?

(Scoffs) ...Anti-beastkin reinforced alloy? What's that?

Never heard of it... you should probably make a better version.

(Oblivious to how strong she is) I mean, sure, it did take me some time, but...

a cage like this? I can tear it open any time I like.

(Starting to lose patience) Haaah... none of that matters, just get over *here*—

(SE: A bar she threw lodging in the wall next to his head.)

Hey. Do I have to come over there myself? I won't say it twice.

Yep. Good boy. Come on, come to me...

[Distance: medium-far to close / Direction: front (closing the gap — begin)]

(SE: Rookie crawling.)

Nfu. Finally — we can press up right against each other.♡

(Licks her lips) Pero...

[Distance: close / Direction: front (end of approach)]

Welcome. The floor's hard, but nice spot, right? Just kidding.

All right. Shall we get started—

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front (tackles him down)]

(Pins him) Nh.

(Her true nature slightly leaking through — cheerful, but with an edge that could kill)

Aha. Pinning you down like this... somehow, I feel *settled*.

This is the real me. Kuk...

Let's open your shirt. I'm in a good mood, I'll do it for you.

[Distance: close / Direction: front (she sits up, touches his lower body)]

(Tries to strip him below the waist)

Nn...

(Fumbling)

...

(Mildly annoyed) ...You know what I think? That uniform of yours is tight, isn't it?

Stiff, and rattling all over the place. You *like* wearing this?

Getting your cock out alone is—*tch*—a pain in the ass...

(End of irritation)

Nn. There we go.

(A bit let down) ...Huh. Still half-hard.

Lame.

(Muttering to herself)

Maybe I went too easy on you...

...Whatever.

(End of muttering)

Hard already means I can plug it into my pussy right away.

[Distance: close / Direction: front-down (moves back slightly — blowjob position)]

[Light blowjob to slick him up — begin]

Eh, hamu, *nyuru-nyuru... mupo*, eee-rooo reee-rooo reee-rooo...

Nmu, *gupo-gupo, gupo, chupa*.

[End of blowjob]

Oh, I forgot... gotta tuck my cock back in...

(Tensing her lower belly, pulls her phallus in)

Nn... *nh*♡

[Distance: close to point-blank / Direction: front (close cowgirl)]

Hff... so — no bars anymore, right?

I'm gonna do whatever I want.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front → left (by his ear)]

You were hoping for this, right? But no — just shooting once and calling it done? No way.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front (cowgirl)]

Nn, *nh*...

[Insertion]

(With chilling composure)

Nff... Yeah — your cock's actually not too bad.

Different from before... going a little deeper, nn... not bad.

[Slow thrusting — begin]

Haaah...♡ hff...♡

(Ten seconds of quiet breathing as she moves)

Yeah — moving myself feels best after all.

I know my own good spots best.

Hff...♡ ah...♡ nice, my juices are running...

Hff...♡ nn... ah...♡ hff...

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front → right (by his ear)]

Oh, no. If you get too good, no good.

(Gradually turning ominous — begin)

I'm just warming you up. The main event's still ahead.

Kukk... haah... yeah, good feel...

Once you start hearing wet, sloppy sounds between us...

Hafuu... you should relax while you can, y'know?

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

...because I'm about to do something *very, very* good.

Kkuk, kukuku!

(End of ominous shift)

(As a self-absorbed psychopath) Haah... damn, I'm so excited I'm already drenched... aha.

Haah... hfuu...♡ uh oh — I can't hold back anymore.

[Thrusting — pause]

Nh♡... hh.

(Ominous)

[Distance: close / Direction: slightly below front (raises her upper body a little)]

Nfu... curious what's next?

This isn't regular sex.

The reason I let you into my pussy—

is to have the *best* sex of my life.

Kukuku...

I know the technique that gets a male cock at its hardest—

and makes him dump the thickest, biggest load.

(She's not listening anymore) ...Ahaha. What, you're gonna get scared now?

You crawled over here yourself. You were hoping for this too, right?

