

Pride

Written By: Skabaard

"Perfect..." Sage murmured privately, pulling her hands from her afternoon's work. The vixen had suspected that a little splash of color would make all the difference, and the efforts of a couple days had quickly proven her correct, as usual. The three long, shallow planter boxes that lined the windows of the bedroom and living area were speckled with the beginnings of colorful flowers, and she smiled fondly as she straightened and scrubbed a forearm across her brow. Hopefully the herbs she'd planted around the little blossoms—parsley, rosemary, mint, and even a little sage—would prove useful in her culinary endeavors.

The dark brown fur of her forearms was grimy and matted with dirt, so before she strolled into the living space, she scrubbed them clean in a basin of fresh water that she'd set out for that purpose. Toweling off, she then unrolled the sleeves of her simple sundress and fussed for a moment with her hair, making sure that any errant strands of fiery red were tucked back into their place before she went back to lazing away the day. It was almost time for her to put on water for tea, and she prodded the fire in the hearth back to life. It wouldn't do at all to be caught unprepared.

When she heard soft footsteps approaching the door, her heart slammed into her throat, and giddy nervousness left her hands shaking. She replaced the poker in the rack and spun quickly to the wall, letting it hold her up as she smoothed her dress down over her front. She needed everything to be perfect. "Sage?" called a light, happy voice through the door as it opened, "I'm ho-Oh! Were you just standing there?"

She smiled and watched Kathryn sweep into the room and shut the door with a hip. "Oh, you know me, Darling. There's just so little to do around her besides pine away the hours. I'm just a helpless kit without you."

Kathryn let out a dubious scoff, but the way her triangular, feline ears and long, slender tail twitched excitedly, Sage knew her coy prod had struck a favorable chord, and she watched curiously as the cat morph turned to the side and set a most mysterious parcel down on a table near the door. Stifling her intrigue for the moment, she came up behind the unsuspecting cat and pressed herself close against a slim back, wrapping her arms around it to lace her fingers together over a lean stomach. The tall, lithe woman's utilitarian uniform, a blouse of muted blue, a thin skirt that fell to her ankles, a snug, form-fitting bodice, and a crisp, white linen apron, were chilled from the autumnal air, and she whispered up into a quivering ear as delicate fingers fell over hers, squeezing her with low-burning affection. "It's getting a little cold out there nowadays, hmm?"

With an affirmative hum, Kathryn leaned back against her. "It's getting a little nippy, I suppose, especially in the wind. You can almost smell the mountain snow, even this far south. Soon enough we'll be knee deep in it." She heaved a beatific sigh. "I can't wait."

"Neither can I, Darling." Sage murmured, "But until you actually need to wear a coat, you should make sure you stay warm. Here, let me help." With careful force, she pulled, and Kathryn surrendered to her, spinning to face her with bright blue eyes shining expectantly. With only a heartbeat of warning given, she pushed herself higher on her paws, clearing the distance between her face and that of the taller woman only to let her lips seal over those that dipped slightly to meet them.

Sage remembered the first time that she and Kathryn met. She had always excelled at concealing her emotions and anxiety. The other woman had been less talented in that department, and nervousness had nearly had her puking before pleasantries had even been fully exchanged. In that moment, however, all that seemed to have taken place so, so long ago. Though she had offered the kiss, it was the feline standing so close to her that had gladly accepted it, and she let her eyes drift lazily closed as her lover's arms wrapped more fully around her. She returned the embrace as best as she could, and she hung on for dear life while she struggled to deal with the tight knot of emotions that formed in her chest, one that left her heart hammering in her throat and her breathing quick and shallow.

When she was certain she could maintain a semblance of her composure, she allowed herself drift away, raising her eyes to meet the shimmering blues that lifted sluggishly open. "Better, Darling?"

Kathryn didn't look at all cold any more. A rosy tint colored the cheeks underneath the fur of her cheeks, and her lips seemed hesitant to fully close and prevent the escape of a few heavy breaths. Sage laughed lightly and rose up on her toes again to rub her nose across her lover's, only just avoiding the trap of the cat's alluring mouth. "Much..." said the other woman after a moment taken to gather her scattered thoughts.

Though she knew her happiness was showing across the breadth of her beatific grin, Sage let her fluffy, vulpine tail wag ecstatically for the silent moment they spent in the other's arms. Eventually, though, she knew that she had to know. "What have you managed to pick up during your morning, Darling? I pray it isn't another of those massive sweetcakes. I have my figure to think of, you know."

It seemed for a moment that Kathryn simply didn't remember the plain, sackcloth bag that she'd brought home, but she eventually managed to look back over her shoulder to remind herself of its existence. "What? Oh! It's a... It's a surprise. Here. Hold on for a second."

