

Bad Kat

By Mantrid Brizon

Logging onto his computer, Devlin adjusts his rectangular framed glasses. After a long day working at his office as a phone-based technical service associate, he just wants to unwind. The pale skinned human with short, jet black hair and a clean-shaven face activates his preferred, third-party chatting client. No sooner than he's logged on, he receives an invite. His lips curl at the corners, as the blurred image of the webcam comes into view.

"Hey, baby!" A woman's voice chirps.

"Hi, Katarina." He answers.

"I keep telling you Dev, you don't have to say the whole thing. It's weird."

"It's your name. Besides, if I give you a pet name, that makes you my pet. I don't know if you can handle that." He replies.

"Oh yeah?"

Katarina flashes a sinister, toothy grin. Her entire face absorbs the screen of their call, the nostrils of her pink, feline Voeldahn nose flaring. With a short snout and tawny fur, her beautiful hazel eyes compliment her already striking face. She takes her clawed hand and brushes her brown and gold streaked bangs from her brow. Leaning back from the screen, she reveals a topless form to her boyfriend. Her hands rest on her cheeks at the base of her snout before slowly gliding down over her shoulders and toward the large, natural, DD-cup breasts that crown her chest.

Looking to the right of their call, he notices that he was, in fact, invited to a room. His brow furrows in frustration. Why does she insist on testing him like this? Though only her has an active line to speak with her, others may write in text. Many comment about the human, most of them unpleasant and unkind.

"I've been a naughty girl, Dev." She coos.

"I can see that..." He grumbles.

"What's the matter, Dev? Don't you want to see me?" She winks, pinching the pink flesh of her nipples. "I know they do."

"You know how I feel about this." He sighs, rubbing his temples with his fingertips.

"One stud sent me a really nice dick pic. It was so perfectly shaped... So big." She moans softly.

Text emerges in the text-only chat box.

"Want to feel it, baby-girl? A big wolf dick, all for you, you bad kitty." It says.

"Mmm... Sounds fun. Can I, Devy?" She asks mockingly, leaning further back to rub her middle and ring finger over her exposed nether lips. "I want to play with the wolfie."

"You're pushing it, babe."

"Please?" She pleads, inserting two fingers into her wet pussy. "Don't I deserve it?"

"Empty. The. Room." He replies in anger.

"Or what?" She asks with an innocent voice, rocking her wrist and masturbating in front of the chat room of over 100 people.

Thoroughly aggravated, Devlin rises from his chair and walks out of view. After a moment, jingling is heard. Returning to shut down his

computer, he takes a moment to wave keys before her face. With a genuinely startled look, Katarina sits up and stares with wide eyes. His screen fades to black as Devlin leaves his apartment. Driving down the road at 15 mph over the speed limit, he reaches her own townhouse condo within minutes. Entering with a key she had given him a few weeks earlier, he steps into the home. Walking through the house, he clenches his fist tightly. Barging into her bedroom, a naked and startled Katarina gulps audibly as he steps menacingly toward her.

“I warned you, but you didn’t listen... You’ve been a bad girl, and now you need to be punished.” He says with a twisted grin.

Sitting at his computer desk six weeks later, Devlin types away on a computer, emailing his assessment to a client. His phone beeps within his pocket. Taking a moment to check it, he answers back before returning the device. Seconds later it beeps again. After a series of beeps, he is forced to reply once more before deactivating the device. Growing frustrated, his fingers type with more vigor, clicking loudly.

“He must have problems at home.” Stanly quietly remarks.

“Not if I were there.” Angie coos.

“Still after his nuts?” Stanly snickers.

The platinum blonde human turns to her colleague, flushing with embarrassment as she’d inadvertently spoken aloud.

“It’s okay. I won’t tell.” He promises her.

Walking down the hallway toward the cafeteria, Stanly slithers beside Devlin. Not noticing the black furred mouse Voeldahn, he is startled when the man begins speaking.

"Hey, stud." Stanly begins.

"What?" Devlin raises a brow.

"I hear someone has some office tail in the waiting." Stanly remarks.

"What are you talking about?" Devlin takes a seat at a lonely table.

"Angie. She wants you in the worst way."

"Isn't she the blonde?" Devlin thinks aloud.

"You've had to have noticed. Every guy in this office would rail her if even given a 'maybe'." Stanly laughs.

"Hmm. To each their own." Devlin shrugs.