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: right (by ear)]

...You can't escape anymore, so—

resist as hard as you can, and make me feel *amazing*, okay?♡

[Distance: close / Direction: slightly below front]

Kuku... kukk... kuhihihi♡

(Her predator nature takes over completely)

Haah♡ well then... *bon appétit*.♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: left (bites into his shoulder)]

(Suddenly sinks her teeth into his shoulder)

Hagu... hhk... *grk*♡ *aguh*, *hagu*... hhk♡

[Hard thrusting — resumes]

(Still biting — pleasure spikes)

Fguh... *fguuuv*♡ *gguuh-gguuh*♡♡

[Distance: point-blank to close / Direction: left → slightly below front (arches back)]

(Releases the bite — extreme pleasure)

Uaaahh♡ oooaaaah♡♡

So fu...cking good...!! ♡♡♡

Kfuh, fhh, fhhhh♡♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: left (bite resumes)]

[Licking and sucking the wound — begin]

Eroh, *reroh*, *bero-bero*, *chuu*, *jju-jjuu*♡

[End]

[Distance: close / Direction: left → front (sits up)]

(Brutal reverse rape!)

Aah♡ haaah♡ *fguv*, *fguuuhv*!

Ggu, *uaah*♡ *aah*♡ *haaaah*♡ *fuuh*, *gv*♡ *gah*, *oaaah*♡

(Entering a frenzy)

Haaah♡ aah♡... aha♡ AHAHA♡ HAHAHA... hh♡

Hafuu... aaaaah...♡ so good, so, so good... kukk...♡

Hard, and big, and — your cock, your reactions, your *taste*! ♡

The best! The BEST I've ever— ♡! Aghh♡ hff♡

(Thrusting continues, slight cool-down)

Hff, fufu...♡ kukuk...♡

(Truly enjoying tormenting him)

Hurts? Thought you were about to be eaten alive? ...Hahh♡ AHAHA♡

See? That's the method.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front (pressing in)]

Males—when they *truly* believe they're about to die, about to be killed—

they produce the best cock of their whole life, y'know.♡ AHAH♡

Haah...♡ survival instinct, or preservation instinct, something like that?♡

(Shows raw emotion) ...I love this... I love it, I LOVE it —! ♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: left (back to the wound)]

(Licks the wound again)

Reroh, *chupah*♡

Kufufu, aha...♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front]

Hh, *hahn*♡ ahh♡ uah♡ haah...

[Thrusting — pauses]

Hfn♡

(Suddenly deadpan, quiet) ...But you know. I can only do this with any one male maybe three times.

Nn... yours is already down one, then.

Well — a bite on the shoulder only gets you so far.

...Males are simple. Stupid.

By the third time, they get... complacent. Deep down.

"She didn't kill me last time, so she won't this time." "She'll go easy on me."

...You know? Once that starts, the cock's not the best anymore.

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: right (by ear)]

Once that happens, there's nothing left but to actually kill them.

(Recalling past atrocities, excitement rising again)

Rip open the veins, spill the organs...

show you, beyond any doubt, that you really are about to die—

drive it home—

and that moment becomes the last, final, best round.

[Distance: point-blank to close / Direction: right → slightly below front (sits up)]

(Raw emotion) ...But... but, right? Even so, hh—

it's not *enough*... not nearly enough♡

...I want it... I want more of it...

more, and more, and *more*♡

(Madness at its peak)

I've killed so many... *hundreds* of them, and, *kguf*... kukh...♡

I KILLED them — AHAHAHAHA...! AAHAHA!!♡

Kukku, fufu... haaaah♡...

[Distance: close to point-blank / Direction: left (positioning to bite)]

(Grins)

And you... are about to be... round two.♡

(SE: Rookie thrashing.)

(Rookie makes a desperate last-ditch resistance, trying to push her head away)

[Distance: point-blank to close / Direction: left → front (obstructed)]

(His hand hits her face — but to her, "Oh, you're resisting? How nice")

Hh... nmu, *nah*♡ *ph*... *haah*♡

Hh♡! Wha — mah... wh-at? *Nph*...