She fidgeted as surreptitiously as she could while the feline slipped away from her, disappearing into their dining area for a brief moment only to return with a simple, stoneware cup. And then, from the bag that she'd brought home, she pulled a corked bottle of dark glass. Sage felt her eyebrows lift curiously, and Kathryn beamed at her, yanking the cork from the bottle with her teeth and pouring a healthy dose of clear, amber-colored liquid into the cup. The giddy cat morph then pushed it into her hands and spat the cork across the room to squeak, "Give it a taste! It's... I just... Just take a sip!"

She relented under the force of Kathryn's fervor and brought the rim of the cup to her lips to let a mouthful of what was certainly alcohol between them. Her suspicions were affirmed by the taste of what was a... surprisingly decent beer. She let the surprise flicker across her expression as she smacked her lips. "Well... It's not very much my sort of drink, but it's actually fairly tasty. Smuggled it home from the Chalice, hmm?"

Setting the bottle aside, Kathryn pulled the cup from her hands and downed the rest of its contents with a reckless swig. "Maybe..." murmured the cat with a sly grin, "But smuggled isn't really the right word. Corvus let me fill a bottle from the first barrel." She then leaned inward, lowering her already soft voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "It's mine."

It took her a few heartbeats to decipher the simple phrase, but when she did, Sage felt her stomach shoot up into her throat, making it difficult to spit out a few shaky words. "This is your first batch?"

Kathryn grabbed her arms as if to keep her from floating off the ground in her elation. "Yes! He said it's good enough to sell, and he's paying me a little each time people buy more

than a single mug... you know, because they like it." The cat dug for a moment through a pocket on her apron and pulled from it a few little, copper coins. "This is from just this morning. I... I almost bought one of those big sweetcakes, but... I wanted you to see the actual money. Corvus says that if the next couple batches are as good as this one, he'll start buying it by the barrel. Even if he charges me a little for ingredients and the use of his equipment... I... I can make real money, actually *make* it! Gods, Sage, I'm so excited I can hardly see straight!"

Sage dug her blunted, canine claws into her palm to keep her own rapturous enthusiasm from blasting her apart where she stood. Pride filled her chest, shoving aside all else, and even then it surged and swelled within her until she was shaking with the force of it. She reached up and took hold of Kathryn's grinning face, rubbing a thumb over a calico cheek. "Oh, Darling..." she said, choking on her emotion, "I..." The vixen laughed, mirth bubbling up from her overwhelmed psyche. "I'm so happy for you! I don't know what to say!"

Kathryn seemed no less excited, and her laugh joined Sage's as she nodded down at the fox while bracing hands around her waist. "I tried really hard not to sprint the whole way home. I was afraid I'd drop the bottle." She laughed again. "After tonight's shift I'll put together all my extra earnings and see how much we've got. It probably won't be much after just one day, but I did the numbers while I was trying not to explode, and if I make as much extra every night I can, with all the extra patrons included, I'll really be able to build our savings. And if I can brew better, faster, I can sell even more, and then I... we could... Gods' Blood, Sage, I don't know what to do with myself!"

It took a supreme mental effort to make herself do anything other than laugh, on the edge of tears, but she eventually managed to reach down, and she took the feline's hands, clutching tightly at them. A shaky breath whispered through her nostrils, and she leaned in close to take her *very* significant other up in her arms once more. She looked up into those shining eyes, took in the long, snowy white hair and the lustrous, calico fur, and craned her neck to meet the lovely woman in a forcibly warm, gentle kiss.

Her lips dawdled there for a moment, and she swallowed back a pang of vicious, roiling ardor as she pulled hesitantly away. "I'm so proud of you, Darling. I wish I could tell you how proud I am. I dearly wish I had the words to express how proud I am, of you, right now." She took Kathryn's shoulder in one hand, gripping it tightly, holding on for dear life. "I don't think those words exist. There is nothing strong enough to suit my pride, and I'm not about to start making up words. I'd just embarrass myself. I will, however, admit to something." The feline looked cautiously down at her, and she squeezed the fingers in hers once again with a small, playful smile. "Right now, I want you more than I've ever wanted anyone or anything before. I'm afraid that if you don't take me to that big, soft bed in the next couple minutes, I might do something most unladylike, like tear off your clothes and take you right here in the floor, and I haven't swept today..."

Kathryn stared at her for a short moment, opening and closing her mouth while processing that information. "W-well... I... I suppose that I'd... better do something about that before it becomes an issue?" Her words ended with an upward inflection, as if she were still wondering what would be the best course of action to take.

Sage reached around and pulled gingerly, threateningly, on the bow that held the cat's apron on behind her back. "I think that's a wonderful idea, Darling, but you should hurry. My propriety isn't long for this world."

Before she could make another ominous threat, Kathryn surprised her, bending down to kiss her more firmly than she had expected of the usually timid feline. Thoughts of coy taunts

flew out of her head, and she let out a timid moan into her lover's lips, melting forward and molding her shorter, more compact body against the feline's svelte contours. Possessive arms wrapped around her shapely form, one cupping over a shoulder blade while the other settled into the small of her back, and her catlike lover pulled away to whisper, "I like the flowers. Did you put the ones in the bedroom too?"

