

*Little Wing*

Little Wing.

That's what I like to call her. Little Wing, after the Hendrix song. Every time I hear it, it reminds me of her. It suits her.

*Well she's walkin', through the clouds*

She walks in the door, her hair and jacket damp from the rain outside.

"Hey, babe," she says as she notices me on the floor leaning against the couch cross-legged.

"Hey Little Wing," I reply.

She divests her coat and walks over to the couch. She sits to take off her shoes, then leans over to give me a kiss.

"How was your day?" she asks.

"Boring mostly." I'm out of work at the moment. I blame the economy. She tells me not to worry about it.

*With a circus mind, that's running 'round*

"Nothing interesting?" she asks, stroking my black ears.

"Well, I did housework," I say "to avoid death by boredom." She chuckles. "I can proudly say the kitchen is effing spotless."

"Well, that's good of you," she says, stretching out on the couch on her belly, running her fingers through the fur of my head. "I like that you're finding useful things to do with your time. I'd hate to think of you just sitting here and getting fat."

"I'm not sure we can rule that out either." Someone out there must not have looked at every specimen when they labeled tigers the sex machines I always see them as. No, I'm not fat, but I sure as hell am not the sex-machine stereotype.

"I'm not letting that happen. Don't you worry about that," she says, kissing the side of my head.

"And what if I do get fat, just because my metabolism slows down on me or old age?" I ask, turning my head to face her as best I can, given our positions.

"As long as it's not because you were lazy. You can look however you want, but at least try not to look like a slob."

*Butterflies and zebras, and moonbeams, and fairy-tales*

"That much I can do."

"Good. Did the studio call back?" she asks, picking something from my fur.

"Not yet. I've had the phone within arm's reach all day, just in case." Being a musician does not come with a great deal of job security. The classifieds of the local paper are spread out in front of me. I'm looking for just about anything I can do. I put in a call at a local studio, a small place that works mostly with local acts, trying to be a session musician a few days ago. More stable than trying to play gigs, but only if I can get it, and I'd still need something to help pay the bills.

"It'll work out," she says, ruffling the fur on my head.

I look back at her, and she looks into my eyes. She has beautiful green eyes that always seem to sparkle when she smiles. Almost on cue, she does so, and I have to give a small grin.

We were friends long before we started dating, and I'm the first non-human she's been with. How did I do it? How did I manage to get this beautiful, intelligent, funny, optimistic, all-around perfect girl to fall in love with me? Knowing full well all of my neuroses, all of my insecurities, all of the instability my life and my choices come with, why does she stay? She is so far beyond my league.

"I know that look," she says quietly, pulling me from my thoughts. "You're wondering why I love you." I look away. "Again."

I look back and give her a baleful smile, and she hangs her head.

"Baby, baby, *baby*, I love you but you're such an idiot sometimes," she says, crawling off the couch and climbing behind me. She wraps her arms around my bare chest and puts her legs out to either of me. She kisses me under my jaw. It's a sensitive spot for me, and I close my eyes when I feel it.

"Is it so hard to believe that I just love you? Do I *really* need a reason?"

"It's just —"

"It's just what? You're an attractive person my age with qualities I like and similar tastes. Is that what you want me to say?" She nuzzles my neck, and I start to purr. "There's more to it than that, y'know."

I raise my hands and put them on her knees. She runs her hands through the soft white fur of my chest and belly. She spreads her fingers and I purr deeper, her ministrations so relaxing.

"Maybe I can't tell you what it is. Maybe I don't know what it is myself. What do you want me to say then? What can I say?" She kisses me in that spot under my jaw again, and I rest my head on her shoulder. She continues to nuzzle my exposed neck.

"I've said it before, and I'll say it again, hun: I love you. I don't know why, and I don't really care."

She holds me tight, pressing her chest into my back.

"You're my Big Kitty, and I love you," she whispers in my ear. "Even if you don't understand it, even if you can't stop asking why, I love you."

*That's all she ever thinks about*

"I love you too, Little Wing," I whisper.

"Mm, you love me," she says, her smile audible.

"I love you."

"You loooove me," she says, nuzzling my cheek, doing nothing to keep the smile out of her voice.

