

## Mia's Revenge: Chapter 7

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Mia's parents lived out of state, but now over twice as tall as the two-story houses she passed and still growing, there weren't many options for her transportation-wise other than walking.

And rampaging.

Still pissed off at Jill's insipid tapping out on life—and body—the wolfess stormed down the road, her plucked eye swinging with each step.

Snarling to herself, Mia kicked a car in her way, folding it in half around her leg and sending it flying into a nearby house. The occupants shrieked in terror as the crumpled car plowed through their wall, narrowly missing them as they sat on the couch, watching a movie. As Mia stormed past, they looked helplessly at each other, and the kids began to cry.

Furs nearby in the neighborhood heard the crash and raced to their windows, looking to see what all the commotion was. Some quickly got on their phones and called the police.

"It's a—a wolf!" one cried frantically. "A 50-foot-tall wolf! Do something!"

"Shut up!" Mia snarled, stomping on the fur and grinding his body under the ball of her foot with a sickening crunch.

She stomped her way out of the neighborhood just as a cop car sped past her, screeched into a J-turn, and came tearing back after her.

Now as tall as a 4-story building, Mia raised an eyebrow skeptically. "Really?" she asked, turning to face the car.

The driver's jaw dropped as Mia's enormous cock swung around. She took aim, stroked herself a few times, and blasted a jet of thick, hot, white wolf jizz through the car's windshield, knocking the driver unconscious.

"Bull's eye!" she exulted, stooping over to pick up the car.

The driver woke, dazed, as Mia lifted the car into the air.

"Ahh! Put me down!" he cried.

But the car continued to rise. The cop jumped out in desperation and fell three stories, crunching and splattering guts where he landed.

"Fucker," Mia snorted, shaking her head.

She crunched the car like a soda can and tossed it over her shoulder. It landed on a blind little old lady trying to cross the street.

"Look both ways—and up—before you cross," Mia snorted.

She continued down the street, kicking every car she saw like little rocks along the side of the road, sending them crashing into each other and into buildings.

With traffic quickly coming to a standstill as people rubbernecked at the giant wolfess, desperate furs began to stream out of their cars, leaving them where they were as they ran to try to get away. Their screams of terror irritated the already pissed-off wolfess, and she bent over to flick them one-by-one with her thumb and middle finger. Most died instantly the second her finger slammed into them with the force of ten semis and impossible speed, but some didn't die until after their lifeless bodies flew through the air, splattering on impact like tomatoes against the buildings and painting a gruesome sight as their mangled bodies fell in heaps where they landed. Still others collided into other furs, their bodies squishing together like two pieces of soft clay thrown hard at each other.

By now, the police had organized. The dispatcher had no idea what had happened to the officer who first found Mia, but when he didn't respond, she quickly sent all cars to go deal with the giant menace, now 100 feet tall.

Mia turned to see the entire road lined with police cars with their sirens blaring, picking their way as quickly as they could around the abandoned and crunched cars and trying to avoid the furs who ran away from the city-center.

"So now *I'm* the bad guy?" the wolfess scoffed angrily. "Where were you assholes when Jill was raping me senseless? This is just as much your fault as it is hers! No, fuck you!"

She began picking up whatever was handy—cars, furs, chunks out of nearby buildings—and hurling them at the cop cars. It was a surreal, awful scene. A car that was there one second was gone the next, buried under a pile of rubble that had flown out of the sky. Fractured bones stuck out of bleeding piles of broken furs like needles in red, mangled pincushions, and the screams of terrified furs almost drowned out the wails of sirens.

A sudden blast of cold water that nearly knocked Mia over surprised the wolfess, and she turned to see a fire truck pumping water at her. With their police force flattened by the rampaging monster and the national guard too far away to do anything, the townspeople were getting desperate and throwing anything at her they could.

"If you wanted to play watersports, you should have said so," Mia growled. "I needed to pee anyway!"

