

Jill swooped down and landed on the porch with a thud.

“Cunt! Where’s dinner?” she called as she threw the door open.

She gasped when she saw the inside of her house. Dishes, glassware, and decorations lay in broken pieces all over the floor. Her eyes narrowed as she stepped inside, picking her way carefully around the broken glass and pottery, not so much to avoid injury as to avoid alerting anyone still in the house to her whereabouts. She made it through the entryway and into the kitchen. Anything small enough to throw had been, and everything else had been severely beaten, as if with a sledgehammer.

*What. The. Fuck?!* Jill fought the urge to fly into a rage in case someone with a sledgehammer and a throwing arm happened to still be around.

She crept into the bathroom and looked down to find water all over the floor and spewing up from where the toilet used to be. The toilet itself had been shattered and cracked repeatedly, as had the tile in the shower, the tile on the floor, the vanity, and the mirror. The enamel on the tub was chipped and gouged, exposing the cast iron underneath.

Her blood pressure rising by the second, Jill made her way into the living room. End tables lay in shambles next to the couch, and the chairs—including her favorite recliner—were reduced to bags of leather holding pieces of what used to be their frames. Only the couch and the TV remained intact. The TV was playing the news, but Jill didn’t care about that. What caught her attention was the set of gray ears poking over the side of the couch. Somehow, in that instant, Jill *knew* this was that worthless cunt’s fault!

“Cunt!” Jill screamed, throwing caution to the wind as she stormed into the room. “Cunt, where the *fuck* is the sledgehammer you used, because I am going to beat *every* bone in your body until it is as broken as that chair right there!”

But as she passed the couch and turned to look, she knew that no answer would be forthcoming. Blood streamed down the front of the couch and pooled on the floor. More blood slunk its way back under the cushions, no doubt seeping into the fabric and permeating the stuffing. A butcher knife jutted out of Mia’s chest, a single streak of blood shooting across the part of the blade that wasn’t embedded in her. The wolfess lay there, her eyes open and staring and a grin on her face giving her a chilling aspect.

At the next thing she saw, Jill froze, her eyes constricting as her whole body grew rigid.

“Oh, *fuck!*” she roared. “Fuck, shit, fucking cunt-blood pussy-twat-piss-shitter! You little—*GAH!* Do you have *any* idea how hard this stuff is to find?!” she screamed, yanking an empty bottle of vintage 1701 Burgundy from the corpse’s paw. “You little shit-head!” She backhanded Mia’s face so hard it nearly yanked her out of Jill’s grasp. “If I have to go to fucking Hell and bring you back, I will fucking do it! Wake your cunt up and take the beating you deserve! You could not even *begin* to appreciate this wine! I was saving this for a special occasion, and now”—she emptied the bottle onto her tongue, but not even a drop remained—“*AUGH!* You little fuck-twat! I will fucking *end* you!”

She grabbed Mia’s body and began savagely beating her face until she spied something of interest on the other side of the couch.

“Ah, ha! *Here* it is!” she grinned, throwing Mia’s corpse onto the ground and kicking it a few times for good measure as she hoisted the sledgehammer above her head. “Time to fucking die, bitch!” she exulted, but then she paused. “Oh, wait...oh, well—time to fucking die *again*, bitch!”

She brought the sledgehammer down on whatever was handy. Mia’s femur shattered with a gut-wrenching *crack!* Jill hoisted the weapon again and brought it down again, shattering Mia’s ribs and leaving a visible indentation in her chest. Another blow went to her foot, which crumpled and folded in around the sledgehammer. When Jill raised the sledgehammer again, it carried Mia’s body with it, and she violently flung her dead wife’s corpse to the ground before pummeling it over and over again. Blood seeped from her many wounds, and a hard crack to the head split Mia’s skull open and allowed her brain to poke through the hole.

At last, her rage finally sated, Jill dropped the sledgehammer and stood panting and sweating over her Mia’s broken body.

