

Katrina the Dangerous Wolf

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Harry meets his match

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Harry broke his usual rule and had several drinks at his bar late one Saturday night.

He was seldom drunk, but this night he was feeling no pain.

At least, right then he wasn't.

The studious looking brunette wearing glasses sat alone at the other end of the bar. She was not stunning, but possessed lush red lips and a hot body that could not be concealed under the conservative clothing that she wore so well.

The slightly besotted Harry did notice her shoes. They were absolutely tantalizing in their design. The young woman's toes were painted with painstaking detail. A golden ring encircled one toe like a sign of dominant authority.

"I like your toe ring."

The first words Harry had spoken to the interesting brunette. Even he marveled at their lack of inventive skill. Not the best of pickup lines ever blurted out at 2 AM in the morning.

"Are you talking to me?"

Classic response and Harry felt properly chastised.

He tried again.....

"My name is Harry. This is my bar. Sorry to be so churlish...It's been a long day."

The girl smiled at Harry over her glasses. She had a wicked glint in her eye. The same kind of look a wolf gives before she pounces on her prey.

"I am Katrina...Kat or Kitty to my friends. Would you like to feel my special ring?"

She stretched out her see through panty- hosed leg and rested her high heeled shocking red shoe with open toes on his lap. Her nylon clad toes scrunched into his groin and inflamed his ever ready cock to an immediate erection.

Harry reached out and touched the golden ring.

Kitty leaned forward and whispered in Harry's ear,

"You have touched Mistress Katrina's magic ring and now you must do her bidding this very night."

Harry was not quite sure exactly what that meant, but the scent of her perfume and the aroma from her sexy foot was making him curious to find out what the sensuous girl wanted from him.

Later, he realized his cock was giving directions, instead of his brain.

Kitty led Harry to her hotel room . He was in a somewhat semi-conscious state of mind as she removed all of his clothes. His erection stood up like a soldier at attention waiting for orders.

She stood over him and played with his cock and balls with her nylon clad feet. At one point, he remembered feeling her golden ringed toe moving with forceful intent into his tightly closed anus.

Kitty dropped down and sat high on his chest with her beautiful pussy mere inches from his lips. The thin silk panties were already dampened with signs of her sexual arousal. Playfully, she tapped him on his cheek and said,

"Time for Harry to give me his tongue right where I want it."

Slowly the horny girl slid up until her panty covered cunt was directly over his mouth. He could taste the liquid dripping from her pulsating slit and inhaled the heated scent of a woman's need for

fulfillment. She fucked her pussy against his trapped mouth and he felt her juices rise to the surface of her puffy vaginal lips. Harry had difficulty breathing but still enjoyed being a fuck-toy slave to the Mistress Katrina.

"That's itright there, Harry.....How do you being my bitch, Harry? Don't move.....Don't you dare move....I'm cumming....got to cum now.....take all my cum, Harry. ouwww ouwwwyes, take it..... unnnn unnnnHere it cumsfuck.....take it Harry."

The sudden squirts of orgasmic fluid shot through the thin silk panties and into Harry's open mouth. His face was drenched with sweet, sticky liquid sprayed on him by Mistress Katrina.

Harry could breathe again. He looked up and saw Kit standing over him. She had removed her soaking wet silk panties and little droplets of pussy juice dripped slowly down onto his steaming face. A very nasty smile on Kit's face told him this night was far from over.

"Harry? Are you ready? Good. I am going to fuck your face like it's never been fucked before. If you say one word, your cock will meet with my displeasure!"

Mistress Katrina proved her intent by grinding her feet nastily into his cock and hanging balls. A wave of pain made Harry grunt loudly. This reaction made Kit smile in appreciation.

Mistress Katrina placed her still damp pussy right over Harry's head. She sank down and held him firmly between her legs.

Kit humped her pussy lips hard into Harry's mouth. His nose was rubbing her clitoris making her hump even harder. She wanted desperately to make him beg for mercy.

Mistress Katrina loved fucking this willing head. She felt his tongue come up and into her wide open vagina. Her anus sent her a signal that her juices were ready to spill out into this man's mouth.

Kit tried hard to delay the inevitable. It was to no avail.

Harry was literally drowning in Kit's orgasmic squirts of creamy liquids. His mouth was full, no matter how hard he tried to swallow it all. Even his nostrils were drenched with her copious outpourings.

Mistress Katrina paused to regain her composure.

Still sitting on Harry's chest, her pulsating pussy just inches from his greedy mouth, Kit decided to make Harry her own personal sex toy in a way that he would never forget.

Pulling her knees up high, Kit slid forward again.

This time, her quivering rosebud covered Harry's lips.

He could feel her heat spilling out of her most secret opening.

"Lick me nice, Harry!"

He did as instructed, with only a slight hesitation. This was a strange role reversal for Harry. The young girl's back door was already slick with her own pussy juice. Harry's tongue popped inside with very little effort.

Mistress Katrina began to fuck Harry's face with her talented bottom. Her ass cheeks slapped his tortured face and her tight little hole pushed hard into his drenched mouth. His saliva lubricated Kit's snow gaping hole, letting him go ever deeper into her demanding posterior.

Kit felt the waves cumming. It started deep in her gut, building out to her pussy and her deeply probed ass.

Her legs began to shake uncontrollably. Her ass cheeks convulsed tightly around Harry's captured face.

She was cumming.....cumming..... "Oh God.....it was so good.....Take it Harry.....Take my cum juice.....Taste my ass juice.....Good boy....Yes, HarryYou were a good boy....A very good boy"

Harry woke up in a strange hotel room. His hangover blossomed the moment his eyes opened. The events of the previous evening were a bit blurry. He did remember a girl with a gold ring. Not on her finger, but on her toe. He had a strange taste on his lips and a fleeting memory of a beautiful toe probing him in a most unusual place.

His hangover won out and Harry headed back to the bar for his special remedy. Today is another day. More girls to meet and more stories to tell.