

Cait Tailcunt Scenes for CoC2

-by Thebiologist-

Tailcunt Scene Intro

You've got something interesting in mind for your cute kitty priestess to play with. With a coy side-grin, you lock eyes with Cait then prop yourself up on your elbows. Cait replies with a sultry, inviting look while nibbling on her lower lip as her eyes dart back and forth between yours and her lower, nether regions. Finally, she cocks both her eyebrows, expecting you to get a clue already. Her suggestions couldn't be more obvious, but you have something else in stock - a surprise you hope she enjoys. Eventually, Cait gives up and murmurs into your ear.

"Mmm. Do I need to be more direct? [pc.name]. We're both here for a reason. Are you gonna make a girl beg? Tell me, are you gonna spend the day looking at my eyes? Or are you gonna plow me senseless like a savage animal? Because I came here kinda expecting the latter. What do you have in mind?"

This is all a ruse. While the clueless catgirl keeps wondering what you have in mind for her, a vicious predator is sneaking its way up the bedsheets.

"Oh? You'll see. It's a surprise. Patience is a virtue," you remind her. "And it'll pay off sooner than you expect." Cait giggles and plays along for the moment, gliding her fingers playfully over your chest.

In a husky, sultry tone, Cait delivers her final ultimatum. "Ah, don't keep me waiting much longer. I like surprises, but this kitty is horny and needy. Come on already, [pc.name]. Fuck me like you mean it."

You barely have any time to react after such a grandiloquent statement before Cait grabs you by the shoulders, pulling you two closer until her hefty twin peaks snuggle tightly with your own [pc.breasts].

"I- Ngh! Am ready for it. Will you say hello to the guest of honor?" You announce the grand entrance of your [pc.cTail] with a wide, sardonic grin, only to lean your head out of the way, revealing the secret you've been trying to hide so far. Your [pc.tail] looms over Cait, undulating menacingly - like a viper in search for prey - casting an ominous shadow, with the flicker of the candlelight, over the unsuspecting catgirl's face.

---{First time:

Cait fails to assess the situation. It's understandable since she doesn't know what you're packing in that [pc.tailNoun] of yours. She giggles playfully and takes a few swipes with her right hand at the dexterous appendage, which instinctively gets out of the way. Now, this is something you were not expecting. She's trying to catch your tail as a real cat would. You can't help but smile and tease her a bit more, booping her nose with your worming tail and reciprocating her giggles and chuckles.

A couple of minutes later, Cait finally snaps out of it and presses your [pc.lips] with her index finger. "Alright, stop it," she chuckles. "Stop it. I'm not a child anymore. I'll admit, back in Jasirra we used to play with our tails like that, but I'm far from the little girl I was. So, is this the surprise?"

You shake your head. "How about a kiss?"

"You're in a playful mood today, [pc.name]. Nothing wrong with that, so long as you fulfill your duties later on. I expect a good, long orgasm as payment. A kiss, then."

You grin and lay the trap. "Alright, close your eyes." Cait delivers a provocative smile in response and does your bidding, then puffs those succulent lips or hers, expecting contact with yours, but she just fell straight into your clutches.

You lower your [pc.tailNoun], slow and steady, giving yourself ample time for your [pc.cTail] to show itself, unfold, and get ready for action. Once your tail-mounted snatch makes contact with Cait's welcoming kissers, a blissful shiver courses all the way from your [pc.cTail] and up your spine, causing you to tremble in response, and deliver one soft whorish whimper that makes Cait frown in confusion.

Still, she wastes no time and digs deep inside your womanly folds, suckling, tickling, and licking. Cait's tongue dance inside your tailgina with dexterous precision, twirling and swirling. She can't imagine the lengths you're going to arrest and muffle your passionate moans and whines.

Surely, at this point, she must realize something is going on, yet her tongue keeps probing your depth for a dance partner, to no avail. Cait's face is a puzzle. Her right eyebrow is cocked and she looks extremely confused. Finally, you yield to her oral onslaught and a shrill cry of pleasure escapes through your tightly clenched lips, no matter how hard you try to restrain yourself. That's more than enough to tip her off the whole situation and she opens her eyes in surprise, then recoils back.

"What?! How... what is that? Mallach's balls! I've never seen... something... anything like that. You have a pussy in your tail! You probably already knew that... but... but... you have a pussy in your tail!"

Cait is baffled by the revelation and it takes her a few moments to get her thoughts in order. You take advantage of this welcomed break of pace to regain your breath.

"Well, surprised?"

"You bet your- Heeyyy... you deceived me! I knew something smelled- uh, tasted fishy." Cait gives you a soft, playful punch on your shoulder and breaks off into a playful giggle. "But I forgive you because I like what I'm seeing. You know, back at the temple we had this niche practice - with our tails - but this is on a whole new level! Consider me interested. I'm definitely gonna take it for a spin! So, [pc.name], this was your plan all along. I'm guessing you have something in mind."

Cait grins playfully and tickles your tailcunt's entrance with her index finger, bobbing your tail back and forth and waiting for an answer.

}

---{Repeat:

Cait flashes you a coy grin and decides to poke your [pc.tailNoun]'s tip with her index finger, playfully swaying it back and forth.

"So, you want me to take this bad girl for a spin, right, [pc.name]? I've gotta admit, I'm kinda jealous. If I had one of these back in Jasirra it would have made little ol' Cait get aaaall the catboys... and some of the girls too. I certainly love the way it feels. So, how can we have fun with it today? Do you have something in mind?"

As a matter of fact, you do. "How about a good... long... passionate kiss, to remind you of the way you two met the first time."

Cait giggles, flashing you a toothy grin. "It was a good kiss, but at least this time I know how to do it right." She taps your tail's tip a couple of times then crooks her finger repeatedly, giving you a suggestive glance. Of course, you get where she's going and reciprocate her smirk with a mischievous one of your own. Then, you begin lowering your [pc.tailNoun] - slowly, but surely - as Cait cups her hands and gently cradles the delicate flower hiding inside.

