

Noblesse Oblige

An erotic furry short

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She twisted the sheet between her fists and arched her back, groaning. Catra's breath came in stuttering gasps, not quite panting but making her breathless enough to feel light-headed. Sweat caused her white fur to stick up and lie flat in various places; her panties and over-sized shirt were soaked with it. She'd slept only in fits and bursts the previous night, too caught up in her heat to find rest.

Trying to be optimistic, she reminded herself she would only be in heat for a week, just one short week; but it didn't help. She couldn't take a full week of this. She had barely tolerated the previous day, and the night had been worse. She'd always known she would begin a heat cycle at some point, but nobody had told her what a torture the experience was; the thought that this would happen every season drew another miserable groan out of her.

She twisted again and curled into a tight ball, accidentally kicking her pillow to the floor when she freed a leg forcefully from the sheets tangled around it. Her head popped up at the sound of fabric flopping on wood. Could she...? She scrambled upright and snatched the pillow off the floor.

It was a sorry-looking thing, rather thin and lumpy as far as pillows went — such luxuries were difficult to steal; Catra would have preferred something firmer like the pillows she and Gael had once had as kittens, far away in another life, one free from present miseries. This pillow would just have to do. She wrestled with it for a moment, shaping the lumpy fabric into something less pliable before straddling it. Using both hands to keep the pillow's shape and hold it still, she sank down on it until her thighs were almost flush with the bed, legs bent at the knees. As intended, the pillow made an agreeable pressure against her sex, and she was hopeful for some measure of relief as she started moving.

She arched her back and stretched until her breasts strained against her shirt, nipples hard and erect through the fabric; then she drove her hips down in a hard thrust, crushing the pillow beneath her. It didn't help, so she shifted her position and tried again, and again, and again.

Every desperate twitch of her hips forced movement out of her breasts, unbound beneath her shirt. She felt her breasts bouncing and could detect their movement in her peripheral; she moaned and closed her eyes, biting her lips briefly. She tried not to think about sex, but it was like standing in a lake while trying not to think of water. Broken fantasies came and went, forming into a man beneath her — a lion with a warrior's build, the man she would be meeting later to finish a transaction with.

There were times when Catra and her brother would procure hard-to-get items for anonymous clients, and he was one of them. She hadn't been in heat when she'd first met the lion, but he had made her stomach twist and her thighs tense regardless. His face--or what she'd been able to see of it beneath a dusty hood--had featured in every wet dream following their meeting.

He wasn't exactly anonymous — everybody knew the royal family on sight, even alley cats like Catra—but it was clear he *wanted* to be, and who were Catra and Gael to question royalty? The prince hadn't volunteered any information, and the twins had stopped bugging him for fear of losing the sale. As far as Catra was concerned, if the crown prince wanted to be secretive while buying black market magic in the slums, more power to him. Just as long as he paid.

Just. The thing was... the thing was, even though the prince had been hidden under a ragged cloak that hid everything but cheek and chin, he had still afforded her one glance of

his face and a hint of what lied beneath the cloak. The mere *hints* had been enough to spark heat between her legs like nothing ever had before. She wanted to unwrap him from his cloak and claim him for her own, even just once. Never mind that he was a prince and totally out of her reach — she *wanted* this man. Very much.

"Catra!" Her brother's voice echoed from below a rickety, spiraling staircase. "What are you doing? You've gotta go if you want to eat before you meet the prince!"

Catra sighed and stilled, letting the pillow pop free from between her legs. *Looks like I'll just have to grin and bear it.* Resigned, she answered through her door. "Coming!"

Catra and Gael had been alley cats since they were eight. Their kittenhood years were spent on a little farm south of the capital city. One night, the farm caught fire; Catra and Gael made it out with their parents' help, but then their mama and papa had run back inside to get their siblings. None of them had come back out. The next morning, Catra and her brother made the two-day journey to the capital city on foot seeking help, but quickly found themselves relegated to the slums, where they learned just as quickly to steal to survive. They'd eked out a living as pickpockets and black market dealers ever since. Spring was the start of their busy season. Gael left to see to securing their stock while Catra munched on a wrinkled apple. He teased her about her heat until she snapped at him, then she had to apologize twice before he stopped wearing his hurt look.

When the sun had risen halfway over the western wall, she put on a small messenger bag and made her way out of the hovel she and her brother were presently calling home.