"Wha... Are you *not* interested?" Stanly asks in shock.

"She's not my type." Devlin answers, before taking a bite of his sandwich.

"Dude... I knew it. You're gay, right?"

"No..." Devlin sighs.

"Are you sure?" Stanly presses him.

"Fuck off, man."

Devlin rises from the table, moving away from the annoying rat.

"Damn..." Stanly sighs in disappointment.

After an exceptionally long day at work, Devlin drives home, passing the complex that once housed his apartment. Parking in front of the townhouse condo, he uses his key and unlocks the front door.

“What a strange day.” He sighs as he enters the house.

Stepping into the living room, he sets down his jacket and pack, which contains his work supplies, company phone and notepad, as well as his lunchbox. Stretching out his arms over the backrest of the sofa, he kicks off his shoes and rests his feet atop the coffee table.

“So, I heard that some girl likes me at work. She’s a human though. When I didn’t seem interested, the guy who told me accused me of being homosexual. Can you believe that? People can’t just mind their own business... Speaking of which.”

Rising from the couch, Devlin crosses the room. Kneeling down, he looks at the large breed dog bed. Katarina sits atop it, her long, slender tail swaying at his return. With a thick collar around her neck and a chain leading from the collar to a mount bolted into the wall by her bed, she mumbles a response. Her words, muffled by a pink ball gag that buckles and locks with a tiny, journal style padlock, she is unable to answer.

“What’s that? Oh!” He feigns forgetfulness. “You want out don’t you?”

“Mmm-mm!” She nods.

With her wrists tethered together with pink, fuzzy handcuffs, he takes out a small keyring. First, he unlocks and removes the ball gag, before then removing the padlock that holds the chain to her collar. Finally, removing her handcuffs, she leaps upon him. Nuzzling his

cheek and neck with her snout, Katarina squeezes him tightly in her arms, her nude body pressed against him.

“I missed you, daddy!” She exclaims.

“So I’ve noticed. I left you that phone for real emergencies. Abusing it will only make me punish you.”

“B-but daddy!” Katarina whines, sliding back.

Holding up a finger, he instantly silences the young woman. Tapping her feline nose gently with the tip of his index finger, he rests a hand on her cheek before leaning in, giving her a rough and forceful kiss. Her lips, still damp from drool as a result of her ball gag, smear on his face. Swishing rapidly through the air, he reaches a hand down and smacks Katarina’s plump but firm buttocks, making her squeal as their tongues entwine. Her clawed hands caress his form, pulling at his clothing. It’s been a while since he punished her; a whole day is too much time to pass for the woman’s insatiable appetite.

As suddenly as he had begun, Devlin suddenly stops. Pulling back, he grins and taps her nose one again. It’s his subtle signal to begin or cease. Her loins already growing moist, Katarina whimpers softly, using her saddest eyes on him. Unfortunately, he is much stronger than any man she’d ever been with. When she first met him at the local coffee shop, she was attracted to his soft-spoken charm. Quickly developing a romantic relationship, the former webcam model soon learned who it was she was dealing with. That night she teased him online, six weeks ago, did not end as she had planned, and she is quite pleased it did not.

Taking a pink, leather leash from a hanger nearby, Devlin hooks it to his girl’s collar, the gold tab clicking loudly as he snaps it into place. She rises to her feet as he gives her collar a firm tug.

"I feel like relaxing... On the couch." He says casually.

"Yes, daddy." She nods, following along.

Devlin sits down on the couch, stretching out his muscles before slumping back and relaxing. With the leash held firmly in his hand, Katarina sits beside him on the couch. Leaning over, she collects the television remote, turning on the TV before shifting to face her Master. The feline woman unbuttons his shirt, carefully opening it and pulling the shirt tail from behind his waistband. He turns his eyes from the television, watching with a faint grin as she methodically removes his clothing. Ever since breaking her in that fateful night, she's been a very loyal, if somewhat disobedient pet.

Pushing his shirt wide open and gently scratching his bare chest, he leans forward so that she may remove it for him. Soon, Katarina pulls out his belt, takes off his socks, and unbuttons his slacks.

"That's a good girl. Don't stop there. Not until I say."

"Yes, daddy." Katarina nods.

