

For Better 2

By Ayn BlackFox

I was once told that there is a good thing in every package and I guess that “package” was left up to imagination because I sure as hell didn't know what it was referring to. Maybe I'm just cursed. I am not a super model with tons of sexy photographs on the web for you to ogle and do things that I do not want know about. I'm not a busty M.I.L.F would will take on anyone who wants a piece of hot, mature female body. I'm not much of anything really. I'm a short, husky built, orange, white and yellow, bob tail feline. I have small breast and rather messy hair. Not the fine female feline that you would think I am. Exotic name and color yes but looks to match, no. When people see or hear, “Elise Alvarez” they immediately starts to think of a very attractive female who could grab any man she want until I show myself. I have turned noisy lobbies quiet when I walk up to service counters.

Despite my stature, I work as a tailor. I make everything from normal everyday clothing to more formal wear. It's a comfortable life with a plenty of customers. My shop is on an “artery” street called Wynnton Road. I used to work with my husband, Lamar, a solid yellow cat with rather large ears and long tail. A lot of people said that we were made for each other. We could never be seen broken up. We were a perfect couple. However that was not the case. So what if he was a tailor, had a lot of money from it and could literally get any female he wanted wrapped around his finger. What was I supposed to do? Just let him run around and flaunt his talents and money to want he wanted how he wanted? I was not going to have it and I was not going to let happen. Everyone wanted me to work things with Lamar but I could not bring myself to forgive him.

It all started about a year ago, Lamar and I were working in the shop when one of my customers came in. She was one of the “Uptown Girls” who preferred, unique, high class clothing and was a repeat customer. A solid white feline with large, firm breast, glass figure body like any “Ultra-model”, as I call them, should have. She was any male's dream girl, unless they were gay. However, I always made her clothing and she loved me for it. Even though I had all of her measurements memorized, I would have her undress and measure her body every time she came in. I will admit that I was jealous of her but having her naked in my shop was all I needed. More or less, taking her measurements was a secret excuse for me to touch her in way that no other could. It seemed like she never realized this or did she? She would never refuse to strip but yet while I would take her measurements she would moan and purr like it was sexual pleasure.

Jenee, as I knew her, was a bi-weekly customer. Every two weeks I had a project for her and she paid a very pretty penny for this outfits. About five out fits in, I had got sick and I could not work any clothing, so I had Lamar work on her clothing while I vomited my guts out. However when I recovered, I noticed the Lamar was acting strange. He

normally would not smile while he was working but the day I returned to work, Lamar had the largest smile on his face. Most of the day, he would not speak but giggle and curl his tail against his leg like he was cumming in his pants. Since I could not figure him out, I ignored it and I dragged him home at the end of the day. I pushed his tall feline frame on the bed and immediately ripped off all his clothes. Lamar would only giggle and mew like a really bad submissive. Of course he knew what I was going after and used his tail like a rope and restrained his wrist. Lamar had a very flexible tail and it was something I loved him for.

Any who, after stripping myself of my clothing, I climbed up on top of Lamar and slowly ran my hands down a long his torso. He wiggled and squirmed a little, calling me his short and sweet, his honey bee and other endearing terms that he knew would get me going. Turning around, I ran my hands down a long his groin, rubbing in between his legs and fondling him gently. Lamar meowed and moaned softly as his penis erected in my grip. Like I normally do, I give his feline testicles a squeeze making him twitch and make a very cute "eep". It didn't take much for him to squirt a little and I knew then that he was ready for action.

Turning around to face him, I grinned and pressed myself against this average sized penis, just about 7 inches from tip to base. With lustful meow, I slide myself down onto his shaft. Like always, he wiggles and squirms around, whimpering: "You're so tight. It feels so good baby" as if we never had sex before. I slowly moved my hips to ride his throbbing shaft, listening to his moans and mews. It seemed to be typical but as I as moving, something seemed off. I could feel him tensing up, like he was holding his breath. He would not move as much as he used to but I figured working wore him out before I could. Ignoring it, I continued to ride Lamar, enjoying every second of it, keeping my pace slow.

A few minutes later, Lamar groan and thrust his hips up at me making me squeal, something he did when just before he was about to unload. Letting him thrust into me, I moaned out as much as I could and give him a rather firm squeeze. Lamar whimpered and quickly reached his orgasm. He moaned and wiggled around under me as he unloaded inside of me. I could only moan and gasp as I reach my own climax. Suddenly, I hear Lamar cry out: "Jenee".

Surprised, I pushed myself off him and looked him. Lamar was panting and blushed as I dripped with juices. "What did you say?" I asked wondering why he would say that.

Lamar looked at me and shook his head. "What did I say?" He asked acting like he didn't know what he said.

"You said" and with the best male moan I could muster "JENEE." I told him hoping he was just a little buzzed from orgasm.

"Oh I'm sorry. I guess I'm too used to be around her." He replied. "Well, babe, I am

going to hit the sack. We have a long day tomorrow.”