She licked her lips and flicked her eyes over at the open door. "Yes. Nice, healthy autumn flowers that will last through the winter."

"Let's go see them." came the breathy reply. Kathryn pushed against her, sliding her back a step toward the unbarred portal, and her ears twitched wildly as slender fingers lifted to the base of her neck to toy with the buttons holding her dress on. The feline's other delicate hand rose further, lacing into her hair and pulling a few strands free of her simple bun, working it loose from the ribbon that held it up a bit at a time. As her hair dropped to wash over her shoulders in a sea of shining, ginger-red locks, Kathryn nuzzled against her cheek, threatening the base of her ear with little nibbles. "Are they the little red ones? It's my favorite color, you know."

Sage's back missed the door by a couple feet, and Kathryn pushed her unceremoniously against the wall, raking little, feline claws over her dress and along her sweeping, feminine curves. A palm cupped over the mound of her breast and gave her a tender squeeze, and her lips parted around a heavy, pleased sigh. "Yes, Darling. I thought about you while I planted them... all morning... here by myself. The warmth you gave me this morning is long gone, and it's going to wear off more and more quickly as it gets colder."

"I'll just have to work harder then." Kathryn crooned into her hear while slowly pulling her dress down off her shoulders, baring the steep ravine of her cleavage between her snowy, bra-clad breasts. "I'll work as hard as I have to, for you. I couldn't stop thinking about you all morning. Just a little trickle of silver to get us started, it's all I need, and now it's mine. I'll work all day and all night for you, Sage. I tasted our future in that mediocre beer. Corvus promised me the Chalice when I can pay for it, and I'm getting so close. I want to be better, though. I want *great* beer. I want to *be* great, for you. I want to be the best I can be. I'm going to build a mountain of gold for you to see, and you're going to dress in the finest silks and eat the most delicate of meats. I'm going to build a castle around you, Sage, a monument, a cathedral to match how you make me feel inside, in my heart. When you look at me I feel like I'm going to explode! Nnh!"

She had no idea what had gotten into her timid kitten, but shaking hands were clutching at her dress, yanking it down her body, desperate to leave her clad in only her underwear, and she just stood there, leaning heavily against the wall, and accepted it until the simple garment was laying around her ankles. Only then did Sage speak up, taking Kathryn's hands into her own and looking up into those wild, blue eyes. The frantic cat slowed, panting like she'd sprinted a mile, and stared dumbfounded down at her, as if unsure what to do next, and a hint of that familiar uncertainty showed itself across those slender shoulders, folding them slightly inward.

Sage nodded and reached up to cradle a calico cheek in a hand. Her own heart was racing. She was so excited she could hardly stand it, but she made herself speak first. "You're already so much more than I deserve, Kathryn." The feline opened her mouth to object, but she just forged onward, fondly. "You... are the greatest gift you can give me, and if *I* am what makes you strive for greatness, well... That means very, very much to me, Darling." She averted her eyes, staring down into her generous cleavage as a furious blush worked across her vulpine cheeks. "I love you Kathryn, and I swear that I would be satisfied with a thatch hut... a tent, even,

if I could only share it with you." She looked back up, her face firm but her voice heavy with emotion. "I admire your ambition, Kathryn, and I will always be here to help you, to love you, to wear any pretty dress you want. I promise. Just please know that you have already made me happy enough to evoke envy in the gods, and that I can live the rest of my life in bliss because of you. Know that. Know that you are already great in my eyes."

Kathryn's eyes widened in surprise, as if the cat hadn't considered that, and Sage stood tall, every inch of her raw and beautiful in her plain, white smallclothes. Red-orange fur, meticulously groomed, glistened in the light that pooled in through the window, and her hair, like fire, shimmered around her piercing, blue eyes and delicately feminine, vulpine features, and she held herself like that, chest out, shoulders back, looking firm and lovely, until Kathryn finally acknowledged her demand. "I will, Sage. I'll never forget that. Never."

She nodded smoothly. "Good. Now wriggle your long, sexy body out of those clothes before I lose my composure and tear them off of you. They're just going to get in the way."

Kathryn did so while following her into the bedroom. The apron was first to go, drifting into a pile with her dress, and she demurely lowered herself to sit on the edge of their expansive, cold bed, and watched. The anxious feline unlaced her bodice, pulled it from her body, and tossed it away. While Sage viewed, her legs crossed one over the other and looking imperiously sensual, Kathryn added a little dance to it, rolling her girlish hips and flicking her lengthy tail behind her. It made the vixen smile as her catlike lover unbuttoned her blouse, jerked it up from where it was tucked into her skirt, but left it there, open in the front to expose the inner curves of perfect, pert breasts.