"Well, at least *one* of us keeps our word," Jill growled. "I'm pretty sure that was every bone." She stormed into the kitchen, grabbed a less expensive (but not cheap by any means) bottle of wine, jabbed her claw into the cork, and yanked it out, then sprawled on the couch next to her wife's bag of bones. She took a long, deep drink of the wine and then alternately stared at the TV and scowled at her spouse.

"You lasted longer than the others," she muttered, "About twice as long as the last one, really." She took another drink of the wine, then threw the empty bottle over her shoulder. "But damn, Cunt, your timing sucks; it was a shitty day today. I was looking forward to some food. I mean, I could eat you, but...I go into you; you do *not* go into me. You understand, I'm sure."

She glanced down at her wife's body. "You left the place a total wreck, you know," she said, "And wrecking your body just didn't quite do it for me." A grin crept over her face. "Well, at least there's *one* good thing that came out of all this," she said, reaching down and grabbing Mia by the neck. "I don't have to hold back anymore."

She flipped Mia's body off to the side out of the way and let it fall limply on the sofa. With most of her weight off the cushion, though, she began to slide off.

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Cunt! Even in death, you're a needy, annoying little bitch!" Jill spat, grabbing her and piling her in a heap on the couch.

With Mia situated for the moment, Jill stripped off her pants, took a shit right there on the couch, and grabbed Mia's head.

"No more, 'Eew, Jill, it smells bad!' or pathetic looks of desperation as I make you swallow my cock!" Jill grunted as she pried Mia's mouth open and shoved it down over her cock. "Hey, Cunt, scream if this hurts!" Jill laughed as she shoved Mia's body down so hard that Jill's cock poked out her anus.

"Aww, a cunt donut!" Jill laughed. "I should have worn *you* as a cock-ring at our wedding. Hmm...memo to self for next wife..."

She grabbed Mia's shoulders and arms and pulled her most of the way off of her dick, the sharp barbs catching and slowly sawing through the wolfess's flesh. She manipulated Mia's body up and down like a life-sized fleshlight, but it just wasn't the same.

"Argh, you always were a frigid bitch, Cunt," Jill grumbled, "But at least when you were alive, you had some heat to you! Hmm..." She grinned, getting an idea, yanked her cock out of Mia's mouth, taking some of her teeth and part of her tongue with it, and then pulled Mia's face to hers. "Kiss me, bitch," Jill grinned.

She snaked her tongue into Mia's mouth and simultaneously blew out some hot air, lightly inflating the wolfess's body and quickly increasing her internal temperature. When she shoved Mia's head back down around her cock, she shivered in delight. "Oh, *fuuuuck*, Cunt, so much better!"

But as she began to thrust, she suddenly felt Mia's body getting stiffer and less pliable.

"Damn it, Cunt; you *would* choose right now for rigor mortis to set in," Jill grumbled. She tried to pull Mia's body off her dick, but the wolfess's muscles had locked up tightly, trapping her dick inside.

"Well, *that* sucks!" Jill snapped.

She yanked hard on Mia's body, pulling her dick free but also popping Mia's head off in the process, the wolfess's jaw tightly clamped around the base of Jill's prick.

"Speaking of cock-rings!" Jill grinned, "This ought to be a winning combination!"

The dragoness flipped Mia's body around and began boring into her pussy. It, too, had grown tight, and it provided a *lot* of resistance, much to Jill's delight. She alternated between fucking the dead wolf's pussy and ass, feeling zero remorse about going dirty-to-clean. Not that it mattered much anyway; the wolfess's bowels had given up their contents several hours previously, and her groin was already caked with mushy, piss-watered-down shit. Jill moaned lewdly as she felt Mia's excrement squidge up between the wolfess's butt-cheeks, squish around Jill's cock, and begin packing itself into the neck of Mia's head where it still sat, impaled on Jill's prick. Between the tightness of Mia's jaw around the base of her cock, the smelly, slimy mess acting as lubricant, and the reheated wolfess's orifices rubbing against her, it

didn't take long for Jill to climax. A spurt of dragon jizz shot up into Mia's bowels while a gush of dragoness orgasm flooded the leather couch, mixing in with the blood and making the whole mess stickier than before.

