

## Family Reunion

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"Let's go, Cunt," Jill said, grabbing Mia by the scruff of the neck and dragging her out of the house.

Mia struggled to get to her feet and avoid being dragged across the concrete. Though she'd been married to Jill less than a year—10 months, in fact—it already felt like it had been an eternity.

"Pay attention to where we're going, you little bitch," the dragoness growled as the wolfess got in and buckled her seatbelt. "You're probably gonna be driving on the way back."

*On the way back.* Mia shuddered, but there was some hope to that: they were only going to be gone for a day. How bad could it be, meeting the family of her dragon-tyrant wife?

They pulled out of the driveway and drove down the suburban street, making their way for the highway, with Jill swearing and flipping off every other driver all the way. Mia gritted her teeth and clenched her fists; the way Jill swerved this way and that, slammed on the brakes, and then made the engine scream as she tried to shove her foot through the gas pedal terrified her. And it wasn't that she was a good driver; in the past 10 months, the beat-up old Suburban—Jill liked it specifically because it was practically a street-legal tank—had been T-boned when Jill blew through a red light, had T-boned someone when she blew through another, had side-swiped a median divider when she was screaming at Mia, and had nearly flipped itself over when she went off the road while texting.

Mia had every right to be scared, but she dared not say anything; Jill's incidental damage to her was bad enough, but the dragoness's *intentional* damage when pissed off was far worse.

They made it to the highway and headed northeast, towards where Jill's parents' estate was nestled in the mountains about an hour outside of town.

"When we get there, Cunt, your name is 'Whore.' You got that?" Jill growled.

Mia hesitated. She didn't want to be introduced that way to Jill's parents. But what if they were even worse than Jill was? She shuddered at the thought.

"Hello?" Jill roared, yanking the wheel as she whipped her head around to glare at her wife. "Am I talking to myself?"

The car swerved and nearly took out the car next to it, eliciting a honk of protest.

"Yeah, shut the fuck up, you worthless piece of dried cunt-blood!" Jill yelled, holding up her middle finger.

"Your name is 'Whore' to my parents. Say it!"

Mia swallowed. "M—my name is"—she squeezed her eyes closed and swallowed hard—"Whore." The word itself left a bad taste in her mouth, and she grimaced miserably.

"That's right. Now get down here and give me some road head; fuck, this drive is gonna take forever! I *hate* visiting my parents!"

Mia looked hesitantly at her wife. She dared not defy her, but if Jill slammed on the brakes while Mia was giving her head...

"*Now, bitch! Fuck, you're worthless!*" Jill snapped, reaching over, unbuckling Mia's seatbelt, and dragging her over.

Mia grimaced; she didn't know *how* Jill managed to be so disgusting. The whole Suburban reeked of Jill's sweat, musk, feces, and piss, but getting close to the source of it made her turn green.

"Dick's not gonna suck itself, you useless twat! What are you waiting for, an invitation?" Jill demanded, putting her hand on the back of Mia's head and shoving it towards her lap.

Mia fought hard not to vomit. The seat under Jill reeked from where she had soiled it so many times, and getting this close to it with her sensitive nose made her eyes burn. But Mia had bigger problems. In her impatience, Jill had pulled her gym shorts to the side and shoved her prick out the leg-hole. A column of sharp barbs ran down the bottom side of her prick, starting just below her glans and ending four feet later where her dick and her scrotum met, making her member resemble a sawblade. And it was pointing right at Mia's face.

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“Get *on* with it!” Jill snarled, bringing her clawed hand down hard on the back of Mia’s head and driving her face onto those nasty barbs.

Mia’s eyes bulged, and she struggled for breath around the huge dick that impaled her. The dragoness’s barbs dug into her tongue, making her wince as she tried to back off enough to breathe. But Jill was having none of it. With another shove and a simultaneous buck of her hips, the dragoness drove half her cock down Mia’s throat.

Mia began to panic. Unable to breathe and terrified, she struggled to pull the cock out of her mouth, but its barbs dug in cruelly, making her mouth and throat bleed.

“Let’s get some licking and tonguing going on!” Jill growled, hip-checking Mia against the dash.

With tears streaming down her face, Mia did the best she could to lick at her wife’s disgusting penis, retching as chunks of smegma flaked off and floated around in her mouth, getting trapped between her lips and her teeth.

Suddenly Jill’s penis throbbed, and Mia felt something hot and liquid flood into her stomach.

“You took too long, you cunt,” Jill said, smirking to herself, “And now I gotta piss.”

The stench of piss hit Mia’s nostrils as the herm dragoness pissed all over the seat between her labia even as the vile-tasting liquid burned its way down Mia’s injured throat.

“Lucky you,” Jill growled. “We’re here.”

The Suburban came to a stop, and Jill ripped Mia violently off her cock, digging deep scratches into Mia’s throat with her barbs. Mia coughed, holding her throat and wincing. But as she looked out the window, she momentarily forgot how her throat felt and stared.

Jill’s parents owned a 20-acre estate. Mia hadn’t seen it, but they’d passed the guard shack about a quarter-mile ago and were now parked in front of Mayweather Manor. The building itself was easily 100 feet tall by 500 feet wide end-to-end. They were parked between the house and an enormous fountain—it must have been easily 200 feet in diameter—on a driveway that looked wide enough to be a runway. On either side of the expansive driveway was a perfectly manicured lawn, dotted with the most beautiful rose bushes Mia had ever seen, pruned to look like trees with large, round bushes of flowers on top supported by a much thinner array of stems below. The flowers themselves gave off a fiery display of red, orange, yellow, pink, and mixtures thereof. Behind those a little further off stood proud pecans, oaks, and sycamores that provided shade to anyone wanting to walk along the grounds during a sunny day. Yet as proud as these trees were, even they weren’t as tall as the manor itself. Still further behind that and forming the backdrop for the estate were immense conifers, natural inhabitants of the grounds long before the country was even founded. These spruce and pine trees towered even above the manor, some of them up to 150 feet tall. Water reflected on either side of the manor, and Mia imagined that there must be quite a large lake on the other side. In stark contrast to the somewhat boring and repetitive look of Jill’s suburban home, this estate was breathtaking in its beauty and intimidating in its size.