She relaxed her bladder and fired piss out of her cock, knocking the fire truck over and crushing half of the fire fighters that tended it. Another quarter of them died in the flood that she unleashed under her as her vagina erupted and splattered hot piss all over the ground, flash-flooding the densely packed street and slamming into the firefighters like a tsunami. The rest she stomped on, systematically crushing them under her feet or squishing them under her thumb like biting ants.

She felt a thud on her ankle and turned to look. Some clueless fur texting on her phone had driven her car ran right into the Mia's leg.

"Are you fucking kidding?" Mia roared, picking up the car with the terrified driver in it. "There's a 100-foot-tall wolf destroying your city, and you're texting while driving?!" she yelled at the driver. "Give me your phone!"

The driver stared, petrified at her.

"Give me your *fucking* phone!" Mia repeated, holding out a hand the size of a parking lot.

Screaming in terror, the driver tossed her phone out the window. It landed like a tiny speck on Mia's palm.

"*This* is what happens when you text and drive!" the wolfess screamed, hurling the phone as hard as she could. Nobody saw where it went; it must've gone half a mile away and crashed into a million pieces.

Turning her attention back to the driver, Mia plucked the car's door off and shook the driver into her palm, then tossed her into her mouth and chewed her body up, snapping and crunching through her bones with a sound so sickening that any furs left would have thrown up.

"One less distracted driver," Mia said, dropping the car at her feet and dusting off her paws.

With nobody to stop her now, she continued down the road, effortlessly crashing her arms into buildings and going right through some of them. Those held on a few seconds before the tops crashed to the ground, taking terrified furs with them. One knocked the floor askew on the next floor down, and the furs on it began sliding towards the edge—and a four-story drop. They clung desperately to anything they could get hold of—plumbing, walls, even live electrical wires. The latter were electrocuted, their bodies slowly cooking as the current carelessly passed through them. Mia stopped and watched the frightened ant-furs clinging so desperately for life.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she sneered, "Is this difficult for you? Not what you had in mind for today?"

She yanked down hard on the corner of the floor with both paws, tilting it to an even steeper angle. The furs clinging to the walls screamed and fell to their deaths, most splatting on the concrete, while one landed on a twisted mangle of reinforced concrete, his body instantly impaled by a dozen strands of rebar. Only the one or two hanging from the plumbing remained.

Now annoyed at their tenacity, Mia flicked the plumbing hard with her fingers, breaking it in two and sending the furs hurling through the air.

"Your pipes are cracked," she observed—no, that wasn't right—"Your plumbers are on crack"—no, wait, she'd get this—"Your pipes froze? No..."—she huffed, annoyed with herself—"Your plumbing's cracked!"

"The hell with it!" she spat, throwing her hands up in the air exasperatedly. "It was a plumber's ass joke!"

She kicked a fire hydrant in frustration, sending water shooting into the air, and stormed down the road.

Rather than collapsing in on themselves, other buildings fell over rather than being cut in two. These crashed into other buildings like dominos, letting out a deafening roar as thousands of tons of concrete, glass, infrastructure, and dead furs crashed together and ended up in twisted heaps on the ground.

A flying electric line sparked, igniting a gas line. There was a deafening boom as the town exploded, sending shrapnel flying. The shock wave was so hard that it knocked Mia over on her side. She screamed in pain and surprise as her dangling eye dragged through the dirt and broken glass, sending sharp jolts of pain through her optic nerve that felt much like needles being stabbed into her eye and hurt so badly that she gritted her teeth and hissed through them.

It took several minutes for her to adjust to the pain before she got to her feet, dragging her filthy eye with her.

"Wow," she said, seeing the destroyed town. "Did I do that?"

She giggled suddenly and punched the last remaining skyscraper, sending it crashing down.

Fires raged throughout the rubble that used to be the town. The few furs who survived stood aghast, crying and trying to comfort each other. Mia smiled cruelly and went over to them. They gasped and cowered as the 200-foot-tall wolf loomed over them.

Mia shook her head. "Poor babies," she said. "Your town's all gone, isn't it? Aww, don't cry! It's not so bad!"