Pulling down his slacks and underwear in one fluid motion, stripping him of his last remaining pieces of clothing, she gazes upon his member. Limp and lying across his pelvis, she turns her hazel eyes toward him. With a glare in his eye and a demanding nod, Katarina leans forward. She is always eager to please her Master, lest she be punished. She presses her lips against his flaccid flesh, the throbbing member waiting impatiently for her attention. She sniffs his organ, inhaling his musk and the natural, male pheromones that he emits. A hand cups his full testicles, which seem to refill completely every night.

Gently cupping them like precious stones, she runs her lips along the shaft. She opens her mouth and sticks out her tongue,

running it from the base and toward the head. Devlin watches, his grin even wider. Groaning from the pleasing sensation, he takes his free hand and gently strokes Katarina's head, petting her lovingly. She turns her vibrant, hazel eyes, smiling wide as she takes hold of his erecting phallus, stroking the engorging flesh before giving it a cute and affectionate kiss. Licking his entire length again, she opens her mouth wide and envelopes the head of his member.

"Mmm, you're being a good girl today." Devlin remarks. "I wonder if that will make up for your earlier misbehavior."

Katarina's heart flutters. She doesn't want to be punished; her Master knows exactly what to do to make her wriggle and squeal. Eager to please her Master, she wraps her tongue around the head of his member, her head bobbing up and down his endowed organ as a hand holds and strokes the base of his shaft. Her loins grow hot and moist; Devlin can smell her desire as it wafts throughout the entire living room. A hand slowly slithers downward, eager to tease her tender nether lips. Ever the observant Master, Devil reaches out, giving her buttocks a firm, hard smack.

"Mmm!" She squeals and jumps.

Katarina turns her eyes to her Master, gazing innocently at him.

"Bad girl. You know better than to touch yourself without my expressed permission, and I didn't hear you ask me anything." He growls.

"I'm sorry, daddy. Please be kind." Katarina pleads, taking her mouth off of his member. "I can't always help myself. You do things to me, daddy." She coos.

His hand twists, wrapping the leash slowly around it. He continues until the leash is taut, forming a perfectly straight bridge between them.

"I know, kitten, but that's no excuse. You're going to have to pay for your disobedience." He grins sinisterly.

"Please, daddy! I'm sorry!" She pleads.

Pushing away from the couch, he flips the Voeldahn woman up and backward. Katarina squeals as she plops face-up onto the furthest couch cushion. Still holding tightly to her leash, he grabs her slender waist and rolls her over. With an athletic build, Devlin is surprisingly strong. With a hard tank, he drags her over his lap, now facing to opposite direction as when she was pleasing him. Her claws rake the cushions as he pulls, her body trembling. She knows what to expect; her punishment is right around the corner. She doesn't enjoy the torment she receives for her disobedience, and yet she does.

With the leash pulled tight, her collar is ever present around her neck. Bearing a golden, heart shaped dog tag that bears her pet name, Kitten is drawn over her Master's lap and made to wait. A hand opens a drawer from a nearby end table, taking out the device for her punishment. Holding the dildo in one hand, chosen both for its canine shape and for being smaller than her Master himself, he slaps her nether lips with the silicon penis. She yelps as he then teases her vagina with the toy, smearing her sweet smelling, lubricating juices all over the toy.

She grits her teeth as Devlin rather roughly stuffs the dildo into her loins, grunting as she feels the organ plowing into her and spreading her flesh. While this is quite pleasing to her, this is not her punishment. Pulling the leash and lightly choking her, he spansks her ass with the hand that holds the pink leather strap; the other hand pumps the dildo into and out of her loins. Her fingers coil and her toes spread apart; Devlin is watching. Knowing that she is already drawing

close to an orgasm, he pushes the toy deeper. The knot smashes into her nether lips, and her body tightens.

With a small vaginal canal, she already struggles to take her Master; his penis is both longer and thicker than the toy. However, as he stuffs in the knot, it briefly catches. The awkward and somewhat painful feeling of being so violently knotted is one she doesn't enjoy. It halts her growing orgasm, startling her and denying the pleasure that she so desperately desires.

"Nng... Please, daddy. Let me finish. Hff. Take out the knot and let me finish!"

"Is Kitten giving her daddy orders?" Devlin coolly asks.

"Nng-no! Hff... I... Hff, I need it, daddy. Nng-please." She begs.