"Yes, I love you." I crack my eyes and look at her, smiling at the little game we play.

I twist around, putting myself on my knees. She wraps her arms around my neck and I pull her onto my lap.

"Want me to show you?" I ask wryly.

"Oh boy, did I put you into a mood?" she asks, stroking my head.

"Well, you are all wet," I say quietly, nuzzling her nose with my own and stroking her blonde hair.

She pulls me into a kiss.

"And I bet you'd just want to show me any-which-where you please, huh?"

"Well I want the world to know."

"Ah," she coos, scratching behind my ear. "That's really sweet, Kitty, but what you have in mind is *not* the way to show the world," she says, pulling our foreheads together.

"You're the one thinking that," I say, chuckling. "What a dirty mind you have!"

Laughing, she slaps the back of my head. I kiss her again.

"What do you feel like tonight?" I ask, lifting us both to our feet.

"You," she says, her arms tight around my neck, eyes closed, cheek on my shoulder.

"No special orders?" I ask, lifting her off her feet and carrying her to the bedroom.

"This is actually pretty nice," she says as she wraps her fingers around mine under her knee.

*Riding with the wind . . .*

"All about you it is, then," I say, pushing the blankets on the bed back.

I lay her down and kiss her deeply. She moves one hand to the back of my head. I climb on top of her, pressing my weight so gently on top of her, our connection not broken for a moment.

I slip my arms under her and tug at her shirt. She pulls away from me, reluctantly, to pull it over her head. She tosses it nonchalantly and pulls me back down to her. I don't fight her.

I move my hands to the clasp of her bra and work at it. Her hands move down my front and to my waist. I unhook the bra and slip it off her, pulling away to ease it off her shoulders, and to help her get my shorts off. She unhooks the belt and button with only a little fumbling, hooks her thumbs in the waistbands of both my underwear and pants, and tugs. I grunt immediately.

"Sorry, I keep forgetting you have buttons in the back," she says apologetically, moving to undo the buttons above my tail.

"Sokay, no harm *ow!*" I say as she tugs again, forgetting to undo the button on my underwear.

"Sorry! Buttons on underwear are just stupid! Can't you just ease your tail into it or something?!" she says, quickly working that button as well.

"It's alright, baby, still no harm done," I say coming back down to her. She works my final garment off, and then moves her hand to rub at the base of my tail and the first few inches.

*When I'm sad, she comes to me*

I start to move down her body, kissing her chin, her neck, lasting for just a moment longer at the hollow of her throat. A small gasp escapes her, and I smile. I love making her feel this way, giving her as much pleasure as I can, seeing her in that ultimate physical bliss. I want to make her as happy as I can – and that she lets me do this to her, that she lets me see her like this – it's not an opportunity I waste.

I kiss my way to her breasts, slowing down the closer I get to her nipple. I place a few soft kisses around it, while I let my hand gently massage her other breast. Her hands move to my shoulders and grip gently. She wants more, but making her wait just the right amount of time is one of the intricacies of the game I enjoy.

I hover my lips over her nipple, doing nothing, close enough that I can just feel the skin, barely, knowing she can just barely feel my own skin and fur. I hover like this for a few moments before I part my lips and blow on her nipple. She gasps just like she always does and digs her fingers into my shoulders. She's waited long enough. I wrap my lips around her nipple and flick my tongue across it. I feel a ragged breath escape her chest. One of her hands moves from my shoulder to my head. I let the hand on her breast get a little firmer, not enough to hurt, just enough to work her up a little quicker.

I kiss my way over to her other nipple and do the same, massaging the breast I just left. She moans, a little more full than the last. I give this nipple an extra flick with my tongue and close my eyes. I want to lose myself in what I'm doing. I want to stay like this forever, showing my Little Wing how much I love her and making her happy every day.

I move my lips away from her nipple and blow on it gently.

"You're really good at what you do," she says, her voice thick with passion.

"I have good incentive," I whisper to her, nuzzling her body. She smiles at me, and I see the sparkle in her eyes.

