

Mia's Revenge: Chapter 5

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Mia couldn't sleep. Jill lay beside her, naked, stinking, and snoring loudly. But that was typical. No, it was what the dragoness had said as she raped Mia earlier that had the wolfess lying on her back in her pajamas, unable to sleep.

Kara was dead.

It was Mia's own fault. Jill had been sure to remind her of that—over and over. A few days prior, Mia had called out to Kara in her sleep, begging her to save her. Jill had immediately shaken the wolfess awake and beaten her until she told her who Kara was.

After that, things went like they always did: Jill found out there was something good in Mia's life and systematically tracked it down and destroyed it.

As the dragoness told it—in graphic detail—Kara had a wife and two cubs, all of whom were forced to watch as Jill slowly fucked Kara's pussy until she bled. Jill said Kara screamed, and her wife covered their cubs' ears as they all cried and begged for an explanation. The dragoness laughed malevolently when she said she ignored them and just kept fucking Kara, slowly cutting her in two with her penis. Then, after her family had all gotten to witness that, she ate all four of them.

She then proceeded to shit all over Mia and told her it was Kara and her family that she was shitting out. If *only* she would have remained faithful to Jill, the dragoness reprimanded her.

Mia was stunned, taking it at face value at first. But she knew Jill—or thought she did—and she thought it *must* just be the dragoness trying to hurt her. There was *no* way Jill would stoop to murder. Mia consoled herself with that until she saw the news headline on the evening news: family of four missing and presumed dead. A picture of Kara and her family appeared on the screen as the reporter talked about all the blood found at the scene, how the neighbors heard the screams and called the police, how they showed up an hour after the call went in.

Mia went catatonic; she couldn't *believe* that Jill's wickedness would extend so far as to kill an innocent fur and her family when the fur's only crime was being liked by Mia.

It...it didn't make sense. Why was such cruelty allowed to continue unchecked?

It was the last straw.

Mia lay awake because she realized that there was nothing good left in the world. There was *nobody* there for her. There wasn't a single good fur left in the world. She felt alone, helpless, bewildered, and impossibly angry.

Tears streamed down her face, but she dared not sob and wake Jill.

In a trance, she silently got out of bed and went to the window. She stood next to it, looking down at the ground one story below. She wondered if she could get the window open and hurl herself out fast enough that Jill couldn't stop her. She shook her head; the fall would probably break a bunch of bones—not much worse than getting beaten up by Jill—but she'd still be alive, and Jill would break everything else.

She turned and went to the kitchen and felt of the butcher knife. It wasn't as sharp as it could be. It'd hurt going in, but...if she did it right, it wouldn't take more than a few minutes for her to go into shock. She'd suffered worse from Jill. Nodding grimly to herself and knife in hand, she padded back towards the bedroom. She'd do it in her bathtub, where her blood would go down the drain.

But as she passed the window, she saw a shooting star and paused to look, gasping. It was Kara who had gotten her hooked on shooting stars. She always said that they reminded her of her loved ones and told Mia to make a wish if she ever saw one. A glimmer of a smile tugged at the wolfess's lips.

True enough, the shooting star *did* remind her of Kara.

"Kara," the wolfess whispered desperately, "If that's you, I'm so sorry... I—I never knew Jill would..." Her voice cracked. "You poor, poor girl. Your poor family." She covered her mouth and sobbed hard, pleading quietly, "*Help* me, Kara. Help me to make her pay. *Please*, Kara! Help me!"

Tears streamed down her face. It was a fool's errand to wish on a shooting star, but it was *all* she had left.

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Jill stirred, and Mia gasped, hiding the knife behind her.

One more day, she thought miserably to herself. I'll do it tomorrow while Jill's at work.

An icy smile came over her face. I'll trash the place, really just make it awful. Then I'll sit and watch some TV, kick my legs up, maybe have some of Jill's good wine. And then I'll do it. Let her live in my filth for once!