Jill sighed and pulled out, dropping her wife in a heap as Jill stared blankly at the television. It wasn't that she was paying any attention to what the talking heads were saying so much as thinking.

"I'm gonna have to find a replacement for the bitch," she mused. She shook her head disdainfully and glared at Mia. "Pathetic, just pathetic, Cunt. You always were such a whiny, fucking bitch." She snorted, getting an idea, and picked up Mia's body again.

"Well, might as well do what I've always wanted to do..." she said.

She stood up and flipped Mia's body over the armrest of the couch, her ass in the air.

"Hey, Cunt, why don't you beg me not to shove all the way into you again? No?"

She lined up with Mia's pussy and shoved in as hard as she could, so hard that the couch lurched to the side by two feet. Mia's body crumpled and flattened between Jill's hips and the sofa, and the surge in her internal pressure shoved part of her trachea and esophagus out of her neck-hole.

"Aww, did that hurt?" Jill asked mockingly. "But that's not gonna hurt *nearly* as bad as this!"

Pinning Mia's body down with both hands, she put as much of her weight on her dick as she could and began pulling it out. She could feel as all of her barbs grabbed flesh and began cutting and tearing. Jill shivered in pleasure, more from the thought of how Mia would react than what was actually happening.

"Yeah, I bet you'd scream," Jill murmured. "I bet you'd scream bloody murder. I bet your throat would do that thing where you start coughing because you were screaming so hard. Then you'd start sobbing, and it'd be this weird scream-cough-sob thing."

She stopped and sighed. "Damn it, Cunt; whether I wanna admit it or not, I'm gonna miss your reactions! It's just not the same without hearing your voice!" She glanced down at her dick and smiled faintly. "Or, maybe I just need to see your face."

She pulled out, leaving a jagged cut in Mia's pussy so deep that it cut into her bladder. Then, grimacing, she grasped Mia's head, jiggled her hands, and twisted until Mia's jaw released, and the wolfess's head nearly flew out of her hands as it shot off her dick. Jill grabbed it with both hands and brought it back to herself. Then she shoved her fist up Mia's neck, stuck her middle claw up into her sinus, and used her other claws to open and close Mia's mouth.

Jill grimaced in distaste; one of Mia's eyes had ruptured from the harsh treatment and was oozing down her face, and her lips were torn, making her mouth not quite close the way it was supposed to. Jill shrugged, lined up with Mia's ass, and let out a shriek as she plunged in and began raking her barbs back once more.

"No, Jill, *please! Please!* You'll kill me! Augh!" Jill cried, pretending to be Mia and moving the decapitated head's mouth in time. She mimicked the scream-cough-sob for effect and shuddered. "Ooh...that's good," she said.

Inspired by her own debauchery, she dropped Mia's head, seized her body, and began thrusting hard and fast, literally using her dick as a saw.

"Feel that pain, you fucker!" she screamed. "You were a pathetic weakling in life, and in death, you're gonna fucking take *everything* I give you!"

She hacked and sawed at Mia's ass, feeling her balls get heavy with arousal. Encouraged, she panted as she thrust harder and faster still. The vibrations through her cock, the catch on her barbs, and the sound of Mia's imagined voice in her head pushed her over the edge, and she roared in pleasure as she climaxed. She exhaled deeply a few times, basking in the afterglow as she hunched over Mia's corpse.

She straightened up again, and Mia's body fell off her. Jill gasped and then snarled in anger: she had been so into cutting into Mia that she had sliced the wolfess's gut open, letting her entrails fall out and

splash on the floor. But what pissed her off was that she'd also dug a good three inches into the arm of the couch.

