

A new Master

By Sicarus

The night was dark, only a few rays of moonlight were reaching the little town. Modest and big houses were set across the hill without real order. The black cat was walking in the street, looking quite interested at them. He was only wearing the minimum, light clothes, black pants, shirt, and black gloves and socks, hiding the most of his white paws, but leaving access to his claws. A small backpack carrying some tools, rope, lock picks...anyone looking inside would know he was up for some mischief.

The cat was looking at a rather big house, two floors, and an open window on the second floor, perfect to get in without much trouble and unnoticed. He got to that house, climbing over the gate was easy, but to get to the second floor... A quick look around made the cat smile, those old houses, always full of peeking bricks, making things way too easy... He unsheathes his claws and gets to climb the wall to get to that window, feline agility making it quite easy. He looks carefully inside the room. Without big surprises, it was a bedroom. And a large fur was snoring in the bed as well. But he seemed to sleep hard, so it won't be a problem. The feline just put his back down and sneaks inside. His velvet paws walking without a sound, moving like a shadow out of the room and search for any valuables, wallet, safe... And he hadn't to search for long to find a safe in the office room. It was time to use his velvet paws again.

Crouching, he leans to presses his ear on the safe, and begins to turn the knobs, listening carefully to hear the 'clicks' of the locks opening, and licks his lips as they all open. It was way too easy. As he opens the safe with big eyes, he was quite surprised to see nothing in there, hearing a soft "pshhh", and soon the room went blurry, and dark as the cat passed out.

His head was buzzing, ears whistling as he was slowly coming back to consciousness. He tried to stretch and look around, but nothing, his hands were held over his head, and all he could see was darkness, even after blinking awake.

"Mmmff?"

Not a single word went out of his mouth, soon realizing he had some rubber ball in his mouth and a cloth over his eyes. He tried to move his arms, but his limbs were bound spread to a bed posts. And struggling was no use.

"So, the sneaky kitty finally awake..."

The feline head tilted toward the voice, big, and definitely masculine.

"Mmfff! Lff mmm go!"

He trashed a bit in the bonds, but they wouldn't let go. But he soon stops when he feels sharp claws gripping his jaw and holds tight, letting out a soft whimper.

“Stop struggling little slut, you’ll just end hurting yourself...”

His claws run down the cat’s neck, threatening the skin, making the feline squeaks and freezes.

“Much better. You’re going to be a good little kitty, alright?”

Another hand rubs the cat’s nipple, and pinches it, giving a rough tweak, making the cat squeak and tenses.

“You think I didn’t saw you sneaking in the street those last nights? I was looking for a new little bitch, and it was just too easy to get you in my little trap...”

The claws moved down the cat’s chest, and belly, until reaching his crotch, a hand gripping his hardening shaft. And that’s when Sica realized he got hard to that. Really, He whimpers and squirms a bit, blushing deeply. But the claws on his sensitive flesh quickly makes him stop, panting loudly.

“Stop that bitch, we both knows you just like that, being bound, and owned...”

Soft strokes along his cock, making him moans and tenses. Fingers rubbing his tip, enough to make him throb, and leaks a bead of pre. Quickly the hand moves away, and the pre get rubbed on the small cat’s nose, forcing him to breathe his own musk, making him muffles and shakes his head again.

“You like that smell slut? Don’t worry; I have much more for you.”

A tilt of his head, and he soon understood what the voice meant, as a cloth was pressed on his snout, with the stronger scent he ever smelt. Sweat, musk, even cum or urine. There were quite unwashed boxer pressed on the cat’s nose, making him trashes and whines, trying to shake his head away, but the hand was just too strong and held him goo, unable to get away, or even to breathe by his mouth, forced to smell the fool scent. The hand also grabbed the cat’s shaft again, stroking very slowly, like to keep it hard.

“Shhhh, that’s a good kitty, enjoy your new Master’s smell, get acquainted to it...You’ll quickly get used to it...”