Kathryn wasn't hefty enough in the bust to really require support, so there was no bra to hide those lovely little mounds as the feline rolled her shoulders and let her shirt slide free from her lissome arms. The creamy expanse of the cat morphs underbelly was the only thing that broke the dizzying array of splotches that colored the rest of her short coat, but the shy blossoms of pink that were her nipples attracted the eye as she swayed and rocked from side to side, sliding her skirt down her girlish hips an inch at a time.

Sage licked her lips as her feline lover exposed her panties, the curves of her slender hips and thighs, and she fidgeted excitedly as she watched the offensive garment drop to the floor in a puddle of dark grey cloth. "Oh, Kathryn, Darling. You poor thing..."

The feline panted and sauntered forward with exaggerated, swaying footsteps. Kathryn's underclothes strained around the bulge her fierce, throbbing erection was making in the plain black fabric. The skinny cat morph was hard enough for the crown of her spiny, bestial member to peek up from the top of her snug panties, and a bead of precum had already formed at its apex. "Oh, Sage... I've been rock hard since I left the Chalice. I can't stand it. It's so tight!"

Beckoning the pining woman over, the vixen gladly allowed Kathryn to straddle her lap, bringing the hermaphrodite's imprisoned sexes close to her. "Let me help, Darling. I promised, remember?"

With a throaty, "Mhmm...", the feline pushed her hips forward, nearly slapping Sage in the cheek with her straining tumescence. The fox merely smiled and giggled and wrapped her hands around Kathryn's slender hips, holding her still while hooking her fingers underneath the waist of the unassuming underwear. She then pushed her long, vulpine muzzle forward, between the legs that trembled before her, and slid up along her lover's inner thighs until the top of her nose could press up against the heated weight of the cat's fuzzy, little sac. She kept pushing up, fondly nuzzling the other woman's loins, while slowly dragging her head back until her nose could trail up the outside of Kathryn's panties, against the length of that tense, twitching organ.

When her lips finally transferred from fabric to the hot flesh of the feline's glans, she let her tongue slip out, and she lapped up the trembling bead of pre that had been forming there, leaving a stripe of wetness in its place. Kathryn hissed and shivered at the sensation, and she smirked up the length of the feline's lean figure as she playfully pulled down the patch of thin cloth that was in her way, letting it fall down between her ankles and freeing her lover's aching loins in the process. The spiny, feline tool angled threateningly at her face, twitching up and down in time with its owner's heartbeat, and she smiled at its forwardness. "Hello, my little tiger. I hope you've rested well since we last met."

She glanced up at Kathryn, whose face was a mask of lust, uncertainty, and strained self-control. Hands were held stiffly against her thighs, fingers balled into tight fists, and Sage wrapped one arm around her lover's slim waist, pulling her forward for a more intimate view of her prize. The feline knew her better than anyone, knew her propensity for both length and girth, both of which the willowy cat morph was lacking between her legs. However, she was all too happy to remind Kathryn that there was no steel-hard slab of meat she would rather have presented to her. Her free hand snaked up between the standing woman's legs, and she softly cupped her palm over the fuzzy, white purse that held her love's delicious little testes, and she then pushed her middle finger further back, over and between the cat's torrid netherlips, parting them around her probing digit. "Don't cum, Darling. Not yet. Remember, pacing. Breathe."

Bright blue eyes were like saucers as Kathryn stared down at her, trembling, and the feline nodded haltingly. She just let a whisper of a laugh escape her as her own eyes drifted languidly closed and her head dipped forward. She licked her lips, softening them as they parted around the first couple inches of the cat's barbed masculinity, and her tongue rolled once around her mouth, wetting its taut skin with saliva before she bobbed back and parted with a lewdly wet *smack*. At the sound, she immediately reversed direction, and she lowered her jaw a little further as she rocked forward to accept a little more into her moist maw.

With small undulations of her neck, she languidly suckled her way up and down Kathryn's modest cock, slicking it with saliva along the way, slathering it with tongue and lips, and with each movement, she would roll her lover's balls around in her hand and slide her finger against a throbbing entrance. A low, "Mmmh..." murmured through the back of her throat as if she was savoring the most delectable of delicacies, and she held herself on the spot when she finally took the whole of her lover's delightful tool between her lips and pressed a warm kiss into the fur at its base.

She hummed again when slender hands closed over her shoulders, tight, insistent. A thousand potentials raced through her mind in just a single heartbeat, and with them came the intense desire to end it right there, to force herself forward into Kathryn's crotch, to cram the crown of that tense cock past her tonsils, down her throat, to brutally neck-fuck herself, to devour it like the shameless whore she really was. She moaned from the effort of stifling that fierce, primal urge. She wanted it. She wanted it so badly. She could feel the damp spot in the front of her own panties growing at the sheer prospect of it. Instead, she pulled back, made herself retreat, and she sucked and slurped the whole way, trying only to keep from drooling on herself at the feast she was being promised.