"You fucker," she spat, glaring at what was left of Mia. "Even in *death*, you can't even take what I give you, *and* you fucked up even *more* of my stuff! I hope you're happy, you little twat! Gah!"

She kicked Mia's body in frustration. The force sent it flying across the room. It flapped open like a parachute, flinging blood, guts, and bone fragments all over the room. Jill just growled under her breath.

"This has *got* to be your parents' fault," she grumbled. "Only *they* could have raised such an ungrateful, pathetic little bitch! Come, Cunt!"

She grabbed Mia's head, shoved it back onto her dick, and then stormed out, immediately taking to the sky as she made a beeline for the bitch's parents' house.

A few minutes later, she spied her target and dove like a hawk, aiming for the street in front of it. As she got close, she flattened out her course, aimed for the doorway, and rotated her legs around to hit first. Using the force of her fall, she drove clean through the door, blew past the dining room, and landed the door in the middle of the living room, skidding to a stop like a surfer.

"*You!*" she roared at Mia's parents, whose eyes were like platters. "Your ungrateful, pathetic cunt of a daughter went and offed herself, and this is all your fault!"

Mia's parents gasped and looked at each other. Jill wasn't sure who started it first, but a mournful wail started, and soon both parents were howling.

"Shut up! Nobody gives a flipping fuck about your daughter, *least* of all you two! My house is a disaster, her blood has *drenched* my favorite couch, and what's more"—she grunted, snarled, and pulled Mia's head off her dick—"she makes a terrible cock-ring!"

She tossed Mia's head at her parents, who reflexively batted it away. It rolled onto the floor and stared up at them with one vacant eye. Mia's mother screamed, and her father calmed her down.

"Pathetic bitch," her father grumbled, casting a leery eye up at Jill. "Look, I—I don't suppose we could, uh, work out a deal...we've gotten kinda used to this lifestyle."

"And that door will be *awfully* expensive to replace," Mia's mother added, recovering and immediately adopting a shrewd expression.

"A deal, huh?" Jill growled, a wicked grin spreading slowly over her face. "Now what kind of *deal* did you have in mind? Are you two gonna pop out another sniveling, worthless brat for me to fuck?"

Mia's parents gasped and looked at each other.

"I, uh...well, um, that is..." Mia's father stammered.

"Well, you see, um..." her mother said falteringly.

"Well?" Jill demanded.

"I mean, *I* can knock her up just fine," Mia's father said, a hint of accusation in his voice, "But..."

"Oh, please, *you're* the one who can't even get it up!" Mia's mother spat. "Besides, even if you *could* knot me, it's not like I'm gonna pop out a litter just like that! It takes time!"

"And I assume you would want the replacement to be old enough to cook and clean for you," Mia's father continued without missing a beat. "We could raise her until she was old enough to wean, and then...she'd be all yours."

The two gasped as Jill began slow-clapping.

"Congratulations; you two are the slimiest, most disgusting excuses for parents I've ever seen!" Jill said, shaking her head in disgust. "I mean, really: did you *really* think I came here wanting you to pump out a replacement?"

Mia's parents swallowed nervously, looked at each other, and then back at her.

“Well, if not, then why—”

“Because you two owe me what your brat of a bitch-cunt-daughter couldn’t do! Get *off* the couch that *my* money bought, get into the kitchen, and make me some mother-fucking dinner!”

With that, she swept her arm sideways along the couch and bowled both the wolves off it, sending them sprawling to the floor. They got up, their tails tucked between their legs, and moved swiftly to the kitchen while Jill took their place on the couch, letting out a paint-stripping wet fart as she did that instantly turned the brown leather green.

“I like this couch,” Jill said to herself as she patted and felt of it, nodding to herself. “This is going home with me.”

“Uh, here—here you go, Jill,” Mia’s mom said, her voice trembling as she and her husband skulked into the living room carrying a large roast. “It’s been cooking all day; it should be very tender.”