I would only give him a nod and I moved in the living room to sleep there. I wanted nothing to do with Lamar for the rest of the night. Still naked, I lay down on the couch and sighed, trying to think as to why he would say that while we were being intimate. Not wanting to get angry, I turned on the television and watched animated showed geared towards the mature audience until I feel asleep.

I woke up at my normal time, 6am, with the TV still on. The house was quiet otherwise until I heard the shower come on. Smiling a little, I sat up and stretched a little. Slipping off the couch I walked back to the bedroom seeing that there was a small breakfast sitting on the bed for me, a plate of Scrambled eggs, bacon and toast. Giggling I quickly indulged and before I knew I had a pair of hands rubbing my shoulders. Smiling I reached back and pulled Lamar close and kissed him.

With in the hour, we were on our way to work and Lamar’s phone started buzzing like he had a hive of bees in his pocket. I questioned it and he said it was a just a bunch of spam from old contacts. I believed this but something in the back of my mind didn’t agree. Simply saying “Oh, OK”, we arrived at work around the same time we normally did. Lamar parked the car and his phone started to buzz again. I sighed and walked over to the front door, unlocking it. Turning on the lights, I walked over to my sewing machine is. Lamar followed and immediately starts working on his formal wear. We stayed quiet most of the time, working on our own projects. Lamar seemed so focused, so determined that I was scared to ask him if he wanted some coffee. Staying quiet, I just worked on the dress I had been working on to sale when it was done.

As I finished up the last part of the dress I was working on, I noticed that Lamar was just sitting in front several pairs of pants. Not sure what was going on, I finished up the dress and placed it on a large hanger and placed it on the rack with the rest of the finished dresses. I tagged it and slowly moved over to Lamar’s work table. He sighed in a way that told me he was stressed. We had been working just three hours and I swore it felt we were never getting done with projects. I figured if that is what he was worried about or was it something else. It felt like it could be anything. I rubbed his shoulders slowly and pressed against softly. He purred and curled his tail some, seeming to relax.

“Is something wrong?” I asked him running my hand down over his chest softly. “Tell me.”

Lamar blushed some and looked back at me. “I just can’t concentrate.” He said rather plainly. Standing up he hugged and kissed his lips. “I have all these Tuxes to do and I can’t seem to get my head in gear.”

‘Well maybe I can help you.” I replied and slowly started to rub his sides and tail.

At that moment the door chime sounded and I could only let out a sigh as the

thought of taking Lamar right there is that chair made me feel aroused. Looking towards the door, I saw Jenée standing there, wearing a pair of tight fit pants and halter top. Lamar blinked and shook his head like he was trying to clear his mind as that white feline walked over to us. She did not look too pleased and I was wondering if I screwed something up.

“Oh... Jenée! Is there something wrong?” I asked her trying to figure her out. “Did I make a mistake?”

Jenée shook her head as she walked over to me and Lamar with her arms crossed. “No. Everything is good.” She pointed to Lamar. “But you... We need to talk.”

“What did I do?” Lamar asked looking at Jenée with a most confused expression.

“It is what you didn’t do.” She said with a huff.

Not wanting to be part of it, I moved away from Lamar and slipped into the back room of the shop and closed the door. I knew how Jenée was and I was not going to part of her rants. With a sigh, I looked through the boxes of material looking at what I missed over the week I was out. There was a lot of a silk and a lot of lace. Seeing this made me question why I was not informed of the more expensive orders but I know the books are positive so I was not going to worry. There no collection calls or anything so I know that Lamar did well without me in the shop. While I was searching around, I noted that it was rather quiet out in the work area so I questioned what was happening. Maybe Jenée was able to keep her tone down for a change or Lamar was just good at dealing with her.

With a small laugh I walked back out to the work floor where I heard very odd noise. Curious, I simply peeked around the corner not wanting to be seen. My eyes fall on Lamar holding Jenée bent over the work table, thrusting wildly into her. Gasping, I slip back behind the wall and press my back against it, I could not believe what I seen. Lamar was cheating on me. My mind raced with emotions. I was sad and furious at the same time. I sighed and slumped a little not sure how to react to what I just came across. With a growl and slipped back into the room where the materials were and I sat there and waited. Something told me that I needed to be calm and just try to talk things over. So I waited.

After work was finished Lamar and I drove home. We didn’t talk until I pulled into the driveway. I looked at Lamar and gave him a pat on the head. I didn’t unlock the doors as I stared at him. “And what happened earlier?” I asked him trying to stay as calm as I could.

“Oh... Ummm... Nothing.” Lamar said unlocking the door and quickly moving inside the house.

With a growl I followed him and tackled him. We both fell to floor and I pinned him down and pressed my claws into him. I wanted to rip his clothing to shreds and just do what ever came to my mind but I held back. “And you call it nothing! Lamar, you...monster!” Grabbing his shirt I ripped it clean off him and raked down his chest but

not hard enough to draw blood. It was just enough to make him squirm to get to think about what he did. "I'm done with you."

