

Big Kitty

I'm very warm. More so than usual. And I feel . . . heavy. I open my eyes and see a large, orange-and-black-striped thing on my chest.

Just where he should be.

I stroke the tiger's head gently and he writhes a little bit, his mouth opening and closing until he settles. I smile, kissing the top of his head gently.

I almost never get to hold him like this. He's somewhat insecure about our relationship, which makes him dote on me a little. Generally I don't mind, but it wouldn't hurt him to be a tad more confident. Then again, I guess it's a part of his appeal. He isn't overly clingy or dependent; he just tries really hard to make me happy. Definitely not a bad thing.

He's been like this from the beginning, when we were still just friends. He was always going out of his way to get me things I would like, was always trying to help whenever I needed it. I knew how he felt about me, of course, but I never acted on it. We were friends, I never really saw myself with him. On top of it all, he's a tiger and I'm a human.

But he was always there. While other guys came and went, he stayed, even though he wasn't getting what he wanted. He never patronized me, never complained, he was just my friend. Eventually, I decided to let him have his chance.

He stirs a little, blinking his eyes open. Looking at me, he smiles.

"Morning Little Wing," he whispers groggily.

"Morning Big Kitty," I whisper back. He stretches up and kisses me gently. Looking back on it the trepidation was silly. The way his fur tickles me is irresistible.

He settles back on my chest. He reaches a hand up and wipes away a small pool of his drool on my chest with the back of it. "Did you sleep well?" he asks.

"Well, I *slept* fine," I tell him, shuffling beneath him.

"Uncomfy?" he asks, looking up at me again.

"Only a little." I like holding him on top, but he weighs more than I do. It can get a little uncomfortable after too long.

The first time I held him this way he nearly cried. It was our first night together, and he was so nervous he came after only a few minutes.

"I – I – . . . I'm sorry," he whispered near my ear, his voice shaking.

"It's alright –"

"No, no, it's not," he said seriously.

"No, really, it's okay —"

"You couldn't have enjoyed *that!*" he said, lifting up enough to look at me. His face was full of shame, tears in his eyes, one sliding down his cheek.

"Hey, hey, hey," I told him, taking his head in my hands, "it's alright, don't cry." I gently wiped at his cheek with my thumb. "It's alright, here." I pushed him down onto my chest, making him lie on top of me. "It's okay, baby. Sh."

He sniffled. "I'm sorr—"

"No, no, it's okay. It's alright. Don't cry baby," I said gently, kissing his head.

He was silent for a few moments. "I should be able to make you happy," he said quietly and sullenly.

"It's *okay*, baby," I told him, stroking his head, trying to reassure him. "It's your first time. You can't ask too much of yourself."

He didn't say anything, just wrapped himself a little closer around me. He gave another small sniff.

"I doubt you're done, anyway."

"You'd —" he looked up at me in amazement ". . . you want me to . . . to try a —"

"Practice makes perfect, y'know," I said wryly, giving him a cheeky grin and scratching his jaw.

"Here," he says as he lifts himself off me. I roll onto my side, and he works his arms around me to cuddle against my bare back.

"How's this?" he asks me, cuddling me tight. I don't need to see him to know he's smiling all over. He drapes his tail gently over my hip.

"Mm." I grin as I stretch myself against him, exalting in the warmth and softness of his fur. His entire form vibrates as he lets out the deep purr from his chest. I run my hands down his forearms and lace my fingers between his.

I cannot get enough of his fur. I love the way it feels on my skin, in between my fingers, when I bury my face in it. It's so soft and warm; I don't let him sleep in anything but shorts so I can cuddle against it. His purr too. It's like liquid contentment. When he lets it out, I just wanna squeeze him, he's so cute!