Jill grabbed the platter in one hand, tossed its contents into her mouth all at once, and then hurled the platter across the room, denting the wall and making Mia’s parents jump.

“That was crap food!” Jill snarled, hauling herself up from the couch. “You two are even worse than she was! But I’ll make use of you, yet!”

With that, she deftly punched them both in the stomach at the same time, doubling them both over in pain and knocking them to the ground.

“Given your dick is about as worthless as you are, I guess you won’t need it anymore,” Jill said, grabbing Mia’s father, shredding his clothes, and grabbing his dick in her hands.

“No! Nonono—Augh!” Mia’s father’s protest was interrupted by a resounding *crack!* and he shrieked in pain as his penis instantly began to swell from the compound fracture in his baculum.

“Why, just *look* how big it’s getting!” Jill grinned. “I bet he can knot you after all!”

She ripped Mia’s mother’s clothes off just as easily as she did Mia’s father’s, and holding them like oversized Barbie and Ken dolls, smashed their genitals together. Mia’s father screamed as his broken, swollen penis was jabbed against his wife’s sex and missed several times, each blow making him retch, until the penultimate shove made him vomit. As he emptied his guts onto the back of his wife’s head, Jill finally got them lined up, his swollen penis found its mark, and the two of them were stuck together.

“See? I *told* you!” Jill crowed. “Now get busy pumping out another sniveling cunt! In the meantime...”

She sprawled on her back on the couch. Mia’s parents both struggled in vain as she manhandled them towards her, shoving Mia’s father’s head up her ass and Mia’s mother’s head up her pussy. Their bodies writhed in disgust and terror as her orifices sealed off all air around them.

“Man, the only thing better than a good ass-sweeping or a good cunt-sweeping is both at the same time!” Jill exulted as she began quickly stroking their bodies into and out of her. Both their fur quickly grew thick and pasty as it absorbed Jill’s excrement and menses; Mia’s father turned brown, and Mia’s mother turned red.

“Ohh, *fuck*, yes!” Jill groaned. “But that makes me need to—to...Ohh...”

Jill’s eyes rolled back in her head, and her tongue flicked along her lips ecstatically as she felt herself begin to piss and crap at once. The back-pressure of Mia’s parents inside her, holding her back, nearly made her orgasm on its own, but combined with the vigorous scrubbing their fur was giving her insides, it quickly sent her over the edge. Her penis shot a load of reeking spunk into the exposed rafters, and her bowels and bladder unloaded all at once, showering and drowning Mia’s parents in her by-products. Their bodies thrashed harder, feeling almost like living vibrators as they struggled for life-giving air in the depths of her filthy holes.

Coming down from her orgasm, Jill begrudgingly pulled them out and threw them on the floor.

“You two do have *one* thing you do right,” Jill said. “You’re good cranny-sweeps. But now you’ve got me excited, and I need something more.”

She picked up Mia's mom in a vise-like grasp and brought her face to her cock.

"The twat always complained about this," she said. "Let's see if you can do any better!"

With that, she shoved Mia's mother onto her dick, her barbs driving Mia's mother's mouth open as they hooked their way inside and shoved down her throat. Tears streamed down Mia's mother's face as she reached forward and desperately grasped at Jill's cock, trying to pull it out of her.

"Just like the cunt," Jill spat, shaking her head. "Hey, that's MY cock! Did I say you could touch it?!"

She grabbed Mia's mother's hands, one in each fist, and began squeezing. Mia's mother writhed in agony, her lungs fluttering as they tried desperately to suck in a breath against the pain but failed because Jill's prick had filled her throat completely. With a crunch, the wolfess's hands crumpled in Jill's grip, and the wolfess screamed around Jill's penis, sending satisfying vibrations down Jill's spine.

"This toy isn't enough," Jill complained. Glancing at Jill's father, her eye glinted. "But two is better than one!"