(SE: Yena grabs his arm.)

(From here on, her nature is fully revealed — she becomes an incoherent psycho killer)

...Haaahhh, I see... I get it...

You want me to eat you *starting here*... from this hand.♡

That's it... that's what it is, isn't it?♡♡

Yeah, that's so good, so goood—!♡

You did this for *my* sake... you listened to what I just said...

and thought about how I could enjoy this even more, didn't you? ♡♡

(A tripped-out face, quiet inner monologue)

Haah... yeah... yeah...

Who decided you can only eat a male after raping him? After he's dead?

If you eat while raping, eat while killing... doesn't it feel even better?

I get to see your face twist in pain—

I get to hear your screams—

I get to smell your blood, taste the marrow in your bones—

and your cock, *twitching*, jerking inside me...

I can feel it all.

Aah, how did I never notice before?

Why did nobody teach me this?

...Kukk, kufu, kukuku...♡

(Smiling, as if in a normal romance game)

Yeah — playing with you is actually *fun*.

If I get to play with you, I don't mind staying in this prison forever.

(Matter-of-factly)

Okay... let's start with... the pinky. I'll have one.

(His resistance doesn't matter — she doesn't let go) Nn, nn... fufu. No no. I've already decided.

Once I've decided, I can't change my mind...

(Brings his arm to her mouth)

Aah, aah...♡ oh god, this is going to feel so good...♡

I don't know what's going to happen to me...♡

(First, sucks the finger)

Haah... *rero*... nn, *chupa*, *slrp*, *hamu*...

Hah... haah... haah!

(Opens her mouth.....)

—Ah♡

(SE: The finger tearing off.)

(Bites through!)

Gu, gich, hhk!

(Restrains the thrashing rookie while chewing)

(SE: Flesh and bone crunching.)

Nn... nng... mgu... hn♡ ngu...♡ nnn...♡♡

(Rolls it on her tongue...) Nnh♡ nfuu...♡ nfuuu...♡ nmfu, nm...♡♡

(Grinds it down, swallows)

Mgu, mgu, mgu... gok-n.

(Aftertaste, and then...) ...Hhh...

[Distance: close / Direction: slightly below front (arches her upper body in pleasure)]

(The best climax she's ever had!)

Aah— ah, ahh♡ AAAAHHHH—!! ♡♡♡

[Distance: close to point-blank / Direction: front (close cowgirl)]

...Kh, haaah♡

[Fierce thrusting — begin]

(Beast, unleashed — reverse rape!)

Hah, ahh, oahh, aah...♡ aaah♡ haah♡

Haaahh, hafuu, uuh, fguh♡ uuuh♡

Uuh, uaah♡ haaahh... oh, aaah! ♡

Hh, gaaah! ♡ uuoh, ouuhhh♡♡

(Climbing toward climax)

Haaahh... aaah, aaaaaah!

Hh, hh, hah, hah♡ ah, ah, hah, haaah♡

[Climax]

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: front → left (clings to him, climaxes)]

(An inward, breath-held climax, belly locked)

Kh!♡ Kh... guh♡♡... hh... hh... hh♡♡♡

...k... guh...♡♡ hh, kuh... hh, hh♡

Haah, haah... haaaah♡ hafuu... hh♡

Fh... ah... aaahh... felt... amazing... ♡

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: left → front (sits up slightly)]

Uh oh... I'm never going to be able to stop, now...♡

(SE: Blood dripping.)

(Basks in the afterglow)

Ah... nfu, lightheaded yet? You're losing a lot of blood, after all.

Should stop it.

(Licks the spot where the finger used to be) ...Hamu, chupa...♡

(Genuinely enjoying herself) Ahaha! Right? It hurts, right? ♡ Kfu.

K... kukk...♡ this is too good.

[Close in — blood-flavored kiss — begin]

Hamu... nyuru, rero-rero, ero... nyuru... phah.

