

Mia's Revenge: Chapter 1

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Mia stood on her tiptoes, feather-duster in hand, trying to reach the countertop. She ought to know better, she reasoned; Jill's house was built for an 8-foot-tall dragon, not a 4-foot-tall wolf. She sighed and grabbed a step-ladder. Despite her slovenly ways, Jill—Mia's hermaphroditic wife—would run her nasty finger over random surfaces when she returned from work, and Mia knew that if they weren't perfect, she'd be in for it.

Stepping up on the ladder, she moved the canisters of flour, sugar, and other baking essentials, dusted them off, and then dusted under them before returning them to their rightful places. She tried hard to focus on her work and not on the sense of impending doom she felt this time of afternoon every day.

Afternoon.

Oh, no! She was late!

Mia scrambled to put the canisters back and the duster down and then quickly flew into the refrigerator to grab the meat for dinner: a 10-pound prime-cut steak for Jill and a quarter-pound of ground beef for herself. She grunted as she hoisted the steak up onto the counter to let it come to room temperature and put the package of ground beef in the sink. Then she raced to the pantry to grab the spices she'd need for the rub on the steak, measured them out, mixed them, and set them aside for later.

She glanced at the clock and breathed a sigh of relief. If she hurried—and she *must* hurry—she could get Jill's bathroom cleaned just in time to get dinner started before her wife got home. She shuddered at the thought—both thoughts, actually.

The stink of the place hit her before she even stepped in. Thank *goodness* Jill insisted Mia was too messy to use her bathroom; the place revolted the wolfess every time she went in. How her wife could make the place so nasty in a single morning baffled, appalled, and dismayed the wolfess. Donning thick rubber gloves, a rubber apron to keep her belly-fur white, and a face-mask, and taking several deep breaths, she stepped inside and turned on the lights.

It was about typical.

A pair of period-drenched underwear lay in the sink, the shower was coated in a thick, greasy substance, and Jill had once again missed the toilet when she pissed. Mia sighed, forgetting the stench, and coughed when the fetid air hit her nostrils. She could understand that it must be hard for Jill to aim when she had both a vagina and a cock to piss out of at once, but it seemed to her that the other hermaphrodites she'd met didn't seem to have much trouble handling it.

Mia had, in fact, even dated a very nice herm rabbit shortly before she'd been introduced to Jill. Kara treated Mia very nicely, kept a very clean house, and they had a lot of common interests. Alas, Kara couldn't pay even a penny on the dollar that Jill had paid in dowry for Mia, and her parents—those miserable money-grubbers—had bribed the judge at the courthouse, taken out a restraining order on Kara, and signed the marriage certificate on Mia's behalf, effectively selling their daughter into the servitude of this wretched herm.

But Mia didn't like to think about that, and the stench of Jill's piss on the floor and on the toilet was making her eyes burn. She quickly got to work scrubbing the outside of the toilet. If she could get the piss cleaned up, the stink would alleviate some. Chopping onions with dry eyes was better than this.

But as Mia came to the edge of the toilet, she groaned. Jill hadn't flushed—again. Suffice to say, Mia did, right then and there. It took three tries to get it to go down.

On the plus side, at least she used the bathroom this time, Mia reminded herself. She hated having to look so hard to find the good in things, but on the other hand, she'd go crazy if she didn't. The fact was, be it through laziness, contempt for Mia, greater interest in doing whatever she was doing at the time, or some combination of the three, Jill had no compunctions against doing her business wherever she was: in bed, in the living room, in the kitchen, inside or outside. Mia sometimes wondered whether the dragoness was just flat-out incontinent, but given Jill had the good grace *not* to do her business when they were in public, Mia suspected that wasn't the case.

After a *lot* of scrubbing, the toilet and a ring on the floor around it shone like a bright light in the middle of a gloomy, smog-filled city. Mia grimaced as she threw the underwear in the laundry and set to work on

the shower. One might think the greasy substance was oil from her wife's skin, but *au contraire*, the only use Jill had for the shower was target practice for masturbation when she wasn't—erm, well, Mia didn't like to think about that, either.

Bringing her trusty stepladder into the shower stall, Mia started scrubbing the wall. A huge glob of thick, whitish, greasy goop landed on her shoulder, startling her and nearly making her fall off the ladder. She whipped her head around to look at it and shuddered, quickly flicking it off with her glove. That explained why Jill was in such a good mood this morning: she'd had more range than usual and had hit the 14-foot ceiling during her morning ritual. Mia grimaced and sighed and then took the stepladder out of the shower stall and hurried to fetch an extension ladder. She wasn't sure, yet, how she was going to reach the middle of the ceiling, but she could, at least, get the spots near the wall cleaned.

An hour later, she finally had the shower stall shining like the toilet. That just left the tub and the sink. Fortunately, Jill hadn't used the tub for anything in months, and the sink hadn't seen much use, either. As long as Mia thoroughly bleached Jill's bloody undergarments, they wouldn't accumulate in the sink like they had that one time Mia had to go tend her father in the hospital. She'd come back a week later to a sink stained red with Jill's menses and filled with crusted underwear. After scrubbing the sink with every solvent known to fur-kind, she finally convinced Jill that the only way to get it clean was to replace it.

Jill wasn't happy about it. Mia rubbed her side and shuddered at the scar she felt under her fur. She'd gone to her parents, begging for help after she got out of the hospital. It took fifty-three stitches to keep her side together. She was terrified to go back to Jill and desperately needed a restraining order.