During the descent, Cait massages your genitail's outer labia with both her thumbs, coaxing the shy snatch to show itself. It's not long before your tail's end opens up and unfurls - slowly, gently - bidding a salute to the tender catgirl and rewarding her with a few fragrant dollops of its musky feminine essence.

Cait can't help herself and gives your [pc.cTail] a tentative lick, followed by a series of pecks and a long loving kiss to its petite rosebud. An instinctive soft whine hurries out of your lips,

prompting Cait to smile in return as if thanking you for the compliment. The husky priestess makes haste and resumes her ministrations; this time, focusing on your outer labia. As she spreads your delicate petals apart, her tongue finds its way to your clit. Much to your surprise, it's far more dexterous than you could ever imagine. The way it twirls and contorts around your precious pearl, polishing it like a treasured heirloom, is already making your head spin.

It doesn't take much more before you can't control yourself and your moans and squeals flood the room with the sound of pure passion, creating a majestic symphony of lust and bliss.

Cait interprets this as a sign and her oral appendage finds a new target. In a pure, unadulterated frenzy, her tongue drills its way inside your genital's entrance, twirling and twisting, pushing further and harder as it violates your depths with ferocious intent. As Cait's tongue French-kisses its way inside - extorting as much carnal pleasure as it can - you try your best to retain your composure, but your unbidden, sharp gasps and those breathy, whorish moans reveal your true state.

Just in the nick of time, Cait slows down and allows her tongue to retreat, only to take a good look at your strained face and break out giggling, leaving you at the very brink of an orgasm, quivering like a pudding.

"Well, surprised?" Cait says with a grin.

"You bet your- Ha! You've got me there," you reply - still short of breath - before nudging Cait's shoulder with your fist.

"So, what do you have in mind? Are you gonna let me take her for a spin? Or do you want me to make this all about you?"

That's a difficult decision, for sure.

}

[[Fuck&Lick]] [[Suck&Rub]]

//Fuck&suck: Have Cait orally please your tailcunt while you go to town with her pussy.

//Suck&rub: Let Cait have her way with your tailcunt while she orally pleases you.

Fuck&Lick

"How about you keep doing what you were doing? That tongue got me so close, but, can it finish the business?"

Cait flashes you a coy smirk, pokes your chin with her index finger and replies with a soft, sultry murmur. "That's alright with me, [pc.name], but is that all? You're gonna take responsibility for me, right?"

With a nod and a cute smile, you share your intentions with her.. "I did promise a good fuck, didn't I? Since both our fun bits are available as well, there isn't any reason not to let them join the party. Double the pleasure."

Cait nibbles on her lower lip, probably fantasizing about how the whole deal is gonna play out. Her eyes dart back and forth between yours and your [pc.cTail] and finally, she breaks the silence with a short giggle. "Double the pleasure... for you at least. You're trying to make me jealous. Well..." she murmurs, "it worked. So, you've better put your spirit into it."

"Oh, I will." You respond, as your smile slowly widens into a salacious grin that announces your true intentions.

There is no time to waste. First, you lower your [pc.tailNoun] with grace, delivering it into Cait's tender and welcoming embrace. She delicately cradles your [pc.cTail], admiring it for a solid minute, just basking on its magnificent splendor and surely fantasizing about how it must feel to have one of her own. You notice her breathing becomes much more agitated, and the way she licks her lips tells you anything you need to know.

That kitty would surely love to savor such a lovely flower again. Oh, her mouth is watering, and her eyes shine with that peculiar light right now. It might be the flickering of the candlelight, or perhaps it's something more primal. It almost feels like a perverse mix of lust and hunger. Her expression looks like it would belong to someone who's been fasting and abstaining and just finds itself standing face-to-face with a big, fat, juicy piece of tenderloin served by a gang of naked, horny goblins begging for attention.

In the meantime, while the girl lets her imagination run wild, you take advantage of the situation and her distraction. Your right hand scurries away - out of sight - journeying down south with stealth and determination. After all, you are a [pc.manWoman] of your word. You're in position, and so is Cait. Her fingers dance up and down your [pc.cTail]'s outer labia, almost like enthralled by its velvety texture. Yours, however, are ready to pounce and go for the kill. You strike first - in ambush - burying a pair of digits straight into her unsuspected cunny.

It's surprisingly sodden down there. Cait must be quite worked up for such gushing to take place. Your intruders pierce deep through her defenses. The way is slick and lubricated - just an easy target for you to raid. You penetrate far and with ease until your advance is brought to a sudden halt by the palm of your hand as it impacts against Cait's crotch, delivering quite a sonorous squelch.

Caught completely by surprise, Cait panics slightly, and her fingers inadvertently reciprocate your daring feat, digging deep and with a single, sudden motion inside your unprepared tailgina. Twinned replies arrive in synchrony. A whine on your behalf and a determined howling moan coming from your feline companion engulf the instance, melding together in a delightful melody of pure passion.

Cait recovers first and delivers a powerful counterattack. Her fingers spread your tail-mounted snatch, making a wide V, and with her other hand, she tugs on your tail, pulling your [pc.cTail] dangerously within mouth's reach. Oh, Cait's got you this time. Her tongue immediately darts in a daring charge against your most vulnerable and sensitive spots. Your tailcunt's petite clit is the first casualty of war. Her dexterous tongue hits hard, skillfully coiling around it, only to be followed by those delightful lips, which latch to the poor thing like a newborn kitten, tugging and sucking mercilessly and with fierce dedication.

Fuck! She's giving you no quarter. Your hold on her weakens. Those fingers dancing wildly inside Cait's depths are losing their pace. Your whorish whimpers only signal your defeat. The pleasure is something you won't be able to bear much longer, yet you must, for her. You've barely begun to pleasure your buxom companion. How can you even call yourself a true [pc.manWoman] if you cum before bringing your partner to peak? No, this won't do. You pull your digits out of Cait's snatch, but not before paying one final homage to her tender G-spot and forcing one glorious, blissful moan out of her.