When I started dating him, my parents weren't terribly approving. I was surprised myself, to be dating a non-human, but I fell in love so quickly once I let myself. My parents didn't warm up to him

though. He tried. He was polite, he only held my hand when we went to visit, but still they were cold to him. Eventually my dad told him his daughter was dating a wild animal, who would do nothing but harm to me, who wanted to play music for a living on top of it all, and that there was no way he would be worth me.

He was angry and hurt, but he didn't attack my dad. He said, quietly, "I'm a hard worker; I'm not an animal," got up, and went to the car to seethe quietly.

"Hey, don't listen to him," I said as I joined him. He didn't respond immediately.

"Do you think I'm an animal?" he asked quietly, his ears drooping.

"No, of course not," I told him, stroking his cheek. "Don't let Daddy get to you. He'll come around."

He was very quiet. "He's got a point though."

"Baby, don't talk like that."

"How am I gonna take care of you, or *myself*, doing what I'm doing now?" he asked me slowly and sadly.

"Hey, you said it yourself: you're a hard worker," I told him softly. "You're good at what you do because of it. If this is what you want, you should go for it. Don't pass up on an opportunity to do what really makes you happy, baby. I can take care of myself, you know that, and I'll support you too if I have to. And if things ever get hard, we both know you'll do what you have to to keep us afloat. You're not an animal; you're not lazy; you're not some airy dreamer." I took his head in my hands and made him look at me. "I wouldn't put up with you if you were, Kitty."

He gave a weak smile. "I love you Little Wing."

I leaned in and kissed him. "I love you too Big Kitty."

He chuckled. "You love me."

"I love you."

"You loooove me."

"Yes," I chuckle, stroking his head, "I love you."

He continued to laugh. "I guess we're a little ahead of ourselves with all this 'supporting each other talk,'" he said with a small blush.

We had been taking things slow. Part of it was because of the friendship we wanted to maintain if things didn't work out, part of it was inexperience on his part and nervousness on both our parts', and

another part was that, once I realized how deeply I felt for him, I really wanted it to work. As far as I was concerned, he was worth any waiting.

"If you say so, Big Kitty," I said, scratching behind his ear.

"W- . . . What do you—"

I wrapped my hand around the front of his muzzle, silencing him. Pressing just my index finger to his lips, I whispered, "We'll talk about it when we get home."

"Home? W-we?" His blush was furious. And adorable.

That was a while ago. We moved into a small apartment together not long after that. He was awkward, of course, in the beginning, but I was expecting it. Now he can crawl into bed and curl around me without any hesitation at all, wrapping me in a soft, warm, stripy Kitty cocoon.

As warm as his fur can be, though, sometimes it isn't enough. "Hun, can you pull the blankets up? I'm a little cold," I ask him.

"You sure you want the blankets?" he replies slyly, a tensing of his arms, a twitch of his tail, a shift of his hips making his intentions more than obvious.

"Didn't you get enough last night?" I say with a small chuckle, putting my hand on the back of his head.

"Well, what *I* want isn't important, it's what *you* want. It's all about you tonight, remember?"

"So last night's offer is gonna go well into the morning? Suuure . . ."

"Well, I'm willing to be lenient. Besides, I can think of something I didn't do for you last night."

"Really?"

"Yup."

"And that would be?"

"A decent bonking."

I burst out into laughter. "What?!"

"Well, all that sensitive lovemaking is nice and has its moments, but sometimes you just *want* it."

I can't stop laughing as he moves his hands up and down my torso. He goes from my shoulders down to my hips, crossing lightly over my breasts, nipples, and belly, without ever doing anything to really excite me. He nuzzles my neck the entire time, tickling me with his whiskers and gentle kisses.

"And this has nothing to do with you?" I squeeze out between laughs.

"Mm, nope," he whispers. I can still hear his smile.

I pull his head to me and kiss the side of his muzzle. "Just remember you have morning breath, baby."

He shoots me an indignant look. "Well *your* breath smells just like a springtime meadow," he says sarcastically.

"Don't I know it," I tell him with a smile, closing my eyes and stretching against his body.

