

Jill stirred and grimaced in her sleep. Her bladder was full, but she didn't want to get out of bed. She opened her eyes to see Mia lying right where she'd left her: held firmly by Jill's possessive embrace. Jill considered getting up to go to the bathroom, but it seemed too far to go. She shrugged and relaxed, feeling and hearing the stream of hot piss as it streamed out of her vagina and penis, making twin puddles on the bed.

Her stomach growled, and she felt her anus expand. Snorting, she shifted her legs a bit to let a huge log of shit pass between them, forming a mound on the bed under her tail. Her eyes half-crossed in relief as another log followed the first one out, reeking and staining the sheets as it pushed out of her.

She smiled to herself and shifted into a more comfortable position, but just then, she felt her stomach gurgle again; she had to fart, too. She relaxed and closed her eyes, preparing to savor the feeling as the gurgle moved from her stomach down her abdomen.

A splatter of watery diarrhea shot all over the bed. Apparently it was a wet fart!

Jill smirked, thinking of how she would lay into Mia the next day as she crossed her legs on top of the pile of her own excrement.

Mia stirred, and Jill glared at her. Stupid wolfess couldn't even keep quiet and let Jill enjoy her relief!

"Mmm," Mia said in her sleep, "Kara..."

Jill's ears pricked up, and her eyes narrowed.

Who's Kara? She wondered suspiciously.

"Kara, save me!" Mia sleep-cried.

Jill's face twisted itself into a nasty snarl. In a flash, she had flipped herself over on top of Mia, pinning her down as she shook her shoulders roughly.

Mia awoke in terror and instinctively shielded her face.

"Jill! Wait! What are you doing?!"

"Who the fuck is Kara, Cunt?" Jill demanded as she backhanded the terrified wolfess. "Who is she?!" she roared.

Mia's eyes went wide. How could Jill know about Kara? She couldn't tell her!

"Who the fuck is she? Answer me, Cunt!" Jill screamed, punching Mia hard in the gut. "Who is she?"

Mia gasped, having the wind knocked out of her. Jill was furious, and Mia was terrified she would kill her.

"She-she's..." she gasped.

"She's what? Who is she? Are you fucking around behind my back, you worthless sack of dick-cheese? ARE YOU FUCKING AROUND BEHIND MY BACK, YOU WORTHLESS SHIT-LICKER?"

"N-no!" Mia managed. "No, Jill, I swear!"

"Then who the *fuck* is Kara?" Jill cocked back to hit her again.

"She's...she's a rabbit," Mia gasped, cringing as tears streamed down her face. "I knew her before you married me. We were friends. She's just a nice fur; that's all."

Jill seethed and lowered her arm. Mia swallowed and looked cautiously at Jill just in time for the dragon to cock back and punch her hard in the chin.

"She's dead to you, Cunt," Jill snarled. "I better never hear you utter her name again."

Mia gasped and nodded, then shook her head, then nodded; she wasn't sure what to do. "O-okay, Jill. Never again," she managed.

"Go back to sleep, you little shit-cunt, and when we get up, you better clean up this nasty mess you made on the bed. Fuck, I can't even *sleep* with you in the bed."

Mia groaned and did her best to roll over, trying to ease the discomfort in her jaw and gut before falling into a restless sleep. Jill meanwhile lay with a scowl on her face, plotting.

The next morning, Jill awoke and threw Mia out of the bed, gave her a good beating, and then stormed out—ostensibly to go to work. But as soon as she was outside, she pulled out her phone and began looking up entries for a rabbit named Kara. Several hits came up, and she quickly narrowed it down to furs that lived close by. She had to pay to get their addresses from the online lookup tool, but it was worth it to keep the cunt in line.

As soon as she had it narrowed down to a couple of candidates, she immediately set out and found a bus station where she could sit and watch the occupants' activities without attracting too much attention to herself. It took a few hours, but she finally saw the rabbit coming out the door of her house. She was white with gray spots, about five feet tall. She turned in the doorway to kiss someone—Jill assumed her spouse—and then got into her car and drove off.

"I have you now," Jill muttered under her breath as she got up and strode to the gym. She was fired up with the thrill of the hunt, and she needed to burn off some steam.

Several intense hours later, she left the gym and headed home, demanded dinner, and took a big shit in her chair before going to watch TV and plan her next steps. She knew where the rabbit lived, and she knew what time she left. She did not know, however, what time she returned, but as long as she saw the rabbit's car in the driveway, she figured she could assume she was home.

She slept fitfully that night; she was so worked up over the fact that Mia had been unfaithful and how excited she was to exact her just revenge on the rabbit who had sullied her useless wife that getting to sleep was tough for her. The cunt, meanwhile, slept just fine, without a care in the world. Pathetic waste of space. She wouldn't be sleeping half as well as she was if she knew what Jill was planning!