Now it's time to do your part and ravage her senseless. [pc.isHer Which fun bits are you planning on using for such endeavor?] //If herm select pussy/cock.

Cock variant

You're more than ready. Your [pc.cockNoun] is so ludicrously hard right now Balhar's phalanges would be envious of your stiffness, but dammit! Cait's tongue is driving you crazy. It's hard to concentrate with such an experienced partner munching on your weak spots. You're trembling like a pudding in a tornado, and yet again, Cait's one step ahead of you. Her hips are already committed to this obscene dance, and sway sensually back and forth, enticing you to get on with it already.

That does it! You thrust, and thrust and fail, time and again. Your hips are bucking in a frenzy, and you can't control yourself. You're too excited and too distracted by Cait's energetic ministrations. That tongue is going deeper, like a kobold miner in search of shinies. Eventually, Cait takes matters into her own hands, wrapping her legs over your hips and impaling herself on your turgid, throbbing rod.

Something clicks inside you. You've never felt like this before. There's something primal taking over every fiber of your being. Like possessed, your body moves on its own with furious intent.

You thrust mercilessly, burying another inch of your inhumanly swollen cockflesh deep within the velvety folds of your companion and losing yourself in the process.

Reality dims and everything seemingly slows down. You can feel your heartbeat, hear your own heavy breathing, each weighting like a mountain. Chains pull your mind away, and as it sinks into the darkness, your true animalistic nature takes over.

A powerful wave of heat ignites the fires that fuel your breeding instincts, and your body sets into overdrive. Your hips buck and thrust like they are the only thing keeping your heart pumping. Your crotch repeatedly slams against Cait's with tremendous force, and finally, you get a true, unadulterated response from the kitty girl in the form of a sonorous purr-like moan that tickles your [pc.tcTail] just right, causing a reciprocal answer on your behalf. Your far from shy, and soon, your own whines and squeals dwarf even Cait's notoriousness.

Eventually, you two manage to pick a suitable pace and your hips lock in unison, swaying in perfect harmony. Cait tightens her embrace, pulling you closer until your bodies snuggle against each other. This leaves you in an interesting position. From where you stand, you can see something awfully tempting within reach. You're already salivating and licking your lips at the sight of her erect nipple. It's almost hypnotic. You can't get tired of watching it bounce up and down. Finally, you give to temptation, open your mouth, extend your tongue and catch your prey.

Cait's reaction is swift and ruthless. She mimics you, with your [pc.cTail]'s clit for a target. Every action against her has an immediate mirror response. This is... you have control! You can decide the best way to please yourself, using Cait's nipple as a proxy! A myriad of ideas flood your mind, but there is so little time to execute your mischievous plan. You've been ratcheting up the tempo for a solid two minutes already, and the situation is spiraling out of control. It's clear both of you approach the breaking point. Cait is purring non-stop, and you fare no better, except her cries of pleasure only serve to add a delightful vibration straight into your tailgina.

There is no doubt about it. You're going down. Your hips are giving her all you've got. You're about to break. One final roar signals your defeat. Your body tenses up immediately, causing your back to arch like a stone bridge and your [pc.cockNoun] to plunge ferociously for the final time inside Cait's twitching cunny. Unwilling to face the truth, your hands seek revenge in defeat, and one finds its way right into Cait's weak spot. You squeeze her clit desperately, rubbing and massaging it with your fingers and your palm in an attempt to bring your partner to ecstasy.

Meanwhile, your [pc.cock] sits painfully swollen and completely strained inside a tightly clenched fleshy prison. You can't delay this anymore. The dam bursts, as signaled by your dick's incessant throbbing and twitching, and you achieve what you were so desperately trying to avoid. Another gasping moan announces your shame. Your body no longer responds to you, but still won't give up. One final short burst of powerful, yet swift thrusts is all you have left, but enough to succeed. You can feel Cait's pussy spasming and clenching. You've done it.

By means of a mighty howl, Cait declares her bliss and, much to your surprise, redoubles her efforts on your [pc.cTail]. She squeezes hard, pushing your tender folds against her face and executes a devious maneuver with her tongue. Her flourishes and skillful twirls are something you can only dream of one day being able to match and are just the right kind of trickery to tip the scales in her favor. Your tail-borne orgasm pounds your body like a charging minotaur and melds with your other raging climax into a mind-warping duplex peak the likes you've never experienced. Your body quakes furiously, unable to take such battering unscathed. All your pleasure centers ignite like matches, burning brightly and with unmatched intensity, delivering one powerful wave of concentrated ecstasy that sweeps across your body like a rising tide

In your lust-addled haze, you're barely able to grasp reality anymore, yet one thing is searing into your retinas. You watch as your feline partner responds in kind with a shattering climax of her own. Cait is able to top your ferociousness and loudness this time, delivering one thundering howl after another interrupted by the occasional sharp gasp.

Both your bodies discharge their love in unison, slathering each other in your respective juices. Cait's squirt bathes your crotch with a modest contribution of her fem-lube, while your own [pc.cockNoun] erupts inside her, releasing your liquid love straight into her womb.

[pc.hasKnot Your [pc.knot] distends almost immediately, ballooning into pussy-locking proportions within a matter of seconds. It's throbbing turgidness only adds another layer of pleasure to the prolonged climax Cait is experiencing. It's hard to tell by her ever-shifting, puzzling expression, but her renewed moans and wails tell you everything you need to know; she's definitely enjoying your extra feature.]

Eventually, the fires of passion slowly begin to dim. The pace slows down and your bodies rest and recover their breath. You both enjoy a warm, lingering semi-climaxing state, clinging so tightly to each other that your flesh could meld at any minute. You kiss and snuggle, relishing in the afterglow for a few more minutes, until you both agree it's time to move on once again.

//Go to Cait's post-sex scenes.