She stomped on them and twisted her foot to grind their bodies into paste.

"Not so bad now, is it?" she rumbled irritably.

The fucking town had been just as quick to wear out as Jill had! Here Mia was just getting started, and the town had to go and blow itself up! What a fucking cop-out!

She could see the next town from her vantage point and snorted to herself. Maybe it would provide better entertainment. She began walking, her stride so long that three steps cleared the length of a football field.

The wolfess winced suddenly and looked at her side. A piece of a car door was embedded in her. She stopped and gritted her teeth as she pulled it out and tossed it aside. Thick, red blood flowed out of the open wound. She reached down, grabbed a handful of dirt the size of a dump truck, and packed it into the gash to slow the bleeding, grimacing in discomfort.

Thus patched up, she continued walking, reaching down to pluck a few cows out of the pastures as she went by for a little snack of hamburger sliders—minus the bread, sauce, cheese, and vegetables. With her enormous size, it didn't take long to reach the next town. The townspeople had heard the news and had dispatched everything they had to try to head her off. Police helicopters buzzed around her head like annoying flies, cops and SWAT teams hid behind their vehicles in riot gear—a lot of good *that* would do—every fire truck in town was lined up as a blockade with furs on the hoses awaiting the signal to fire, and a grizzled old sheriff stood out in front with a bullhorn.

"Freeze!" he yelled in a mosquito-like voice on seeing Mia.

Mia looked at him and snickered.

"You're kidding, right?" she asked, her voice deafening.

"Stop or we'll shoot!" the sheriff warned.

"I'm just passing through!" Mia retorted, feigning innocence.

"Not one step more!" the mosquito-man said.

Now Mia issued her own warning: "You shoot me, and it's gonna piss me off," she warned. "You don't wanna piss me off."

She continued forward.

"Open fire!"

*Geez, is the guy sucking helium?*

Tiny little bullets rained down on Mia, stinging like fire-ants.

"Oh, the hell with that!" Mia roared.

She plucked the tiny man up with the tips of her fingers, chewed him into a little bolus, and then spat him out like a spitball, knocking a SWAT van over.

"Why is it that I when *finally* get to stand up for myself, everybody's suddenly on *my* case? Well, fuck you all!" Mia snapped.

She swatted at a helicopter, plucked it from the sky, snapping the rotor like a toothpick, and began shaking it angrily. The pilot was seat-belted in and threw up. The gunner was not, and his body slammed into the front and back of the cockpit over and over until his body finally splattered, showering the horrified pilot with guts. Only then did Mia rip the windshield off the helicopter, pluck the pilot out of the helicopter, still in his chair, and toss him and his chair into her mouth.

The seat was springy. It didn't taste very good, but it had the consistency of a marshmallow. The rest of the helicopter she crunched in her paw and flicked at another helicopter. Both went down and crashed in a flaming heap.

Meanwhile, the fire-fighters had started their hoses, but with Mia now as tall as a football field is long, it was like trying to stop a rampaging bull with a squirt gun. Completely unfazed by the water, Mia strode right up to them, kicked across the line of police cars—compressing them into a big amorphous blob of twisted metal—and grabbed a fire truck and began slamming it on the ground over and over again. As she did, the driver bounced around in the cab, bumping into switches and accidentally turning on the siren.

Instantly consumed with rage as if a grating, incessant alarm clock had just woken her from the best dream of her life, she upended the fire truck and began furiously slamming its nose into the ground, trying to break the thing that made all the noise.

She succeeded.

Cops and firefighters began to run for their lives as Mia flung the cube that used to be a fire truck at them. It bounced down main street, sending cars flying into buildings before lodging itself in the middle of the fourth floor of City Hall.

"And here we have City Hall, which was built 100 years ago," a teacher was saying to her class of young students, standing in front of the building.

"Look out!" one of her students cried as the fire truck cube began to fall out of its self-made hole.

"Now, it's rude to interrupt!" the teacher scolded him.