Jill went to work the next day and put in a full shift of operating locomotives to reconfigure train cars for long hauls out of the local train depot. After doing it for decades, she was pretty good at it, and nobody messed with her. They'd learned their lesson against that when she'd "disciplined" her boss for passing her up on a promotion to her current job. Suffice to say, he didn't make that mistake again.

The whistle blew, signaling the end of her day, and she smiled cruelly to herself: the hunt continued.

She hastily drove to where the rabbit lived and pulled into a nearby parking lot. The rabbit's car was not yet in the driveway. Jill waited until it appeared, made a mental note of the time, and drove off. Tomorrow, she'd make her move.

She didn't sleep a wink that night. Coupled with the lack of sleep from the night before, she was twice as nasty to Mia the next morning before she went off to the gym to blow off some more steam and do her final planning.

The time finally came. Nearly shaking with excitement, Jill drove to the rabbit's house and parked in the driveway right behind her car. Then she got out, walked calmly up to the door, and knocked.

"Hello!" the rabbit answered. "Can I help you?"

"Um, yes," Jill replied, doing her best to look distraught, "I, um, I'm lost, and my phone died. Do you think I could charge my phone here for a minute or two, just so I can get back on the road?"

Kara didn't miss a beat. "Absolutely!" she said, beaming and holding the door open for the huge dragoness that stood in front of her. "Please, come in!"

Jill stepped inside, ducking her head down to avoid hitting her head on the low doorway. *Stupid rabbit—how dare she not build her house big enough for me?!*

"Can I offer you some water or something while you wait? What kind of phone do you have?" Kara asked, closing the door behind her and leading her through a tidy home towards the kitchen. "Darling, we have a visitor," she, her tail wagging with excitement as she kissed her wife, a vixen. "This is...oh, I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name?" she said apologetically.

"Jill," Jill replied, doing her best to hide the growing disgust she had for this saccharine family.

"Jill, this is my wife, Naomi," Kara said, smiling and wrapping an affectionate arm around her wife. "Jill just needs to charge her phone. Would you get her some water, please? Uh, what kind of phone was it?" she asked again.

"Mom! Dad! Taylor pulled my tail!" a high-pitched voice whined as miniature vixens came scurrying in.

"Well, she started it!" Taylor replied.

"Taylor! Julie! You two behave yourselves; we have company!" Kara said, blushing and smiling apologetically. "This is Jill; she's just here to charge her phone. You two play nicely and be on your best behavior while she's here."

"Where's your fur?" Taylor asked.

"Taylor! Manners!" Naomi said exasperatedly.

"But—"

"She's a dragon, sweetie," Kara said, stooping down and putting her hand on her shoulder. "She doesn't have fur. Now go and play with your sister, but do it *nicely*, all right?"

"Okay, Dad," Taylor said, tagging Julie and tearing off into the other rooms with her sister close after her.

"Heh, kids," Kara said, smiling. "They're a handful. Do you have any children, Jill?"

"No," Jill replied, her voice suddenly cold.

"O—oh, well, that's all right," Kara said, taken aback by the sudden chilly attitude. "I didn't mean any offense. Now, if you'll let me know what kind of phone you have, I'll get you a charger."

"My phone works fine," Jill said icily, advancing on her.

"Jill? Is something wrong?" Kara asked, perplexed.

"Oh, plenty is wrong," Jill growled.

Without warning, she reached forward and grabbed Kara by the throat.

"Oh, my gosh! What are you doing?!" Naomi cried.

"You've been consorting with my wife," Jill growled, "And now you're going to pay for it."

"Consorting?" Kara gasped, her hands clutching around Jill's wrists as she struggled to free herself. "I haven't done anything!"

"Then tell me why my pathetic excuse for a wife called out *your* name in her sleep two nights ago!" Jill demanded, squeezing her claws tighter around the rabbit's neck.

"I—I don't know who you're talking about!" Kara gasped. "Please, I—I can't breathe!"

"Oh, playing dumb now, huh, you stupid bitch? Well, how about I jog your memory? Gray wolfess, about four feet tall, a real sniveling cunt."

Kara's eyes went wide. "Oh, my gosh," she wheezed. "You're Mia's wife." She swallowed. "That poor girl."

Jill snorted. "So...you *do* know her then, huh? That's what I thought."

In a flash, she'd ripped Kara's clothes off, eliciting a scream from Kara and her wife.

"Dad? What's wrong?" Taylor's voice called as the cubs rushed in.