She reached down, grabbed him, and ripped him out of Mia's mother. Both wolves howled in anguish. The wolf's broken penis bone fragments lodged sideways in Mia's mother as Jill began to pull, and being sharp, they cut Mia's father from the inside. Blood spurted out the tip of his cock as Jill pulled it out of the wolfess's snatch. But Jill didn't care. She pointed the bleeding, twitching, aching cock at her ass and shoved hard, nearly crushing Mia's father as she pushed against his back to drive his dick into her pussy. At last, with a solid *schlurp*, Jill's ass sucked the wolf's prick inside.

"Fuck, yes!" Jill gloated. "You just keep bleeding in there!"

She put her hands around Mia's mother and began forcibly stroking her forward and backward on Jill's cock with such force that Jill's barbs hooked on the back of the wolfess's teeth and yanked them out as Jill pulled her off. Again and again, Jill manipulated her body like a living jack-off sleeve, until the wolfess had no teeth between her canines and anguished tears and snot ran down her muzzle.

Then Jill shoved her down hard and began pumping cum into her. As she did, she felt her stomach gurgle once more and clamped down hard around Mia's father's prick. As her bowel contents moved towards her anus, the wolf began whimpering and writhing in pain. There was so much back-pressure that Jill's feces were struggling to go anywhere they could to make space. And as it turned out, the only place they *could* go was to start pushing up the wolf's urethra. Runny diarrhea preceded firmer feces as they pushed inside.

The wolf's body reacted harshly. He screamed in pain as his dick felt like a burning-hot poker was being shoved up it, but agonizingly slowly. He felt the first twinge of pain at the tip, and then a shooting pain fired the whole length of his penis. He nearly passed out, but another, stronger burn began steadily creeping down his length. He thrashed and writhed, his movements only stimulating the dragoness even more and increasing the flow of her vile feces down his dick. The burn reached his already-inflamed knot, and to avoid what most surely must be an infection, his body sent hordes of white blood cells to fight off the invaders. They converged on the spot, making his knot swell to three times its normal size. He groaned, feeling woozy from pain and lack of blood.

And then the burn was *inside* him. Until now, it had only made his penis burn, but now, the dragoness's shit pushed up into his bladder. He instantly felt like he had to piss, but the pressure kept growing, his urge to void himself growing exponentially. His gut ached from the need to relieve himself and the burn of inflammation. His whole body jerked hard, enough to send Jill over the edge once more.

Jill groaned loudly and roared in pleasure as her balls began to empty themselves into Mia's mother. Eager to prolong and enhance her orgasm, she jerked the wolfess's body hard and fast up and down her cock, shredding the wolfess's throat and making her begin to bleed internally. Meanwhile, her orgasm caused her ass to pack even more tightly with feces, and with nothing else to do but continue filling Mia's father's bladder, they pushed themselves in harder than before. Sweat broke out on the wolf's forehead, and he groaned miserably. His bladder was completely full. Any more would—

He let out a feeble yelp as his bladder popped inside of him and Jill's feces began flooding into his body. Now *there* was an infection! His body temperature spiked as his immune system desperately tried to fight

off the invaders that streamed faster and faster into him. Shit covered the outside of his stomach, worked its way in between his intestines, and even found its way up to his heart and lungs, plugging things up and making it hard for him to breathe.

“Now, let’s see about you popping out another brat,” Jill grinned sadistically. She reached over, plucked Mia’s head from the ground, and then grabbed Mia’s mother’s ass roughly with her claws. Spreading the wolfess’s ass-cheeks wide, Jill pressed Mia’s face nose-first against her mother’s opening. The wolfess began to struggle again, her eyes bulging and her face taut with fear.

“And here...we...go!” Jill grunted. With a sledgehammer-like blow, she popped Mia’s head into her mother’s pussy. The wolfess’s vagina began bleeding immediately; it wasn’t ready for that kind of stretching—not now, not ever!