Kathryn moaned with her, flexing urgently as she made sure her lover was as lubed-up as she could be. As she did, she curled her teasing finger, casually sliding it up to the first knuckle into the beginnings of the feline's fluttering womanhood. She felt the other woman's wetness around her slowly pumping digit, and her tail became a red-orange blur behind her. She indulged herself, only a bit, letting her head push back and forth again and again while her tongue cradled

that lusty organ against her palate, swirling and whirling like a whip of slimy lust. The meek, tiny sounds the cat before her made were like music in her long, tapered ears, and it took almost more control than she had to keep her hand off of herself and instead wrapped around Kathryn's waist, where it belonged.

Kathryn grunted urgently, and Sage froze when needling claws dug into her shoulders in warning. She sat and panted, Kathryn's cock lodged between her lips, and it flexed and bulged against her tongue, daring her just to move, to breathe the wrong way and give it a reason to spew its hot, creamy load down her gullet. She *wanted* it, but her own hands balled into fists as she stilled herself and rode it out. The cat hissed and breathed and shook like a leaf, biting her lower lip with the effort of forcing back her forestalled orgasm, and Sage only moved when the hands on her relaxed, and only then to pull herself back off of that tasty tool after removing her finger from its slick sleeve. "Good girl." she whispered, as if that had been her plan the whole time. "Now up. On the bed."

Half-stumbling, Kathryn collapsed onto the thick mattress and crawled her way up the linens while Sage stood up. As the feline sat herself against the headboard, little cock in her lap, her eyes locked hungrily onto the damp spot in the vixen's underwear, and she answered that look with a little wiggle of her lush hips. With little ceremony, she slid her panties down her thighs, exposing her own lurid, feminine flower, wet and just as hungry, and she twined her arms behind her back, thrusting out her chest while she worked on the clasps of her bra, ensuring the cat would get a good, long look at how much both her body and mind needed what was coming to it.

Her ample breasts drooped slightly when they were freed, falling into their proper teardrops, and they bounced on her chest as she hopped up onto the bed, climbing her way up to her paws to stand on its foot. Kathryn stared forward, at the intersection of her legs, eyes occasionally flicking to her face, or her perfectly-endowed chest, and she welcomed it as she strutted, taking small steps, toward her awed lover. When she stopped, greedy slit level with the feline's face with her legs spread to straddle Kathryn's lap, she tantalizingly lowered herself to her knees. Sage looped an arm around Kathryn's shoulders, drawing her face forward and between her breasts, and she hissed into a triangular ear. "The first one's on me, Darling, but then I'm going to turn into a pile of jelly and I'm going to need your help."

Silently, Kathryn nodded, nuzzling her soft, creamy-furred bust, and she cooed her encouragement as she lowered herself a little more while a hand reached down between them. With a few fingers, she found her lover's cock, tense and slick with her saliva, and angled it up, guiding it between her fleshy lips and against her trembling womanhood. Tentatively, she let herself drop, and she moaned through clenched teeth when she felt herself spread and Kathryn slid up into her snug, fleshy passage.

Rolling her hips around in circles, she worked her way down until she was sitting in the cat's lap, rubbing fur-to-fur, kissing her lover's loins with her own. Sage dipped her head, pressing her mouth briefly against Kathryn's forehead, and she chewed impatiently on her lip while slim fingers took her by the hips, digging into her plush curves. Without her having to ask, her feline mate took up one of her puffy nipple between longing lips, and she shivered as a rough, sandpapery tongue lapped up over the turgid bud.

The hands on her slid back, groping her full, round ass, savoring it, and as her chest was orally fondled, she put her own hands on the headboard, working her claws into the study wood. She needed the grip, the connection to reality. Already Kathryn's cock throbbing in and against her was filling her with prickling bliss. Each little movement dragged fleshy barbs over her

hypersensitive folds, and she made her lover moan as she undulated her pelvis in little circles, grinding that meaty member around her innards like she was stirring her guts with it. She felt like a woman. She felt wanted, needed. She felt beautiful, to know that the one she cared for most could find delight in her body. Above all, however, she felt pure, blinding desire, enough to make her skin ache with the strength of it. She indulged herself again, pausing before she began to mutter downward in a conspiratorial cant, "I love you Kathryn, my Darling."

The answer she received was little more than a lucid moan as Kathryn panted and mouthed a short, shaky reply. She laughed, and the feline's breath was hot against her neck as she leaned forward, pushing the skinny woman more firmly against the headboard with the weight of her luscious body. Slowly, she pushed herself up a few inches, slipping partway free of her lover's barbed tool before rocking backward once more to bury her lover decisively within her. Those fleshy growths scouring her hot, quivering folds sent a shiver up her spine, and it was only through force of will that she began to bounce up and down with a calm, controlled pace.