[End of kiss — back to position]

(Declaration of victory)

Haah... nfu, fufu. So now — you're *mine*.♡

...Let's do this again, yeah?♡ Right here. I'll be looking forward to it.♡

[Distance: close to point-blank / Direction: front → right (slowly moving)]

(Closing in, ear-level, begins)

If you disappear, I'll break out of here and come find you.

Wherever you are, I'll come get you.

Because — I love you.♡ I want to taste every part of you.♡

Outside and inside. Skin and bone. While you're alive, and after you're dead.

Little by little, bit by bit...

(End of gradual shift to ear)

[Distance: point-blank / Direction: right (ear)]

...I will *absolutely* kill you.♡

[Distance: close / Direction: front (back to original position)]

...Now. Gotta disinfect where your finger used to be.♡

(Grins nastily) You like it too, don't you? ...Booze.♡

(Anticipating him suffering more) Haah...♡ haah...♡

(SE: Strong liquor splashed onto the wound, and the rookie thrashing.)

Fkkk... kuhaha... AHAHAHA!

AAHAHAHA! AAHHHAHAHA!! AHAHAHAHA—!!

[End of Track 6]

[Track 7] — (Supervisor & TV, Day Seven, Morning)

(Setting: prison staff corridor) (SE: Two sets of footsteps.)

[Distance: medium-far to close / Direction: left-rear]

(Still unaware of the rookie's state, catches up to him walking and calls out)

Oh — rookie. Been a while. What is it, about a week?

Sorry, I haven't been able to catch you in person lately...

Work's suddenly piled up on me too.

It's nice to be relied on, but when it comes this fast, all at once—

I'm going to catch a cold from the temperature shock.

(Notices something off)

And how've you been — ...

...Rookie?

[Distance: close / Direction: left-rear → left (quickens pace to get in front of him)]

...You look downcast.

(Rookie: "Do I?")

(Still not gravely concerned) Yes. Downcast. And pale.

...Things not going well with her? With Yennefer Braun?

Did something happen?

(Rookie tries to walk off: "Nothing, really.")

[Distance: close to medium / Direction: left-rear (he's pulling away)]

...Wait.

[Distance: medium to close / Direction: left-rear → left-front (jogs around to face him)]

Wait, rookie.

(Slipping into counselor mode) What's going on? Tell me.

I told you — I'm on your side.

If something's happened, I can help.

Come on, you can say anything.

[Distance: close / Direction: left → front (blocks his path)]

(Beginning to sense something deeply wrong, blocks his path)

Hey, wait! Don't try to brush this off.

If it's hard to say, we'll talk in private.

Here, this way.

(SE: Moving, a door, footsteps. Door closes.)

[Distance: close / Direction: front]

Something is very wrong with you right now. Why are you avoiding me?

(Asking something she almost doesn't want to ask) ...Why are you... trying to hide your hand?

(Switching to a firm tone) Show me. ...As your supervisor, I have to check.

Show me your hand. Now.

(Rookie tries to force his way past) (Holds him back, becomes emotional)

Rookie! No! Don't try to handle this alone!

Please, let me see your hand!

Show me, *please*!

[Distance: close to close-medium / Direction: front (she steps back)]

(Unable to process what she's seeing — deeply shaken)

.....

...Ah...

Ah... ah, you—your fingers... what happened to your fingers?

This hand... y-you have only... only three fingers—

[Distance: close / Direction: front (steps back in)]

(Sees the other hand)

...Ah! Th-this hand—

(Speechless. The voice of someone seeing a murder scene — can't make a sound)

— —!

(Trembling voice, very human, not a prison supervisor)

...Hey. Wh... what in god's name did... what happened to you?

Your... your *wrist*... this hand, the wrist down is just *gone*.

I thought your walk seemed off earlier, too...

(Half-asking, already knowing)

Don't tell me... your toes too...?!

(Unleashes raw emotion — less sadness, more shock and nowhere-to-put-it anger)

How — how, after *this*, are you still—

(Then, quieter fury) Alpha-079.

...Yennefer Braun. It was her. She did this.