He glides his hands over me more, making circles on my belly while one moves down between my thighs. "You're lucky you're so cute," he whispers, lips on my neck. He kisses me there. "Actually, I think I'm the lucky one," he says slowly.

"I'm pretty lucky too, Kitty."

"To be so cute?"

"To have you."

He smiles and kisses me under my ear, then moves a hand to cup my breast. I dig my fingers into his fur in response.

His kisses move toward my throat and down onto my shoulder as his fingers run along my entrance lightly. He moves his hand to my other breast. A small sigh slips past me. He gets a little firmer on this breast, gently squeezing and releasing, rolling my nipple in his palm. I feel his growing length against my bottom.

His fingers get heavier on my entrance. I'm becoming aroused, and he uses the natural lubricant to slip the tip of his second finger inside. It's not penetration, but it's enough to make me grind against him. His hand moves back to my first breast, massaging for just a moment before he gently pinches my nipple between his first and second fingers. The gentle kisses on my neck and shoulder don't stop as I gasp from his ministrations.

I move the thigh I'm not laying on up to a high angle, bending at the knee, to give him easy access to my most intimate places. He moves the hand on my folds away and holds my thigh at this high angle.

"This doesn't hurt or anything, does it?" he asks into my ear.

"No," I whisper back breathily. He places a wet kiss right on my ear, making me giggle, before moving on to my cheek and temple.

His fingers dance on my thigh before he moves them to the less-sensitive front of my leg, replacing the dance with the warmth and softness of his furred wrist. Simultaneously, he purrs and

moves the tip of his tail to the peak of my entrance and puts as much pressure there as that weak appendage allows. I moan, digging my fingers into the fur of his head, my other hand lacing through the fingers massaging my breasts. I feel the vibration of his purring in the most sensitive places I've got as I realize how adept he is at manipulating his most cuddly features to the forces of evil.

I gasp again as he wraps his forearm around my chest, burying both nipples in his soft fur and squeezing my back and bottom against his own chest and belly. Then again, I've always felt the forces of evil got a bad rap.

He kisses me under my ear and chuckles. "You're so cute," he whispers, that smile still audible. I move my hands to either side of his head, stretching awkwardly, and kiss him passionately.

"Yup, springtime meadow," he chuckles. I kiss him on his nose, making him smile. "Ready Little Wing?"

I lay back into his embrace, putting my hand on his cheek and gripping the wrist around my breasts. He holds me tight, kissing my shoulder. He moves his tail and the hand on my thigh, shuffles his hips slightly, and then lines his length up with my entrance using his hand.

He nuzzles my neck. "I love you Little Wing." Purring deeply, he pushes in.

I grip him tight, moaning, pressing myself against him as his length opens me up inside. The warmth of his wrist meets my thigh again, gently brushing along it. His tail moves back to the peak of my entrance, gently sliding up and down on it with as much pressure as he can give it. He knows I love his fur. He wants me to feel it as much as I can given our positions; normally, I'd feel it all over my front, on my thighs and breasts.

"Ooh Kitty . . ." I moan, eyes closed, fingers ruffling his fur. He nuzzles the crook of my neck, then laps at it gently with his tongue. He moves the gentle bath up to my neck, rinsing me in his caresses as he starts to thrust.

His motions are steady, slow, and gentle, but combined with the ministrations of his hands, tail, mouth, and purr on every one of my sensitive places, I'm heating up quickly.

He continues his thrusts, pushing me ever closer to the edge. Each time he moves in and out, his tip brushes along the front of my tunnel where I'm most sensitive.

"Unh, baby . . ." he moans, stopping suddenly.

Panting, I open my eyes and twist to look at him.

"Easy, sweetie," he whispers, stroking my cheek. "Think of it like a roller coaster: the bigger the anticipation, the better." He nuzzles me again, and I twist back. He holds me close and purrs, but keeps his body still. We lie there, panting, letting the fires between us slowly cool down.