Her breath was as even as it was strained, coming sharply through clenched teeth as she rose and fell on Kathryn's spiny cock. Her lover's lips worshiped her heaving bust, locking around firm, ruddy nipples and lavishing adoration over them. Hands around her hips helped her, fondling the base of her flitting tail while adding just a little impetus to the rolling, grinding motions of her curvy ass. She continued to come down at different angles, probing her depths with her mate's pulsing organ, and she couldn't help but allow her head to roll back on her shoulders as ecstasy drove her eyes up and into her skull as her voice rolled in heavy, yearning groans.

She increased the tempo of her ministrations a little at a time, rocking back and forth, side to side, up and down, trying desperately to match the increasingly frantic throbbing of the lusty tool surrounded by her pulsing walls. Delicious shudders rocked through her, making her clench and quiver around her feline lover's steely cock as it pressed out against her innards. Her breaths came heavily, filling her lungs with sweet, sharp air as the heat of her passion consumed her. While small, pointy claws dug into her ass, gripping her and using it to lift and help slam her back down again and again, another hand drifted up the line of her spine, ruffling her fur and holding possessively to her shoulder blades. She responded with fingers cupped around the nape of Kathryn's neck pulling her love into her cleavage, smothering her with vicious, bestial sensuality.

Her lover's moans vibrated against her ribcage even as her heartbeat thundered against it from within. Kathryn was whining and grunting, flexing forward to help buck upwards against her loins, smearing their mixed sexual fluids over creamy white fur as they both leaked copiously. The cat's bright eyes were shut, head angled down as if in prayer, hunched forward, but hers were only half-lidded, her spine bent the opposite direction, back in a graceful arch that displayed her endowments, and as she drew closer and closer to the breaking point, that curve grew more and more pronounced.

Her bouncing was frantic and clumsy, almost uncontrolled as she tried only to thrust that lusty tool into her as quickly as possible. Each trip it took in and out of her drooling passage left her crying out for more, more that Kathryn tried so hard to give her, but her lusty greed knew no bounds, and eventually it overcame them both. The breath caught in the feline's throat when she could take no more, and with a short, harsh grunt, she came. Sage gasped and moaned, the pitch of her voice rising quickly as the knot of furious heat hilted into her loins spewed its essence deeply into her. She rocked side to side as she took it all, devoured it. Her voracious womanhood

shivered and clamped down in a sympathetic reaction of its own as she too cried out in release, and for a moment, they were connected by the fury of their mingling bliss.

Bolts of lightning snapped violently up and down her spine, exploding between her legs and leaving her twitching and jerking as her voice rose and fell with her lover's in a long, messy chorus. It was a thankfully simple matter for her shaking legs to spasm forcefully, letting her hump Kathryn against the headboard while her starving slit consumed its due, ropy streamers of thick seed that the feline spurted up into her. She squealed and moaned as she was filled with warm, satisfying pleasure, and throughout the process of milking what she needed, her rippling, feminine flower rewarded her with vicious rapture in the form of long, wracking pulsations of mind-numbing, orgasmic tension.

When she had drained her tap dry, slaverling loins wicking away every last drop that Kathryn could give her, they were left there to pant and tremble against one another. In her convulsions, her hair had been tossed around her face, and it partially obscured her watery eyes as she hung for dear life onto the sturdy wood of the headboard above the cat's slender shoulders. Her skin tingled and she wiggled her curled toes as the feeling worked its way back into them. She felt Kathryn inside her, twitching and throbbing and slowly receding, and she leaned down, prying a few clawed fingers from the wood before her to tuck them under her love's chin and lift it to meet her.

The woman between her legs accepted her kiss even as they breathed heavily into one another. It was clumsy and wet, tongues dancing between their lips when they had to breathe. It grew deeper, and Kathryn's arm wrapped around her shoulders, pulling at her. Sage trembled and moaned as claws trailed through her red-orange fur and the sensation of her lover beginning to stiffen once more within her made itself felt. "Oh Gods..." She hissed around a busied tongue.

"Don't worry." Kathryn whispered between impassioned meetings of their lips. "I've got you. Lean back for me."

She did, letting her grip slide limply from the wood and letting herself slump back into Kathryn's spindly arms. They were lean, with little true muscularity, but they didn't need to be strong. Sage too was slender and delicate, and her weight was only supported long enough for her lover to slide her blood-filled cock from her loins and lay her gently down, supine, on the mattress. All the way, her lips were pressed against those that they needed to survive, and the feline's insignificant weight pressed down on her as the longer, slimmer woman laid over her.

Hands traversed her curvaceous body, teasing at her full breasts and her thick hips, and all the while she was trapped in that slow, longing kiss. Kathryn found the embers that remained from the firestorm that was her release and breathed life back into them, feeding them with her own restoked passion. Her heart had hardly slowed, but it began to race again, speeding with her quickening breaths. She wanted more, needed more, and though she hadn't the words to express it, her yearning moans carried her desire to her lover's triangular ears regardless.

