Good Little Kitty

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Something different..

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“I trust you’re going to be a good kitty whilst I’m at work!” he says as he slams shut the door to my cage and secures it with a heavy duty padlock.

“Meowwww” I mock and add a wink for which I earn a scornful look, and then my master is gone, and as the front door closes, the scent of his aftershave lingers in the air to torment me.

“How am I supposed to be anything but good!” I state aloud, the sound of my own unfamiliar voice, a comfort I saved for my many hours alone. I miss my master when he’s gone you see! Even though at times he can be stern with me, I know he hates to leave me, I know he adores me.

“People should always care for their pets responsibly” he whispers sometimes as he’s brushing my long mane of silky hair, he conditions it weekly! “Pets need grooming and a fuss, ‘and’ to be played with” he adds as if that part is obvious but needed to be stated.

He does make a fuss of me for sure, all his spare time is spent playing with me and sometimes (like today) if I’ve been especially good, he sends his friends round to our house during the day to play with me too.

“Lucy!” He says in a condescending tone of voice, “If you don’t play nicely with my friends they won’t pet you anymore, and then you’ll be lonely and I’ll feel guilty! I don’t want to feel guilty! Do you understand?” he finishes sternly.
Of course I do understand, I understand most things, more than he gives me credit for and I don’t mean to make him cross or sad, I try to be nice to his friends, it’s just that some of them torment me, human nature I suppose! A caged animal is easy prey but I’m not really an animal am I!

Sure I have a tail, it’s attached to a butt plug inserted into my accommodating arse, I’m not allowed to remove it.

I’m certain I could push it out but with my hands bound the way they are to prevent me scratching anyone, I wouldn't be able to get it back in again, and then I know I’d be for it. He’d take my blanket and my pillow and he’d just buy a bigger plug like he did the last time.

Sometimes they ask me to wag it, of course I really can’t but I do wiggle my backside excitedly to humour them, oh how they laugh.

I was just dozing in my regular corner when I heard a key in the front door.
I roused immediately as any good pet should, and eyed the doorway with caution as somebody ascended the stairs.

The footsteps didn't sound familiar to me at all so I raised my back slightly in anticipation and prepared to hiss.

A handsome face appeared in the doorway, his face was warm and soft but he appeared to be as unsure of me as I was he.
“Hello little kitty?” he said tentatively.
“I've come to play with you for a while” he said approaching my cage with slight trepidation.

When he fumbled with the keys clutched tightly in his hand, and he was visibly shaking, I couldn't suppress a squawk of delirious laughter, it had more of a cute edge than a sinister one and he smiled at me and set the keys down as he sat alongside my cage.

Putting his hand through one of the wide set bars, he beckoned me closer.
“Hmm I feel like playing today!” I thought, so I edged closer and rubbed my soft face on the back of his hand. I purred my well rehearsed purr and smiled the tiniest unsure smile I could manage.

“Good girl, good kitty! You like that!” he said silkily as his fingers traced the contours of my face. When he got to my lips, he pushed two fingers inside my mouth and suddenly I felt an overwhelming urge to bite him.
The voice in my head, the one that sounded just like my master, said “You’ll be in insurmountable amounts trouble if you do!” it was enough to deter me.

His fingers went to the back of my throat now, his face on mine, an expression of wonderment showing just how unaware of the silent battle I had just fought, not to bite him he was.Then he pulled his fingers away and more confidently this time, guided the correct key to unlock the kitty he had

begun to trust.

“Rob said you were a good little kitty” he said opening the door as if reassuring himself, “Out you come now, don’t go shy on me, I won’t hurt you!”
I padded my way out on all fours, I crawled straight past him, feeling his eyes on my backside, feeling his hot breath quicken as he took all of me in.
“Does kitty like milk?” he said undoing his trousers and removing the lower half of his clothes. ‘They rarely take their tops off, I pondered momentarily.

His erection already doing him proud, and precum already glistening on its tip,
I licked my lips involuntarily and he smiled.
“I thought you might!” he said as he indicated that I should come nearer.
I pawed my way over to him as he sat back against my now closed cage, his cock giving away all of his secrets.

His hand soon found the back of my head and guided me down to his obvious need.
“Have a drink of my milk little kitty” he said as my mouth in turn found him and I sank my throat right onto him.

“Holy fuck!” he said as I slid back up and then sank my tonsils onto him a second time.

“You’re a very thirsty kitty aren’t you! But you must be patient” he said, his voice cracking as he strove to control me. I smiled smugly out of sight as I slowed to a standstill.

My pussy or for the sake of avoiding confusion, my cunt, was dripping wet now, I purred a little for effect as I turned round and rubbed my rear end on him. ‘You wanted a cat!’ I thought with an inner smile.

He lifted my tail and examined closely how tight the plug was wedged into my arse and a noise escaped his throat. Then his fingers rubbed all around it before being drawn to the place that desired them the most.

“Ohhh, kitty’s got a wet little pussy!” he said before laughing at his own humour as he drove his fingers into me. I moaned out loud wildly as if my cunt were a virgin with years of yearning behind it.

My moans served to encourage him of course and his finger fucking became frenzied now. I began throwing myself backwards onto his buoyant fingers, enjoying the sensations as each time a new place was discovered deep inside me, and then I lost momentum and abandoned myself to him as he lost control with me, pummelling me like an overworked piston until his work was rewarded and I

squirted all over him, soaking the floor and wailing like a true cat in heat.

I swear the sight and feel of it almost made him cum on the spot and my unexpected explosion boosted his ego tremendously.

“Good, filthy little kitty, you do like to be petted don’t you!”

‘He’s getting quite into this for a beginner’ I thought as I gave him the big eyes and bit my lip for him.

He manoeuvred himself behind me again and slowly he tugged at my tail until the plug, gripped by my tightest hole, began to emerge. I gave a helpful little push and he gasped as he removed it entirely and my arse gaping to the size of it shrank tight again.

Then in one ruthless thrust, he buried himself ball deep in my arse and began pounding me as if he needed to ruin my holes before lunchtime. He grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled my head backwards carelessly as his balls slapped against my wetness and he watched himself emerge and disappear time and time again.

“Fucking dirty little kitty” he groaned as he gave my arse his all.

“I’d so love to spunk in your tight little arse but I bet you’re getting thirsty again aren’t you!” he stated as he slowly and deliberately withdrew from me, not worried about an answer.

Almost immediately his cock was replaced with the plug, harder than his cock, he rammed it in and out a few times before he was satisfied that my arse was abused enough and I had my tail back.

“Now drink my milk, thirsty little kitten.” he said, forcing my throat onto him now.

I avidly sucked my way back up the cock that had just enjoyed the darkest depths of me, before he rammed my face down again and held me there as I gagged on it, he refused me mercy.

I sucked and sucked, harder and faster, growing excited as I felt him grow harder before “Fuck fuck fuck, drink it!” his composure lost, as he spurted what felt like a gallon of his hot seed into my throat, I had to pull off a little to swallow it, but like the good kitty I am, I swallowed every last drop.

I dozed for the rest of the afternoon in my corner quietly contented until my master woke me by prodding me with a long cane through my cage.
“Wake up Lucy! Daddy wants to play with his kitty”

I stretched and glared at him in true kitty fashion before my cunt started to twitch as I imagined the petting I was going to get since I’d been such a good kitty all day.