Saberhagen's Trick

by Xenny Diemes

A full two years have passed since the days of the hotel incident and Phil's subsequent recovery both from the disappointment of losing a great publishing opportunity but from the quasi-trauma of being exposed to a strange, sometimes dangerous world the moment "she" came into his life. Saberhagen the cat or "Sabes" as her current owner calls her does everything she can to not make much of an impact in the struggling writer's life. She isn't like any cat Phil has learned since he was a child, but a unique type, her appetite is wide in range but long in length, she can go for weeks without food if she wants to and when she does go hungry, Sabes can do well with a can of cat food to four full thanksgiving dinners in one setting, depending on her mood of course. Saberhagen makes sure that Phil is taken care of wether in keeping him company or fighting a dangerous monster that tries to take him away from her, she couldn't help to think she's a magnet for these kind of things these days. But in the end, does her best to be a really "good girl", except today at least.

Phil's head is jolted side to side, non stop. Not because of him having neck problems or he's in a never ending start-stop cycle in traffic, but of his head pressed up against two gigantic, furry blue orbs bouncing up and down in succession, Saberhagen hard flexes her pecs to push one of her huge orbs one after the other, and all this to get his attention to feed her.

"Come on, Phil" Says Saberhagen in the deepened tone of her muscled-up form.

"No..." Says Phil

"I can keep doing this until you feed me."

"Why can't you feed yourself, you got hands."

"I can, but I'm in the mood to annoy you to do it for me. Real cats like to bat a paw or meow their brains out, me? I just press my massive tits and bounce them up against you until you do what I want. Though I'm surprised, most human males would love this."

"I would but I never thought I would be annoyed at giant bouncing tits, **sigh** Alright, stop, I'll feed you."

"Sixteen minutes, that's a record also, thank you sweetie."

"Ugh!" Says Phil after he leaves and Saberhagen throws her huge body across the couch which she grew love so much before shrinking down to her normal size. Coming back with an open can of her favorite cat food, Saberhagen calmly finger-calls Phil to come up close despite his demands for her to get off the couch and she grabs him and holds him close laughing all the way. Phil is confused at first but asks her way did she do that in the first place.

"Oh Phil, it's been two years since that hotel deal and so far I seen you go through the worst of it,"

"Well, it wasn't just that honestly, I really was shaken up..."

"Oh please, you were outright traumatized. If it was not for my help, you would be in the looney bin and I'll be out of a home... and a friend. And all the other little adventures we have together, you came out of this so much."

"Well that's because I'm mostly a fantasy writer" Saying that makes Phil believes that to be a bad excuse for him handling this so well. "Okay bad reason but I think its true. I guess my suspension of disbelief extends out to the real world as well and you just came alone for the ride."

"And what a ride I was with you. There's no telling what could happen, one day we could be sharing a quiet day like this, the next it could lead into another misadventure with my magic or some other force that might come out to get us. I seem to be a magnet for these things" Says Saberhagen as she laughs it off. But then her tone became serious. "But no matter what, Phil Jacobs, I'll always be there." and watches Phil smile and Sabes rubs her face affectionately against his. Moments later, Phil continues to work on his laptop while laying on top of now re-engorged body form of his pet not minding being used as a bed as long as she gets to stay on the couch. Typing away, he hears the moans and purrs of her giant feline friend and the feel of her powerful muscles underneath him. It made it strangely relaxing while working, until...

"Phil...?"

"Yes, Saberhagen?"

"I'm hungry again."

"I'm kind of busy right now." and starts to feel the familiar flexing of giant boobs moving one after the other again. "Keep this up Sabes, and I'll have to explain to the vet next visit why you have oversized pecs." And they both laugh it off. But that tranquility is soon watched over from across the street. A shadowy figure

wearing nothing but a dark hood and waving its long canine tail aggressively. Looking through a metal spyglass, the figure confirms Saberhagen's appearance with the human owner and growls under its breath, flexes its own muscles and spoke.

"I've finally found you, Sakeret. The fiercest warrior I've ever faced and now you're mingling with these pathetic creatures, only fit for extinction. No matter, when the time comes, you're dead."

The end...