A corner of the truck landed right on top of her. The class screamed.

The cube fell over and landed flat, crushing the class, too.

"That was a boring lecture anyway," Mia muttered.

Her stomach growled.

"I'm hungry! All those stupid cow-sliders did was whet my appetite!"

She looked around, but the furs were all quickly fleeing.

"Do not run; I want to eat you!" she cried, chasing after them with reckless abandon.

But as tall as she was, her clumsy fingers had trouble grasping hold of the little ant-people as they wriggled through her fingers and leapt clear of her hands.

"Argh, stop squirming!" she yelled in frustration.

Looking around, she found a school and went to it hungrily. She ripped the top off and looked down inside as cubs and teachers alike screamed in terror at the huge wolf and her dangling, blindly staring eye, covered in dirt and glass and dripping water from the fire hoses. Reaching down, the wolfess grabbed a handful of them and quickly brought them to her mouth. Cubs wailed as they heard the sound of their classmates being crunched between the wolfess's teeth like dry cereal.

She burped. The cubs tasted all right, but it was like eating party snacks; she wanted something with a little more substance. She bumped around town, looking for another highly populated building, and finally came across a mall. She grinned.

*Jackpot.*

Ripping open the mall like a can of sardines, the metal grinding and squealing as she tore the roof from the walls, Mia looked down inside and saw that the place was *full* of furs, especially around the food court. No wonder she was hungry: it was lunchtime!

Mia greedily reached in with both paws, scooping up the furs as fast as she could and shoveling them into her mouth. They squirmed and wriggled in her mouth and got stuck between her teeth, but they crunched so satisfactorily when she bit down into them. She kept piling in handful after handful, not even swallowing between them, stuffing her face full of screaming furs. Every time she grabbed another handful, her mouth writhed with furs fighting to stay alive, and with each chew, those furs lost the fight and lay still.

Finally feeling full, Mia sat down heavily, crushing every car in the parking lot. She belched, the massive, reeking cloud of devoured furs making the survivors throw up as they cowered in stores and tried to stay hidden. But all that food had made Mia thirsty, and she realized she actually missed the fire trucks. Now 400 feet tall, she had to look closely at the ground to try to find any fire hydrants, but she eventually found one, little more than a red speck near the sidewalk. She scratched it off the ground like a scab, but to her dismay, no water came shooting out. She frowned.

*What gives?*

Then it occurred to her that the fire trucks must have used all the water in the system trying to hold her back.

"Well, a fine bunch of good *that* did you!" she snarled.

The glass walls of the building in front of her shattered. Her good eye went wide, and she suddenly covered her mouth in surprise at the loudness of her own voice. But then she giggled.

"Boo!" she yelled at another building, and its glass shattered in place and fell like deadly rain onto the furs below, disintegrating them into a million tiny, bloody pieces.

Mia clapped her hands, laughing and giggling. But her mirth was short-lived as her nagging thirst grew, and she began looking around for a source of water. Alas, the town's water was piped in underground, and there wasn't even a water tower. The wolfess snorted in frustration and stared at the ground thoughtfully, looking just past her sheath.

Then it hit her.

She grabbed her cock in both hands and looked at it dubiously.

"Wet's wet," she reasoned. "If I don't like it, nothing says I have to finish."

Mia relaxed and let her urine flow.

"Ack!" she cried, wincing as she missed her aim and shot into her empty eye socket. "Ugh! Gross!"

She aimed again and shot over her head—it was *hard* aiming when she had no depth perception! The geyser of piss arced and came streaming back down behind her, ripping up asphalt and carving a stinking trench into the road before Mia could adjust her aim. A driver texting about all the carnage drove headlong into it and drowned in wolf-piss.

Leaning her dick back a bit, Mia aimed the stream into her mouth and began swallowing it thirstily. It wasn't water, but it was wet and didn't taste *too* bad.