Mia couldn’t begin to imagine how such a nasty creature as her wife grew up in such a beautiful place.

“Hurry up, Cunt!” Jill snapped, interrupting Mia’s appreciation of the scenery.

Mia jumped, suddenly reminded of how sore her throat was, and winced as she brought her hand to her neck. Jill grabbed her by the shoulder and escorted her roughly towards the house.

“Now, don’t forget: your name is ‘Whore.’ If you try to say your name is *anything* else, I *will* make your life a living hell! And if you try to tell them your real name...” She gave a dark chuckle. “I will make you wish you’d never been *born*. Do I make myself clear? What’s your name, bitch?”

Mia swallowed painfully. “Whore,” she murmured.

“What’s that?” Jill asked, holding her head behind her ear-fins.

Mia shifted her weight uncomfortably. “My name is Whore,” she said miserably.

“And don’t you forget it!” Jill snapped, cuffing her with the back of the hand as she rang the doorbell.

The door was opened promptly by an elderly ferret.

“Linus! Why the *fuck* wasn’t the door open when I got here? Did you not *hear* me drive in? Did the guard not *radio* you telling you I’d be here? Fucking incompetent!”

Mia, meanwhile, was distracted by the view once more. If the view outside was impressive, then the view inside was nearly overwhelming. The ceiling in the foyer extended all the way to the roofline—it seemed like it went up forever. Centered high above the middle of the room was a chandelier with thirteen tiers of lights, each of them surrounded by glittering crystals. The top tier was about a hundred feet in diameter, and the tiers tapered gracefully down like an inverted Christmas tree. Despite the many tiers, the chandelier still ended easily fifty feet above them. Beneath them was a broad marble floor, white in the middle and black near the walls. The foyer opened into a large atrium, where twin staircases met in the middle of the room, swept outward, and then returned back inward to meet in the middle at a walkway that overlooked the ground floor. The walls were very far away, Mia realized, like walking from one side of the atrium to the other would take nearly a minute in itself. Yet despite its huge size, the place was well-lit, both by the chandelier and by wall sconces that lined the walls and cast their light far into the room. The place felt *huge*, and Mia couldn’t help but feel even more dwarfed than Jill already made her measly 4-foot stature feel.

“Announcing Lady Jill and, ah...” the butler trailed off, looking from Jill to Mia helplessly.

“Her bitch of a wife,” Jill growled.

“And her bitch of a wife,” the butler said, cringing.

Mia looked up just in time to see two dragons walking towards them from a doorway to the left of the staircases. She could see green through the upper part of the doorway and blue on the lower part; she assumed it led outside. But the dragons occupied far more of her attention. She swallowed hard, her stomach turning at the thought of being passed around like a miniature punching bag among these three. But as the dragons approached, the wolfess couldn’t help but notice how tense they both looked.

The two dragons looked similar, both in build and in dress. The slightly shorter one came closer and reached out to embrace Jill. Mia was *certain* the dragoness was shaking and that her voice quivered as she said, “Hello, Honey.”

The slightly taller dragon took her turn, hugging her daughter awkwardly and murmuring something about “It’s been so long.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Jill said. “You never visit; why don’t you visit more often?” Jill mocked. “Blah, blah, blah. Now we’re here, so let’s not waste it! Where’s my sister?”

“Oh, but—aren’t you going to introduce your wife, Jill?” the taller one asked. “We’ve been looking forward to meeting her!”

Jill snorted, grabbed Mia by the scruff of the neck, and dragged her forward.

“Fine,” she said. “Here she is. Bitch, why don’t you tell them what your name is?”

Mia swallowed and visibly shook as she looked from dragon to dragon. Yet the expressions the two dragons had seemed kind, much nicer than Jill.

“M—my name is”—she glanced at Jill, whose lip was already pulled up in a sneer—“Whore,” she said, sighing. “My name is Whore.” She forced a smile. “Pleased to meet you, Mrs. and Mrs. Mayweather.”

The elder dragons—if they could be called “elder” since they still looked like they were no more than 30—exchanged worried glances.

“Well, um, Whore, uh, it’s nice to meet you, too. But please, no need for formalities. Don’t let Linus fool you; we’d much rather be on a first-name basis. I’m Mary, Jill’s mother, and this is Diana, her father.”

The three of them exchanged handshakes and worried glances at Jill. Somehow, Mia knew that even though they were Jill’s parents, they were just as afraid of her as Mia was.

“What’s up, bitches?” a voice asked boisterously.

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"Hannah!" Jill cried, leaving Mia with her parents and literally trotting over to wrap the dragoness in a hug.

Mia's eyes bulged in shock, first at seeing Jill actually happy to see *anyone*, and then as the two began making out, noisily and showily shoving their tongues into each other's mouths. Mia's shock quickly melted into distaste. She grimaced, feeling nauseous as a cloud of stench wafted over from the newcomer's entrance. She must have smelled twice as bad as Jill, and to Mia's shock and the sisters' parents' dismay, she began to defecate as she and Jill continued to make out.

*Geez! It's like she doesn't even know she's doing it!* Mia thought, stealing a glance at the dragonesses' parents and seeing that they were likewise appalled yet unwilling to say anything. Mia couldn't help but shake her head.

The two dragonesses, meanwhile, had wrapped their arms against each other and were grinding their genitals together between their clothes as they continued to make out. As if on cue, they both began moving towards the door, never once parting their lips as they devoured each other with an almost desperate energy. They walked right through Hannah's mess, tracking it over the floor as they disappeared out the door, leaving Mia and Jill's parents alone.

"Well," Mary said with a relieved sigh, "Um, as you might have guessed, that was Hannah, Jill's younger sister. I'm sorry for her terrible manners."