*With a thousand smiles, she gives to me free*

I start to move slowly down her again, my hands moving to the button of her pants. She keeps her hand on my head, gently ruffling and smoothing my fur. I start to tug off her pants but leave her underwear. I pull them over her feet and toss them. Taking each foot in my hands, I peel off her socks as well.

"God forbid I should wear socks," she says, giggling.

"Hey," I say slightly defensively, "sometimes it bothers me! Completely naked, except for socks?! C'mon! Take an extra three seconds! Besides, what's so wrong with toes?" I add, working my fingers between the toes of one foot.

She laughs. "The heat of the moment means nothing to you?"

"Well, that's why I said sometimes," I say, crawling over her and kissing her. She pulls me down on top of her.

"Hold on, I've still got something I gotta take care of," I tell her, pulling off.

She groans and pushes my head to the side. "Hurry up . . ." she groans, rolling her eyes.

I chuckle as I slide down her, quickly this time. I pause as I pass her navel and begin to kiss her again. I move down slowly. When I get to her underwear, I peel back the waistband and give her a gentle kiss before I pull the garment off completely. I don't stop kissing her. I look between her legs and kiss her folds directly. I hear her make a small groan. I move my focus out, kissing her where her legs meet her body, then down one thigh.

She groans again, her eyes closing. She puts her hand on my head and tugs. I obey her silent command, kissing her directly on her entrance again. She strokes my head gently, letting out another moan. I move up and place a kiss at the top of her entrance, where I know she likes it most. She lets out a sharp moan and her eyes flutter open, and I chuckle, she's so sweet to please. I move back down and start to run my tongue along her folds. She's already fairly aroused, but I want to give her as much as I can. She continues to stroke my head and moan as I tend to my Little Wing.

I move up on her and begin to lap at the top of her entrance. She presses her head into the pillow and moans, gripping the fur on my head as she begins to pant. I smile at the reaction. I begin to run a finger along her entrance, teasing her before I slide it in. She moans and brings her other hand down to grip my upper arm. I don't stop what I'm doing to her. I gently push in my second finger as I continue the ministrations with my tongue.

"Baby, please," she squeezes out between ragged breaths, "I don't wanna -, not like this, not tonight."

I stop quickly and gently remove my fingers. I move up her body and look into her face.

"You okay?" I ask, placing a hand on her cheek. "Do you need to cool down a bit?" She's sweaty and panting, the hair on her forehead damp and her chest heaving with each breath. She pants a few times before she puts her hand on my head and draws me into a passionate kiss. I wrap my arms around her as I forget exactly what we're doing for a few moments.

*"It's alright," she says, "it's alright"*

"Mm, I think that's a no," I say. She chuckles and runs her hands down my front. She grips my length gently and lines me up the way she likes me. I look into her eyes and smile. She smiles back. I lean and start to kiss her, then push in.

She moans into my mouth as my length enters her, her fingers dig into my fur. A small moan slips past me as well, and I start to purr.

I move away from her lips and start to kiss her cheeks and neck. I lower more of my weight onto her, holding her close as I begin to thrust gently and slowly. I know she likes the way my fur feels on her breasts and thighs, and I always try to let her feel that. She returns my hold, wrapping her arms tight around me, one hand on my head. She wraps her legs around my waist and lets out a sharp moan.

"Maybe I should've cooled off," she lets out between pants.

I kiss her near her ear. "Do you want me to stop?"

"N-no . . ." she whispers.

I kiss her beneath her ear and move to nuzzle and kiss her neck and shoulder. I thrust against her just a little slower, as a precaution. Her panting increases, however, and she pushes her head into the pillow.

"Oh, baby . . ." she moans. Her hand slides down my back and grips my tail where it meets my body. She's pretty close, I know it. Throwing caution to the wind, I move against her, gently, but with renewed energy. She lets out a full moan. "Ohh, Kitty . . ." I absolutely love it when she moans to me.

I wrap my arms tight around her, pulling her close to me. The sweat of her body wets my fur. She moans again, wrapping her own body tight around mine. I kiss at her jaw and cheek as I pull myself

out more and more, slower and slower, before pushing back in quickly. I'm beginning to pant myself now.

She moans louder. "Unh, bab-baby, I'm gonna –"

"Don't tell me about it," I whisper, lips brushing her ear, "just do it."