Deciding a run was what she needed, she streaked along rooftops and across the myriad crisscrossing sky bridges that connected the towering, ramshackle buildings making up the city. She enjoyed the run, and dropped down to all fours to get the full measure of it. A crisp breeze ruffled her ears and tail, and she could just scent a faint wisp of winter. It would have been a perfect day if her heat weren't so distracting.

She worried about it throughout the commute. She could barely keep her hands to herself on a normal day where the prince was concerned; what would she do if she screwed up and lost the sale because of her heat? Just *thinking* about the prince brought heat flooding between her legs. Her panties had grown sopping wet, and she hoped there was enough fabric to keep her juices from dribbling down the insides of her thighs. It would be humiliating if the prince noticed.

Catra arrived at her destination several minutes later. It was a cramped, shady alley that curled in on itself and came to a dead end at a crumbling building that hadn't been used in years. She melted into the shadows, lamenting her white fur—even bedraggled and dusty, it stood out obnoxiously whenever she wanted to keep from being noticed—and leaned against a dirty wall to wait for the prince.

A bead of her fluids got caught in the short fur of her inner thigh. Wincing, she shifted and rubbed her thighs together, then crouched, pulling her ragged dress up over her knees. She pricked her ears and listened for the prince. Maybe, if she were quick and quiet, she could...?

She swallowed and listened for a moment, straining to hear. The prince had been raised in the military; he'd been whisper-silent when she'd first met him, and she didn't want him to sneak up on her now. Still crouching, she pulled her dress up her thighs and pressed her

fingers against her clit through her panties. She stifled a moan and began rubbing herself roughly. It was nothing more than a tease, but it still felt amazing. Her every instinct screamed at her to do this, that this was what she needed; dear gods, she'd never wanted to mate with someone so badly in her life. She considered taking off her panties and bit her lip. If the prince caught her...

She paused to listen again. Nothing but the sound of a distant finch overhead; the alley walls dampened any city sounds filtering through from the distance.

She stood and shoved off her panties in a quick, clumsy motion, then sat on her tail and spread her thighs. The cool air felt heavenly on her sex, which burned almost to the point of pain. She slid one finger into her body and began a vigorous in-and-out motion, grunting softly every time her palm hit her clit. She could feel her juices dribbling between her cheeks and soaking into the fur of her tail, but she couldn't bring herself to care.

She tipped her head back and closed her eyes, lips parted. Bracing herself with one hand on the ground, she rocked her hips with her finger, quick little desperate thrusts that left her panting. It was wonderful, and at the same time, it wasn't enough. She needed a male. She would do anything for a willing male, maybe she could find a way to get paid for it if she found one—

"Miss Catra?"

The prince's distant voice brought Catra scrambling to her feet faster than she thought possible, heart hammering in her ears. She wiped her fingers off on her dress and cast a panicked look at her crumpled panties on the ground—no time to put them on now, because the prince had just rounded the corner and was striding her way. The breeze shifted and brought his scent her way; it was tantalizing and amazing, everything she wanted, more than anything—

"I thought we were to meet at the entrance." The prince stopped a few paces short of her. She hoped he wouldn't notice her panties. She hoped he wouldn't notice the beads of her juices running down the insides of her thighs, leaving her fur sticky and wet. His scent alone was enough to make her moan, and she struggled to swallow it. A purr began building at the base of her throat; she struggled to swallow that, too. "I— I'm sorry—" She managed. "I was, um, I..."

"It doesn't matter," the prince said with a gesture that could have been eager or impatient. Face hidden beneath the ever-present black hood, all she could see was his perfect mouth. She watched his lips move and form his words, and she made a small, strangled sound meant to mask the onset of a heady purr. *Gods, I can't do this.*

"Do you have it?"

Catra twitched, then flushed, tail fluffing up briefly. She rummaged around in her messenger bag and pulled out a small package wrapped in several layers of gauzy cloth. Her fingers shook as she handed it to him.

Another bead of her fluids trailed down the inside of her thigh, and she clenched her legs together, standing awkwardly off-balance and biting her lip. She knew he knew. He had to. The breeze would have shown him she was in heat long before he'd come into view.

His fingers brushed against hers as he accepted the package and weighed it in his hands. He unraveled the gauze partially to check the contents, then re-wrapped it and tucked it into his cloak. "Thank you. Your payment..."