Her parents' response: "That's what you get for pissing her off. Be a better wife."

She scrubbed the sink, trying hard not to think about it. It terrified her, and sometimes she'd have flashbacks that would leave her screaming.

Shoving those thoughts from her mind, she got Jill's fluids washed away, and then did a cursory cleaning of the tub. She was already running late for dinner thanks to Jill's exuberant masturbation, but she *had* to finish this. She scrubbed the floor vigorously and got all the grime off, rinsed off her gloves and apron and took them to her bathroom to air-dry, and then raced into the kitchen, already panting.

She quickly washed her paws, donned some coveralls and a hairnet to keep her long, white hair and dark gray fur out of the food—Jill would clobber her if *that* happened—and palpated the steak with her paw, checking its temperature. She whined softly, wishing she could have some of it, too. It sure looked mouth-watering, but she didn't have time for that. The meat was up to temp, which was good, but she needed to work on the sides.

If there *had* to be a silver lining to the gloomy cloud that was her life, it was cooking for Jill. Not that Mia actually liked doing *anything* for that miserable creature, but she *did* love to cook. She wished she could cook something tasty for herself, too, but Jill told her that the smell of the food Mia prepared for her was all she deserved. *It's better than nothing*, she reminded herself.

She threw open the refrigerator and grabbed the vegetables for the salad and the green beans she was going to serve with Jill's steak, and then she set to work dicing onions and bacon to put in with the green beans, got them bubbling on the stove, and started making the salad.

She liked doing salads, mostly because they were the only thing Jill let her eat besides the little bit of hamburger. She'd made her own fresh balsamic vinaigrette dressing that morning and put it in the refrigerator to chill, and now she chopped up the carrots, celery, radishes, bell pepper, and tomato, arranged them on a bed of romaine lettuce, spinach leaves, and snow peas, and then topped it all off with broccoli florets, adjusting them to make them look just right.

Shoot! The table!

She left the green beans cooking and the salad on the plates where they were and hurried to get the placemats set, the napkins folded, the plates placed, and the silverware positioned just right before going back into the kitchen to grab the salads and place them on the table.

And now, the challenging part—but Mia's favorite, even if it was torture to smell the steak and know that she would never get to taste it. She fired up the grill to let it get good and hot, took the steak from its

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packaging, and began to rub it all over with the seasoning mixture she'd made, a combination of garlic, salt, and pepper, with just a hint of olive oil. It wasn't fancy, but it was the best steak seasoning she'd ever had, and Jill had never complained, which was saying a lot: Jill complained about *everything* Mia did.

With the steak well-rubbed, Mia put it down to let it rest just a little bit while the grill heated. Then she went to the green beans, strained them, and arranged them on Jill's dinner plate. She charred them lightly with a cooking torch and sprinkled a little coarse salt on them, careful to keep the salt from straying onto the rest of the plate.

And now, the steak. Mia checked the clock and breathed a sigh of relief. She'd managed to get caught up by doing the salad and beans in parallel, and she was right on schedule to start the steak. Jill would be home in about 15 minutes, which gave Mia just enough time. She hefted the huge steak onto the grill, using both paws to lift it, and listened to the sizzle as the meat seared. She quickly closed the lid on the grill.

Even as the meat hit the hot surface, she readied her tongs, though. Jill liked her steaks rare—"bleeding," she liked to say, "like my cunt"—and Mia knew far too well not to overcook it. 3, 2, 1, she timed in her head, and then grunted, grabbed the steak with the tongs, and pulled hard to flip it over. It was a *lot* of meat for the grill, but it wasn't her first time, either. The steak already smelled so good, and Mia had to keep her mouth closed to avoid drooling on it. If she thought she could get away with it, she'd spit in it, but...

Mia timed it again, and at just the right time, she dropped the grill temperature to low and set a timer. She had to hurry to get the dishes cleaned up before Jill got home. The dragoness expected food to just magically appear—with no evidence of how it was cooked—and it was both pointless and painful to argue with her. Mia hurried to scrub and rinse the pot used for the green beans. The timer went off after six minutes, and she hastily put the pot in the sink, raced to the grill, lifted the lid, and grunted and gritted her teeth as she used both hands on the tongs to flip the meat over again and close the lid. The smell was overpowering, and she had to slurp and swallow to keep her salivating under control.

She dried the pot and put it away, then unceremoniously tossed the ground beef into a skillet and let it start cooking just as the timer went off. She grabbed Jill's plate—more of a platter, really—and took it to the grill.

She lifted the lid on the grill. The steak looked perfect.

She pressed her finger into it. It *felt* perfect, too.

"Oh, just a bite! Even just a lick!" she whimpered, her sensitive nostrils picking up on every subtle hint of savory scent the steak had to offer.

But she had to hurry, or the grill would overcook it! The wolfess hauled hard on the tongs and draped the steak beautifully in the middle of the plate, the green beans arranged neatly in the upper right corner.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she hastily turned off the grill and used two arms to take the platter to the table and place it at Jill's place.

"Okay, a good 5-10 minutes, and that steak will be perfectly rested," she said to herself as she hurried back to the kitchen to turn off the ground beef, plop it into a bowl, lightly sprinkle salt and pepper on it, and take it back to her place.

Gosh, she was tired of ground beef.

She washed the skillet, her utensils, and the cutting board, dried them all, and was just putting them all away when she heard the door open.

Her blood ran cold.