As she spoke, several servants appeared behind her and quickly got Hannah's mess cleaned up, including the feces they'd tracked. Mia looked after them with her mouth agape, stunned that they could get away with such terrible behavior. She was startled back to reality by the buzz of her phone, but she quickly pressed a button through her pocket to silence it.

"Don't mind them," Diana said nervously. "They're good kids; they just..." She trailed off, shaking her head and sighing as she conceded that her statement was wholly unjustified.

"How did they get this way?" Mia asked, awe-struck.

The two dragons exchanged glances. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," Mary murmured.

"We wanted the very best for our daughters," Diana said regretfully. "It was hard to tell them, 'no'."

"As time went on, Jill in particular got a lot more forceful," Mary chimed in. "We should have put a stop to it, but by the time we started trying to put on the brakes, it was too late. Jill was used to having her way. We didn't stop her when she started throwing temper tantrums, and we hardly even scolded her when she hit at us."

"She was too young to do any real damage at the time, so we reasoned, 'What's the harm?'" Diana said.

"And then in the blink of an eye, she was as big as we were and much stronger. Those cute little strikes she did as a child were suddenly enough to knock us across the room," Mary finished.

The dragons exchanged glances and sighed.

"We should have put a stop to it, but we didn't," Diana said, shaking her head.

"And Jill is *fiercely* protective of Hannah," Mary added. "We learned our lesson with Jill and tried to instill some good behavior in Hannah, but the second we denied her anything, she'd go running to Jill, who would immediately launch into one of her tantrums or start hitting and breaking things. It got out of hand fast."

Mia nodded slowly. She wasn't going to say it was okay—it wasn't; Jill was *horrible* to her—but she wasn't about to criticize them to their faces, either. There was an awkward silence as everybody tried to think of something to say.

"So, um...Whore..." Diana began skeptically, "Is that your real name? Surely that's not the name your parents gave you?"

Mia swallowed. *Is this a trap? Are they going to tell Jill?* Her eyes darted from dragoness to dragoness. *No, it's obvious they're afraid of her, too.* Her eyes widened. *But that just means that if she asks them what my real name is, they'll just cave under pressure.* She shook her head and took a step back.

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"M—my name is Whore," she said firmly, cringing ever-so-slightly as she did.

"It's all right, dear," Mary said. "We're not out to get you in trouble with our daughter; if you hadn't noticed, we're not very fond of her, either. She's our daughter and we love her, but I can't say we like her."

"Then why did you invite us over?" Mia blurted before covering her mouth with both paws. "Sorry," she said, blushing.

"Why, to meet you, of course," Diana replied, taken aback. "Jill has said nothing about you since the wedding, so we wanted to see how you were holding up."

Mia bit her lip. On one hand, her mind was screaming at her that if she said anything, Jill would *definitely* find out—she didn't know how, but it would *definitely* come to Jill's attention that she'd given her real name. On the other hand, her heart was screaming at her that she deserved better than to be given such an ugly moniker to two people who seemed to be pretty nice. Plus, she reasoned, honesty was important! If she couldn't be honest with her in-laws, who actually seemed to be the most decent people she'd met so far—much better than her own parents or Jill at any rate—then with whom *could* she be honest?

"M—my name...My name is—is—"

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"Bitch, your pussy feels *amazing*," Jill groaned as she thrust in once more.

Hannah was on all fours in front of her on the grass. Her latest bowel movement squished between their thighs and up around Jill's prick as Jill's balls slapped against her backside, stuck, and peeled themselves off, leaving an imprint of their hairy, wrinkled surface, along with a few hot-pink hairs embedded in the greenish-brown muck.

"It's a shame my period hasn't started, yet," she gasped in time to her sister's thrusts. "I know how much you love that feeling."

"Yeah, too bad," Jill agreed. "When is it supposed to start?"

"Should be any time now," Hannah replied, sounding dejected. "I was really ecstatic when you told me you were coming over today. It was supposed to be perfect timing!"

Jill pivoted her hips down, pushed her sister forward, and pulled out, dragging the sharp barbs of her cock roughly against her sister's clit.

"Oh—*oh!*" Hannah cried, unleashing a flood of liquid.

"Geez, Hannah, you're cumming already?" Jill teased. "I haven't even gotten warmed up, yet!"

"No, sorry," Hannah said, laughing, "I had to pee."

Jill shrugged and shoved her cock deep into Hannah's pussy, pressing her hips tightly against her sister's vagina.

"Ohh!" Hannah gasped. "That feels really weird!"

"What? Holding it in? Yeah, I know you never hold back," Jill said as she reached forward and stroked her sister's tits with her claws. "But you're gonna hold back this time; no pissing without cumming at the same time!"

Jill dug her claw into her sister's nipple, eliciting a shiver of ecstasy. With her other hand, she reached back and shoved her thumb up her sister's filthy asshole, really driving her thumb down into the hard-packed shit to rub her bony knuckle against her sister's anus.

"Ohh...ohh!" Hannah whimpered, her chest heaving as her sister's fingers worked their magic.

She shuddered reflexively as Jill pinched and stroked her nipple. The shudder made her move just a little bit against Jill's cock, eliciting a reflexive clench of her vaginal walls. They squeezed hard against the invading prick and its thrilling barbs, and it was game over. Hannah cried out loudly as the juices of her arousal flooded into her pussy, bringing the pressure to critical mass and squeezing her combined fluids out around Jill's cock. The sudden sensation made Jill gasp, dig her claws in tightly, and then roar in

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pleasure as her own fluids spurted into her sister, making her orgasm again, even harder than last time. With a sudden groan and a squishing sound, a mushy log of shit drove Jill's finger out of her ass.

"Ohh, *fuck*, I've missed you," Jill murmured as she rested against her sister's shit-covered rump.

"Uh, huh," Hannah replied dreamily.

"You're so much better at this than my dumb bitch of a wife," Jill said, suddenly alert and annoyed. "She's so fucking fragile, she screams when I try to fuck her!"