I pull myself almost completely out and push back in quickly, and she nearly screams. That did it. I feel her tunnel squeeze my length. Her hands grip my shoulder and tail, squeezing me painfully. As if I mind. I kiss her cheek as she climaxes, bringing a hand to rest on the opposite cheek. I stroke her hair as she comes down slowly.

"Oh, baby," she says quietly, her eyes still closed, "you are really, *really* good at what you do." She strokes my head gently.

"If you say so, Little Wing," I whisper, nuzzling her. She's my only, and she knows it. I only have her reaction to judge by, so I can't be sure if I really am that good or if she just enjoys what I do. I really don't mind that a bit.

"I know so," she says, kissing me sweetly, her other hand gently scratching under my chin, making me purr. "Although you did not finish."

"That's okay, I'm good," I say, nuzzling her some more.

"You're rock hard inside me, Big Kitty. I don't think you're 'good.'"

"Well I don't *need* it. Tonight is about you anyway."

"Is it? Well then I'm gonna have to ask you to finish."

"But, baby, I'm not even close!"

"So? You make it sound like it's a chore for me. I happen to like seeing you all worked up. You're cute that way," she says, stroking my muzzle and smiling. "All hot and sweaty . . ."

I look at her and give a small smile. "You sure?"

"Yes," she says, no hesitation in her voice.

*Take anything you want from me*

I kiss her and hold her. "I love you Little Wing."

"I love you too."

I chuckle. "You love me."

"I love you."

"You loooove me."

"I love you," she says, giggling. "You better get a move on, before you get soft Big Kitty. I have my limits, y'know."

I kiss her once more on the cheek before I start to gently move against her again, with more urgency this time. She holds me tight. My pace quickens slightly with each push, my breathing getting shallower.

"Take your time, Kitty, enjoy it."

"That's a given," I tell her. She nuzzles my cheek, holding me close. I press my muzzle into the crook of her neck, and she presses her cheek against me, holding me there. Her hands run up and down my back, and I purr. I start to pant as I move inside of her.

"Don't hesitate hun, just let go when you need to."

"Unf, that's gonna be pretty soon."

"That's fine baby," she kisses my head gently. "That's just fine."

My breathing gets more and more ragged. I grip at her skin, my fingers clutching. My mouth hangs open, hot breaths washing the skin of her neck. My thrusts get less and less coordinated, just frantic pushes into her body. I moan unexpectedly, squeezing my eyes shut.

"Don't hold back Big Kitty," she says slowly, stroking my sides.

*Anything.*

I climax inside her, moaning shamelessly. I give short jabs at her, trying to maximize my sensations. I feel her walls clench slightly, her fingers gripping me slightly.

I lay there in her embrace for a few moments, not wanting to move an inch, breathing deeply, holding her close to me. My Little Wing. She kisses my head.

"Did you? Again?" I ask, looking into her face.

"Yep," she says nonchalantly, stroking my fur. It happens sometimes. Sometimes right after the first, if I give a final push, sometimes after a few moments. "You are *that* good."

"I think you're just talented," I say, resting my head on her shoulder, my body on top of hers.

"Psh, whatever."

I close my eyes and curl against her. "I don't wanna move."

"Don't."

"You can't sleep like this, can you?" I ask, opening my eyes.

"Course I can. Can't you sleep with me on top?"

"Well, yeah, but I weigh more than you."

"You aren't that heavy, silly Kitty. I can hold you a few nights here and there."

"You sure?"

"Yes, baby," she says with a hint of exasperation. "Must you question everything?" she asks, ruffling the fur on my head.

I blink my eyes sleepily, and hold her close.

"Besides, you are way too sleepy to move. Just go to sleep Big Kitty."

*Anything . . .*

"Want me to grab the blankets?" I ask sleepily.

"Nah. You're warm enough for me. Unless you'd like to question that one as well?" I smile and cuddle against her. My Little Wing.

*Fly on Little Wing*

She strokes my head, kissing the top of it gently.

"I love you Little Wing."

"I love you too, Big Kitty."

I drift off to sleep in her arms.

*Yeah, Little Wing*