Finally ending their shared kiss, Kathryn broke away and rose up off of her, kneeling before her as she laid and writhed. Thin, dexterous fingers began at her trim waist, following her curves down along the breadth of her womanly hips and the shapeliness of her thighs. When they reached her knees, she whimpered a question as her lithe lover hooked elbows under them and lifted with a cute grunt. Working with her tongue pinched between her lips, Kathryn hauled Sage's legs up into the air, nearly folding the vixen in half before leaning forward into the upstretched limbs, supporting them both.

It left her totally exposed, ass in the air with her legs spread wide and invitingly. She shifted, finding a comfortable spot in the bedding beneath her back while she watched with huge,

impatient eyes as Kathryn lined herself up with her spread netherlips, that aching cock rock-hard and at the ready again. She wanted to throw her head back and squeal as she was penetrated in a single, smooth motion that left them pressed together at the crotch, but her awkward position made it impossible. Instead she just curled her toes and groaned, licking her lips and latching onto her breasts, tweaking her thick teats between eager fingers.

Slender, girlish thighs slapped against her upraised ass again and again as Kathryn started in on her, pounding her. Her love's spiny tool ravished her already raw inner folds, leaving her squealing and shaking. The cat who had taken control showed her no mercy, and she loved it, burbling the other woman's name again and again in the back of her throat, pleading for more even while her snarling kitten increased the force behind her stiff, unforgiving bucking. It was the angle from which she was attacked, she knew. The steely masculinity that slammed into her again and again pushed against her most sensitive of places, each movement sparking waves of cascading euphoria that ripped through her body, and each made her squirm.

Kathryn was rarely so strong with her, so dominant, so relentless in pursuing the limits of their ecstasy. She loved it. She had to stop herself from drooling as the feline leaned more heavily into her, hips thrusting harder and harder against her, within her. She could feel her lover's soft, furry sack slapping against her with every forward push that split her feminine lips. Their meetings grew wetter and wetter, enough to squelch on occasion as she leaked more and more of her slick, liquid lust, but even that sound was buried under the sound of Kathryn growling and grunting and overpowering her.

She felt it coming on her like a storm, one that savaged her with its unrelenting fury. She came again, wailing, screaming as best as she was able, as her rapture ripped free from the prison of her lungs. Her release filled her, throbbing in her slim frame again and again. She felt as though she would explode, and she may as well have, if the sensations tearing through her mind were any indication. Her oozing gash collapsed down on its barbed intruder, convulsing around it in undulating ripples of burning flesh, but Kathryn once more outmatched her. Through her screaming, world-shaking orgasm, she was fucked down into her bed, held up, supported, and ravaged.

As she was used for her lover's pleasure, she came. Kathryn's perfect, little cock battered her abused sex, rammed against and into it. It filled her as it filled her, filled her with ragged, agonizing bliss, with an endless supply of shaking screams, with violent, electric sensations that made her skin burn and her body ache with their ceaseless strength. She felt like sex, like a goddess in the center of her own domain, she felt alive. And then, finally, the feline found what she had been looking for and joined her, intertwined her voice with Sage's in a vicious, primordial cry.

The second stream of boiling, virile seed was no less intense than the first. It was as if the feline had only been warming up. But she was spacious, and her loins avariciously drank it down, each thick rope that was fired down into her. She carried to her core, welcoming each again and again as she contorted in her pleasure and surrounded her mate's quivering cock with her snug, quaking passage. It was what she had been made for, and she moved her hips with Kathryn's rolling with each stiff, shaky thrust, angling herself for the easiest penetration and the harshest rapture.

It seemed that each slowing push of that magnificent tool into her depths carried with it a fresh tide of ecstasy, and before it could be withdrawn, it had to work its way through them, shaking and shivering with each breath. And then another thrust would bring it anew, spark fresh fires of release. On and on it continued, until, miraculously, Kathryn ceased and retreated,

pulling completely free to drip the last few drops of her pent-up lust over Sage's pale-furred belly. Slowly, carefully, her lover released her pinned legs, and they flopped numbly to the bed around where the cat knelt, willowy chest heaving. Without moving from the spot, the svelte woman bent over on herself, displaying flexibility native only to cats, and pressed lips against Sage's battered womanhood.

She fondled her aching breasts as Kathryn cleaned her, lapping up their stray leavings with a rough tongue that left her wriggling and softly moaning around her heaving breaths. Only when she was left with nothing but a sheen of saliva plastered over her enflamed flesh did the feline straighten from her spot, and raise arms over her head in a languid stretch. Sage didn't know what to say, or even if she was capable of saying anything in that moment, but that didn't seem to bother the vigorously pleased cat morph.

Kathryn prowled up the length of her body on hands and knees, pausing only for a fleeting kiss before straddling her chest. A dainty hand cupped under her head, lifting her, and she opened her mouth when she was presented with the drooping member that had been responsible for the majority of her recent bliss. It slid gently between her lips, and she suckled on its ruddy meat, tasting both herself and her lover on it as she gave it the same deft attentions. She managed to lift her hands to the feline's narrow hips, holding her, and she stayed there, suckling and moaning weakly until Kathryn deemed that she was clean enough, and even then it took a slow squeeze of her shoulder to encourage Sage to relinquish it.

