

Kitty Comments Gets the Scoop

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Billy O'Brian was one of the biggest, toughest, most handsome prizefighters the Furry Boxing Federation had ever seen, and he knew it. Standing nearly seven feet tall at the tips of his horns and weighing in over three-hundred pounds, the handsome and muscular brown bull had an advantage in size and weight over all but a few of the other heavyweights. And none of them had posed a challenge to him for years. In fact, to most his fans, it appeared as though his heavyweight championship belt had been handed to him on a silver platter.

But Billy knew that the real secret behind his complete domination of the title was his training, which was a closely guarded secret. Not only were his fans and opponents unaware of how he trained, but about his special diet and more personal, somewhat embarrassing secrets. In fact, Billy's trainer and manager had worked so hard to keep Billy's out-of-ring activities a secret that the media called Billy the "Phantom of the Ring" since he seemed to appear right before the fight and vanish immediately afterwards. Billy had become so fond of the name that he'd had a special boxing cloak with a hood made to accommodate his horns, so that he could march into the ring looking like the Phantom of the Opera. Only when his face was revealed, the only screams of terror came from his opponent.

Billy was idly reading through the paper, sipping at a bottle of water while he waited for his trainer to return. Mike had been gone for a long time, but he knew that the old dog was moving slow these days, and he did not mind. After all, he didn't need Mike to tell him when to start his training regimen; Billy knew it by heart down to the second. Really, Mike's job was to ensure that the bull kept his mouth shut. Billy had a tendency to let things slip when he was around reporters, especially pretty female ones.

As he continued to read through yet another glowing description of his latest exploits in the ring, Billy heard a sharp rap on the front door. Surprised, he looked up to see an anxious and very pretty looking female cat staring back at him. When he caught her gaze, she smiled back at him, her bright red lips contrasting with her pearly white fur. Charmed by this attractive and very friendly looking cat, Billy went to the door and opened it, smiling and leaning on the doorframe, careful not to lean out too far lest he be spotted by one of his fans and mobbed on the spot.

"Can I help ya ma'am?" asked Billy. The cat had blonde, curly hair and was otherwise completely white except for a light gray circle of fur around her left eye, which Billy found quite cute, even if it did look almost as though she'd been punched in the face. She had three long, thin, curly whiskers coming out of each cheek, and a

long, curling tail. She was dressed in a tight-fitting maroon business blouse, which showed off an ample amount of cleavage. Billy liked this last bit most of all, and wasn't too shy about staring at her chest while he waited for her answer. She didn't seem to mind.

"Oh yes you can! You see, my car has broken down, and my cell phone isn't getting service." Said the cat. Billy noticed that she had a very pleasing, soft voice which seemed to roll off her tongue delicately. It was very sexy and slightly hypnotic. He adjusted himself and nodded; now more openly staring at her chest. "Do you have a phone I might use?" Billy smiled, nodded, and stood back, gesturing to the pretty young cat to enter. He smiled broadly, his short, thin tail whipping around a bit as he saw her hips sway, and her long, thin legs move on top of very sexy stiletto heels.

"It's over there in the corner, by the main office. It would be best if you used it quick and left, my trainer isn't too keen on visitors, even pretty ones like yourself." The cat nodded, and began to walk towards the phone. "Oh and by the way, my name's Billy O'Brian. What's yours?" The cat stopped in her tracks, and then turned around, grasping his hand in a warm handshake and smiling broadly.

"My name is Kitty Comments, Mister O'Brian." Said Kitty. "And I am pleased to introduce myself to such a polite and...Handsome man..." As she said the last few words, her fingers gently caressed the back of his hand. Billy's face lit up, and with a little discomfort, he realized that something was stirring in his pants. He knew he needed to sit down right away, lest he embarrass himself with a massive bulge between his legs. He let go of Kitty's hand, and she smiled and waved lightly as she walked over to the phone, her hips and tail swishing this way and that as she walked.