Rescue workers had meanwhile raced to try to help the furs cut to pieces by falling glass. These poor souls met their end when Mia began pissing. Once again, her vulva opened up and unleashed a flood of piss into the street. With the buildings packed so closely together, the street just couldn't handle that much liquid at once, and the water level surged, quickly sweeping up the injured furs and the rescuers in the torrential river-current and pulling them under. Their helpless bodies slammed into cars and other debris. Those who didn't die on impact were knocked unconscious and drowned.

Mia abruptly shuddered in ecstasy and then blinked curiously. What had felt so good? She looked at her cock, still in her hands and slightly tumescent.

"Oh, right," she said, not used to having a cock sticking out that she could play with.

Figuring she had plenty of time to do *whatever* she wanted, Mia sat down right where she was and leaned gently against a building, trying not to knock it over.

She spread her legs and felt of her balls, big, heavy, and furry. They sent a tingling, pleasurable feeling into her cock when she touched them, and she began to fondle herself with one paw as she stroked her cock with the other.

"Ohh," she gasped as an electric twinge in her groin made her hips buck involuntarily.

The building behind her creaked as she began to stroke harder, feeling her paw sliding over her sensitive flesh. Reaching over, she grabbed a school bus, ripped the back off of it, and upended it. The cubs and driver fell over 200 feet to their death, splattering like big, sloppy raindrops on the ground.

But all Mia cared about was getting off. She folded back the ripped metal at the back of the bus to avoid cutting herself and guided it over her cock.

The tight fit of the bus rubbing on her cock made her shudder and drool a blob of precum. As she began to slide it forward and backward over her cock, the rows of seats acted like ribs, tantalizing and tickling the underside of her prick. She moaned loudly, carelessly breaking the glass in another building.

In her arousal, her knot began to form, and she watched it with dazed curiosity between bucks of pleasure as it swelled to the size of a small building. Now desperately horny, she began to hump the bus harder and harder in earnest, bending the metal back bit by bit with each thrust, until she was bottoming out against the windshield.

She orgasmed spectacularly.

The windshield blew out of the bus and sailed down the street to crash through a building, cutting the residents of the fifth floor in half at the waist. A shower of her cum followed that, knocking the top halves of their bodies off the bottom halves, throwing them against the back wall, and plastering them in the thick, sticky, white substance.

Groaning in pleasure, Mia tugged forward at the base of her knot and pointed her cock towards her. Her next spurt shot over her head and rained down on a neighborhood, collapsing two houses and filling a pool completely to the brim with her Elmer's glue-like spunk.

Her third and final shot hit the building behind her, and between that and the strain of her bucking against it, the building began to topple over. It moved in slow motion at first, but it hit the building behind it, which began to fall and hit the building behind it. In the same instant, Mia began to fall backwards from the building no longer supporting her.

Abruptly, everything returned to normal speed. Mia fell on her back, blinking in surprise with her good eye. As she rolled to her side to get up and climbed to her feet, she looked behind her and raised her eyebrows.

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What used to be Main Street was now a pile of rubble.

Having just gotten off, Mia suddenly felt a sense of clarity and realized that she was wasting time. She still had her parents to deal with, and while it was kinda fun tearing about the city, she knew she couldn't go on unchecked forever—could she? Reorienting herself, she began heading towards the next city over—her parents' city—leaving the second city of the day in ruins.

Now that she had her focus back, Mia began thinking about specifically *how* she was going to get back at her parents. While no specific ideas were coming to mind just yet, what *did* happen was she remembered just how angry they had made her, constantly putting her down, practically selling her into slavery in exchange for a good dowry, blaming her for getting beaten up—as if it was somehow *her* fault—it was all just so *wrong*! She gritted her teeth as memory after memory flashed through her mind. By the time she reached the next city over, she was sweating with anger, her steps came in sharp, furious stomps, and her paws were tightly clenched.

But as she came over the last hill before the city, Mia realized that her anger at her parents would have to wait. Lined up in front of her for nearly a mile was a row of tanks, their guns pointed at the road.

"Humph," she muttered. "Finally, a challenge!"