Pussy variant

You're soaking wet down there already. Your [pc.pussyNoun] twitches in anticipation but awaits patiently for a gentle touch. Damn it! Cait's tongue is mesmerizing. You're gonna lose your sanity at this pace. You can even begin to fathom it's dexterity and the complexity of its flourishes. It's almost majestic.

Your arms are trembling. It feels like you're about to collapse, and that would be unfortunate, considering she's under you. Cait's hips are already bucking enticingly, begging for you to stay strong and carry on. You willfully commit to this sensual waltz, reciprocating Cait's efforts to keep you on point. A new surge of primal strength washes all over your body. You feel renewed

and ready to take on the entire world by yourself. That is, until Cait's tongue hits that sweet, weak spot deep inside your [pc.cTail], causing you to waver once more, signaling your weakness with a meek, prolonged whine. Goodness! That tongue keeps digging deeper. It's driving you nuts!

Giving your lack of initiative, Cait decides to take matters into her own hands. Her legs wrap around your hips and her tender folds clash with your [pc.pussyNoun], melding in a warm embrace. Something finally clicks inside your brain.

Pussy or not, right now you feel like a stallion presented with a dozen mares in heat. Your hips thrust instinctively with breeding intent. You know full well your efforts are fruitless, but your body doesn't care either way. Your [pc.pussyNoun] smashes against Cait's sprawling flower in a frenzy. Even if you can't breed the kitty, that won't deter you from trying Cunts rubs and slide against each other. Clits clash in battle, jousting for dominance. Flesh meets flesh entwining tenderly and sensually in a passionate exchange of fluids.

Reality slips between your fingers. Nothing else seems to matter anymore. Your animalistic breeding instincts are taking root deep within your mind. Your body no longer answers to your commands. Your hips rock zealously, humping frantically in a desperate attempt to plow Cait senseless.

Pleasure and passion merge to make a grand entrance, playing a lascivious symphony to honor your joining. High pitched whines and squeals sing the delightful overture, followed by a crescendo of ardent cries of sensual satisfaction. Gasping moans carry the tune, keeping the rhythm of such magnificent opera of love and debauchery.

A suitable pace is established. Both participants dance in harmonious unison. Your hips move as one, extorting pleasure from each-other with meticulous precision. You both enjoy this perfect synchronous bliss, allowing both your lovely flowers to kiss each other with unbidden desire. Letting your rosebuds molest one another, snuggling tenderly for comfort.

You regain momentary control over your actions, only to be distracted by the bounciness of your buxom partner. Her twin peaks sway back and forth with each wild thrust from your hips, giggling majestically. That turgid nub, poking the air; It taunts you like an exalted spire, dwarfing the tiny crown that surrounds it. You can't stand such a sight without taking action. Your eyes are fixed on the target. You can't help yourself. Your body lunges forward, and in a voracious display of lust and gluttony, you catch your prey, trapping it between your [pc.lips] and sealing its fate. Your left hand aims to repeat your feat, and with a swift movement, it skillfully gropes the paired mound, squeezing and tugging on the offending nipple, teaching it a lesson of humility.

Cait lets out a prolonged purr-like moan that reverberates all over your [pc.cTail]. She's already prepared a counter-attack. She latches viciously against your genital's vulnerable clitty. The petite nub is at her mercy, and she assails it relentlessly, but you're not gonna roll over just that

easily. You redouble your efforts, lavishing her right teat with your dexterous tongue and your eager suckers. Nibbling on her nipple with ardent devotion while your hand molests its sibling on equal measure.

Cait refuses to surrender. This is turning into a competition. Each action on your behalf has an equal response applied twofold on your tailgina's petite loveknob. Unfortunately for you, Cait is much more experienced, her skills honed by a lifetime of dedication to the god of passion and love. Her tongue feels like its almost sentient. It targets your weak spots without mercy, displaying a vast array of convoluted maneuvers. It twirls and prods inside your tail's vaginal canal like it's its own domain, striking ferociously. Not a single fold or crevice is left unpolished. None of your tender spots is safe from its care. You're losing!

In desperation, you turn your attention back to Cait's velvety cunny. Your position gives you the advantage, and you're gonna make sure this second front grants you victory. On a barbaric frenzy, you ratchet up the tempo, rubbing and grinding savagely, making use of your [pc.clit] like a battering ram to poke and prod as deep as you can inside Cait's womanhood. You ream the poor kitty with all your strength, slamming hard with ruthless efficiency and vicious haste.

Cait folds to your efforts. You can feel an intense heat emanating from her twitching snatch. She's losing the pace, even her nimble tongue is falling victim to her impending climax, yet that's not enough to deter her advance. She's determined to bring you to your peak. You submit to your carnal pleasures, unable to withstand the rhythm anymore.

Duplex climaxes strike in unison as your bodies tense up and meld in a final warm embrace, squeezing tightly against each other, and frottaging desperately in an attempt to prolong your pleasure. Cait pulls out from your [pc.cTail] with one final slurp, triggering a secondary tailborne orgasm that travels all the way from your tailgina and joins with the prime climax to form a delightful wave of pleasure that rocks you to the very core, washing over your soul with pure bliss and triggering an exhilarating euphoria. You bask in your lust-addled peak, experiencing a potent, sensual high.

Cait is not far behind, her ecstasy is clear to you now. Her entire body is quaking. Her eyes are rolled back, and her face shows an expression of sheer rapture. A thundering response wastes no time to arrive and floods the room with Cait's spirited cries of pleasure. You happily join her melody, performing a lascivious duet, adding your whorish moans into the wild cacophony of joyous howls.

Holes erupt with girlcum, spraying wildly and bathing each other with warm, silky love. Your [pc.cTail] isn't shy, and slathers Cait's face in a shower of your very own [pc.girlcum], while your pussy is busy, engaged in fierce competition with Cait's. While she's a squirter, Cait is far from messy. Her paltry contribution pales in comparison to your own.