A sense of preternatural calm came over her, and she smiled faintly, nodding to herself. It wasn't the end she wanted, but it *was* an end. And if furs who committed suicide really did go to Hell...

Well...

It couldn't possibly be worse than living with Jill.

She padded into the kitchen to put the knife away, went back to the bedroom, lay down, and finally drifted off to sleep.

She awoke with a start and gasped to see Jill standing beside the bed, towering over her and grinning lasciviously. It was a drip of precum from her cock that had woken Mia when it hit her between the eyes.

"Get busy," the dragoness ordered, thrusting her cock into Mia's face.

Mia took a deep breath. *Just get her off, she'll go to work, and then it'll all be over*, she thought miserably.

She rolled off the bed, got on her knees, grimaced, and took the tip of Jill's cock into her mouth. She *hated* blowing Jill; the dragoness's cock reeked, tasted terrible, left coarse, pink hairs and crusted bodily fluids in Mia's mouth, and was so big that it made her jaw hurt to try to accommodate it. But knowing that Jill would beat her bloody if she didn't comply, she began tonguing the dragoness's tip, swirling her tongue over the greasy surface and making Jill gasp in pleasure.

Hoping that she could get Jill off without any violence just *once* before she died, Mia squeezed her eyes closed and continued licking and sucking, slowly working more of the huge cock-head into her mouth and relaxing to let it go down her throat. Desperate not to have to be raped again so soon after yesterday, she reached forward and began stroking the dragoness's massive balls, rubbing them, patting them, and squeezing them with both paws.

Jill groaned in pleasure and thrust forward. Mia braced herself to be forcibly and painfully impaled, but to her surprise, Jill's cock slid easily down her throat. She blinked in confusion; had she *finally* been raped so many times that her body could relax on command? Between thrusts, she breathed a sigh of relief. At least *something* was finally going well the day she would end it all.

But as she opened her eyes, she gasped around the dragoness's cock. Something wasn't right. Normally when she knelt, she had to reach up to get to Jill's cock, but now, she found herself actually hunching over slightly. Her pajamas felt tight, too, all over, and they were getting tighter. She grimaced in discomfort and glanced up at Jill, whose lips were parted in ecstasy as Mia sucked her and fondled her balls and the dragoness rubbed her own nasty clit.

And now that Mia looked, she could see herself getting bigger. She was still far smaller than Jill, to be sure, but she *had* to be closer to six feet tall now, and still growing, her clothes getting tighter and tighter. At this rate, she was certain her clothes would—

There was a loud rip as Mia's pajamas tore, unable to contain her size any longer. Shreds of clothing fell to the floor. The wolfess looked anxiously at Jill's face, afraid she would hear and open her eyes, but the dragoness was apparently far too wrapped up in being pleased that she didn't notice. Mia breathed a tentative sigh of relief. She didn't know what was going on, but as long as Jill kept her eyes closed, she'd keep working her over and waiting breathlessly to see what would happen.

With her newer, bigger size, she stretched her tongue out to lick down Jill's shaft. Before, she had only ever been able to reach the base of the first barb, but now her tongue lapped around it to lick the second one. Jill bucked violently, driving the first barb into Mia's mouth. The wolfess winced, knowing that if Jill

started thrusting, she'd hook into her tongue. She very carefully swirled around the dragoness's cock, moving her tongue out of harm's way.

A sudden itching in her groin made Mia grimace around her wife's invading member. She ran one paw down her now-naked body to scratch it, and to her surprise, she felt thick, coarse hair covering her mound. She scratched it furiously and quickly returned her paw to Jill's scrotum, afraid the dragoness would notice her paw missing and open her eyes.

But something else was happening, too: Mia felt herself getting stronger, felt her arms and legs building muscle tone. A piece of her pajama-top tore in two as her arms swelled. Glancing at her naked arm, she actually saw a discernible bicep. It weirded her out, seeing such features on herself.