As Billy resumed reading his newspaper (or, rather, holding it out in front of him while he watched Kitty) he could clearly hear Kitty dial the phone, then speak in her smooth, silky French-accented voice. Her voice alone was enough to make him melt, but her looks and gentle graces were driving him to the limit. He had to pull the table closer, in an effort to hide the massive erection straining to get out of his sweatpants.

After what seemed like a very short phone call, Kitty Comments hung up, apparently disappointed. Much to Billy's chagrin, she sat down at his table, opposite him. She seemed oblivious to his embarrassment and discomfort, and the great pains he was going to in order to conceal his arousal. Why did it have to be so big, especially now?

"The towers won't be here for hours! I know that your trainer isn't keen on visitors, but may I stay here until they arrive? I don't want to wait outside, it looks like rain..." Billy nodded, not really paying much attention to Kitty, and trying to hide himself behind his newspaper. Part of him wished she'd go away, but most of him was glad she was staying. "So tell me, Mister O'Brian...Do you

think I'm very pretty?" Billy was a little surprised by this, but he nodded lightly.

"Yes, you're very attractive, but surely you know that already." Billy put down his paper and scooted closer. He was a little ashamed that this beautiful cat was making him more nervous than his most vicious prize fight.

"Hmm, I thought so...Your pants tell me more about how you feel than your mouth ever will." Billy blushed, and made a move as if to get up, but Kitty stopped him. "No silly, I'm glad to get such a response out of you. I take pride in my appearance, and I'm pleased to see that you...appreciate all the hard work I've put in." Billy smiled, and settled back into his chair. Kitty, however, got to her feet, walking over to Billy, her fingernails gently dragging across the top of the table.

"You know, Billy, I've always loved bulls. They're so strong and...Big..." Kitty leaned forward, pushing the light card table out of her way, and bringing the massive bulge in Billy's pants out into the open. He was still a little embarrassed, but the way that Kitty was acting, he was more excited than scared. Her hands gently slid down to his pants, caressing his erection through the fabric. "Mmm...Big..." Kitty seemed almost hypnotized by what she was feeling through his pants. He smiled a little, pleased at her response. He was, after all, very big, and generally proud to be so.

Taking her hands off him for a moment, Kitty Comments quickly removed her blouse. Billy was astonished at how fast she became undressed; it was almost as if she had simply waved a hand and unclothed herself magically, but Billy knew she was just very quick with the buttons. Billy also could see that she had a well-trimmed triangular path of blonde fur above her sex, letting him know that she was indeed a natural blonde. Billy was glad to see that Kitty, unlike many girls he'd known, kept her bush as opposed to trimming it. It added character, after all!

Leaning forward again, Kitty yanked Billy's pants all the way down to his ankles in one quick, smooth tug. His dick bounced out, standing neatly at attention, and immediately attracted Kitty's interest. Her hands were on it in seconds, caressing it with smooth, delicate strokes and caresses. Billy panted, gripping the seat of his chair firmly in his big hands. Kitty simply stared at it with wide eyed enthusiasm, moving her face so close to it Billy could feel her warm breath rolling across his length. "Mon Dieu, il est énorme!"

Kitty gently slid her tongue out, giving Billy a smooth lick. He shuddered a little, loving the sensation of her rough tongue tickling across his erection. She licked a little more, and then gave it a firm kiss on the head, coating it with her red lipstick. Billy threw his head back in a groan as Kitty kissed and caressed his cock with her mouth, sending shivers up his spine and precum drooling out his tip. She was amazing, and by the way her tail went straight with excitement, Billy knew she loved it every bit as much as he was.

"Mmm, it's wonderful..." Taking her mouth off his length, Kitty climbed up into Billy's lap, gently grasping his length in her hand. With a deep breath, she slowly began to lower herself down, gasping a loud "Oh GOD!" as Billy slowly began to penetrate her. It was smooth, slow, pleasurable descent, and Kitty's face lit up with a bright blush as she slowly slid down onto him. He panted, resting his hands on her shoulders, feeling and fondling and caressing her soft body as she slid his length into her.