It took her a few moments of staring at the bag he offered before she gleaned that it was what she'd come for. Her tail thrashed, whipping her calves. There was a heavy chink of

metal on metal when she accepted the bag, and when she checked, more gold than they'd originally agreed upon was there. She placed it into her messenger bag. "Thanks," she whispered, wishing she could make herself stop staring. She took in his cloaked form hungrily, hands fisted in her dress to keep from touching him.

He nodded once, then took a step back and turned.

A whimper escaped Catra's throat, and she stumbled a few steps toward him before she'd registered that her body was moving. She fought against her purr, but it still escaped, a full, deep sound that was deafening in the tiny alleyway. She stumbled to a halt and struggled to release his cloak. When had she grabbed his cloak? She tried to shake her claws free of it, but two remained stubbornly caught in the heavy fabric. Panic ate away at the edge of her sanity. Touching royalty was forbidden.

The prince's hand closed over her fingers, and he worked her claws free in complete silence. He turned fully so he faced her and pushed back his hood. His long, red mane framed his face, caught in a ponytail at the base of his neck and falling straight from there. His eyes were a striking shade of aquamarine, and they pulled Catra toward him like a moth to flame. Distantly, she could hear herself purring and panting. He was so close she could touch him if only she reached out...

The prince surveyed her for a moment, then tipped his face to the side. "Need some help?" The question caught her off-guard. She blinked and struggled to process his words while the heat between her legs grew to a crescendo. "Help?" She squeaked at last.

"With your heat. Would you like me to help you?"

Catra's jaw dropped. She nodded stupidly, not giving herself time to think about it.

"Alright," he said, taking another step closer until she could feel the heat from his body. His arms came out from beneath his cloak, and he had to bend slightly to reach her hips. His breath tickled her ear when he spoke again, voice dropping an octave. "Hold still."

She nodded, words completely out of reach. Her purr shook her entire body, and when he gathered the front of her dress into a fist and lifted, she whimpered and steadied herself by placing both hands on his biceps.

He didn't seem to mind. "Spread your legs a little." He flashed her a tiny smile. She obeyed without thinking again, and thought she heard the soft drip of her juices hitting the cobblestones. He held her dress up against her stomach with one hand, and then—oh, at last, this was too amazing, she couldn't believe this was happening, and it was happening to her right now—he cupped her sex.

His palm had been warm on her fingers, but it felt soothing and cool on her swollen sex, and she moaned, rocking her hips into his hand. She tried to keep her claws sheathed so she wouldn't scratch his arms, but it was hard to focus on anything with his hand between her legs.

He dipped his fingers into her dripping folds and made a soft, thoughtful noise before pressing two fingers into her body. She gasped and moaned, chin dropping to her chest and eyes drifting shut. He moved his fingers in and out of her body quickly, hitting her hard enough that she felt he could lift her if he pushed any further. His thumb found her clit and pressed against it.

She yelped as he began massaging her over-sensitized clit, and gasped out a ragged, "sire, sire, please—" She didn't know what she was asking for, so she stopped.

He paused and moved his fingers slowly for a moment, allowing her to catch her breath.

"Call me Leon."

She moaned loudly and tried to hold still, but her hips were beyond her control, and she thrust against him helplessly, seeking more of his delicious body. She knew she was taking him off his rhythm and doing herself a disservice as a result, but she *just couldn't control herself*—

She had a moment of warning from her body before she seized and her orgasm overtook her at last. It crashed through her and knocked her off balance, and she crumpled against his chest, supported by his arm around her waist and his hand still partially buried in her body. She whimpered and moaned and purred through the whole thing, claws digging into his leather cuirass, and her climax was harder and lasted longer than anything she had ever experienced before. Like most she-cats, Catra harbored little interest in sex outside of her heat; but she had made herself climax once out of curiosity, and that had been nothing like this.

Leon withdrew his hand and helped her gather her shaky legs. "Alright?" He said.

"Y-yeah," she whispered, flushed and still purring. Sweet relief washed through her body and settled into a new feeling--something like a heavy peace. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." He steadied her for a moment, then stepped back. "Can you make it home? Or wherever you're going?"

Catra avoided his eyes, embarrassment eating away at her insides. "Oh. Yeah. I'm alright now. Thanks." She turned.

"Farewell," he said.

"Bye," she whispered. She walked shakily out of the alley, tail set firmly between her legs. She felt the prince's gaze on her back long after she'd returned home.

The full story will be available as an ARC through October 27, 2017.

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