He's always been a generous lover. He's gotten more confident since our first time, *much* more confident, but that his desire to pleasure me moved him to tears once is a special memory I carry with me. He's never cried since, and I don't want him to, but I know I still mean that much to him. He can't enjoy it if I don't. I've never faked it with him; I've never told him it was good when it wasn't. He deserves the truth, because he wants me to enjoy it *that* much.

He kisses my neck gently as he slowly begins to push again. I let out a slow groan. I move my hand to the back of his hand and grip him. His breathing is heavy, hot breaths washing my neck.

"Ooh, baby . . . unh . . . " His thrusts gradually gain speed and force. With each inward thrust, he tightens his entire body, curling in slightly, the arm around my breasts tightening, the fur rubbing my nipples. He pulls out, only to repeat it all again.

"Let me know . . . " he squeezes out between his ragged breaths, "if I start to hurt you." I lace my fingers between his as his arm tightens and relaxes on my breasts to show him I've heard.

"Kitty . . . " I moan again, louder, fuller this time. He grunts and stops again, at the peak of a thrust. It isn't a full stop; he continues a slow curl, punctuated by tiny thrusts and a vice-like grip on my body, before he relaxes.

He pants against my neck and shoulder heavily, running his muzzle along my sweat-covered skin and hair. "You alright, Little Wing?" he asks between pants.

"Ohh, yeah . . . " I whisper, making him laugh.

As we cool down, even slower this time, I feel how sweaty he's made me, how much I've soaked his fur. I press myself against his cool, soaked fur, loving the gentle feeling in the haze of heat and passion.

After several moments, he squeezes me and gives a push. "Ready hun?" he asks. I don't say anything, but nod, panting. He begins to thrust again.

A full moan escapes me as the heat between us builds up rapidly. The gentle nuzzles to my neck are gone, replaced by his sweaty, furred muzzle pressing tightly into the crook of my neck; his eyes squeezed shut, mouth open and panting. My fingers squeeze his hand as he thrusts against me wantonly. He wants to lose himself in the passion, and he will, but he would never let himself go so far to hurt me. Never.

"Ba – baby . . . " he moans. I move my hand to the side of his muzzle and kiss it fervently.

The finer intricacies of his motions are gone; the hand on my breasts only moves with his thrusts, the hand on my thigh only clutches, his tail doesn't move at all, but provides a constant pressure to the top of my entrance. I'm pushing back against him in time with his thrusts, enjoying the feeling of his length pressing against that spot on my tunnel.

AhH-HH . . . Kitty . . . " I groan loudly, the pressure in my body reaching a fever pitch.

He stops, again at the peak of a thrust. The tiny thrusts into my body don't stop, and he groans loudly. The thrusts gain intensity as his arms wrap tight around my middle and chest.

Squeezing me tight, he pulls me over and flops us onto his back. I nearly scream as the sensations within my body completely shift. He moans just as loudly, moving his hands to my hips, pushing me down onto his length as he thrusts. His tail straightens out in between our legs, the tip twitching wildly.

"A-are you –"

"Don't stop, Kitty, please!" I moan to him between my heavy pants. I want him, I want it, I want him to drive me there, and I don't want to wait anymore. I lace my fingers in his and move his arms. He doesn't fight as I push one hand down, making him touch me where my leg meets my body; the other up to my belly. He regains his dexterity, flexing the fingers on my thigh, making circles on my belly with the other hand, while still thrusting feverishly.

"Unh, baby, I ca—I can't . . . unf . . ." he moans, his body tensing up against mine. I push his hand down against my thigh. I grip the back of his head as he whimpers and moans frantically with his movements inside me. I can't hold out much longer myself.