The cat was panting, and whimpering, his brain getting dazed by the mix of the overwhelming smell, and the hand stroking his shaft, slowly. He wanted to cum, but it just wasn’t enough. And each time he tried to hump his hips in the hand, it withdrawn itself.

“I see you like that? That’s good...Just breath slow and deep...”

The cat whines and just breath the smell, his cock throbbing and dripping in the warm hand, held expertly on the edge. The feline was panting and whimpering, kinda getting used to the smell, but, mostly, wanting to cum.

“No kitty, bad boys don’t get to cum.”

A loud whine fills the room as suddenly ice get pressed on the hard kitty shaft, making him arch his back and struggle. But the hand held firmly, and the feline cock shrank quickly back inside its black furred sheath. But the hands weren’t finished, firmly grabbing the boy’s balls and sliding them in a

tight ring, before something hard slides over the sheath. And all the kitty heard was a click as the chastity cage got locked.

"There need to make sure the kitty doesn't hump on the furniture..."

The man chuckles and fondles the cat's locked bits for a bit, making him squirms and tightens in the plastic tube. The clawed hand came to strokes the cat's hair, scratching, enough to make him purr a bit.

"That's a good kitty."

Sica blushes, deeply, how could it feel good? He had to admit he liked being scratched like that. But soon the gentle paw grips his hair and lifts his head, taking the boxer off his face.

"I'm gonna remove the gag. But all you're going to do is opening your mouth and keep it silent. A single word and you won't talk ever again, understood?"

A soft whimper, and the cat nods, blushing and gulping. And the hand ruffles his head.

"Good boy, learning quick..."

The ball gag gets removed, and the cat does as told, keeping his mouth open, panting. Soon a ring slides in his muzzle, spreading his jaw some more, and locks them that way, before being strapped behind his head. Fingers rub his tongue, making him lick a bit instinctively. And soon the fingers push deep in that muzzle, making the cat gag on them.

"Shhh, look like we'll have to work on that..."

He chuckles and removes his fingers, letting the cat coughs some.

"But there is something you can do, and you'll do a lot."

Sica can feels weighs around him on the bed, as the male was getting on it, and soon sit on his legs. And the last thing the cat felt, and smelt, was the musky footpaw of that man pressed on his muzzle, and opened mouth. The first reflex was to turn his head away, but a firm hand squeezing his balls made him freeze.

"Now boy, I would suggest you get to lick, and clean my paws like a good kitty..."

A rough tug on his balls, and the cat begins to lick over those sweaty and dirty toes, coughing some as dirt stuck on his tongue, but the encouraging kneads and squeezes of his sensitive balls made him continue and licks them all over, even reaching between to catch more, gagging some.

"Hmmm, good boy...Keep going..."

He murrhrs and releases the poor boy's balls, letting him work, shifting his paws a bit to give a best angle to the kitty, making him lick the soles, toes, giving some instructions, faster, slower, licking between the pads, the claws, wriggling his toes and pushing some inside the open mouth. The cat's muzzle was quite a mess, covered in saliva and sweat, but just keeps going. Some sounds and moves of the man could make him guess he was quite enjoying, and by the raising musk, surely stroking himself on the cat's belly, dripping some sticky pre in his fur.

“Hmmm, very good job kitty...Let me give you your first reward...”

The paws moves away from the cat's muzzle as the other male moves up, getting on the cat's chest, the smell just stronger than ever. With some grunts and groans, soon the cat's muzzle and head get flooded with thick, musky seed, some getting in his open mouth, but it wasn't the main target, most of it landing on his nose and blindfolded face.

Sica just gasps and whimpers, feeling, smelling, and tasting the thick cum, squirming in his bonds some.

“And now kitty, I need to leave for the work; you'll just stay there until I come back...”

Some last pets over his head and chest, before the dirty boxer get stuffed in the cat's open mouth, and a tight leather muzzle get strapped around, making him unable to spit it out, leaving only the cum covered nose out, forcing him to breath the strong smell, engraving it in his mind. He only could squirms a bit as the footsteps gets away, and the door close, and locks, leaving the cat to his fate, wriggling and whimpering, then trying to get some sleep as it was no use...