It occurred to her that growing in size and strength and sprouting hair weren't normal for an adult fur, and doing it at this rate wasn't normal for *anyone*. Was this a dream? The pain she felt as Jill's barbed cock snagged on things in her mouth assured her it wasn't. But if it wasn't a dream, then what was it? She thought about her wish the night before.

Kara? Is this your doing? she wondered in disbelief, feeling her chest swell as the underlying muscles bulged.

A wicked thought suddenly wormed its way into her mind, and a sadistic smile crept across her face as she looked up at her wife. The dragoness's eyes were closed in pleasure as her claws lewdly rubbed herself.

She doesn't deserve that, Mia thought. *She doesn't deserve any of this. It's time I finally took from her what isn't hers!*

But she hesitated. What if this spell or enchantment or whatever it was didn't last? What if she did something to piss Jill off and then suddenly shrank again? Jill would kill her, or worse, rape her with that *fucking* cock.

That cock...

Mia knew what she needed to do. Her heart pounded with anticipation. Once she did what she was about to do, there was *no* going back.

The image of Kara and her family from the TV flashed into Mia's mind.

No! Mia screamed in her head, and without thinking, she bit down on Jill's cock as hard as she could. Her teeth met.

Jill's eyes snapped open, the pupils constricting to a slit. Her mouth opened, and a mixture of agonized pain and utter disbelief plastered themselves across her face. She screamed out a deafening roar and yanked back reflexively.

Her prick up to the first barb stayed in Mia's mouth as the dragoness retreated. What was left of her injured member quickly went limp, spurting blood.

Mia stood up and snarled, her hackles fully up. She spat the filthy, severed cock-head out and looked Jill in the eye. They were both the same height.

"I am *done* being your slave," Mia growled, her voice chilling in its barely-contained fury.

"Cunt-breathed, shit-faced piss-whore! I'll fucking kill you!" the dragoness roared.

But to her dismay, she saw Mia slowly growing taller than her. She shook her head in disbelief, snarled defiantly, and punched the still-growing wolfess in the solar plexus. Mia grunted and doubled over, but determined not to lose her chance, she swung around with a right hook, aiming for Jill's jaw.

The punch glanced off, and despite her pain, Jill actually stopped to scoff.

"Really? That's it?" she sneered. "This is gonna be easier than I thought!"

With a yell, she lunged forward and tackled Mia to the ground, pinning her down and whaling on her over and over. Mia started to cower, but suddenly remembering her new size, she kicked Jill in the testicles

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defensively, making the dragon groan and double over as Mia tackled her. The two grappled, rolling over and over each other and slamming into the walls, tables, bed, and dresser, knocking things off and breaking them under them. Neither of them noticed.

"All right, enough!" Jill bellowed, her cock and balls both aching and her ire white-hot.

The next time she was on top as the two rolled around, she grabbed Mia's head in her claws and head-butted her hard in the forehead. The wolfess went limp and stopped fighting.

Jill stood, dusted herself off indignantly, winced and grabbed her crotch, and loomed over Mia.

"I don't know what the fuck is going on, you fucking cunt-breathed shit-pussy," the dragoness snarled. "You may have bitten part of my cock off, but that just means I'll fuck you twice as hard! Prepare to be ended!"

She hunched over and *almost* started to do it, but her cock was flaccid and aching, and Mia was still growing in size and strength before her eyes. It would take too long to fuck her to death, and if the pussy-bitch woke up, she might actually be able to get the upper hand. Jill couldn't let that happen.

The dragoness wrestled with herself in pain and frustration. She *knew* there were other furs out there to rape and abuse, but she'd invested so much time into beating this one down into a barely-living pulp that she hated to lose the investment. Still, there were times when it was best to just cut one's losses.

"Better to start over from scratch than for it to stop here," she snarled to herself, gasping as her cock throbbed and sent a jolt of pain through her.

She stood and stepped firmly on the bitch's chest, her bleeding cock dripping into the wolfess's fur.

"Time to die, bitch-cunt!"

Her claws flicked out, and her arm flew forward to rip open Mia's neck.