"Geez, really? You have a *great* cock!" Hannah said as Jill pulled out of her and she rolled over. "What a wimp!"

"Right?" Jill shook her head in annoyance. "Fucking pussy..." She scoffed. "At least she makes noises I like."

"What, bloodcurdling screams?" Hannah teased

"Exactly. Mmm! It makes me want to do terrible things to that little—"

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"Whore. My name is Whore," Mia said again. Eager to change the subject, she asked, "So, uh, how did you two meet?"

The two dragons glanced at each other.

"Oh, it was rather romantic, wasn't it?" Diana asked, grinning and eliciting a blush from her wife. "It was during the revolution; I'd started a—"

"Tell her which revolution you mean, dear," Mary interrupted.

"Oh, quite right, the industrial revolution. I had started—"

"The what?" Mia asked. "You mean *the* industrial revolution? Like, the one that happened almost 200 years ago?"

"Yes, that one," Diana continued. "I had started a—"

"Wait, you're *that* old?" Mia asked, shocked. "But you look so young!"

Diana closed her mouth and gave Mia a faint, expectant smile.

"Oh, sorry," Mia said, blushing. "I just—you don't *look* like you're 200 years old!"

"We're not," Mary laughed. "*Jill* is 200 years old; *we* are closer to 300!"

Mia's jaw dropped.

"Not to worry, dear," Diana said, reaching forward and gently closing Mia's mouth with her finger. "We're old by mammal standards, but by dragon standards, we've still got a lot of fight left in us, yet!" She cocked her head. "Shall I continue?"

Mia nodded.

"All right." Diana glanced from Mia to Mary and back, and satisfied that she wouldn't be interrupted again, she continued. "After visiting England and seeing the wonderful things that water and steam could do, I returned to the 'States and started my own. But, unlike the *terrible* conditions I found in England, I wanted to create a place where the workers could enrich themselves"—she gave a wry grin—"while enriching me. Did you know that in England, they had four-year-olds working down in coal mines? People developed cancer by the time they were 25, and girls working in matchstick factories had their lower jaws practically melt off their faces! Can you imagine?"

Mia cringed. While living with Jill was no walk in the park, at least she didn't have body parts falling off!

"Anyway, I sought to be different! The mills in England were terrible, and I wanted to create a much better place for my workers. So, I built a mill and set up an entire city around it: dormitories, a church, a general store, a library—all the necessities for my future employees to live a happy, enlightened life."

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"Wow, that sounds really nice!" Mia said, thinking about it. "But, what does that have to do with you two? And how did you afford all that? Were you rich to start?"

Diana chuckled. "Goodness, no! I was a poor apprentice when I left England. I had to come back and convince some investors that mine was the way of the future!"

"Diana can be very persuasive when she wants to be," Mary chimed in, grinning and squeezing her wife's hand.

"Anyway, to answer your other question, Mary was one of the first workers we employed. We hired mostly females because we could pay them less." She cringed. "I know it sounds terrible, but that's just how things *were* back then! It was a major selling-point of the whole venture, and I figured that by the time we considered that their room and board was paid, they received a free education, and they developed community amongst themselves, that surely had to amount to *something!*"

"You did fine, dear; you were a visionary ahead of your time!" Mary said encouragingly, patting Diana's hand.

Diana smiled. "In any case, it started innocently enough: I was walking the factory to make sure everything was running smoothly when I saw Mary sitting there, weaving by hand and looking rather upset."

"The stupid loom wouldn't work, and I was afraid of getting behind," Mary explained.

"Well, I have to say that it was quite a sight, seeing her try to keep up with the machines," Diana said, chuckling as she reminisced. "All things considered, she was doing pretty well; I admired her tenacity despite how obviously disadvantaged she was, but I was paying her to run the machine, not hand-weave—the other machines were weaving circles around her—so I went over to go see what was going on. I helped her figure out what was wrong—"

"She made it look so easy!" Mary said, chuckling ruefully.

"—and as I held her hands between mine to show her how to fix it, I just...felt something I had never felt before."

Mary smiled. "I felt it, too. We looked at each other, and then I sat back from the machine, and we started kissing."

"Lost a whole day of productivity that day, we did!" Diana laughed. "But it was totally worth it. Still, even back then, there were taboos against the employer being with the employees. I intended for the girls to be close-knit, and I knew that it just wouldn't do for me to be seen with Mary like that."

"We tried staying apart and maintaining a professional relationship," Mary explained, "But it just wasn't going to work; we felt too much for each other to just pretend it wasn't there."

"So, I faked my death," Diana said.

Mia's jaw dropped again. "Faked your death?! Wasn't that a little extreme?"

Diana shook her head. "I couldn't just close the mill; we had almost 8000 employees then, and I wasn't going to just put them out on the streets, not after all the hard work they did for me! So, I took enough of the proceeds to start fresh, and Mary and I went west. I set up factories everywhere I went, and what can I say, all those factories eventually added up. I ended up the second-largest steel producer—right after Carnegie—the second-largest oil baron after Rockefeller, and the *original* auto manufacturer to use interchangeable parts—that rascal Ford can claim to have done it first, but it was *my* factory that got it going!"

"Calm down, dear; that was a hundred years ago!" Mary said, laughing.

Diana sighed and shook her head exasperatedly. "I know, I know; I get myself worked up. But anyway, that's the story: the old employer banging the employee bit, if you can believe it."

Mia couldn't help grinning. "It sounds really sweet," she said.

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"It was," Mary agreed. "Jill was born not long after we headed west. She's never known anything but the lap of luxury. It is a shame about that old mill, though."

Mia frowned. "What happened?"

Diana shook her head. "The Civil War," she said. "All of our girls went home to either work their family's crops or take their husbands' jobs when they got drafted. After the war, they were used to doing what they'd done out of necessity, and they didn't need the mill anymore. It's a terrible waste. I read in the paper one time that they started hiring immigrants, severely underpaying them, and then doing the *exact* thing I tried to avoid when I started the mill in the first place: the squalor, the poverty... Ugh, it just—"

"It's okay, Diana," Mary said. "You did what you had to do, and those greedy beasts who inherited it ran it into the ground."