"Ah, good, the whole family's here," Jill said with a cruel grin. Her face turned hard. "All of you, on the couch. *Now!*"

Her voice was so loud and commanding that even the cubs didn't argue. They and Naomi quickly rushed to the living room, the cubs because they'd been ordered to and Naomi for fear of making the dragon any angrier. Whatever relationship her wife had with this "Mia" person, they'd talk it out afterwards, but right now, her wife's safety was paramount.

"So, you *do* know her, huh? What did she say about me?" Jill asked the now-nude rabbit.

"She—" Kara began, but she couldn't think of anything nice to say.

"Come on, don't be shy," Jill grinned as she pulled her own pants and underwear down to expose her massive, barbed cock that was already throbbing in anticipation.

Kara's eyes widened. "P—please," she said weakly, "Please don't hurt me; I—that was a long time ago. I haven't seen Mia in years."

"She sure thinks of *you* a lot," Jill growled. "I caught her muttering your name in her sleep. 'Oh, Kara, save me!'" she mocked. "What good is a little piss-ant like you going to do against *me*?"

"I—I'm sorry!" Kara said, struggling harder and glancing in terror at her wife. "I don't know why she said that. You're right; I'm no match for you! Please, just let me go."

"Oh, no," Jill said, giving a twisted smile, "No, I *fuck* anyone who crosses me."

In spite of her predicament, Kara's parenting instincts kicked in. "Please," she said quietly, "Don't swear around my children; they're too young to hear language like that."

Jill roared with laughter. "*That's* what you're worried about now? I'm about to shove my cock up that slimy cunt of yours, and all you can think about is my *language*?! Oh, you're a *real* treat," she said. "How about this? I'm going to fuck you until *you* start swearing! Listen up, kids; your daddy's about to expand your vocabulary!"

With that, she pried the rabbit's legs apart and shoved her down onto Jill's barbed prick. The speed and force made Kara cry out in pain.

"Just you wait," Jill sneered, "Going in was easy. It's coming *out* that's hard!"

She pivoted the rabbit to drag her harshly against the sharp barbs on her penis. They dug in and began cutting into her.

"Augh!" Kara screamed. "Please! Don't do this! Please!"

"Daddy! No!" Taylor cried, rushing forward.

Jill reached down and knocked her across the room with a well-placed backhand.

"Keep control of your cunt secretions, or I'll fuck them next," Jill growled to Naomi.

The fox's eyes widened as she clutched her children to her chest, comforting them as best as she could between her own sobs, her wife's screams of pain echoing throughout the house.

"Swear for me, little cunt-blossom," Jill said as she dragged another barb out of Kara's pussy, blood trickling down her penis.

"Ahh!" Kara cried, sobbing as her body instinctively tried to curl itself into a protective ball.

"Just one little-bitty curse word?" Jill sneered, raking another barb against Kara's damaged sex. "No? Well how about this, then?"

She spun the rabbit around, her barbs cutting hard into her, until the rabbit was facing away from her and Jill's barbs pressed right against her clit.

"Curse, damn you!" Jill snarled. "I don't believe for a *second* that you're as wholesome as you claim to be! Curse like the filthy liar you are!"

"I'm...I'm not..." Kara gasped through gritted teeth, tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, so is this your penis? I guess you wear the pants in this household," Jill said, changing tactics and running a claw along the length of the rabbit's flaccid member. "Come on, then. Show me what you're made of."

She circled her claw around the tip of Kara's penis and then jammed inside abruptly. Kara screamed in anguish as Jill dug in harder, shoving her claw until it came out the side of Kara's sheath. Blood spurted across the room and hit Naomi between the eyes. The vixen began screaming hysterically as her children sobbed in her arms.

"One little curse," Jill hissed in Kara's ear. "Just look at how terrified your family is! Do you really want to keep them terrified?"

"You monster," Kara sobbed, "You filthy, vile monster! No wonder Mia hates you!"

"Like I give half a shit what she thinks!" Jill roared, shoving her cock back into Kara, raking violently over her clit.

Kara screamed again, the pitch of her voice getting higher and higher as her pain intensified beyond anything she could imagine.

"Augh! Fuck!" Kara screamed, beaten and unable to hold back anymore.

"*There* it is!" Jill laughed. "Did you hear that, kids? Your daddy just cursed. You know what that word means? It means me sticking my dick in her twat just like this!"

She began violently thrusting and yanking Kara off her dick, digging into the rabbit's aching flesh and trailing blood with each stroke.

"Please!" Naomi cried, "She did what you wanted! Just leave her alone!"

"All in good time," Jill said calmly, not slowing down a bit.

She dug her claw into the rabbit's penis again and popped it out on another part of her sheath, puncturing another hole as Kara let out shriek after blood-curdling shriek.