Eventually, the tension and the overwhelming pleasure knock the wind out of you, and you collapse over poor Cait, but far from complaining, she wraps her arms around you, merging in a loving embrace. You two spend a few more minutes rubbing and squeezing in an attempt to prolong each other's climaxes for as long as you can, but everything good must come to an end. You bask in your semi-climaxing afterglow, sniggling together in bliss, but your orgasm have already run their course, and it's time to carry on.

"Huh, now that I think of it, that's [pc.ra catfolk| five| four] pussies that got pleased there." You both burst out laughing at your impromptu joke and prepare to get dressed.

//Go to Cait post-sex scene.

Suck&Rub

"Well..." you murmur with a coy grin, "if you like it that much, it's all yours." Cait is shocked at first, but her face slowly illuminates with glee and anticipation, as a side smirk begins to form at the same time.

"So, I can have it my way? You are full of surprises, [pc.name]. I already have an idea in mind. We'll have to switch around." You nod and fall to the side, resting on your back and pulling Cait along for the ride until she sits atop of your belly. Your eyes lock upon each other and you both smile. It's hard to keep a straight face when such a buxom beauty is presenting you with such a wonderful sight.

"Like what you see?" You nod in response. "Well, this position is quite comfortable, but not what I have in mind. Hold on a second." Cait moves in closer while pushing her hips up. She purrs suggestively as she rubs her face against your chest while at the same time presenting her ass to you and waving it around. She almost reminds you of a housecat stretching.

Eventually, she lets her weight fall back and over your tail, which startles you for a moment. Now, you get it. She was aiming for your [pc.cTail] all along. She's got your tail firmly secured. You're vulnerable, and she knows it.

Cait gently sways - hands resting over her hips - rocking back and forth and rubbing your tail with her eager cunny. She moans softly as she travels inexorably away from you, journeying towards your tail's tip, searching for your tailgina to prey upon. You prop yourself up a bit, standing over your elbows and enjoying the show she's putting up for you. Her sultry look and combined with such a sensual dance is already turning you on beyond measure, and she's barely touched you.

Finally, her quest reaches its end just as her flower meets with your tail's own. The tender flesh rubs against each other, melding together in a delightfully tender embrace of pussy against pussy. The sensation is as wonderful as it is intense. You can feel the pleasure striking like a bolt of lightning, making its way up your spine and causing your back to arch in response. You can't help but allow a soft whine to reach Cait's ears as a sign of gratitude - a gesture she reciprocates in kind, with a faint moan of her own.

Cait takes her time and savors the moment. Her hips buck back and forth, delivering soft, short thrusts. She lets her snatch glide over your tail-mounted pussy, teasing you. Enough is enough. You can't endure being toyed like this anymore, and you command your tail to take bold action. With one swift stroke, your [pc.cTail] brushes against Cait's velvety folds once more, but Cait isn't exactly fond of your unilateral tribbing and takes matters into her own hands - literally - catching your tail with a single rapid movement. Your genital is now a prisoner of her nimble fingers and her will.

Cait grins as she repositions your tailgina to match her posture. Now, as it nests between her thighs, your poor [pc.cTail]'s been reduced to a mere masturbatory aid for Cait to rub against, at her own leisure. That was her plan all along. Her deception worked like a charm, and you failed to see it until it was too late. She's got you - quite literally - by the tail. You brace yourself and willfully submit to Cait's tender care. She spares no second with mere foreplay this time and starts trusting right away, frotagging flesh with flesh without a care left in the world.

It's not long before she has you begging for mercy. The fact that there isn't any obstacle or need for convoluted postures, only allows Cait to go all-in from the very beginning. You've got to admit, she certainly knows how to hold a rhythm, even one as frantic as hers. You fold to her ministrations and the zealous sway of her hips. You can't help but announce your own weakness by delivering a wild cacophony of gasping moans and meek whines. That is as far as your brain can take you. Your lack of articulation only serves to turn Cait even more.

While she's certainly loud when she's enjoying herself, right now, not even a peep escapes through her lips. The silence is disconcerting, or it would be if you weren't moaning enough for the two of you. You're barely keeping it together, but you manage to at least take a look at Cait. She is enjoying herself, but there is something different. The look on her face is almost scary. She's straining, her eyes are completely focused on a target. She looks moments away from pouncing you.

Cock variant

[pc.isMale]With impressive feline grace and reflexes, Cait strikes, lunging forwards and catching her prey. Her intent is clear, and in your state, there is barely anything you can do. Your [pc.cockNoun] has fallen prey to Cait's lust. Her agile fingers wrap around your poor, defenseless cock, holding it steady, like a piece of meat, for the voracious huntress. You watch awestruck as Cait swallows half of your length with a single motion and surprising ease. Her

tongue coils around your [pc.cockHeadNoun] like a viper claiming its prize. There is nothing left to do but to submit. You're too far gone to offer any kind of resistance. There is no struggle. Your arms fail you and you fall limp on the bed, too enthralled by the overwhelming pleasure to even move.

Cait seizes the opportunity and presses her assault. A tight seal forms around your cockflesh and the show begins. Cait's head bobs up and down, accommodating most of your length without much problem. Her dexterity is keeping you on your toes. The pressure rises with every passing second as Cait engulfs one inch after another until your tip finally tickles the back of her throat.

This is too much. Your body betrays you. All you can do right now is to enjoy as you lose yourself into this unbidden carnal pleasure. You're quaking under Cait's attentive ministrations. You can't think of anything else but achieving the ecstasy your body is craving right now, yet Cait is mischievous and every time you tense up she slows down, prolonging suffering and keeping your desired climax almost within grasp, yet so far away.

You can barely breathe. All the air in your lungs escapes you, singing a perverted melody of desperate moans and whorish cries for mercy, but mercy is the last thing on Cait's mind. She keeps edging you, slurping one your [pc.cockNoun] slow enough to keep you at the very brink of the precipice. Licking and sucking with passion and devotion, yet depriving you of the fruits of her labor. You try your best, but your hips won't obey. A few short and rhythmless humps are all you manage, but that only works against you. Cait pulls out and her nimble fingers replace her mouth.