The three were silent a moment.

"It's still a great story!" Mia said, breaking the silence. Her face fell. "I wish..." She trailed off.

"You wish your situation had been like that, don't you?" Mary asked, stooping and lifting her chin. "I'm sure this whole situation must be terrible for you."

Mia started to answer, but just then, the dragonesses burst in.

"Cunt! Go with my sister; she wants to see what a mammal feels like."

Mia sighed, all thoughts of the romantic meeting between Jill's parents vanishing and her stomach turning itself inside-out. But before she could react, Jill grabbed her and half-dragged, half-flung her across the room. She skidded to a stop on her stomach and looked up at Hannah just as a matted blob of feces and what she assumed was Jill's hair fell from Hanna's ass and splatted less than an inch from her nose. She recoiled in disgust.

"And as for *you*," Jill was saying, "Did you have a good chat?" she asked mockingly. "Did the cunt tell you her 'real' name? Let's find out!"

"Come on, Whore," Hannah said, nudging Mia with her foot. "I'm going to have so much fun with you!"

"Just don't touch her cunt, Hannah," Jill called. "That's mine, and *nobody* gets to touch it but me—not even you!"

Hannah blinked, surprised at her sister's possessiveness, but she shrugged. "Okay, sure, whatever," she said as she turned, grabbed Mia by the scruff of the neck—albeit more gently than Jill—and dragged her outside with her.

"All right, Mother-With-A-Penis," Jill growled, grabbing Diana by the shirt and ripping it open. "Hey, wait—didn't I tell you not to wear pants when you're in my presence?"

"J—Jill, you haven't lived here in *years*!" Diana protested. "How were we supposed to—"

"Ah, ha, so I *did* tell you that, then," Jill said, smirking. "Time for your punishment. Take those fucking pants off! Both of you!"

Her parents both blanched and exchanged glances and then cried out in surprise and fear when their pants fell off in tatters, shredded by a lightning-fast swipe from their daughter.

"I didn't stutter," Jill growled, grabbing her father's limp prick at the base and squeezing so hard that it began engorging despite Diana's obvious disinterest in it doing so.

As soon as her father's member was at full mast, Jill cocked back her arm and drove it into her urethra as hard as she could. Her father doubled over, in too much pain to scream. Jill let the pain subside just enough that Diana could process more, and then she forcibly extended her claws deep inside Diana's dick and began raking the inside as she pulled out. Diana let out a blood-curdling shriek as blood trickled from the tip of her dick.

Satisfied for the moment with her father's anguished hisses of pain, Jill turned to her mother.

"Shit, you two talked a lot! Obviously, your throats are feeling fine. Bend the fuck over!"



She kned her mom in the gut, doubling her over, and then as soon as she was in range, shoved her barbed prick down her mom's throat.

"This ought to help with that," Jill growled as she deliberately dug her barbs into her mother's tongue and throat, scratching and scraping the delicate tissue faster and faster. Tears streamed down her mother's face, and snot ran from her nose as her body tried desperately to reject the cruel invader.

"Oh, *father dearest*," Jill said sardonically, "Get your dick over there and start fucking her ass. She'd better start screaming, or I'm gonna make *you* scream. Got it?"

Diana gave a sorrowful look to her wife and sighed, shuffling over only with the greatest reluctance.

"Move your fucking ass, you pathetic old cunt!" Jill roared.

Diana glared at her, defiantly taking her time yet doing as Jill ordered, lining herself up with her wife's anus, squeezing her eyes closed, and pushing inside.

"That's"—Jill grunted and pushed forward—"Better!"

She shoved her mother so hard that Mary impaled herself on her wife's cock. Her bloodshot eyes bulged in shock and pain, and a yelp escaped around Jill's prick.

"Let's see some *fucking* going on over there!" Jill warned.

Tears streamed down her father's face—she knew that what she was about to do was going to be painful for her wife, and she wanted above all else not to have to do it.

"Oh, for fuck's sake! Fine, I'll do it myself!"

She ripped her dick out of her mom's mouth, drawing some reflux up with it that burned her mother's tortured esophagus and made her grasp her throat.

"Oh, no! You stay right the fuck where you are!" Jill snapped as her father tried to pull out. "One way or another, your dick is gonna cause this twat some pain! Move over!"

She shoved her father roughly to the side, making both her parents wince as the barbs on Diana's penis yanked against Mary's pucker. Standing right against her father—so close that the sides of their hips ground together uncomfortably—she lined her dick up with the crevice between her father's dick and her mother's buttock.

"Jill, no!" Diana cried, but too late: Jill rocked her hips back and then thrust forward with all her might, shoving her penis into her mother's ass right beside her father's.

Her mother's body went rigid, and an expression of the most extreme agony plastered itself across her face. She could feel the top and bottom of her anus ripping from the forced entry, and a little trickle of blood smeared both the shafts inside her.

"Now *that's* a better look for you, Mother!" Jill said.

She grabbed her father's shoulder and used her as leverage to yank herself almost completely out of her mother's ass, her barbs hooking and grabbing her mother's feces, dragging them out, and rubbing them against the stinging, bleeding tears in her skin and eliciting a short-lived shriek that ended in a pained hiss between gritted teeth.

"And *that* is what repentance sounds like," Jill joked darkly.

The dragoness shoved her prick balls-deep into her mother once more and then put her hands on her mother's rump and shoved as hard and fast as she could. Her mother cried out as she was forced off-balance and toppled forward, landing on her face and gasping in pain as both pricks pulled out of her at once.

Diana breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, you think you're done, do you?" Jill asked, laughing incredulously. "Oh, no; after that bit of attitude you just gave me, I'm just getting started with *you*! Other-mother! Get over here and fuck Dad's ass!"