Opening her eyes and smiling broadly into Billy's face, she began to bounce in his lap, her breasts bouncing around in Billy's field of vision. Pleased and a little entranced by their motion, Billy reached out and grasped them in his hands, gently caressing them as she moved. Leaning forward a little, he licked her nipples delicately as she rested her hands on his shoulders and began to ride him. She moaned and mewed and cried out louder and louder as she moved faster and faster, and Billy panted, fondling and feeling and caressing her beautiful body.

Billy could feel the climax quickly building up inside him, and from the looks of it, Kitty was approaching her own orgasm very quickly. Billy smiled at her, and as she smiled back, she leaned forward, putting her lips on his and pulling him in close. As he felt his tongue playing on and against hers, he also felt her shudder. She moaned a loud, muffled cry into his mouth and throat, making him shake in the sensation of her pleasure. He felt himself release deep inside her body, and he felt the rush of pleasure washing over him from head to toe.

Billy groaned, knowing his orgasm was approaching, but unable to stop what he knew would be the embarrassment accompanying his conclusion. He considered pulling out and running to the bathroom to blow his load, but he knew that the way Kitty continued to bump and grind he'd never make it. Blushing a bit, he let himself release, spurting out and releasing a great cry of "mmmmmmmmMMMMMMOOOOOOOOO!" He blushed beet red as he finished, then looked up to Kitty, who was stifling a laugh. It looked like it was all she could do to keep herself under control. Billy put his face down again.

"Promise me you won't tell anyone, please?" asked Billy. Kitty kissed Billy on the forehead and set her tail straight behind her.

"I promise..." said Kitty. Brian leaned over a bit, but Kitty pulled him forward and kissed him on the lips again. He could swear that Kitty had her fingers crossed behind her back...

Billy O'Brian had his head down, doing his best to look sorry for his trainer, Mike. The old dog was in a rage, waving around a newspaper he'd been shoving in Billy's face all morning. It was a copy of the local tabloid, which was repeating the same story that every newspaper seemed intent on covering.

"The Phantom Revealed! Investigative reporter tells all! Billy, do you have any idea what this DOES to us? The marketing is shot, everyone knows how you train, and this...THIS section...Did you tell her all this bullshit about your lovemaking skills, or is she just making it up?" Billy coughed before answering.

"Actually she ah...Has hands on experience with that..." said Billy. Though Billy felt a little betrayed by Kitty, he didn't see why Mike thought this was so bad. In the end, Kitty had revealed to the world that Billy wasn't a mysterious, mystery boxer from places unknown, but a normal and very likeable guy who loved to punch things.

"Well THAT explains where she heard about your Moo that you do when you cum. Do you have any idea how Devil Dan is going to play this up before your next match?" Billy shrugged.

"So? Let him. Devil Dan is nowhere near the boxer I am, we both know I can wipe the mat with him. And just because he knows how I train doesn't mean he can fight like me. Hell, he probably can't even train as intensely as I do." Mike sighed and sat down in his chair, tossing the tabloid in the garbage.

"I guess I shouldn't be so hard on you, she tricked me to. Lured me into a broom closet in the back with that sexy, sultry voice of hers. I got a good look at her too, before she scampered out the window and took the ladder she used to get up there, leaving me trapped while she worked you over. She must be one hell of a woman to put one over on the both of us like that." Billy smiled.

"Oh, she is..." Looking down, he smiled as he checked the small card hidden in the palm of his hand. On it was written Kitty Comment's address, along with an invitation to be there at seven this evening, to pick up where they'd left off. If trading up a few good scoops would get him a date with a cat like that, he'd have to come up with new, more embarrassing things for her to reveal!