Standing up, I walked into the bedroom and started to pack my clothing. I was so angry that I would barely think. All I wanted to do was make Lamar pay for betraying me. He was my husband and is suppose to be my only love and devotion but find that he would rather spend his time with another female over me just hurt me more than I could ever imagine. It is something I thought could not happen to me but I was very wrong. As I zipped up the suitcase, I heard Lamar walking into the room. He was never quiet while walking; always giving away that he was around.

He whimpered and I knew that he was going to try to apologize and there was nothing he could say that could change what happened. "Elise, baby... I am sorry." He said softly, trying to give me the "I've been a bad kitty" look but I was not falling for it.

"Sorry? That does not change anything?" I hissed at him followed by a growl. "How long have you two been doing this? Since I have been sick?"

Lamar simply looked down and shuffled his feet-paws. I know he was going to admit it or lie about it. "Actually Elise..." He paused and turned away for a moment. "About a month now."

Like a baseball going through a glass window, I felt something shatter inside of me, my heart. "I...I...I...don't believe you." I said staring at Lamar with my head to the side. He pointed to the computer and turned it on. We had cameras in the shop and in the house so see if we had any unwanted guest. I watched him turn on the guest room cam and my curiosity lured me closer to the screen. Watching he moved the record to one of the days I was sick and just as he entered the room, Jenee entered right behind him. I could only watch as the two of them jumped straight to sexual activity. The bed moaned and creaked as I watched my cheating husband have sex with my customer. Looking at him as he briefly showed other times, I made a fist.

"Lamar... I trusted you as my husband." I said trying not cry as much as I wanted to hurt him. My mind raced with ideas. "And you have hurt me more than you can imagine and all I can hear from you is sorry." With a growl, I sucker punched Lamar square in the nose. He shrieked and covered his nose which instantly started to bleed.

"Elise, please...listen to me." He pleaded to me but I didn't want to hear it.

Taking the wedding ring off I throw it at him and kicked him in his feline testicles. "It's between us. I hope you have a happy life without me." I told as he fell over on the floor with groan. "Next time think before you cheat."

Grabbing my suitcase I walked out of the room. I grabbed the small set of keys off the side table by the door and walked into the backyard. Setting my suitcase down, I flung open the garage door, nearly taking it off track revealing the '35 Chevy roadster I have kept secret for several months. I turned around and looked at Lamar standing by the normal car

as dropped the vinyl top and placed the suit case in the seat. Putting the key in the ignition, I turn on the twin mounted Straight-4 engines, listening to the Classic "Euro sport" sound they put off. Buckling my seat belt I pulled out of the garage and looked at the Lamar who could barely speak. I simply waved at him and pulled out the driveway. Flooring the gas, I spun the rear tired enough to leave a smoke trail behind me.

As I was driving, my mind started racing as to where I could go. I left Lamar with the house and everything inside as I wanted to start new. Coming to a stop at a light, I looked at my cell phone wondering who I could call. Quickly going through the list, I found someone who I knew would be able to help me. I pushed talk and waited for him to pick up. Chris, you better pick up." I mutter as the phone rang several times before he picked up and Chris gave me a very improper "yo".

"Chris this is Elise." I said as the light turned green and I started to drive again. "I just left Lamar. Have those divorce papers ready. I will be signing them soon." Chris gave a quick sure and hung up just as fast as I called him. I turned on a side street and traveled down until I reached the county line where I slipped onto the main road. I looked at my phone again as I called "Matt A". This fox was my boyfriend to be if anything happened to Lamar and well I felt it was time for me start my new relationship.

After 15 rings, Matt didn't answer but I was not about to turn around and run. I continued down the road and turned in his driveway which lead to his farm. I looked around and shook my head as I tried spot the fire red fox around. It was odd that he was not around and I questioned his whereabouts. Pulling next to the house, I stepped out the hot rod and looked around again. I walked into the barn where I knew he sometimes slept and to my surprise there he was laying on the floor and in a puddle of something. I walked over to him and flicked my tail.

"What happened?" I asked him rubbing his head and ears softly.

"I will tell you in a moment." He muttered as he placed his hand on mine.

Now just over a year later, my divorce to Lamar went through and he lost 75% of the things we owned including the business. I sold the building to a Japanese couple and I used the money to start a new business with Matt. We now run a specialty shop and the largest into the region. What do we sell? Well how about you come on by and get a little tied up with us? Why do you ask? Well I'm currently a little tied up at the moment.

"Elise? I'm coming in!" Matt called me to like only his country voice can. I giggled and wiggled on the bed in my leather restraints.

So I guess I have to end my story here but there something else that you have to know... I'm pregnant too.

"Elise! Are you monologuing again?"

The End!