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Mary, however, was sobbing on the floor, tears streaming down her face. Jill bared her teeth in anger, stomped over to her mother, grabbed her, and dragged her by the arm over to where her father was.

"Bend over!" she ordered. "Touch your toes!"

Diana's eyes narrowed, and her jaw clenched.

"No?" Jill asked, her eyes narrowing too, and a cruel smile coming over her face. "All right, then."

In a flash, she punched her father in the stomach. Diana doubled over, her eyes bulging as she tried to catch her breath. Jill hit her again, this time in the side, and Diana crumpled to the floor.

"You wanna give me that look again, you worthless, dried-up jizz-bag?" Jill roared, kicking her in the side, then the stomach, then the back. "Get up! Get on all fours!"

Diana's eyes were shut tightly, a grimace stretched over her features as she curled into fetal position, trying to avoid Jill's onslaught.

"Get up! Get up! Get the *fuck* up!" Jill screamed, kicking again and again.

Finally, furious that her father was too injured to do as she told her to, Jill grabbed her and forcibly rolled her onto her stomach, then pulled her legs and arms up under her.

"*You*," Jill snapped at her mother, "Put your fist up her fucking asshole!"

Her mother shook her head, crying and pleading for Jill not to do it.

"Put your *fucking* fist up her *fucking* asshole, or I will put it up there for you!" Jill screamed.

Her mother continued to shake her head, beg, and plead, so Jill grabbed her, dragged her closer to her father, and then grabbed her forearm.

"Make a fist!" she snapped.

Still, her mother shook her head.

"Fine. This will hurt both of you," Jill growled.

With that, she shoved her mother's hand hard against her father's buttocks. Her father's anus didn't stand a chance. Her mother's pinkie and thumb caught on the tender hole, but Jill had applied so much force that they bent backwards, dislocating as they drove themselves in. Her mother screamed in pain, and her father, who had fallen limp, snapped up onto all fours as her body reacted to such violent treatment.

"You two have forgotten *everything* I taught you! For fuck's sake, it's only been 10 months, you shit-headed twats!"

To emphasize her point, she twisted her mother's arm inside her father's ass, making both of them scream in agony. Then she lined her prick up with her father's ass, letting her feel it there. She feigned a thrust, and both of her parents yelped. Jill laughed cruelly and then feigned again, making her parents flinch once more. Again and again she faked them out until she burst out laughing.

"You two are so fucking pathetic!" she laughed, wiping a tear from her eye.

Then, just as her parents relaxed just a little, she shoved inside, ripping her father's ass just as she had done her mother's and deliberately shoving her prick up against her mother's dislocated fingers. With a sadistic grin, she shoved right past the fingers, hooked them with one of her barbs, and yanked backward, making her mother's eyes bulge as she let out a high-pitched screech.

"That's what I *thought*, bitches!" Jill said exultantly.

She grimaced, suddenly realizing she needed to piss, and proceeded to do so, flooding her father's ass and driving out liquid shit-slurry while also flooding the ground where her mother lay. Jill's eyes suddenly constricted, and then a wicked grin came over her face as she deliberately pulled out of her father, dragging her mother's injured hand with her.

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"So, you both love me, but neither of you likes me, huh?" she asked, her tone icy. "Well, maybe I don't like *you*, either. But surely two dragons *your* age ought to know it's poor manners to talk badly of someone behind her back! If you're gonna talk shit, well..." she trailed off, grinning.

She flipped her mother over onto her back and stepped on both of her arms, pinning her down as she squatted over her face.

"You're gonna take your medicine, old lady," Jill snarled over her shoulder. "And if you don't"—she shifted her weight deliberately—"I'll break both your arms."

Mary cried out in pain as her daughter's claws drove into her forearms, feeling as though they would snap them that very second. Just as her mother opened her mouth, Jill pushed out a load of watery shit. It splattered all over her mother's face, getting into her mouth. Jill kept shitting and shitting, letting out a deuce big enough that it buried her mother's face completely in a mountain of stinking, brown, slimy, lumpy crap the consistency of chunky peanut butter mixed with castor oil.

Sated, Jill stepped off her mother and then reached down into the pile of shit, snapped her mother's mouth closed, and yanked her up by the muzzle.

"Don't you *dare* swallow that," Jill growled. "You! Chick with a dick! Get over here!"

Not bothering to wait for her father to react, she grabbed Diana and dragged her over through the shit-pile to face her mother.

"Now, the two of you *love* each other, right? Well, how about you French-kiss and share the love!" When her father hesitated, she cajoled, "Come on, *dad*! Don't you *love* mom? Don't you want to help her share my load?"

Her father was too mortified to react.

"Kiss, you asshole! What kind of a wife are you, making Mom suffer by herself like that? Kiss, damn you!"

She began hitting them both, taking turns slugging her father, then her mother, then her father in succession, hitting harder each time until she finally grabbed their heads and shoved their lips together.

Both her parents' eyes streamed bitter tears as they reluctantly opened their mouths and shared Jill's feces.

"Now, swallow," Jill said, grabbing both their muzzles and snapping them shut, narrowly missing their tongues.

Her parents both grimaced, closed their eyes, and swallowed, both their bodies jerking and heaving as they tried to throw it right back up.

"Keep it down, you fuckers," Jill growled as she continued to hold their mouths closed for several more seconds. "If shit comes out of your mouth, it's only fitting that it goes back in! Now," she said, letting them go and taking a step back. "I *know* you asked Whore what her real name was. I know those shit-for-brains heads of yours can't seem to remember one fucking thing, but I want you *both* to remember this: if I fucking tell you something, you take it as the mother-fucking gospel; do you hear me? The mother-*fucking* gospel. And to make sure you two don't forget it again, here's a little something to help remind you."

She flipped them both over on their backs, their legs spread towards her. She knelt between them and began punching her father's penis and testicles and her mother's pussy over and over again until the skin turned blue and then black.