It's not the same. She's skilled, but your spirit yearns for her succulent lips. Both her hands work in unison to please you just enough to betray you at the very last second. She knows precisely when to stop, and she does it with the precision of an automata. You whimper and beg, but it's not enough. Now it's her turn for a good time.

Cait is determined to keep you like that until she can get off. That much is clear to you know. You can feel by the ever-increasing pace of her hips that she's also close. With your [pc.cTail] pinned between her thighs, she's in command of both your orgasms. Only she can decide when this will end, and it looks like she's decided to cum first. Cait ratchets up the pace once more while lowering herself, squeezing tightly against your genitail's sensitive folds. She looks desperate, and frankly, so are you. Your only hope to survive this one with your sanity intact is that Cait achieves a climax of her own and fast.

The gods might be listening because, at long last, you hear Cait's cries of pleasure. Her obscene crescendo plays like a sweet melody and you can't help but join her in a harmonious duet. Like a chorus, you two passionately sing your love for each other without shyness or shame, screaming high into the sky for everyone to hear until Cait changes the melody with a

distinct, thundering howl. Something snapped inside her mind. She's humping desperately, like a maniac, trying to get off at any cost. Her pace is erratic but frenetic. She's out of control!

Cait falls down forwards, slamming facefirst against your crotch and instantly latching you your dick like it's the last one in Savarra. She strokes it with her tongue it like a snowcone, alternating from left to right and back again while the palm of her right hand rubs against your [pc.cockHeadNoun] like she's trying to light a fire. Her left hand, however, is tightly clenched around your [pc.knot], delivering short, but strong strokes.

Eventually, your brain calls it quits. Everything turns into a haze. You can't focus anymore. All you know is your deepest, darkest desires are taking over. Flesh takes command over soul and mind and you are lost to pleasure. Not even Cait's honed skills can prevent you from cumming this time. One final roar signals the beginning of your fiery peak. Cait recognizes your climaxing state and wastes no time, devouring most of your cock in one bold stroke, making it disappear like it was never there, to begin with. Her head works in unison with her hands, pumping, thrusting and stroking together to milk every ounce of pleasure out of you.

Meanwhile, in a last-ditch attempt to pleasure herself, Cait forces one final clash of pussy against pussy. Your genitail is no match for your companion's enthusiasm nor her zealous tribadism. Clits meat each other in one final epic struggle for bliss and ecstasy and you both will be casualties of such a war in heaven. You are struck down first. Your tailborne orgasm joins its penile counterpart, melding together in one powerful burst of joy and pleasure that rocks you to the very core.

Cait isn't far behind. Her fierce clamor of muffled purrs and squeals tells you she's climaxing just as hard as you are, yet she remains passionately dedicated to her blowjob. The grand finale takes the stage, both your climaxes reach their very high and your liquid love breaks free, joining in delightful fluid exchange.

After so much edging and denials, you shoot out like a geyser, straight into Cait's throat. She guzzles down on such delicacy with eagerness and devotion until she's forced to gasp for air and receive the last spurts straight into her face.

Both womanhoods pale in comparison, delivering only a paltry contribution to the whole mess, but such a display of passion is impossible to go unnoticed. Pussies bathe each other in their respective feminine juices, finalizing the exchange in a warm embrace, trying to prolong each other's climax for as much as possible.

Cait's head rests over your belly and you both try to regain your breath. You spend a few more minutes rubbing and snuggling against each other, basking in the afterglow and relaxing for the rest of the duration of your semi-orgasming state. Eventually, your climax runs to its well-deserved end and you take a few more minutes to recover before you can move on.]

//Go to Cait's post-sex scene.

Pussy variant

[pc.isFemale]With an extraordinarily swift movement, Cait dives facefirst seizing the moment and claiming her prize. Your muff was her target all along. Our [pc.pussyNoun] belongs to her now, and her intentions are obvious. Cait's tongue darts out of her mouth and begins to savor tender folds like they're an exquisite delicacy. As gluttonous as she's relentless, Cait assails your outer labia like a voracious predator lavishing your cunny salaciously.

Soon, her ministrations center around your tantalizing rosebud. The feline huntress latches to your poor clitty like it's the last one in Savarra. Her succulent lips clench tightly, securing your tender nub within a fleshy prison. The serpentine jailer wastes no time. Cait's hard-at-work tongue mercilessly tortures your loveknob, teasing it with dexterous grace but ceasing just shy of release.

Moaning and struggling, you unleash a delightful cacophony of spirited cries and pleas for mercy, but no matter how hard or loud you be, she gives no quarter. You quiver under Cait's oral spell. Her captivating tonguefucking has you completely mesmerized. Your body barely responds to your commands. You're tense, straining, and ready for the oh-so anticipated ecstasy, but Cait denies you time and again.

Hips buckle in desperation. Your body no longer belongs to you. Primal instincts take hold of every fiber of your very self. You can barely breathe. Gasping cries are the best you can muster. This is torture. Cait can be a cruel mistress whenever she wants to. She's making sure to extort every single drop of pleasure she can, slowly building up the pressure to hit you with a body-shattering climax. The question is, can you survive this whole ordeal with your mind intact?

Cait finally pulls out tugging your clit with fury before releasing it with a wet pop, causing you to deliver a thundering whorish howl of delight before falling completely limp, overwhelmed by pleasure. Her skillful tongue is soon replaced by her nimble fingers, giving you no time to regain your breath. You yip in surprise but welcome such dexterous intruders, hoping they are the heralds of your peak. Far from the truth, your mischievous companion carries on with her routine.

Teasing and probing, Cait's digits prove relentless and worthy, but she's determined to keep you on your toes until she can deliver an orgasm she can sear with fire in your very soul. Her fingers run deep, searching for your hidden treasure. Cait's skills are honed by years of experience. You can keep no secrets from her. Your G-spot soon falls victim to her expertise. You've never thought such flourishes were possible to perform so deep inside somebody's cunt, yet here you stand, proven wrong once again. Cait's digits are a true wonder. They toy with your most tender spots, molding them to her will like clay.