When Kathryn wiggled herself a little further forward, placing long, long legs around her head, Sage closed her eyes and thanked the gods for their mercy. The fur that covered her lover's taut sac tickled at her nose, but she reached past it, brushing her lips over those that lay so well hidden between the feline's lean thighs. Bending her legs and working out the tension that her awkward position had caused, she pushed up against the cat's delicate slit, finding her slick entrance with her mouth and tongue, and she gave it a lick, holding more firmly onto the youthful hips that surrounded her.

Her nose teased up against Kathryn's tiny, timid clit, and the sound that came from above the pinned fox was a cross between a moan and a sigh, a clear signal that she needed to repeat the simple motion. She did so, tending to her mate's less forward of endowments, and when she could see through heavily-lidded eyes that her little tiger was once again beginning to bloat and harden, she couldn't help but smile. "One more, Darling," she croaked, her voice dry and coarse. She must have screamed more harshly than she thought.

Kathryn's answer was another, stronger moan. The legs that were spread around Sage's head spread further, lowering that over-endowed crotch more decisively against her mouth. She accepted it with a throaty, approving groan and dug a little more firmly into the tender flesh presented to her. The cat straddling her face, practically sitting on her, began to rock her hips with the vixen's motions, slowly, slowly humping the air and dragging her feminine sex across the lips and tongue that were currently devoted to it.

As seconds passed, Sage had to stiffen her grip to keep her mate from moving too fast or jerkily for her mouth to follow. She could hear Kathryn breathing catch and quicken, and she delighted in the last little lashes of pleasure that she could return to her lover. She luxuriated in it, giving the beautiful, calico cat a long, slow tonguing while fondly nuzzling the quivering bud of a little, pea-sized clit, and she could feel the lanky woman's ardor build under her hands and against her muzzle, heating and growing.

Kathryn's cock twitched with each flick of her tongue, and it dripped dollops of thin, fatigued precum over her face. Sage had to hold the feline still to keep her from bucking, but she

did so with affectionate attentions just as she steadily increased the pace of her motions. She was exhausted, but her task was a simple one, and her lover seemed to have accepted her own role in it. She began to moan and squirm, and the vixen hummed and gently stilled her, holding her. The pitch of her voice rose and the urgency of her undulations grew, but Sage only took it as a sign that she needed to increase the force of her building, oral assault.

She exulted in her victory as Kathryn grunted sharply a few times and shuddered over her, cumming a third time. There was less violence to it this time, and in that too she reveled. The calico-furred delight above her simply trembled and moaned and came, spewing a few spurts of pearlescent jizz over her face and the bedding around it. The pulsing slit under her tongue clenched and oozed profusely over her lips, and she lapped and loved her way through it, running her hands dotingly down the smooth, splotchy fur of her feline mountee's hips while Kathryn seethed and hissed and shivered atop her.

She lay there calmly and accepted it, running her tongue over slick flesh and holding her catlike lover where she was until she was as clean as she had left the vixen, hot, spent, and clean. She then relinquished her grip, softly petting Kathryn's rump and slipping her well-worked tongue back into her mouth. She'd even managed to almost catch her breath. "Delicious as ever, Darling," she crooned, voice muffled by fur and flesh.

Heaving a bracing sigh, Kathryn dismounted her and simply fell over backwards, flopping down into the bedding next to her but oriented the opposite direction, and Sage took it upon herself to sit up and shakily reposition herself. She lay down next to her spindly lover, who was still breathing quite heavily from her exertions, and she pulled the cat close against her, pressing the full length of her well-used body into the long, slender one next to her. Warmth radiated into her, and she gently massaged her lover's arms and belly and chest, mewling quiet, little nothings for a few endless minutes.

Before she could add any strength or urgency to her movements or voice, Kathryn turned her head and fixed the vixen with a tired, but intense look. "Thank you, Sage. Thank you for... for being... I-I mean..."

She smiled and leaned her head inward, silencing her lover's stammering with her lips. That was more the Kathryn she remembered. "Don't fret, Darling. I couldn't imagine anything else, and I wouldn't have it any other way."

The messily-patterned feline weakly returned her kiss for a moment as their bodies shifted and more intricately twined together, arms lacing around one another and legs folding together, and Sage sighed fondly as Kathryn began to purr, the sound vibrating between them from her slender chest. "A golden castle, Sage," she murmured, voice rumbling through the sounds of her contented vocalizations. "I promise."

As a look of determination fought with the expression of a young woman who very much needed a nap, Sage giggled lightly, surrendering the rest of her afternoon to her lover's arms. "Of course, Darling. As long as we can live there together."