Leaving the toy deep inside of her loins, Devlin slaps her buttocks, spanking his pet. He is not satisfied that she's been properly punished. Taking the wolf dildo, he pulls the toy from her body. She shivers and gasps as the knot pops out. Drawing it away, he leans over and peers at the gap left from the phallus. He promptly drives the toy back into her, pleasuring his pet until her fingers coil and toes stretch uncontrollably. Her mouth agape as she gasps and squeals, drool runs down her chin. Shivering violently, he knows that she is close. Knowing that now she is ready for the knot, he instead pulls the dildo out and sets it aside.

She glances back, her eyes melancholy as her Master denies her orgasm yet again. Why can't she simply be good? If she were good, she would have finished, and her Master would have enjoyed her by now. Then again, if she's good, she wouldn't enjoy the release after her torment is over. Devlin spans his pet's buttocks, pulling the leash even harder.

“Now that you’ve learned your lesson...” He growls.

He grabs hold of her torso, each on one side of her ribcage. Lifting her from atop him, he slides from the couch and drops her down, breasts first, atop the coffee table. With her ass facing him, he kneels behind his kitten, taking hold his girthy shaft by the base. No longer in the mood to tease her, he presses the engorged head against her nether lips, giving her half a breath before he drives himself deep inside of her. He does not bother to lubricate himself beforehand.

“Nngaahhh!” Katarina squeals.

“NNG! Yeah... That’s a good kitten. Hff.” He groans.

Her body trembles as the endowed phallus plows into her, though she knows he has more to give. Drawing back a bit, for both of their comfort, he eases the remaining half of his penis into her taut flesh. Soon, his full balls press against her clitoris as he enjoys the burning heat of her loins. Enveloped by his kitten, Devlin begins pumping, driving his penis into and out of her body. Though gradual at first, he brings himself to a considerable speed. As his girthy organ stretches her loins and fills her to capacity, Katarina moans and groans, her breasts smooshed against the table as she lays her head down.

The table shifts from the force of her Master’s actions, her hands gripping the far edge tightly as she drools. He slaps her furry buttocks as her tail sways.

“Ahh, daddy! Ahh, I, nngahh, love you!” She cries out.

“Nng. Your daddy, nng, love you too, nng-yeah.” He replies, gently stroking her back.

After working his kitten for only a short time, she trembles and squeals. Racing over the peak of her climax, she cums hard, squirting on his member as he slams it into her aching loins. Devlin had seen and felt her peak, granting her this as a reward for accepting her punishment so well.

“AAHHH! Thank you, daddy! Nngahh, thank you!” She says through labored breaths.

With his hands holding firmly to her hips, he draws his member from her stretched and quivering pussy. Clear fluid drips like water from her loins and his groin, having thoroughly drenched his penis and scrotum. Taking hold of his phallus, he presses the tip against her tight anus. Katarina looks back, her eyes wide in shock. Her Master rarely punishes her like this; he must still be frustrated from her constant texts earlier. Spanking her hard, he drives himself into her anus, taking his hand from his member and reaching around to finger her gaping pussy.

“AHH! D-DADDY! P-PLEASE, NNG, I’M, NNG, SORRY!” She squeals.

“Nng, hff. You will be.” He growls.

Pumping harder and faster, he plows her tight ass until it is as thoroughly used as her vagina. She clenches her teeth and winces, but adapts quickly. Soon, she’s brought to another climax. Taking his member from her anus, he moves aside and kneels on the table, just to her left. Taking hold of her head, he forces her to lick and suck on his member. She works fervently, licking every millimeter of flesh as though she were cleaning him. After he is satisfied, Devlin picks her up with both arms, stands to his feet, and carries his pet like a bride. He walks casually back to the large dog bed, Katarina’s tail swaying gleefully.

She knows what will happen next and she can hardly contain her excitement. Her claws rake the glistening flesh of his back and shoulders as he sets her down. Taking her handcuffs, he locks them onto each wrist. Pulling her hands above her head, he uses a large padlock to connect the chain of her handcuffs to the chain bolted into the wall. Dragging her toward him so that the chain pulls tightly, he leans in and necks Katarina, nuzzling her.

“You better be ready for another try.” He whispers into her feline ear.

“Mmm, always, daddy.” She coos.

Kneeling between her spread legs, she wraps them around his waist. He pushes down on his member, aiming it directly for her loins. Driving the engorged flesh into her body, she lets out a shrill cry of pleasure. Without hesitation, he takes hold of her ball gag, quickly placing it in her mouth and buckling it behind her head. With her arms cuffed above her head and the gag in her mouth, she lay helpless as her Master prepares to breed her. Leaning forward and taking her into his arms rather lovingly, he sways his hips and drives his member into and out of her, working his pet as thoroughly as he can.