(Into her comms unit)

Do you read? This is Senior Staff 23.

Send three spare guards to Alpha-079's cell. Immediately.

...I don't care about privacy hours! This is an emergency!

(End comms)

(Steps closer, a little threatening)

Rookie. *Please*. No more lying. No more hiding.

What did she do to you. Tell me everything.

(Rookie tells her what's been happening)

(Confusion)

What?

(Shock, shaken to the core)!! Ah—

(Fighting it back) ...haah... hah!

(Nausea!)

—Ugh, gh... uph...

(Fighting the nausea) ...hhk. Hh... uh, haah... hah!

(Shaking her head back and forth) Stop... please stop—!

(Voice rising) Stop it!

(Thin, tearful voice) For your own sake, please, just stop. The rest — the specialists will hear from you.

(Covers her face) Hah... aaah... what have I... what have I *done*...!

...

(End of hiding her face)

(Voice still shaking, but forcing herself into official mode)

Rookie. I am, on this spot, ordering you to undergo medical treatment and indefinite home leave.

As of this moment, you are relieved of your duties as Yennefer Braun's correctional officer.

Your post will be handed to another officer starting today.

Insurance payout, accident compensation, medical fees — I will fight to get you every last cent in full.

You will not be shortchanged.

(Trying to regain her supervisor tone) Right now... please, just get treatment. Rookie.

(Thinking he must resent her for putting him in this job)

If you never want to see my face again... that's fine, too.

(Quietly, earnestly) Please. Rest.

You don't have to be near that— that madwoman, that murderer, ever—

(Rookie bolts toward Yena's cell)

(SE: Running footsteps, door flung open with a bang.)

[Distance: close to far / Direction: right-rear (retreating)]

— Wh — where are you *going*?!

Rookie! *Stop!*

[Distance: far to medium / Direction: rear, slightly right (she runs after him)]

(Running, calling to either side) Guards! *Guards!* Restrain that officer!

(Shouting desperately at him)

Rookie! Why do you have to *go back to her*?!

She's hurt you, she's *tortured* you—!

If this keeps up, you'll *die*!

She'll *kill* you!

(SE: He's restrained.)

[Distance: medium to close / Direction: rear → front (comes around)]

Hah, hah, hah...!

Rookie, you're in shock! You need to calm down!

Sedative! Now!

Look — look at me. Your replacement is already on the way! So—!

[Distance: close / Direction: front → left (she hugs him)]

(Hugging him) You don't have to be near her anymore! It's over — it's over...!

Oh, God... rookie, what has become of you...!!

(Sedative takes hold, he fades into unconsciousness)

...

(Scene change: a room)

(SE: Sound of someone getting up, morning sounds, a coffee machine.) (SE: TV turns on.)

(Documentary narrator voice) **A record: the beastkin revolution of the rabbit clans. Tonight, the unknown truth comes to light.**

(Variety-show food reporter voice) **Look at this *marbling*! Aren't you glad beastkin can be eaten raw?!**

(Public-service-announcement voice) **Humans and beastkin — we are all people. Let's get along. End discrimination.**

(Heart-tugging melodrama actress voice) **So what if we're different species?! I fell for your *fur*!**

(High-end beauty commercial voice) **Bristle fur, silky and shining. Carnivore beastkin conditioner—**

(Cool news anchor voice) **Repeating our breaking news.**

Earlier this morning, at West Savannia Penitentiary, a criminal is reported to have escaped. A prison escape incident in West Savannia.

The facility has not yet issued a comment, and details remain unclear. However, according to our crew, the escapee slipped past the security surveillance system and is currently missing. Based on the confirmed escape route, there is a high possibility the fugitive is a beastkin.

The perpetrator is described as extremely aggressive, with reports of over a dozen staff casualties, including three members of the bovine clan and one human.

Residents of the area are urged to remain inside locked buildings—

(SE: Doorbell / intercom.)

[End of Track 7]

[End of Script]

[Yena ad-lib total time: approximately 105 seconds]