"Stop it! *STOP!*" Naomi wailed in helpless desperation. "Stop hurting her! Please, cut it out!" she bawled.

Jill paused and looked at her, a slow, cruel smile spreading over her face. "What a *terrible* choice of words," she said. "As you wish."

She began fucking even harder, but now she cocked Kara's body at an awful angle, digging her barbs in so roughly that they began to slice through the rabbit's flesh like a saw cutting through wood. Kara's screams were deafening as her body was slowly cut in two.

"No! NO! NOO!" Naomi screamed, leaping up and beginning to beat against Jill's arms. "Stop! Stop! STOP!"

And then the room was grimly silent. Kara had stopped screaming.

Naomi gasped, wide-eyed. "K-Kara?" she asked. "Kara?!"

Jill dropped the rabbit, and her body split into two pieces as it fell to the ground, separating around Jill's cock.

"KARA!" Naomi screamed, rushing to clutch one half of her dead wife's body.

"Ugh, shut the fuck up, you stupid cunt," Jill said, reaching down, grabbing Naomi, and shoving her face-first into her maw.

With a sickening snap, she decapitated the vixen and swallowed her head before gluttonously shoving the rest of her down her throat.

The cubs sat in stunned disbelief, unable to move and unable to comprehend what had just happened to their parents. Jill reached down, plucked Taylor up, and bit her in two, chewing with her mouth open to make sure her terrified sister got to see pieces of her being chewed up.

"That'll teach her to pull your tail," Jill said to Julie, "Won't it?"

Julie sat, her whole body quivering in disbelief, terror, and woe at seeing her sister chewed up before her eyes.

"A 'thank you' would have been polite, you little brat," Jill snapped before picking up the cub and shoving her into her mouth to join her sister.

Last of all, she swallowed each half of Kara's remains and licked off her fingers. She looked around to make sure she'd gotten rid of everybody, and then she turned and walked out the door covered in blood, got into her car, and drove home.

"Cunt!" she bellowed as soon as she got in. "Where's my dinner?"

"Oh, um, hi, Honey," Mia gasped, rushing forward to pull her chair out. "Here you go...filet mignon, just like you asked for."

Jill swatted Mia, knocking her to the ground, and then stood over her, pinning her arms under her feet.

"Guess where I went today, you little slut?" she asked. She'd been planning to wait until after dinner to tell her, but she just couldn't wait that long.

"Um... To work?" Mia asked helplessly.

"Wrong, you stupid sow! I went to your friend *Kara's* house today. And guess what I did while I was there?"

Mia's eyes went wide, and she turned white as a sheet.

"I cut her in two with my dick," Jill said triumphantly, "While her family looked on in horror. They begged me to stop, but I just ignored them. You should have seen her wife's face when she fell to the ground in two pieces around my dick..."

Tears formed in Mia's eyes, and her jaw quivered. "N-no," she whimpered.

"And you know what I did when I got done with that?" Jill asked, grimacing and grunting as she forced out a huge log of shit that splattered all over Mia. "Guess what that is, slut? That's your love-whore and her whole family: wife and two cubs included! Oh, wait..."

She grunted and splattered out some diarrhea. "There. I'm pretty sure *that's* her cubs. They were pretty slippery going down!"

Mia couldn't breathe, and it wasn't because of the pounds of dragon shit that might or might not be the remains of Mia's one-time love that sat on her chest. The notion that Jill could be so cruel...she couldn't believe it; she *wouldn't!*

"If *only* you had been faithful to me," Jill said, stepping off her and looking over her shoulder, "Maybe this wouldn't have happened."

Jill strode into the living room and turned on the TV while Mia lay there, struggling for breath as she tried to process what she'd just been told.

No... she thought at last. There's no way Jill would stoop to murder! Not just to spite me...

From the living room, she heard the news anchor's voice saying, "Our top story, a family of four is missing and presumed dead after neighbors called in reports of screaming next door. We now go live to the scene."

Mia felt herself rise, driven by some unseen force toward the doorway of the living room. She stood some paces behind Jill on the couch as the screen flashed to the inside of a living room. Blood was splattered all over, and there was a set of ripped clothes on the floor. Mia's chest caught—it could be *any* house, she reminded herself, and she didn't know what Kara would be wearing after all these years. It didn't mean anything!

A family picture flashed onto the screen, and Mia fell hard against the doorframe and slowly slid down the wall. Standing on the back left of the picture was unmistakably Kara.

Jill's Malice

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"This is the most recent family picture we could find of the victims," the news reporter was saying, "If you have any information as to the whereabouts of this family, please call Crime Stoppers immediately."

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

She fainted and lay there until Jill began kicking her in the chest to get her up.