It's hard to concentrate, but a lapse in Cait's coordination gives you a hint on what's going on. Your attention is brought back to the main event. Cait's hips are behaving erratically. She's ben frotagging against your tailborne snatch for a while - without care or restraint. She's beginning to waver, but she's too obfuscated to notice. Cait grows desperate with every passing moment. She's ratcheting up the tempo, thrusting harder but uncoordinatedly. Her hips soon reach a breeding frenzy and once the first few squeals of ecstasy escape through her lips, Cait realizes she's doomed herself.

A wild melody of debauchery soon follows. Cait sings unbidden, fueled by lust and passion. Her lyrics are obscene yet enthralling, like a siren's anthem. You can't help but join her with an aria of your own howls and wails. Together you chant your love to the skies, performing a marvelous duet of harmony and joy until Cait delivers the final, high pitched note, breaking up the tempo. Her fingers pull out of your twitching cunny, and her hands grab hold of your ankles in desperation.

Cait is out of control! Her hips charge relentlessly, grinding mercilessly against your [pc.cTail]. You're facing her uncontrollable hysteria, a turmoil of unbidden furor and excitement. Cait is desperately trying to please herself using your tailgina like a cheap masturbatory aid. Flesh brushes against flesh. Velvety folds squeeze together in tight embrace as clits clash, encountering each other in fierce confrontation. Rivers of unadulterated pleasure flow unchecked. It's unknown which one of you will fold first.

Cait loses balance, slamming against your muff with tremendous force, and causing you to flinch in response. By instinct or choice, you're not sure, but Cait latches to your [pc.pussyNoun] once again and this time she's wrath incarnate. Her tongue digs deep, setting no restrictions to itself. There, it ravages your G-spot with zealous dedication drawing pleasure like a fountain, fueled by Cait's incessant purring.

Unwilling to work under such conditions, your mind takes a vacation from reality. Carnal lust takes a step forward, filling the void. Dark desires begin to seep into your soul subjugating it to the bidding of flesh and primitive drives. Cait is too skilled, too experienced, yet her expertise no longer restrains you. You're free from her hold. Unrestricted bliss washes over your body. You're cumming at last!

Even in her feral, self-indulging state, Cait can recognize an orgasm. Her training kicks in, and she fiercely savages your clit and [pc.pussyNoun] with all her dedication, turning your wild climax into something worthy of sagas. Overwhelming ecstasy rampages through your body like a horde of centaurs, ransacking every pleasure center within your system. You're losing yourself among this raging sea of bliss, and there's a storm brewing further south.

Cait doesn't falter. She's mercilessly ravaging your [pc.cTail] without restrictions, desperate to please herself. Her zealous enthusiasm is no match for your already weakened will. Cait's

relentless reaming is too much for both of you and a new orgasm manifests itself, catching you completely by surprise this time. It's too soon, too strong and it threatens to take your conscious away. Both simultaneous orgasm clash ferociously, wrestling for dominance with your body caught in the crossfire. Eventually, and not a moment too soon, an agreement is hammered out by both parties, and the wild climaxes meld into an intense, pleasant high of unimaginable proportions

Meanwhile, as you lay on your back, shaking and barely responsive, Cait claims an orgasm for herself. The impetuous catgirl is nothing if not notorious. Her whorish moans fill the room in a crescendo, culminating in one sonorous howl signaling her mighty peak. Cait trembles like a pudding trapped in a tornado then raises like struck by lightning, only to fall limp over your belly. You barely notice it and don't care anyway.

The grand finale hits both of you simultaneously. As your peaks run rampant, the floodgates open and pussies squirt like raging storms, spraying wildly as a result of your passionate lovemaking. Cait is enthusiastic, to say the least, but her contribution is dwarfed by the veritable torrent of [pc.girlcum] you can gush once you're excited enough.

You snuggle together, rubbing and grinding flesh against flesh, squeezing tightly in a desperate attempt to prolong your orgasms for as long as possible. You relax and let calm and peace take over as you bask in your well-earned afterglow.

You rest and recover your breath for a few minutes until you're both ready to move on.]

//Go to Cait post-sex scenes.

Herm variant

[pc.isHerm]With unfathomable swiftness, Cait takes a dive, targeting your vulnerable fun bits. You're at her mercy, unable to respond in such a lustful state. Cait, now at crotch height, stares undecided. Her eyes show her voracious hunger as much as her predatory grace. Her nimble fingers make the first contact, scouting the terrain before the main force arrives. Her right hand catches your unprepared [pc.cockNoun], wrapping around it ferociously. Meanwhile, a pair of her left hand's fingers strike your [pc.pussyNoun], not caring much about foreplay and forcing their way in while her thumb molests your [pc.clit] without mercy.

Her relentlessness has you already on edge, quivering and shaking uncontrollably. Mere words cannot describe how you feel, so you make sure your spirited cries make up for that fact. Unbound, fierce moans and high pitched squeals of delight flood the room, like music to Cait's attentive ears.

Finally, the moment you've been yearning and dreading arrives. Cait reaches a decision. Her tongue darts like a viper striking its prey and first coils around your [pc.cockHeadNoun] where it

lavishes your pulsating meat like licking a popsicle. With a tender kiss, her mouth bid farewell to your turgid member, for it never was its intention to stay. It was merely paying tribute on its way down its true victim. Cait's succulent lips brush against your [pc.cockNoun] delivering soft kisses and pecks teasing you. [pc.hasBalls Halfway to their destination, Cait's mouth, and tongue remember to pay tribute to your [pc.balls] with one big wet kiss, but then again, they carry on with their journey.]

At long last, your [pc.pussyNoun] meets with Cait's alluring tongue, and you can't help but whimper meekly, begging almost. Fortunately for you, Cait hears your pleas and responds with true passion and dedication, fiercely focusing her attention on your tender labia. Her tongue savors such a momentous occasion, delivering prolonged laps up and down with enthusiasm before finding its way past your folds and straight into your moist tunnel.