"UNHH!!" With that sharp moan, he moves his other hand down to my opposite thigh. He squeezes his fingers hard, pushing his head back into the pillow, eyes tight shut and mouth hanging open. I feel the hot jet inside me and all the pent-up pressure snaps. I clamp down on his still shooting length, squeezing him for all he's worth as we both moan loudly, eyes shut, without reserve. My back arches into the air, my fingers digging into his soft, sweaty fur. His hand moves back up to my middle, wrapping around me and squeezing tight.

Eventually, I slump against him, panting heavily. I pull his head up to me and kiss him, weakly, but with as much passion as I can muster. He returns it sloppily, his own breaths ragged. "You're so good, Kitty," I whisper.

He chuckles, tired and weak. "If you say so."

He never believes me when I tell him how good he is. How can I make him believe that his touch is just right because, and only because, he loves me? I guess it doesn't matter, though. He loved me before I told him he was good, he loves me every time I whisper it to him, he'll love me even if I stop saying it. Good or not, he won't love me any less.

After several ragged, panting breaths, he puts his hands on my bottom and lifts my waist up. I shudder with an aftershock as his length slides free of my tunnel. He sets me back down and wraps his arms around my middle. In the cool of the afterglow, I can feel how damp his hips are, a slick combination of our sweat and arousals.

A few more silent moments pass, his breathing still somewhat heavy. He pushes us both on to the sides we haven't been laying on. He reaches down for a moment, pulls up the blankets, and wraps them and himself tight around me.

"I'm sorry I asked you, just stopping in the middle –"

"No, don't apologize, Kitty," I tell him, "you just wanted to make sure you weren't hurting me. Nothing wrong with that." I put my hand on the back of his head, gently scratching through his fur. "And, stop or no, I consider myself decently bonked."

He chuckles with me and squeezes me close.

I felt decently bonked the first night too. It was a long night, but it was satisfying.

I stroked his cheeks as he hovered above me, tail tip switching slightly, blushing at having not only seen me orgasm, but having made me do it.

"So - . . . so, we go to sleep now, right?"

"We could do that, yes," I answered him, moving my hands down to his shoulders and neck.

"C-can I ask you a favor?"

I laughed. "Is there anything you can't ask me, now?"

He smiled, his blush only deepening. He moved close to my ear. "Will you . . . Can I hold you? While we sleep?"

I chuckled again. "Is that all?" He smiled gently, and I pulled him into a warm kiss. "Of course, baby."

I pushed him off me and rolled over, letting him wrap himself around me. The strength in his arms was surprising, but he was gentle, holding me only lightly. I stretched myself out against him, running my hands down his arms.

"Y'know," I whispered to him, "you look like a big, ferocious, stripy jungle cat, but you act more like a big kitten."

He chuckled and tightened around me slightly. "I guess you bring out the kitty in me."

I twisted around and kissed him. "My kitten." I slumped against him, letting my head rest on his shoulder. "My Big Kitty," I whispered as he pulled himself around me, enveloping me in his warm, soft fur.

I fell asleep in his arms then, knowing he was good lover. Inexperienced, yes, but his heart was in all the right places.

“So then, I guess this,” I say, moving my fingers along his wrists, “it’s all a part of last night’s arrangement? All for me?”

“Mm, nope,” he says quietly. “This part is for me.”

I twist to look at him. His eyes are closed, and he has a big smile across his muzzle. “Out of all *that*, *this* is the part you take just for yourself?”

“Yup.”

I twist myself around and bury myself in his warm, soft, damp, stripy fur. He squeezes me back tightly, kissing my head and resting his cheek on me.

“You’re the best, Big Kitty.”

“If you say so Little Wing.” He kisses my head again. “Take a little nap, baby, you deserve it.”

His heart is still in all the right places. He’s more than just a good lover; he’s the best lover I could ask for.

He lets out his deep purr, a deep rumble out of his chest not meant for anyone but me. I nuzzle against him. My Big Kitty.

Waking up to the smell of warm breakfast, I know I’m right.