“Oh, look at the bun you’ve got in that oven!” Jill cackled, cruelly feeling the wolfess’s belly, which distended in its attempt to accommodate her daughter’s severed head. “And now all you have to do is just pop it out! Come on, now; you can do it!”

She poked at the distension on the wolfess’s gut, making the wolfess’s nostrils hiss in pain.

“Push, you little twat!” Jill barked, driving her claw hard into the wolfess’s gut.

Mia’s mother’s bloodshot eyes bulged. She didn’t know how, but Jill had somehow pressed just right, and now she felt her body trying to reject the foreign head. Her stomach ached from the invasion, but she knew that the stretch of her pussy as that head tried to push its way back through would be *far* worse. She desperately held back for all she was worth, but she was only prolonging her pain. Her body betrayed her as it began to contract, inexorably driving Mia’s head out half-inch by half-inch. The wolfess began groaning and whimpering in time to her contractions, panting with pain as best she could, still impaled on the dragoness’s cruel cock. She felt her pussy beginning to spread and squeezed her eyes closed. The pain reached its pinnacle as Mia’s head breached itself against her and refused to budge. The wolfess screamed in indescribable pain.

“Push!” Jill urged. “Come on, get that little brat out of your twat!”

She reached up under the wolfess and punched her hard in the gut. With an ear-piercing shriek from her mother, Mia’s head shot out of the wolfess’s pussy, flew through the air, rolled across the floor, and thudded into the wall.

“Aw, fucking damn it; it’s stillborn!” Jill groaned. “At least it didn’t take *that* much time to pop her out again,” she scoffed.

But Mia’s mother could not appreciate Jill’s dark humor. In Mia’s head’s frantic exit, some of Mia’s teeth caught on her mother’s vaginal walls and ripped a deep gash into them. Blood began streaming down her backside and splattering on the ground.

“Hey—hey! No bleeding on the couch; I *like* this couch!” Jill snapped, hastily scooting down to put distance between the blood spattering and her new favorite place to sit. “Fucking wolves bleeding on perfectly good furniture,” she muttered.

Mia’s mother gave no response. Exhausted from bleeding out at both ends, her head sagged, and her breathing became even more labored.

A groan from Mia’s father caught Jill’s attention. His body doubled over in agony, wracked one last time, and then he expired. Less than a minute later, Mia’s mother’s body went completely limp.

“Ugh, *fine*,” Jill grumbled. “I gotta hand it to the cunt,” she scoffed, “With pathetic parents like you, it’s amazing she lasted as long as she did!”

She stood and yanked Mia’s father’s dick out of her. It immediately began extruding a blood-tainted, brown spaghetti noodle from its tip as Jill yanked Mia’s mother off her. If she wasn’t dead before, she certainly was after as her neck broke in the process.

“I feel...better,” Jill decided. “I still have to find a new cunt to torment, but at least that’s out of my system for a day or so.” She glanced over. “Come on, couch,” she said, grabbing it and tossing it over her shoulder. “You get to come with me.”

She bumped her way down the hall and poked her head out the door.

"FREEZE!" a voice cried.

Jill looked around; she was completely surrounded by cops hiding behind their cars, guns drawn and aimed right at her.

She scoffed. "Really?" she asked. "I *own* you people!"

"Put your hands behind your head!"

Jill bristled. "How the fuck much did I pay you people? Show some fucking respect!"

She took a step forward, and a single gun fired. Jill's eyes widened in surprise as she felt a sharp pain in her chest.

"Hold your fire!"

But the damage was done.

Jill looked down in disbelief to see blood gushing from her chest. Whoever had fired had hit the bullseye. She grunted, staggered, and collapsed, the couch falling on top of her. Snarling, she flipped over on her back and clung to it, her eyes glaring as if daring anyone to try to take it from her.

Only then did she realize her mistake: she was in the wrong city. These fuck-heads didn't know her from anyone, much less feel any money-fueled loyalty to her.

*Fuck.*

Then she expired.

This time, it wasn't a wolf's blood staining the couch.