You're amazed by Cait's seasoned oral skills. Her tongue performs such marvelous flourishes you're still trying to wrap your head around. Unyielding, Cait's oral appendage pushes her way further in, twirling and swirling with majestic grace. The pleasure is overwhelming and forces you to cling to the sheets as if they are your only anchor to reality. The truth is, your body is now her slave. You're tense, barely able to move or even breathe. Your only source of air is those whorish, gasping moans that force their way out of your lips every time Cait's tongue hits the right spot.

Mesmerized by Cait's impressive technique, you barely notice it when a pair of her nimble digits force their way up your [pc.asshole], spreading without resistance on your behalf. They waste no time claiming ownership of your prostate and reaming it ruthlessly with extraordinary efficiency. Meanwhile, Cait's right hand remains hard at work. It never left your [pc.cockNoun] even for a moment. It pumps fiercely, trying to milk your cock with zealous dedication yet displays an impressive finesse and a remarkable wrist play you've never thought possible.

Reality dims at the prospect of such four-way strike on all your vulnerable weak-spots. Your body can't even begin to process such unbound pleasure. Eventually, your brain gives up. You fall limp and graciously submit to your feline mistress and her expert ministrations. Carnal instincts take hold, commandeering your mortal vessel. You yield to such passions willingly and let your primeval self take over. Hips buckle on their own volition, rocking erratically while you stare blankly at the ceiling. Cait loses the pace and is forced to slow down.

To compensate, she redoubles her efforts down south grinding her pussy with your tailbone snatch with increasing haste. Tender petals squeeze tightly in loving embrace, while rosebuds clash in battle, wrestling each other for dominance. Your [pc.clit] slips and is knocked out of the fray, only to embark on a quest, spelunking inside Cait's eager cunny. The sensation surprises your feline companion, who purrs in delight, rewarding your muff with a soothing vibration and causing you to hump wildly into the air.

The situation becomes untenable, and Cait decides a change of tactics is in order. Her mouth will do best further up, taking care of your wild, throbbing cock, while her fingers have their way with your [pc.pussyNoun]. A swift exchange takes place. Cait pulls out of your snatch only to swallow your [pc.cockNoun] the very next moment, catching you completely by surprise. Her daring fingers soon replace the missing tongue, and your [pc.pussyNoun] eagerly welcomes the lively intruders. Cait proves astonishingly adept at cocksucking as she's a certified cunnilinguist. While her fingers cannot match the prowess of her agile tongue, they far make up for it in reach and dedication. Not a single crevice is left unpolished, and not one of your tender spots left unchecked. Your G-spot soon falls victim to their eager ministrations just as easy as your prostate did beforehand.

With such an intense prostatic massage and a fiercely dedicated facefucking, you're unsure of how much longer you'll be able to last. Your rear end is already clenching in anticipation, quivering eagerly, while your prostate squeezes hard, ready to unload, but Cait is swift to read your body language and slows down just enough to keep you on edge.

Cait's attention swifts once again to your[pc.cTail]. She's been delivering a magnificently energetic performance so far, but this time, she's the one enjoying herself Cait's hips falter, their pace becoming erratic. You can feel an intense heat coming from her twitching cunny. There is no doubt in your mind she's close to an orgasm of her own, yet she does her best to keep her services perfectly balances, almost as if she's trying to achieve a series of simultaneous climaxes. You shudder to think of the consequences of such an outcome. Will you be able to endure the entire ordeal and scape with your mind intact?

Cait is losing control. Her pace is broken, her efforts shattered. She's in too deep, and just like you before her, lust is taking over. She humps savagely, grinding and rubbing mercilessly against your [pc.cTail], desperately trying to achieve release. Her self-imposed restraints are long gone. Her fingers ravage both your holes at their own leisure, extorting pleasure wherever they go, while her head bobs wildly as her mouth devours your [pc.cockNoun] with remarkable ease. Cait throatfucks herself without a care in the world, upping the pressure, ratcheting up the tempo with every passing moment, fiercely determined to make you cum by whatever means necessary.

Finally, your body gives up to such overwhelming pleasure. An immeasurable cascade of ecstasy blasts away any kind of restrains you might have had and you yield to your climax. Like a chain reaction, you cum in sequence, rapidly triggering one orgasm after another. An unending chain filled with so many different sensations of bliss and euphoria flood your senses. You're unable to tell which bit of you is experiencing which. All you know is climaxes clash, burst and meld together in a wondrous experience. Every fiber of your body is under a powerful spell. You're paralyzed, unable to act as your own lusty high ravages you from the inside, pounding you with one climax after another in unending, pleasure-bound torture.

Cait is not far behind. She's already pulled off, and stands tall, riding your own [pc.cTail] in a frenzy, desperately trying to find release of her own. She bounces, thrusts and grinds ferociously, in savage rage, delivering powerful spirited cries of pleasure. Her notoriousness rival even your own, and you're the one who's multiorgasming! Finally, the gods grant her mercy. Her body tenses up. Her tail stiffens like a spear, and with one thundering howl, her climax reaches her. Her body quakes as her pussy twitches uncontrollably, and soon, any strength she might have left abandons her. Cait falls limp over your belly, riding her fiery orgasm alongside you. Both of you meld in tight embrace as you ride your synchronous orgasm in blissful passion, together as one, trying to prolong this delightful sensation for as long as possible.

Cocks and pussies, together as one, release their loads. Unison squirts of spunk and femcum spray and splatter, mixing together in a sticky mess of a cocktail. You're unsure what belongs to whom, all you know is that you're gonna need a shower afterward.

Cuddle together, you ride the last vestiges of your climaxes to their own end and relax together with smiles of satisfaction and contentment on your faces. The afterglow eventually dims, yet you spend a few more minutes under the sheets, regaining your breath after such potent peak.] Eventually, you're ready to move on.

//Go to Cait's post-sex scenes.