She lay there atop the soft, dog bed, shivering and wriggling. The pleasure builds. She had never thought that she wanted children, but meeting her Master changed everything. After surrendering to his will, she found that he was eager to breed her, and she was eager to become pregnant; humans and Voeldahn can and have interbred since the dawn of time, though children will always be the race of their mother. The image of bearing his kittens makes her burn with desire, her body crying out for his fertile seed. Moaning into her ball gag, her fingers clench tightly and her arms shake.

Orgasming yet again, the watery geyser struggles to flow from her loins, his member still busily pummeling her pussy. Her cum splashes him as he works, her sweaty, matted fur and large breasts,

pressing against his damp chest. He grunts and groans as he now focuses solely on his own pleasure, eagerly racing toward the finish line. His pet trembles and writhes, her muffled moaning and growing rather incessant. Plopping his heavy, full balls against her ass with each thrust, he grunts louder and pushes even harder. Both know what is about to happen next, and Katarina cannot wait to feel the wave within her.

“Mmm-mm-mmmm!” She moans.

“Nng, I’m, nng, gonna... Nnnggrrrrr.” He growls.

With his eyes closed tightly, he sheaths himself within her body. With her Master locked to her, and him to his pet, he releases. Her eyes watch intently, narrowed with admiration and reverence as her Master and lover fills her body. Strong jets of considerable volume flood her cervix and race for her eggs, eager to fertilize the cat girl who lay beneath the shivering human. Opening his eyes, he looks down at her, seeing the look upon her face; her lips are curled upward at the corners of her mouth.

“Nng, that’s a good girl... Take all of your daddy’s cum.” He says softly.

Removing the ball gag, he sets it aside and lay over her on the now wet, musky dog bed. Katarina kisses his cheeks and neck, trying to work her way to his lips. Her affection makes Devlin grin; he lives to please his pet as she does for him. She tugs at the large chain, whimpering cutely.

“I’m sorry! Daddy almost forgot!”

Unlocking the handcuffs, she latches onto him tightly. With his large member still buried within her, his seed filling her to the brim,

she closes her eyes and holds her Master. Nuzzling him with her short snout, she kisses his face over and over again, countless times.

“Are you so happy because you love you Master, or because I made you stop taking your birth control?” He asks with a chuckle.

“You know I love you, Daddy!” She coos.

“And I love you too.”

“Yay!” She squeals happily.

“But you didn’t answer my question.” He remarks.

“Can’t I be happy about both?” She asks innocently.

“Of course.” He replies.

Kissing her lips, she strokes his head with her clawed hands, resting her fingers on the back of his neck. Nuzzling her cheek with his nose, he rocks his hips, as if reminding her that he has yet to pull himself from her loins. She groans as she scratches his skin. Slowly removing his member from her, he flops down beside her. Quickly rolling over, she lay just beside him, her head on his chest and breasts pressed into his side. He turns his eyes to her as she gazes up at him, a happy grin ever present upon her lips.

“Daddy wants to cuddle.” He says with a smile.

With a sparkle in her eye, she bolts upright. Devlin takes her by the hand and the pair race upstairs while they still have the strength. Entering the Master’s bedroom, where Katarina sleeps beside him every night, the couple climb into bed. Though only mid-afternoon, they snuggle and spoon, her back against his chest as he wraps his arms around her slender figure. He rests a hand over her belly, scratching her softly. Purring cutely, she looks back at him, kissing him tenderly.

"I love you, Kitten. You're such a good pet."

"I love you too, Daddy. I'm sorry I am so bad." She coos.

"That's alright." He grins. "I don't mind training you."

"I can't wait to have your kittens." She says with a happy sigh.

As they snuggle in bed, taking a nap together, Katarina's thoughts are of earlier that day. Having recently missed her period, she used her emergency key to release herself. After taking and failing a pregnancy test, confirming her suspicions, she destroyed the evidence and rechained herself. She knows that he wants to get pregnant, and she desires that as well, and though she knows that she should tell her Master, she truly loves being punished. He'll figure it out soon enough. Closing her eyes, she drifts off to sleep, that naughty kitten wrapped in her daddy's arms.