"Every time you fuck, I fucking *guarantee* you'll remember," Jill growled. Standing, she said over her shoulder. "Get this shit-hole cleaned up. I'm gonna go check on Hannah and Whore. You two better be on your feet and ready to tell us goodbye when I get back."

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"What a cute little thing you are," Hannah said, scratching her ass and then reaching forward to stroke Mia's chest and shoulder.

Mia cringed as the reeking dragoness touched her. She could *feel* the mushy shit rubbing off on her and could see the little brown streaks against her grey fur. She shuddered, her eyes half-closing in utter disgust.

"Aww, you don't like a little poo-poo?" Hannah asked, pouting. "Well, that's just too bad, girlie, because my ass itches, and I want you to scratch it—with your tongue!"

Mia's eyes went wide, and she shook her head in protest.

Hannah cocked her head. "Now, I *know* you don't want Jill to find out what a bad little pet you were, do you?"

Mia froze, her heart pounding and her breath coming in short gasps.

"That's what I thought," Hannah said, beckoning. "Come on, now. Be a good little bitch, Whore."

Trapped, the wolfess whimpered and reluctantly went up to Hannah. The stench seemed to increase exponentially the closer she got. Getting right up next to her, Mia didn't even have to breathe for her eyes to burn as if someone had thrown acid into them. Hannah rolled over on her stomach in the grass and spread her legs, giving Mia *far* too clear a view of her ass. It was red and inflamed from constantly carrying so much shit up against it. Even that very second, a multi-layered chunk of shit in various degrees of crusting-over flaked off her ass and fell before sticking into a lump of fresher shit below it. Mia retched; there was *no* way she could force herself to put her face down there.

Hannah looked over her shoulder, saw the look on Mia's face, and scoffed. "Fuck, and here I thought Jill had you better-trained!" she said. She shrugged. "Ah, well; give it time! In the meantime..."

She trailed off as she flipped back over, got to her feet, and advanced surprisingly fast for such a big creature. Mia took a stumbling step backward, but it was too little, too late. Hannah swatted her, sending her sprawling, and then clomped over to her, turned around, and sat on her face. Mia was too dazed to react. Before she could even put her paws out to protect herself, she felt her muzzle plunge into that multi-layered shit parfait. Feces covered her face, pressed against her eyelids, and even went up her nostrils. She thrashed and desperately tried to escape, but the dragoness weighed far too much for her to overpower.

"If you wanna breathe, you'd better get licking!" Hannah said. "That's the only way you're gonna get out of there! Better hurry; it's gonna take a long time from the time you start before you can breathe again, and if you wait too long, you might just pass out!"

Mia held her breath, desperately trying to think of her options. But Hannah had already established them: lick, or pass out. She continued holding her breath, feeling her head beginning to pound and her lungs beginning to burn. She hoped that she could hold out long enough, could force herself to black out; then *maybe* she wouldn't have to do this! But as her lungs' burning grew more insistent, she found herself struggling, desperately fighting the urge to suck in a mouthful of crusted dragoness scat. Her head ached, her body twitched, and her chest began to reflexively draw in a breath.

She felt a sudden surge of panic as her lungs finally won the fight. Her mouth opened automatically, and her lungs sucked desperately against the nearly airtight seal of dragon feces. Something snapped in her mind, and suddenly she was on automatic pilot. The disgustingness of her situation suddenly didn't matter; all that mattered was getting oxygen! Her tongue and teeth dug into the thick, bitter, paste-like mess, and she desperately swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the vile stuff. Her vision began to go dark, and she began to see a quickly-shrinking circle of light.

Suddenly, her tongue pressed against skin. She pressed her tongue as hard as she could against it and sucked in a sip of air between her lips and the dragoness's ass. Then she began desperately tonguing the puckered ring, hoping that doing so would convince Hannah to let her go.

Instead, the itching sensation on Hannah's ass just made her crap right into Mia's mouth. Mia tried to scream, but the fast flow of thick fecal sludge quickly filled her mouth and began shoving down her throat. Once again, Mia was forced to swallow as fast as she could to avoid suffocating.

All at once, the horrible ass that pinned her down lifted up, and Mia saw daylight again. But before she could suck in that desperately-needed air, she saw Hannah's mouth close in on her with frightening speed. The dragoness's teeth parted, and for a moment, Mia thought she was going to eat her.

What she actually did was worse.

A nasty, reeking tongue slithered out of Hannah's maw and forced itself between Mia's lips. It crawled all over the inside of her mouth, feeling somehow more violating than when Jill raped her. Mia struggled, trying to get away, but the tongue kept probing her mouth, scooping the feces from behind her teeth and licking it away. Then it hit her gag reflex.

Mia vomited right onto the invading tongue.

"Ooh, good idea!" Hannah said. "Me, too!"

Before Mia could even struggle, the dragoness forced herself to throw up, and Mia's face and mouth were covered in dragon vomitus. It reeked almost as bad as her shit, but it had a piercing, acidic stench that made even her teeth hurt. Mia struggled, spitting and coughing, desperately trying to clear her mouth of the awful taste.

The tongue returned and began licking up the dragoness's vomit. Mia cringed and bucked hard, trying to get the awful thing to leave her alone, but it took its sweet time, probing every inch of her muzzle before finally slurping grossly back into Hannah's mouth.

Mia's body sagged from being so grossed-out and oxygen-deprived. Hannah laid her on the ground and lay with her crotch in Mia's face.

"Now, eat me out," Hannah said. "Come on; this ought to be way easier than the last task; if you can't do *this*, then I don't know *what* good you are!"

Mia groaned. She *knew* that Hannah was gonna start pissing on her the second she brought her face close, but as much as she hated to admit it, it was better than eating shit. Closing her eyes and taking a few breaths to psych herself up, she shoved her face up against the dragoness's stinking vagina and flicked her tongue out.

She regretted it the second she did. She couldn't be certain, but she was pretty sure Hannah had a yeast infection. Her pussy *reeked* of decay, rotten fish, and something sickeningly sweet at the same time. Mia nearly threw up. But as she tried to retreat to safety, she suddenly felt Hannah's hand on the back of her head. Without any further warning, her muzzle was thrust into Hannah's cunny and surrounded by her slimy, reeking vaginal walls.

"Oh, *man!*" Hannah protested. "I was hoping to save this for Jill! Oh, well; time to earn your red wings, Whore!"

Mia's eyes bulged, but only for a second before a fetid, red wave of fluid splashed against her face.

"Let's get some *licking* going on in there!" Hannah snapped, wrenching Mia's tail back at a painful angle.

Mia cried out in pain. The *last* thing she wanted to do was *lick* that disgusting dragoness's bleeding pussy, but desperate to stop the excruciating pain in her tail, she quickly flicked her tongue out and began lapping, retching over and over as she imbibed mouthful after mouthful of the scab-laden period. A particularly big scab floated into her mouth and landed on her tongue, and Mia couldn't hold back anymore. She hurled right into Hannah's pussy, the shit and acid from her stomach mixing with the blood and clots from Hannah's vagina.

"Hey! That's just rude!" Hannah protested. "Now, you lick every bit of that out of me!"

She drove Mia's head in even further, blocking off her oxygen supply. Once again faced with suffocation or swallowing disgusting bodily fluids, Mia was too exhausted to fight it this time. She willed her mind to think of *anything* else and began licking at the chunks that got caught between the dragoness's folds.

"This should help," Hannah offered.

Not a second later, a flood of piss bathed Mia's face and carried the blood and vomit out with it.

"Oh, *fuck*, that's hot!" Hannah breathed. "You've *got* to feel this for yourself!"

She let go of Mia's head, grabbed her by the waist, and flipped her end-over-end to drive her pussy against Hannah's tongue.

"Hannah, what the *fuck*?!" Jill's voice cried, its tone a combination of disbelief and unimaginable rage.

Mia went flying as Jill slapped her sister so hard across the face that it knocked her onto her side. Shocked and bewildered, Hannah looked up at her sister with true terror in her eyes. Jill's fists and jaw were clenched, and she was rearing back to clock her again, but that look stopped her dead mid-windup.

"H—Hannah?" Jill asked, dumbfounded.

She looked at her balled up fist, looked at her sister, and then quickly shook herself out of her aggressive posture.

"Hannah, I—" she began, reaching out to her sister, but Hannah quickly crawled backward, looking like a beaten cur, fixing her with the most piteous gaze.

Jill swallowed, tears welling up in her eyes. "I—Hannah, I'm so sorry! The—our parents—they—they made me so *mad*, and then you touching M—Whore's pussy when I specifically asked you *not* to? What was I supposed to do?"

Hannah bit her lip and looked even more wounded. Jill sighed nervously and took another step towards her, reaching out and looking at her plaintively.

"Please, Hannah, I—I'm so sorry; I'll never do it again!" Jill promised. "Please, just...don't be afraid of me; I love you, Hannah. I—I was angry, and I—I'm so, so sorry! Please, Hannah; you have to believe me!"

Despite her predicament, Mia was shocked to see this side of Jill. This cruel monster had *tears* in her eyes as she begged her sister's forgiveness!

"Never again?" Hannah asked timidly.

Jill gasped and looked up. She wiped her eyes quickly and shook her head. "Never again; I swear!" she said.

Hannah pursed her lips slowly but reluctantly came back within range of her sister. Jill seized her chance and pulled her sister in for a passionate hug.

"Thank you, Hannah," Jill said, new tears forming in the corners of her eyes. "You're the only person who matters in this whole, shitty world. I can't believe I fucked up so bad."

"Never again," Hannah said again, softly but firmly. "I love you, too, big sister."

They held the embrace for what seemed like a long time. Mia wished she could sneak away, but something about this strange, new side of Jill riveted her to the scene.

"Come, Cunt; we're leaving," Jill said abruptly as she broke the hug.

Mia wasn't about to argue. Carefully avoiding getting within range of either of the dragonesses, she quickly followed her wife back into the house. She gasped at seeing Jill's parents standing there without any pants on, their bodies badly bruised and drops of blood pooling between their legs. Mary's fingers were twisted and mangled, and her hand was swollen and discolored. Jill's parents quickly averted their eyes when she walked in, and she did the same; all of them were too afraid to even make eye contact.

She and Jill left without a word.

"You drive, Cunt," Jill said as she opened the passenger door.

Ordinarily, Mia would have protested having to sit in such a disgusting seat, but after all she'd been through, she didn't have the heart to even feel indignant. She gave a half-hearted grimace, felt the crusted seat squeeze up against her groin, shuddered, and started the car.

"I *know* you weren't paying attention before," Jill murmured. "Out the driveway, turn right, make a U-turn, get on the highway, and go home. Do *not* make me repeat myself."

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Mia swallowed, grimaced at the residual taste of almost all of Hannah's bodily fluids, and then did as told, grateful that Jill wasn't beating her or making her guess. But as she passed the guard shack, Jill spoke again.

"You were wise to keep your mouth shut, you little cunt," Jill said. "You *really* should pay attention when you try to silence your phone; your whole conversation with those pitiful excuses for parents was on speaker-phone."

Mia's breath caught. She turned onto the frontage road, trembling in fear. Thank *goodness* she didn't give in to Jill's parents! What if she *had*? The thought made her stomach lurch.

She saw the overpass coming up on her left. The thought crossed her mind: what if she floored it, jumped out, and then let the Suburban pile into the overpass pylons? Would it be enough to kill her terrible wife?

Jill scoffed, and Mia whipped her head to look.

"Don't even think about it, you worthless bag of my sister's crap; it won't work. How stupid are you? Do you *really* think this tank can't survive hitting a pylon? Bitch, please: it'll be the *third* one it's hit."

The dragoness's eyes weren't even open. Mia swallowed hard and made the turn. She wanted to cry, to vent the seemingly endless pool of despair she felt. But she couldn't even do that.

Not with Jill within striking distance.